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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

BY

JOHN DEVOY

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH REBEL



THE FENIAN MOVEMENT

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS. METHODS OF
WORK IN IRELAND AND IN THE BRITISH
ARMY. WHY IT FAILED TO
ACHIEVE ITS MAIN OBJECT,
BUT EXERCISED GREAT
INFLUENCE ON IRE-
LAND'S FUTURE

PERSONALITIES OF THE ORGANIZATION

THE CLAN-NA-GAEL AND THE RISING OF EASTER WEEK, 1916



A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

by

JOHN DEVOY



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PREFACE

In the death of John Devoy (born 1842—died 1923) there passed from this mortal stage one of the most remarkable figures in Irish history. Blessed with many talents, he devoted them all, tirelessly and unselfishly, to one idea, and to one ideal.

For more than sixty years, in storm and in sunshine, in sickness and in health, he dreamed and toiled and worked for the cause of Ireland a Nation. His services covered a wide range of activities and only with the passing years will the full effects of his efforts be known and appreciated.

Irish patriots, as far apart in their methods as William O'Brien and Padraic H. Pearse, have appraised him as among the greatest of his race.

Mr. O'Brien, in his "Recollections", after ascribing to him and Michael Davitt the chief credit for the Land League, said:

"The part played by his co-founder of the Land League movement, Mr. Devoy, is less known, because the terms on which he was amnestied forbade him to return to Ireland, and consequently exposed him to misunderstandings of the situation at home, which eventually made him a bitter enemy of the semi-parliamentary, semi-agrarian revolution he had so influential a part in launching. His hostility in later days, however, ought not to make us forgetful of the sagacity and courage with which he first rallied even the extremest of the extreme men to give a full and fair trial to Parnell and his methods. Mr. Devoy was a born conspirator, and, like all born conspirators, can never be measured at his true value by the public. But it is certain that, in his own special department of swearing into the Revolutionary Brotherhood the soldiers of the Dublin Garrison, in 1865, he was perhaps the most dangerous enemy of England in the entire Fenian body, and, in some respects, not altogether unworthy to rank not very far beneath Wolfe Tone."

In the booklet issued as a souvenir of the O'Donovan Rossa funeral, on August 1, 1915, there is a preface written by Padraic H. Pearse (who himself after Easter Week, 1916, became one of Ireland's patriot martyrs) which contains the following characteristic sketches of the most prominent of the Fenian leaders:

"O'Donovan Rossa was not the greatest of the Fenian generation, but he was its most typical man. He was the man that to the masses of his countrymen then and since stood most starkly and plainly for the Fenian idea. More lovable and understandable than the cold and enigmatical Stephens, better known than the shy and sensitive Kickham, more human than the scholarly and chivalrous O'Leary, more picturesque than the able and urbane Luby, older and

more prominent than the man who, when the time comes to write his biography, will be recognized as the greatest of the Fenians—John Devoy.”

In these “Recollections” John Devoy has recorded much of the intimate but hitherto unwritten story of the Fenian movement. He tells this story of that time with clearness and distinction so far as it can be done within the compass of a single volume. For a more comprehensive grasp of what that extraordinary force meant to Irish national progress one has to read many other books, including those referred to in this narrative, which describe the intolerable political conditions in Ireland which the Fenians had to combat. Such further study is also essential to an appraisal of the varied handicaps under which they operated and to a due appreciation of the lofty patriotism, indomitable courage and immolation of self which animated them to challenge, almost unarmed, the might of Britain.

The lines by John Kells Ingram on the men of 'Ninety-Eight can, with equal appositeness, be applied to those of the 'Sixty-Seven period:

“They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand”.

Volumes have been and others could be written on the activities of numerous individuals cited in these “Recollections” of Devoy, to whom, because of the nature of this work, he has made but passing reference. In the case of Devoy himself many events of momentous importance in the struggle for the establishment of an Irish Republic and also for the preservation of liberty in the United States, in which he played a conspicuous part, are, for a similar reason, either not dealt with herein or received but casual mention.

Born in one of the darkest periods of his country's history, John Devoy lived to see her emerge in great part from her distress and advance a long way on the road to real independence.

That much of that result is to be attributed to him, is well known to those who have been in touch with Ireland's efforts to secure national freedom.

Stern, unbending, implacable in his course, he was personally lovable, gentle and simple. To the qualities and character of a leader of men, he added in his personal relationships the simplicity and likeability of youth. How much he accomplished of the great task to which he devoted himself, cannot yet with

exactitude be reckoned. Suffice it to say now that he set a splendid example of devotion and unselfishness to the rest of his race that cannot be overlooked, and has carved his name deeply upon the stone on which are recorded the names of those who live long after they have passed into the grave.

Peace and honor to his memory.

DANIEL F. COHALAN.



INTRODUCTION.

ALL IRISH HISTORY POINTS TO THE NECESSITY OF SEPARATION FROM THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE Fenian Movement, which had its inception in Ireland in the Fifties of the nineteenth century, was a continuation of the struggle which had been maintained throughout seven hundred years against the English invaders.

Augustin Thierry, in his *History of the Norman Conquest of England*, describes the character of this struggle better than any foreign writer ever did before or since. He quotes from a letter written to Pope John XXII in the fourteenth century, by Donal O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, as follows:

"We cherish, at the bottom of our hearts, an inveterate hatred, produced by lengthened recollections of injustices—by the murder of our fathers, brothers and nearest kindred—and which will not be extinguished in our time, nor in that of our children—so that, as long as we have life, we will fight against them, without regret, or remorse, in defence of our rights. We will not cease to fight against and annoy them, until the day when they themselves, for want of power, shall have ceased to do us harm, and the Supreme Judge shall have taken just vengeance on their crimes; which, we firmly hope, will sooner or later come to pass. Until then, we will make war upon them unto death, to recover the independence, which is our natural right; being compelled thereto by very necessity, and willing rather to brave danger like men, than to languish under insult."

Thierry, commenting on this letter, says:

"This promise of war unto death, made upwards of four hundred years ago, is not yet forgotten; and it is a melancholy fact, but worthy of remark, that in our own days blood has flowed in Ireland on account of the old quarrel of the conquest. The period in futurity when the quarrel shall be terminated, it is impossible to foresee; and aversion for England, its government, its manners and its language, is still the native passion of the Irish race. From the day of the invasion, the will of that race of men has been constantly opposed to the will of its masters; it has detested what they have loved, and loved what they have detested. * * * This unconquerable obstinacy—this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty—this faculty of preserving and nourishing through the ages of physical misery and suffering, the thought of that which is no more—of never despairing of a constantly vanquished cause, for which many generations have successively, and in vain, perished in the field, and by the executioner—is perhaps the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given."

Thierry had access only to English and Latin authorities, yet he acquired a fine grasp of the Irish struggle, and had a clearer

insight into the real meaning and character of events than perhaps any modern historian.

Strictly speaking, the Irish did not rise in every generation, but they rose so often that it amounted practically to that. The chief difficulty of the Irish in every effort to overthrow English rule was lack of arms, which they always had to procure outside of Ireland, and they never had enough at any one time to equip all the men who were willing to fight.

A person ignorant of history on looking at the map of Europe might reasonably conclude that Great Britain and Ireland, two islands situated close together to the north-west of that continent, ought naturally be friends. They would have been if inhabited by the same races, imbued with common interests and identical aims. But, the descendants of the Norman-French conquerors of England had the same motives in invading Ireland as their ancestors had in subduing the Anglo-Saxons. They wanted land for their younger sons, and sent them to Ireland to carve out estates with their swords and make vassals of the owners. The Saxons submitted at once because the feudal system already existed in England. The mass of the people there were already serfs, while in Ireland the land belonged to the Clan, the clansmen were freemen, and the Chiefs were elected by their respective Clans.

The Anglo-Normans sought to impose the feudal system on Ireland, and the struggle waged for three hundred years was mainly due to this. It was, on the part of the Irish, a fight for existence; and, on that of the English, an effort to exterminate a race that refused to submit. All Irish history bears out Augustin Thierry's diagnosis of the case.

The last battle of a virtually independent Ireland was fought in 1603 under Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell at Kinsale, where a small Spanish garrison was besieged by an English army. The Irish went down to defeat in their effort to relieve their Spanish allies. After that disaster Ireland was at England's mercy, and the broken remnants of the Ulster army were scattered all over Munster. Elizabeth confiscated a lot of land and planted English settlers upon it. That was the beginning of Anglo-Irish landlordism.

In 1608, James I began the Plantation of Ulster, in order to Anglicize the Northern Province, although the majority of the new Colonists were Scotch. When the Irish rose, in 1641, it was in part only for Nationality, a considerable number of them wishing to restore the Stuarts to the throne of England, but

those favoring Independence were in the majority. Cromwell's massacres included both sections. His order, "To Hell or to Connacht", was equally impartial. It was not entirely successful, and Prendergast, in his "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland", says that many thousands of his soldiers planted in Ireland married Irish women, and that many of their sons fought on the side of James II in the two years war that followed his removal from the English Throne.

The Penal Laws followed for nearly a century in an attempt to deprive the Irish of the right to exercise the religion of their choice, to deprive them of the light of learning and rob them of their possessions. This horrible code was described by Edmund Burke as "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

The 18 years of the semi-independence of the Irish Parliament from 1782 to 1800 was won by the Volunteers by a threat of force at a time when England's hands were full and she had no army able to cope with them. This Irish Parliament did not represent the mass of the people, as all Catholics were debarred from entering it, but it did wonderful work for Irish industry and commerce, and that was William Pitt's reason for destroying it by the most colossal bribery and corruption.

The Rebellion of 1798 was Pitt's excuse, but his real motive was the destruction of a commercial and industrial rival, which Ireland was steadily becoming. The United Irishmen who planned the Insurrection were led entirely by Protestants, and the greater number of the Rebels in Ulster were Presbyterians descended from the Scotch and English Colonists planted on the soil by James I.

The agitation for Catholic Emancipation and for Repeal of the Union, under Daniel O'Connell, was entirely pacifist. The "monster meetings" addressed by "The Liberator" were among the greatest popular demonstrations in history. One of his favorite remarks to the immense throngs was: "He that commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." Yet England's answer to his peaceful demand was to arrest and imprison O'Connell and several of his colleagues, including Dr. Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who was a Protestant.

In the harvest that just preceded the great Famine of 1847, Ireland produced enough food to supply double its then population. It was the potato crop only that failed, and the production of wheat, oats, barley, cattle, sheep and pigs was normal. John

Stuart Mill, the greatest political economist of his time, and an Englishman, asserted that Ireland was capable of producing sufficient on her own soil to feed 20,000,000 people. But the food necessary to sustain life had to be sold by the farmers to pay the rackrents. A native Government would have prohibited its exportation, but the British only resorted to makeshifts in the form of trivial public works,—most of them economically worthless. Instead of relieving the food shortage, it undertook to relieve a money shortage which did not exist, and the farmers who had sold their crops to pay the exorbitant rents were only given an opportunity to earn a miserable pittance making roads.

England had never any right to rule Ireland. By the exercise of force she compelled the Irish people to permit her to govern their country; then failed to perform the essential functions of government. And, while more than a million Irish people were starving or suffering from famine fever, the English press read them solemn lectures on political economy and printed columns of claptrap about getting rid of the "surplus population." Then the *London Times*, which always voices the prevailing opinion in England, printed an article rejoicing over the disaster by saying: "They are going! They are going! The Irish are going with a vengeance. Soon a Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan".

William E. Gladstone, in his speech in the House of Commons introducing the Bill to Disestablish the Irish Protestant Church, gave the key to English policy in Ireland in the clearest possible terms by saying he was led to do justice to Ireland by the intensity of Fenianism. And he explained what he meant by citing the Rising of 1867, the Manchester Rescue, the Clerkenwell Explosion and the successful resistance to eviction at Ballycohey, County Tipperary. Gladstone had read all of Daniel O'Connell's speeches eloquently pleading for justice to Ireland and had listened to some of them; he was the most enlightened and liberal English statesman of the nineteenth century, but this was a frank admission that peaceful pleas had no effect on him and that he was only influenced by bloodshed, explosions and violent breaches of the law. And what he called "justice to Ireland" was not the concession of her demand for Freedom, but the partial redress of a grievance for which Ireland had not asked. The Protestant Church was technically disestablished, but was endowed permanently by funds raised by the sale of the Glebe Lands. Gladstone's confession was a tacit admission that England was not actuated by a sense of justice; no Irishman could have made a stronger argument for the use of physical force.

If England's policy were governed by real statesmanship, her people and rulers would have recognized long ago that Ireland will never be satisfied until she regains her absolute independence, and that such independent status is the first essential to lasting friendship between the two countries.

History proves that the only remedy for all of Ireland's ills is Total Separation from England and the setting up of an Independent Government having no political connection whatever with the British Empire. Of course, it is manifest that as England grew stronger and Ireland weaker as a result of the alien, unjust and tyrannical system which England imposed on her, political separation could not have been achieved without foreign aid. And even were independence thus obtained, an alliance with England's conqueror would be necessary until Ireland could build up sufficient strength to defend her sovereignty.

These were, in substance, the reasons which influenced the action of the Fenian Leaders. Their predecessors had sought and obtained the aid of Spain and France, and that example was followed in seeking the aid of Germany in the World War. The instalment of Freedom which Ireland has secured is due entirely to this traditional policy. No concession made by England completely settled any Irish question,—and she never conceded anything except through the use or menace of force. It is a safe prediction that she never will, and that the principles and policy of the United Irishmen and the Fenians are the only ones that can eventually win.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE GLOOM OF THE 'FIFTIES.

AFTER EMANCIPATION AND THE ANTI-TITHE MOVEMENT, A PERIOD OF DEPRESSION SET IN—CARDINAL CULLEN EXERCISED AN EVIL INFLUENCE ON POLITICS AND EDUCATION—"NATIONAL" SCHOOLS DENATIONALIZED IRISH CHILDREN—CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FILLED WITH ENGLISH PROFESSORS.

IN order to understand the Fenian Movement, it is necessary to give a bird's-eye view of the situation which preceded it.

The 'Ninety-Eight Movement, although it failed in the field, left a spirit behind it which influenced the whole course of events during the nineteenth century. Robert Emmet's insurrection in 1803 was followed by an agitation for Catholic Emancipation led by Daniel O'Connell, and the Catholic Association which included many of the leading Protestants. Although a peaceful agitation, it was characterized by many demonstrations which alarmed the British Government. The Irish soldiers of the British Army, who had played a leading part in the expulsion of Napoleon's Armies from Spain, showed a strongly mutinous spirit. As they marched from garrison to garrison, they passed many Emancipation meetings, and quite a common incident was their throwing up of their caps and cheering for Emancipation. As the agitation grew in strength, this movement became more intense. The Duke of Wellington, who knew the Irish soldier, became Premier a little before the Catholic Relief Bill was introduced in Parliament. He was not a politician and was guided entirely by expediency. His chief motto was, "His Majesty's Government must be carried on";—meaning that any measures necessary to that end must be passed. The Relief Bill was passed by an unwilling English Parliament, but it did not really provide for Catholic Emancipation. It only enabled educated Catholics to enter Parliament and obtain positions under the Government, and left the mass of the people just as they had been before it; and it contained a clause which disfranchised the Forty Shilling Freeholders, the men whose courage and self-sacrifice had elected O'Connell as Member for Clare in 1828. O'Connell's consent to this reactionary measure was a blot on his career, but he was not a democrat. King William IV, who was a narrow-minded

bigot, objected to signing the bill, and Wellington said to him: "I could reconquer Ireland, but it would be a mighty inconvenient thing for Your Majesty's Foreign Policy." The King then relented and signed the bill. Notwithstanding its defects, it was hailed as a triumph all over Ireland. It was a common toast to celebrate the event:

"Here's to the goose that grew the quill,
That signed th' Emancipation Bill."

In the meantime, the Anti-Tithe agitation started and continued until after "Emancipation." This movement consisted mainly of resistance to the collection of tithes. Crops were seized when payment was refused. One of the popular songs at the time had these lines:

"We'll mount a guard on barn and yard,
And we'll give them grape for grain."

The songs sung by the people are the best exponents of their feeling and those most popular in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, although crude in form, were as patriotic as those in the Young Ireland period. The immediate descendants of the United Irishmen in Kildare sang such ballads about 'Ninety-Eight and expressed their contempt for George IV in the following rhyme:

"As I was a-walkin' one day on the Coombe
I met King George an' he blackenin' shoes,
He rubbed an' he scrubbed an' he blackened so fine
That I gave him three ha'pence for blackenin' mine."

The favorite '98 ballad around Naas celebrated the Battle of Prosperous, where the barrack was burned down and only one man (an officer) escaped the slaughter by climbing over a wall. It began thus:

"On the twenty-fourth of May
Before the break of day
We all got under arms and to Prosperous made way.
Steadily we marched under Captain Farrell's orders;
It's in the town we halted and set it in a blaze.
Bullets they were flying,
Soldiers groaning, dying.
Smoke to the skies arising
And Swayne expiring there."

I heard an old man who fought in the Rebellion sing it and my grandfather taught me a portion of the words, but I found it later in a small volume of similar ballads, all crude but full of the fighting spirit.

At Carrickshock, County Kilkenny, in 1831, a body of men working in the fields, seeing a detachment of police returning

from one of the customary seizures, were filled with sudden passion, rushed on the Peelers with scythes and pitchforks, and killed twenty-two of them in a few minutes. There were several other such incidents on a smaller scale. So the Government introduced a bill with the ostensible object of abolishing the tithes. It did not abolish them, but made them a rent charge on the estate. The landlord had to pay the tithes, and he added them to the rent and sometimes increased the amount. So that the tithes continued to be collected, but the stoppage of the seizure of crops removed much of the irritation. Seven-eighths of the Irish people were Catholics, and among the Protestants were hundreds of thousands of Presbyterians and other Non-Conformists who were forced to pay towards the upkeep of the Episcopal Church, so that these Non-Conformists sympathized strongly with the Catholic resistance to the collection.

O'Connell, during the campaign for the Repeal of the Union, to a large extent demoralized the people by his constant repetition of the statement that "No amount of human liberty is worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood". He called his organization the "Loyal National Repeal Association".

On one occasion he wrote in a lady's autograph album:

"Oh, Erin, shall it e'er be mine
To raise my hand in battle line,
To lift my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy vales, thy altars free?
One glimpse of this is all I crave
Between my cradle and my grave."

This might lead one to think that he had in the back of his mind some idea of using physical force. Militant threats which he voiced in some of his speeches conveyed the same impression, but the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from his general policy is that he was a pronounced pacifist and loyalist. He had a habit of saying to the crowds at the Repeal meetings: "If I want you to meet me at such a time, will you answer my call?", or words to that effect, and a voice in the crowd would shout: "Will we bring our pikes, sir?" to which he always replied with a variation of his "No drop of blood" motto.

The test came at the projected meeting at Clontarf in 1843. The Government waited until all preparations for the meeting had been made, then "proclaimed" it, and massed a large body of troops in Dublin for its suppression. Had the meeting been held, there would have been unquestionably a massacre of the people, although there was some doubt about the troops obeying orders. But, O'Connell sent messengers out along the roads lead-

ing to Dublin to warn the men marching in to return, which they did very unwillingly.

In 1841, Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, John B. Dillon, and other young men of great intellectual capacity had joined O'Connell's Repeal Association. The next year they established the *Nation*, and through it conducted a campaign of intense nationalism. This group, which later included John Mitchel, Thos. Francis Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Michael Doheny, James Clarence Mangan, Richard Dalton Williams, Thomas Devin Reilly and others, became known as the Young Irelanders, and their influence on the national life of Ireland was deep and abiding.

Then the Split in the Repeal Movement in 1847, when the Young Ireland leaders seceded, altered its whole character. John O'Connell (the "Liberator's" son), an incompetent man, assumed to speak for his father, whose health was rapidly failing, and his arrogance offended the high-spirited Young Irelanders. These men had been carrying on, through newspaper articles, poetry, and the "Library of Ireland" (a series of small historical and biographical works), propaganda which really aimed at the use of physical force. One has only to glance at their writings to see this; but they made no preparation whatever for the eventual use of force. Finally the great Famine of 1847 forced their hand, and they seceded from Conciliation Hall after spectacular debates, during which Thomas Francis Meagher delivered his famous "Sword Speech". Soon after the secession, a Split occurred among the Young Irelanders through the quarrel between Charles Gavan Duffy and John Mitchel. Mitchel started a rival paper to the *Nation* called the *United Irishman*, and openly preached rebellion. Mitchel's articles advocated a destructive policy, his aim being the utter eradication of all the rottenness superimposed on Ireland by English Governments over the centuries. While the great mass of the rank and file of the people remained loyal to O'Connell, very many of the younger men were converted to the views of the Young Irelanders; but the conflict between Duffy and Mitchel largely nullified their propaganda. Mitchel admitted in New York, in a conversation with the released Fenian prisoners just arrived from England in 1871, that, looking back over that period, he believed the secession was a mistake; that O'Connell himself was then doomed; that his son John was an impossible leader, and that the leadership would have naturally devolved on the Young Irelanders if they had had only the patience to wait.

John Mitchel started a new movement that alarmed the British Government. He established in the Ulster Counties, the

Protestant Repeal Associations, and was making steady progress when the Government decided to take drastic action. These bodies included many former Orangemen, and a large number of Presbyterians, and had they been allowed to go on, could not have failed to produce salutary effects. But the Government arrested Mitchel and tried him for Treason-Felony—a term invented by Lord John Russell, the introducer of the bill, for the purpose mainly of degrading Mitchel and classing opponents of English Rule with ordinary criminals. The scene in Green Street Courthouse on the day of Mitchel's conviction was sensational, many prominent men present standing up, raising their hands, and saying in substance: Mitchel, we are with you! That made some believe that a rescue was intended, but none was attempted.

Then the utter failure of William Smith O'Brien's attempt at insurrection in Tipperary, called contemptuously by the English press, "The Widow McCormick's Cabbage Garden Rebellion", disheartened the people, whose spirit had already been shattered by the Famine, and the exodus had already begun.

John Mitchel, in his "Last Conquest of Ireland—Perhaps", records an incident typical of the period. At Killenaule, in the County Tipperary, John B. Dillon (father of the Land League leader) was in command of a body of Smith O'Brien's followers who had thrown up a barricade across the village street. A body of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars approached; the officer rode up and ordered the barricade to be opened. Dillon, who had his orders from Smith O'Brien, replied that if the officer gave his word of honor that he had no warrants for arrest, he might pass. The Hussar captain, however, in an imperious tone, demanded to be let through. James Stephens—then a young man of twenty-one—immediately raised his rifle and covered him; his finger was on the trigger. But Dillon ordered Stephens to lower his rifle, and having removed some of the carts, Dillon himself led the officer's horse through as a sign that the soldiers were not to be molested. Thus ended that affair. Many years later, I was told by old soldiers that the men of the troop, who were all Irish, were ready to join the people if they resisted, but of course Dillon didn't know this. A large number of people were looking on waiting to see the result of the incident, and they decided that the Rebels didn't want to fight. Had Stephens been allowed to shoot the captain, the insurrection would have been begun then and there, with a small victory for the Rebels, and the 'Forty-Eight Movement certainly would not have ended without a standup fight. A physical force movement in Ireland which



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ends without a fight has a more demoralizing influence on the people than a fight that fails.

The Young Ireland leaders were arrested, tried by packed juries, and transported to Van Dieman's Land, with the exception of Duffy, who remained in Ireland, and a few others like Michael Doheny, Richard O'Gorman and John Blake Dillon, who escaped to America; so that the people were left without leaders. A period of utter depression followed the Young Ireland Movement.

Then in the early 'Fifties an agitation for Tenant Right was started. It was led by Charles Gavan Duffy, George Henry Moore, Frederick Lucas (an English convert to Catholicism), and John Francis Maguire, editor of the *Cork Examiner*. One of its chief features was independent opposition by a group of Members in Parliament, and another was the holding of public meetings throughout the country. Protestant farmers were joining the movement in large numbers, and this alarmed the English Government, because a union of Catholics and Protestants for any purpose might lead to future union for Independence. One incident was characteristic. Rev. David Bell, an Ulster Presbyterian minister, who later became a Fenian and Editor of the *Irish National Liberator* in London, was holding an umbrella during a shower of rain over a Catholic priest who was making a speech, and the English Government determined to stop this fraternizing between the adherents of both religions.

Lord John Russell introduced a measure in Parliament called "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill", which forbade Catholic Bishops to sign their pastorals with the Cross attached. The British Government knew very well that every Catholic Bishop in England as well as in Ireland would rot in prison rather than obey this bill if it was enacted into law. But there was a group of dishonest men among the Irish members of Parliament, led by John Sadleir, William Keogh and Edmund O'Flaherty. Keogh had made incendiary speeches at public meetings which were an incitement to assassination, but he only intended them as bids for employment under the Government. They seized the opportunity, by starting an agitation against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The Catholic Bishops and the great body of the priests fell into line behind them, and the agitation was turned from the Land Question to a religious one. This caused the Protestants to fall out of the Land Movement in large numbers, and that was precisely what the British Government wanted. Sadleir, Keogh and O'Flaherty were rewarded for their treachery with Government jobs.

Added to the betrayal of the Tenant Right Movement came the failure of the Tipperary Bank, which proved John Sadleir a swindler.

The defection of the rotten Members of Parliament practically broke up the Tenant Right Movement, but that break-up had other causes than their action.

Archbishop Paul Cullen (who was later on appointed a Cardinal) occupied the Dublin See on the death of Archbishop Murray. While he was a good Bishop and a strict disciplinarian, he was a reactionary in politics, and entirely pro-English in sentiment. He speedily showed his hand in two ways: one by bitter opposition to the Tenant Right Movement, and the other in warfare on the "National" Schools. Archbishop Murray was called a Whig by O'Connell, and he was, but he never denounced those who differed from him in opinion. He was one of the Commissioners of National Education, and his place on the Board was offered to Archbishop Cullen, who at once refused it. Up to then, priests from the Cathedral had attended the "Model Schools" in Marlborough Street (where I was a pupil) on two days in the week, and four hours of these days were devoted to religious instruction, the "Protestants" among the pupils being instructed by ministers of their own church in a smaller room, and the Presbyterians, who were less numerous, in a little gallery. Archbishop Cullen ordered the priests not to attend the schools, so that the Catholic pupils were left without instruction. He then forbade parents to send their children to schools attended by Protestants, on the ground that sitting with Protestants and receiving instruction through some Protestant teachers endangered their faith. This order was disobeyed so widely that after a short time it became a dead letter. He then ordered the priests to refuse absolution to all parents who sent their children to the mixed schools.

Two incidents which took place at this time helped Archbishop Cullen in his fight against "mixed education". Inspector Kavanagh, who wrote a work on arithmetic that was used in the so-called National Schools, though it was not the regular text book, issued a public statement endorsing the Archbishop's stand and was either dismissed or compelled to resign. He was out of employment for some time, but was later appointed a Professor in the Catholic University.

Father McGauley, author of a book on Physical Science and lecturer on the same subject at the Teachers' Training School in Temple Street, was ordered to resign by the Archbishop and did so. He issued a public statement in which he said he had

long been tired of "Cullen's tyranny", married a Protestant teacher and emigrated to Canada. Inspector Kavanagh's statement, coming from an official of the National Schools, was accepted by many as a confirmation of the Archbishop's charges, and the action of Father McGauley was taken as proof that association with Protestants undermined the faith of Catholics. But during all that time and since, English Catholics were sending their sons to Oxford and Cambridge for their final degrees. So separation of the religions in the schools and colleges, on which Dr. Cullen insisted, was applicable only to Ireland, where sectarian differences were a curse.

The National Schools were established for the express purpose of denationalizing the children of Ireland. Certain school text books written by the daughters of Archbishop Whately, were calculated to undermine Irish Nationality. The songs taught to the children were mostly English. The pupils had to sing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" every day; but Archbishop Cullen made no objection to that feature of the schools; his whole objection was to have Protestant and Catholic children occupy the same seats, or to teachers attending the Training School.

In order to enforce this new rule, which was adopted only by a majority of one at the meeting of the Bishops—Archbishop MacHale of Tuam leading the opposition—parents who refused to withdraw their children were refused absolution. I remember well the day when my mother came back from the Cathedral after refusing to obey the order. So far as the order affected teachers, it meant that no properly trained teacher could obtain employment in the schools where the Parish Priest was the Manager or Patron. This had a very bad effect on primary education in Ireland for a whole generation. If Archbishop Cullen had first provided schools, with competent teachers—which, of course, would have been a hard task—the bad effect of his action would not have been so marked. But he was unable to establish such schools and he did not try.

Archbishop Cullen's action in regard to the Tenant Right Movement was most unjust and tyrannical. He ordered all priests to leave the movement, and one of the incidents connected with this action was the censure or suspension of the Callan Curates, Father O'Keeffe and Father Tom O'Shea, who were most effective campaigners. There was great popular sympathy with them, and even Alexander M. Sullivan attacked Dr. Cullen's action in the *Nation*. All Catholic parish priests obeyed the order, except Father Quade of O'Callaghan's Mills in Clare. This action of

Dr. Cullen encouraged the rotten Members of Parliament in their treacherous action to break up the movement.

Dr. Cullen's own relatives were largely the chief land grabbers in Kildare, Carlow, and the Queens County, and others held jobs under the Government. One of his relatives, O'Ferrall, was for many years Police Commissioner in Dublin. The Tenant Right Movement sought only some small reforms in the laws governing land tenure, which fell very far short of the demands later made by the Land League. It had no political aims, but he denounced it as bitterly as he afterwards condemned the Fenians.

In the matter of the higher, as distinct from primary education, Archbishop Cullen did much better, although he left much to be desired. It was under his guidance that the Catholic University was established, but it was only Catholic, with very little Irish in it. He made Dr. Newman (not then a Cardinal) the Rector, and whether Dr. Newman or the Archbishop was responsible for the appointment of the Professors, they were nearly all English, mostly converts who had come over to the Catholic Church during the Oxford Movement.

Stewart was Professor of the Latin language, and Arnold of Latin and Greek literature. Robertson was Professor of History and Geography, and so on all along the line. While they were all very scholarly men, and liberal in their views about Ireland, they were still most decidedly English and took the prevailing English view of everything in the world at the time. The only Professors who were Irish were Eugene O'Curry, the great Gaelic scholar, who was almost equal to his friend and brother-in-law, John O'Donovan, perhaps the greatest Gaelic scholar of all time; Hennessy, the Professor of Mathematics, who was a member of the French Academy of Sciences; and a Dr. O'Reilly, who taught some branch of medical science. Hennessy's assistant was an ex-National teacher from Dunmanway, County Cork, named Hayes, who was almost as great a mathematician as his distinguished superior. He was practically self-taught, and obtained his mathematical knowledge in studies made at a turf fire in his father's little thatched cottage in the evenings after he had driven home and fed the cows. L'Abbe Schurr, an Alsatian, was the Professor of French, and they could hardly get an Englishman for that work.

This choice of the professorial staff was equivalent to an admission that classical scholars could not be found in Ireland, although it was notorious that many such scholars of great ability could be found among the Irish priesthood. The Chaplain, Father Anderdon, was an Englishman, as if no Irish priest could

be found who was fit for the position. He was a very able, learned and liberal man, but he was English. Even the University Church, built beside the University, on Stephens Green, was of the Anglo-Saxon style of architecture, which was a hybrid, and had gone out of fashion in England itself. The University and its chapel were a simple illustration of the surrender of all the old Irish ideals. It was English in everything in its early stages.

My knowledge of the professorial staff of the University was derived from attendance at the evening classes which were established for a while to enable young men who were not in the University to prepare for matriculation. The professors very generously undertook to give lectures to the classes. Among those who were most painstaking was Robertson, the Professor of History and Geography. He was a very genial old man, and his lectures were very interesting, but I learned nothing of either geography or history from him. My geography I learned pretty thoroughly in the National Schools, which were provided with a splendid lot of maps, and my history I got from reading at home. One evening when the Professor was dealing with the Battle of Waterloo, he said that Wellington was a greater general than Napoleon. I interrupted him and said: "He was not." I was the youngest student there, and the others looked at me in amazement at what they thought my effrontery in contradicting a great authority on history. But the old professor took it quietly and asked me: "Why do you say that?" I replied that a general must be judged, not by one battle, but by his whole military career; that the French were outnumbered and had the English beaten until Blucher came up with his Prussians. The old man said in a tolerant tone: "Well, there is something in that." In those days it was the English habit to laud Wellington as the greatest general of history. That theory has died out in England, because it was utterly inconsistent with the facts.

The University was supported mainly by collections in the churches. The members of the Dublin Confraternities went around collecting the money in the various parishes. The people subscribed according to their means. I gave two-pence a week; my elder brother four-pence, and my father six-pence a week. When the Prince of Wales was married in 1862, all the loyalist shopkeepers in Dublin put up illuminations, and the University did the same. One of the students, J. P. McDonnell, later editor of a labor paper in Paterson, N. J., led a group of students which tore down the illuminations, and he was expelled for doing so. That brought about a boycott of the University, and hundreds of families stopped subscribing. This action against young McDonnell was one of the causes which led to the stoppage of the

evening classes, but many of the young men had already been matriculated from them.

On the collapse of the Tenant Right Movement, Ireland for several years was in a state of political torpor. The people lost all confidence in peaceful agitation, but had not belief enough in their own strength to adopt a physical force policy. But while that was the attitude of the mass of the grown up people, many of the boys were drinking in the literature of Young Ireland and adopting the principles of John Mitchel, long before they were old enough to comprehend the significance of what they were doing. So that in a few years the country became ripe for a physical force movement. The dishonest Members of Parliament at the time all took a pledge on the hustings to vote for Tenant Right and Catholic Education, but the pledge was valueless, and after getting into Parliament they did nothing but look for Government jobs for themselves or their constituents. This created prejudice against Constitutional agitation and made the young men of the country almost fanatical in their opposition to it.

The last time that the clergy went to extremes in using their influence over the electorate was during the Parnell Split. The exposure of the gross intimidation used by the clergy in Meath in favor of Michael Davitt, exposed by the trial of the petition in court, put an effectual end to clerical domination in Irish politics. A wonderful change took place later in the attitude of both bishops and priests, to which I will refer in a subsequent chapter.



JOHN MITCHEL

CHAPTER II.

FENIANISM STARTED IN AMERICA.

FOUNDED IN NEW YORK IN 1855—LATER INTRODUCED INTO IRELAND BY JOSEPH DENIEFFE—JAMES FINTAN LALOR—STEPHENS RETURNED FROM PARIS AND ESTABLISHED THE I. R. B.—MOVEMENT SPREAD GRADUALLY THROUGH THE COUNTRY—THE "NATIONAL PETITION".

THE Fenian Movement was started, not in Ireland, but in New York, in 1855, although several small organizations looking to insurrection existed both in Ireland and America previous to that time. James Fintan Lalor might be said to be the real Father of Fenianism, as well as of the Land League. An exceedingly clever man, descended from the Chief of the Clan, which was one of the Seven Septs of Leix, massacred at Mullaghmast, he was in poor health from his birth. In 1849 he organized a revolutionary group to which he seems to have given no name. Its membership was composed entirely of men who had belonged to the Confederate Clubs in Dublin in 1848, and he projected an attack on Dublin Castle during Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1849. That attempt is not recorded, so far as I know, in print. Lalor's organization lasted after his death in 1853, and was merged with the Irish Republican Brotherhood by James Stephens in 1858.

In America, the refugees of 1848 formed an organization called the Irish Emigrant Aid Society, with headquarters in New York. It was in existence when John Mitchel arrived in this country after his rescue by P. J. Smyth in Tasmania, and in a continuation of his "Jail Journal" in the *United Irishman* he describes an interview he had with the Russian Minister to Washington, with a view to securing Russian aid for Ireland, as the Crimean War was then going on. As the Russians could give no aid, the organization fell away, but a meeting of a few of its members was held in 1855 in the law office of Michael Doheny in Centre Street, at which were present several of the men who subsequently became leaders in the Fenian Movement in America. Among them, besides Doheny, were: John O'Mahony, and James Roche who returned to Ireland and started a Nationalist paper in Galway which did not last long. Roche came back to New York, and died before the Fenian Movement attained much strength. Others present were: Thomas J. Kelly, who was afterwards rescued in Manchester, in 1867; Oliver Byrne, a man having a good theoretic-

cal knowledge of military affairs; Patrick O'Rourke, foreman of the *Tribune* pressroom, afterwards Treasurer of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States; and General Michael Corcoran, then a Captain in the 69th Regiment.

The Know-Nothing Movement was at that time in full blast, and Joseph Denieffe, disgusted by its activities, decided to return to Ireland. He was a Kilkenny man who knew all about Stephens (then eking out a poor living by teaching English in Paris), and was a cutter in a Broadway tailor shop. Hearing of his intention, the meeting at Doheny's office was hurriedly called, and it was decided to ask Denieffe to introduce the Movement into Ireland. This was in 1856.

Denieffe's little book describes his experiences very accurately, but does not give the whole story. I knew Denieffe in Dublin, lived near him in Chicago in the '80's, and met him frequently at the house of Edward F. Dunne (son of the old Fenian leader, P. W. Dunne), later Governor of Illinois, and heard from him his full story. One evening after returning to my home I wrote down from memory all he had told me, submitted it to him a few days later, and he made many changes and corrections. I rewrote the statement, and it set forth much more about his early experiences in Ireland than is contained in his book. Although he wrote well, he was not accustomed to writing, and forgot many rather important things which he had told me.

When John O'Leary started to write his Recollections, he asked me to send him the manuscript, which I did, but O'Leary, although a brilliant man, was very negligent, and he neither used the manuscript nor returned it to me. So, the records of many of the interesting details of the early Fenian Movement in Ireland thus disappeared.

When Denieffe arrived in Ireland, he got into touch with some of the veterans of 1848, among them Dr. Cane of Kilkenny, and started to organize. As he had no funds he could only administer the pledge to the few men whom he was able to reach. They included some Protestants in Armagh and Belfast, where he worked for a time.

The progress made was so slow that the men he had taken in were losing confidence. They were holding a meeting one day at the house of Peter Langan, who kept a lath factory on Lombard Street, Dublin, and were on the point of deciding to disband as Denieffe had not heard from America since he left there. James Stephens, who, while in France, had heard from friends in Kilkenny of Denieffe's efforts at reorganization, had just returned to Ireland and got to Langan's place before those as-

sembled there had reached a final decision. Penniless at the time, Stephens was the most hopeful man among them, and he insisted that they should hold together until they could send Denieffe back to America to procure financial aid. Denieffe returned to New York and found that no meeting had been held since the one he attended in Doheny's office. The men were called together again, and the necessity of immediate financial aid to the men in Ireland was explained to them. Captain Corcoran, who always was an essentially practical man, proposed that everyone present empty his pockets on the table, and the amount thus realized was, I think, £80, which was given to Denieffe, who promptly forwarded it to Ireland. This first instalment was soon followed by other contributions, none of them large, and Denieffe returned to Ireland to continue his work.

While Denieffe was in America looking for funds for the organization, Stephens endeavored to make a living by giving tuitions in French. He had lived ten years in Paris, spoke the language perfectly, and had a thorough knowledge of French literature. He began by calling on John Blake Dillon, whom, of course, he had known in 1848, and Mr. Dillon at once engaged him to teach French to his two sons, John and William, and recommended him to other well-to-do families. Among these was that of Judge Fitzgerald, who later, when he learned that the tutor of his children was the "Head Centre" of the terrible Fenians, became very indignant and reproached Mr. Dillon for recommending him. That was the way of the Irish Loyalists at the time. A man opposed to English rule was ostracized by them, he was deprived of his means of living and "the bread taken out of his mouth." Toleration of difference of opinion was unknown to that class, and in that respect they were worse than the English. After enduring centuries of persecution, massacre, artificial famine and shutting out of the light of learning, it is almost a miracle that the Irish Race survived with spirit enough to continue the struggle for Freedom. By driving into exile the best brains of the Race, generation after generation, England undoubtedly dwarfed its intellect and impeded the evolution of competent leadership. But, like "an army in being", the Race has continued to live and proved the truth of Thierry's analysis of its wonderful powers of recuperation. Its survival as a separate entity proves its right to existence and insures it eventually a place among the Nations of the earth. As John Banim sang:

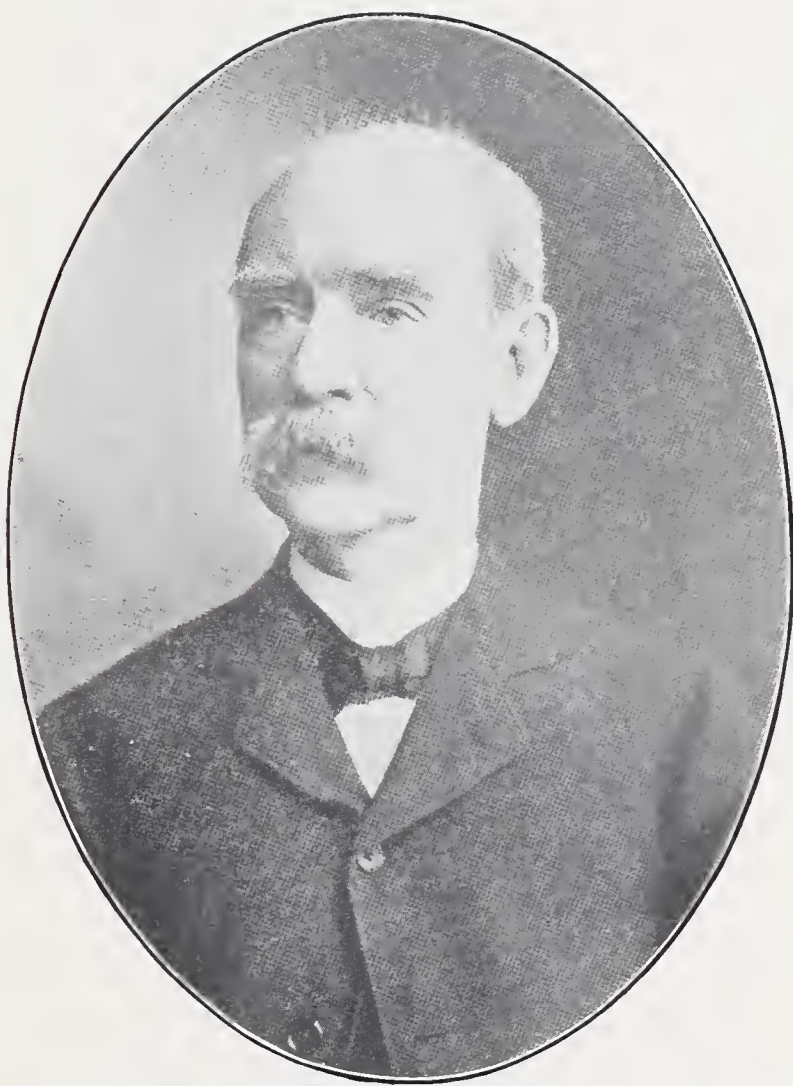
"Thou art not conquered yet, dear land;
Thou art not conquered yet."

On St. Patrick's Day, 1858, Stephens blocked out the form and character of the organization (which was called the Irish

Republican Brotherhood), wrote down the oath, which every member afterwards took, and started on a tour of the country, so far as the limited resources at his command would justify, accompanied by Denieffe. He was later joined by Thomas Clarke Luby, who had returned from Australia. Before long they found a little organization called the Phoenix Society in Skibbereen, County Cork, which had among its members O'Donovan Rossa, Mortimer Moynahan, Dan McCartie, the Downing brothers, and others who later figured in the first attempt by the British Government to crush the Movement. It was very much of a debating and social society, and had done nothing in the way of procuring arms. The prosecutions were started owing to information sent to Dublin Castle by Father O'Sullivan of Kenmare, County Kerry. One of the newly sworn-in members of the new Organization, O'Sullivan (Agreem), had at confession told about his membership, and Father O'Sullivan asked him to meet him in his parlor and repeat to him the information he had given him in the confessional. O'Sullivan did so, and Father O'Sullivan immediately sent it to the Castle. Then another Sullivan, known ever since by the nickname of "Sullivan Goulah", turned informer. A number of arrests were made in Skibbereen. Some of the men were allowed out on bail; Rossa and others were detained in jail awaiting trial. They were tried before a packed jury, but the case against them was weak, and, the Government of the day not believing that the Movement was likely to become formidable, agreed to release the prisoners on condition that they would plead guilty. This course was finally adopted by the men, and they were set free after spending eight months in jail.

This trial, instead of frightening the young men of Ireland, really advertised the Movement, and helped in its recruiting later on. Especially in Munster and Leinster, they had been reading the literature of the Young Irelanders, and were fast becoming ripe for the Fenian recruiting agent.

The first impetus given to Fenianism was by the National Petition Movement, started in the *Nation* office about 1859. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell and the London *Times*, intending their utterances only to apply to the Pope and the King of Naples, had been advocating the right of every people to choose their own rulers, and to change them when they thought proper. They never dreamed of applying this theory to Ireland; but J. P. Leonard, a Professor of English at the Sorbonne in Paris, who was the correspondent of the *Nation*, in one of his letters suggested that Ireland "take England at her word", and start a movement to demand a plebiscite in Ireland. T. D. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, walked into an Irish class (at which I was present)



JOSEPH DENIEFFE

and to which his brother, A. M. Sullivan, had given the use of his editorial room, with two or three friends, with a set of resolutions already written. The class was composed mainly of youths from seventeen up, and Mr. Sullivan asked each of the boys to father one of the resolutions, which they did. One of these resolutions called for a public meeting at the European Hotel in Bolton Street, which was attended by an unexpectedly large number of veterans of 1848, and young men who had grown up in the meantime. The National Petition Movement was started there, and the Committee met in a little room in Jervis Street. It elected a Chairman for every meeting, but T. D. Sullivan was made Permanent Secretary.

This organization became the real foundation of Fenianism in Dublin. Parish branches were formed to procure signatures to a petition to Parliament at the church doors on Sundays, and they achieved a remarkable degree of success. The only real opposition at any church came from Father Spratt of the Carmelites in Clarendon Street, who forbade the men to stand at the church doors or in the chapel yard seeking signatures. But the young men were not daunted; they procured loans of tables from citizens, planted them outside the doors of houses in the neighborhood of the church, and secured as many signatures as if they had been allowed to take them at the church doors.

Several of these parish committees became permanent organizations, some of them taking the form of athletic clubs, and nearly all the members were later sworn into the Fenian Movement.

Over five hundred thousand signatures were procured to the Petition throughout the country. The O'Donoghue presented it in Parliament, in a rather good speech. He was a grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell and was at that time looked up to as a future leader. He had presided at the first public dinner held in Dublin since 1848, in the Rotunda, on St. Patrick's Day, 1861, and made a speech in which he said that "the English Parliament was no place for an Irish gentleman."

I attended that dinner on the eve of my departure to get a training in the French Army, and I remember the great ovation which greeted "The Chieftain of the Glens" when he made that statement.

CHAPTER III.

BURIAL OF TERENCE BELLEW McMANUS.

FUNERAL IN 1861 OF ESCAPED VETERAN OF 1848 GAVE A STRONG IMPETUS TO FENIANISM—THE DEMONSTRATION A SIGNIFICANT POPULAR OUTPOURING.

THE organization was well on its way to success in the Summer of 1861 when Terence Bellew McManus died in California, and the Nationalists there decided to send his body to Ireland for burial in Dublin.

He was a Monaghan man, and was in business in Liverpool when the Young Irelanders seceded from the Repeal Association and started on their propaganda. The Clubs of the Irish Confederation (which was the name of their organization) held meetings in Dublin, at which insurrection was openly advocated and many of the members bought rifles and practised target shooting, but the leaders did nothing but make speeches. William Smith O'Brien (a descendant of Brian Boru) was the leader, but, though a fairly good Parliamentary speaker, he was not a popular orator. Charles Gavan Duffy was a pretty good speaker, but wrote better. John Mitchel spoke well, and his articles in the *United Irishman* were revolutionary propaganda of the highest order. Thomas Francis Meagher was the star orator of the Young Irelanders; he prepared his speeches carefully, committed them to memory and delivered them with fine elocutionary effect. Thousands thronged to the Music Hall in Lower Abbey Street when the meetings were held, to hear him, and he made many converts among the younger members of the Repeal Association, which had no good speaker in Conciliation Hall after Daniel O'Connell had left for Italy, broken in health.

McManus was not an orator, but he was a clear-headed, practical man. He came over from Liverpool to take part in Smith O'Brien's projected insurrection in Tipperary and after its failure was convicted and transported to Van Dieman's Land, where all the Young Ireland leaders were confined. He was the first of them to escape, in 1853, and got to California, where he settled down and subsequently died. There was not much of an organization in San Francisco at the time, but a meeting of Irish citizens appointed a committee to escort his remains to Ireland and secure burial in Glasnevin. There were demonstrations in every city along the route to New York. The body was held in New York for a few days before shipment to Ireland and honored by the Irish people here, the Fenian Brotherhood taking charge.

There was no Atlantic cable in those days and the news of the death of McManus only reached Ireland a few days before the arrival of the body, so there was little time for preparation. But the time was well utilized. Stephens and Denieffe were the only Fenian leaders then in Dublin, and the general Irish public knew little or nothing about them. There were a few veterans of 1848, and some new men like the Sullivans of the *Nation* who thought it was their prerogative to take charge of all Nationalist demonstrations, so when a committee was formed, there was a contest for control of it.

The body of McManus was received in Cork by a hastily organized committee and large crowds attended the funeral procession there. At every station where the train bearing the remains stopped, there were great crowds which stood silently with bared heads until the train left, but there was no organization. The word had reached the people that the body of the Rebel of 1848 was on the train and they turned out spontaneously to honor it.

In Dublin, the two elements on the committee were unanimous in seeking to have a mass said at the Cathedral in Marlborough Street and to have the body lie in state in it, but Archbishop Cullen positively refused. The committee then decided to hold the wake in the Mechanics' Institute on Lower Abbey Street, a few blocks away from the Cathedral. Instead of throwing a damper on the demonstration of respect for the dead, the Archbishop's action only intensified popular feeling and vast crowds stood for many blocks in the contiguous streets waiting for their turn to view the remains. Among them were many priests, including the famous Father Kenyon of Templeberry, County Tipperary, and Father Meehan of Dublin, both friends of John Mitchel.

There were rather warm debates at the committee meetings over the arrangements for the funeral, and the selection of the speakers, but the Fenians won complete control. Father Kenyon, who was a fine speaker, but spoke with a strong brogue, knew nothing of the Fenians, but he was as strong a Nationalist as any of them. The sister of McManus had written to him, asking him to take charge of the funeral, as she knew no more of the new movement than he.

He was satisfied with the explanations given and the funeral went off according to program. John O'Clohessy, who had recently returned from India, where he served in the Bombay Horse Artillery, was selected as Marshal of the procession. He was a handsome man with a fine figure, and he had a talent for managing processions. He had handled the crowds which greeted the Irish Papal Brigade at the Kingsbridge station on their re-

turn from Italy a few months previously, and speedily brought order out of chaos, so the men of Dublin knew his capacity for such things. He had joined the organization very early, was one of the Dublin "Centres", and was later sentenced to a term of imprisonment. His brother Michael (later well known in New York) was also an active member and had a hand in the arrangements for the funeral. They were sons of a Dublin policeman from Clare.

The arrangements for the funeral were perfect and were carried out with precision. It was much bigger than the funeral of O'Connell. Dublin had never seen anything like it before. All the trade societies took part in it and it seemed as if every man in Dublin was in line, or on the streets as an onlooker. The trains that morning brought great crowds from all parts of the country, practically all of whom fell into line. O'Clohessy selected a number of ex-British soldiers and Papal Brigade men as his assistants and gave them instructions the night before. The handling of the procession, which was several miles long, was faultless, and the demeanor of the vast crowd which lined the sidewalks along the route was most respectful. All heads were bared as the cortege passed, and women prayed aloud.

As the procession passed the spot in Thomas Street where Robert Emmet was hanged in 1803, and the house on the same street where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was stabbed to death with a cane sword by Capt. Ryan in 1798, each contingent stood for a moment and the men took off their hats. At every historic spot on the way to Glasnevin, there were appropriate demonstrations. The men in line were of fine physique and their splendid bearing greatly impressed the English newspapermen. The latter thought they had all been drilled, but Irishmen are born soldiers and fall into military step naturally.

In the cemetery a dense mass of people stood near the grave and speeches were made by Jeremiah Cavanagh and Captain Smith of San Francisco, which were heartily cheered. After the funeral services the immense crowd disbanded in an orderly manner.

Several thousand country people remained for a few days after the funeral to see the city and hundreds of them were sworn into the organization by friends and relatives resident in the Capital, and they started it going in their home districts after their return.

The funeral was a test, not of the strength of Fenianism, but of the revival of the fighting National spirit, which had been thought dead after the great Famine of 1847 and the failure of

the Young Ireland Movement in 1848. Dublin itself was surprised at the magnificent demonstration, and the countrymen returned to their homes inspired with new hope.

The English Government was also surprised and greatly disappointed and the London press voiced its feelings. The Ireland they thought incapable of giving them further trouble of a serious nature, they now realized was filled with the old militant National Spirit. The population was still over 6,000,000, which was 2,000,000 less than in 1847 when emigration began on a large scale after havoc had been wrought by hunger and typhus, but the people were still numerous enough to give the Alien Government food for thought. But that only awakened their fears. It did not make them dream of conciliation, and their minds were occupied only with plans for further repression. A habit that had lasted for nearly seven centuries was hard to change, and it required much more than processions marching through the streets of Dublin to bring about the alteration. The determination to keep Ireland suppressed, in population and in industry, remained as strong as ever. Every concession had to be wrung from England and all of them were halting, incomplete and evasive, including the last one in 1921.

The significance of the popular outpouring in Dublin on November 10, 1861, lay in the fact that McManus was wholly unknown in Ireland before his conviction in 1848. All the great body of the people knew was that he had suffered imprisonment for Ireland and had escaped from prison in Tasmania.

The effect of the McManus funeral demonstration in the country was very marked. It gave a strong impetus to the Fenian Movement and made recruiting easy. The contest with the "Moderates" for control of the demonstration, resulting, as it did, in complete success, inspired the young men with great confidence, but it also had some bad effect. It developed a spirit of intolerance which prevented union with the "Moderates" on reasonable terms and turned their sympathy away. This produced evil results in later years, but for the moment it made Fenianism strong and aggressive.

I missed the McManus funeral, much to my regret (as I was then serving in the French Foreign Legion), and could only read the reports of it in a tent in Algeria. But when I returned to Dublin in 1862 and heard the inside story from the men who had taken part in it, I was amazed at the extraordinary change which had taken place in the spirit of the country. It marked a turning point in the history of the movement, and Fenianism made rapid progress thereafter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOVEMENT SPREADS.

STEADY PROGRESS IN THE EARLY 'SIXTIES—HOW THE ORGANIZATION PERMEATED THE PROVINCES—TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 80,000.

AFTER the National Petition had been dumped on the floor of the English House of Commons, the Fenian Movement made rapid progress in Dublin, and from Dublin spread steadily to the provincial towns in Leinster. The chief recruiting grounds in the Capital were the trade unions and the three big drapery establishments, Cannock, White & Co.; Todd, Burns & Co., and McSwiney, Delany & Co. In these establishments the Drapers' Assistants were all country boys and were a fine set of fellows. They were boarded and lodged in the houses where they worked and were obliged to dress well in order to keep their jobs. They were also well-mannered and very intelligent. Several of them, chiefly from Cork, were already members before they left home and were great recruiters.

The man who swore me in, James Joseph O'Connell O'Callaghan, of Kanturk, was, next to O'Donovan Rossa and Edward Duffy, the best recruiter in Ireland, but he had a great talent for exaggeration. At the National Petition meetings, while he was feeling me out (a wholly unnecessary proceeding, for I already belonged to a gun club) he told me there were already 20,000 members in Cork and 15,000 in Tipperary, evidently multiplying the actual number by 5. The swearing in was done in Alexander M. Sullivan's editorial room in the *Nation* office, where a Gaelic class met. O'Callaghan did not learn any Irish and only joined the class to pick out recruits. I introduced him to many others and he swore in most of the men who later became Centres in Dublin. His own Circle, after many had been promoted and had started Circles of their own, numbered 1,100 men.

O'Callaghan also swore in James J. O'Kelly, who later organized London, and Matthew O'Neill, whose Circle, mostly men of the building trades and of fine physique, was 1,200 strong. The biggest Circle in Dublin was that of Hugh Brophy, a builder, who was arrested with Stephens and lived for many years in Sydney, Australia, after his release from prison in 1869 and died there. His men were also mainly from the building trades. Next to the building trades, shoemakers and tailors were the most numerous artisans in the organization.

From Dublin, chiefly through the Drapers' Assistants, the organization spread to the Leinster and Connacht towns. The organization was always begun at the top. One man was sworn in and empowered to obligate others, and if he was successful in recruiting, was in time made a Centre by Stephens. No witness of the taking of the oath was ever present. Only the man who administered the oath and the man who took it could give definite information of the act, and no member was supposed to know any other man in the Circle outside his own section, numbering not more than ten. The first rule, as to swearing in, was always strictly adhered to, but the other was utterly disregarded. Every man knew all the members of his own Circle and practically those of every other Circle in the town. And the organization would not have grown so rapidly were it not for that fact. Touching elbows with fellow-members at public demonstrations and having "a pint" with others was a great factor.

The Centre, or head of the Circle (who was supposed to have the rank of Colonel) was known as "A", and he was allowed to have nine "Bs", or sub-Centres (Captains); each "B" had nine "Cs" (Sergeants) if his quota was full, and every "C" had nine "Ds", who were privates. This regulation was never strictly adhered to and some Circles, like that of John Hickey of "Kings-town", and William F. Roantree's in the Leixlip District of Kildare, had fully 2,000 members. A little Tipperary hunchback shoemaker named Stephen Tracy, who was one of O'Callaghan's "Bs" in Dublin, had the ambition to become a Centre, recruited his section up to 150 men and appointed three or four "Nomeenial 'Bs'", saying he "didn't want to play second fiddle to no man", and there were other instances of the kind.

The Highland Scotch bookkeeper in the old New York *Herald* office (a Catholic MacDonald), found the oath in the same way in an Aberdeen paper and swore in thirty other Catholic Highland Gaels, who were all ready to go to Ireland to fight, but the first news they got of the Rising was the report of the failure of March 5, 1867. MacDonald's brother, a priest, was president of the College of Valladolid in Spain. But these were only exceptions: in all cases the starting of the organization was done by duly authorized men.

There were in all fifteen Circles in Dublin—Hugh Brophy's, Matthew O'Neill's, James O'Callaghan's, James Cook's, Garrett O'Shaughnessy's, Denis Cromien's, Michael Moore's, Patrick Kearney's, John Kirwan's, John O'Clohessy's, Niall Breslin's, James O'Connor's, Nicholas Walsh's and Edmund O'Donovan's, and John Hickey's in Dunleary (Kingstown).

O'Donovan's was composed almost entirely of Protestants. O'Donovan Rossa, in his frequent visits to the home of John O'Donovan, the great scholar, in Buckingham Street, swore in three sons of the latter, including Edmund, who was the eldest.

The number of members in Dublin was reported as over 10,000, and it was certainly above 8,000. There were, besides, small Circles in North and South Dublin County. In the Glencullen district, I found there were several hundred unreported men; their leaders being Larry Caulin and Larry Ellis.

Carlow came in very early. The Centre there was a man named Londrigan, who was brought in by Andrew Nolan, a Carlow man who was a clerk in a hardware shop in Thomas Street, Dublin. John Nolan, a brother of Andy, brought the organization to Belfast, where he had a good position in a drapery establishment. From Belfast he spread it through Ulster.

But though Londrigan was the most prominent man in the organization in Carlow, the best known and most popular was a farmer named John Morris. He was an eccentric man, but in his way very clever and resourceful. After the *Irish People* was seized he was "wanted" by the police, but managed to evade arrest without going more than four or five miles away from his home by training the boys of the neighborhood to signal him by blowing horns to warn him of the approach of the Peelers. Often they put a cordon around the district, but he always managed to slip through. At the meeting of Centres that decided on the Rising of March 5, 1867, he thought the American officers were interfering too much—though it was the one occasion when their counsel was most needed—and he said, as Niall Breslin later told me: "T'd have ye gintlemin from America understand that ye're only ogzeeliaries here." After the Rising he escaped to America and settled in Chicago. Although he took sides against the "Triangle", he liked "sthrong talkers" and went to all public meetings where John F. Finerty was a speaker. He would applaud him vigorously and shout: "Good boy, John; give it to them" when the orator was "twisting the lion's tail" most vigorously. He gave his children a good education and one of his sons became a priest. (The term "Triangle" was applied to that section of the Clan-na-Gael of which Sullivan, Boland and Feely were the leaders.)

Hugh Byrne of Tinahely, a school teacher and a highly gifted man, started the movement in Wicklow, in which it became very strong. He wrote a book on arithmetic in Mountjoy Prison. He died in San Francisco in the early 'eighties.

The organization was begun in Louth by a Drogheda man named McCabe, and one of his first coadjutors was Harry Byrne who later introduced me to John Boyle O'Reilly.

William Francis Roantree of Leixlip brought it into North Kildare, and a tailor named Byrne, then working in Dublin, to Athy. A Dublin "chimney sweep" named Sullivan, who had settled in Newbridge, started it there, and when I met him after moving to Naas in 1862, he had over two hundred men. He had a fine voice and knew how to use it. He was strong on "Come-all-ye's" and his favorite was:

"My love Nell
Was an Irish girl
From the Cove of Cork came she:
I'm a-weeping and a-wailing
And the big ship sailing
For the shores of Americay."

After a lapse of over sixty years his splendid voice is still ringing in my ears. Sweeping chimneys was looked upon as a low occupation, but Sullivan made a good living and was a very intelligent man. His work was done chiefly by boys. He was too big to go up a chimney himself.

I brought the organization to Naas, and my district included Ballymore Eustace, Kilcullen, Athgarvan, Kill (my native parish), Straffan and the Bog of Allen.

In Queens County the organization was started by Matthew Carroll of Maryborough, then a shoemaker, who was sworn in while working in Dublin. He brought in a well-to-do shopkeeper named McCabe in Portarlinton, and Bill Dunphy, Matt Fleming and his younger brother, George (both well known later in Chicago), and Edward Murphy, son of a wealthy mill-owner, in Mountmellick.

Carroll had a brother a minister, but I knew Matt more than twenty-five years before I learned he was a Protestant. His men and mine used to meet in Monasterevan on occasional Sundays, walking all the way and lunching on bread and butter, washed down with a pint of porter. On other Sundays we walked from Naas to Dublin, Carroll walking the whole twenty-five miles from Maryborough on Saturday. As we passed the church in Kill, I used to say to him: "Well, as we're passing the chapel we might as well go to Mass." Carroll would answer: "All right", and we'd go to a seat in the gallery belonging to cousins of mine, where he would take a little Catholic prayer book from his vest pocket and read the prayers for Mass. All Fenians carried that little prayer book for swearing-in purposes, and later when a man was arrested the papers would say: "Among the suspicious

articles found on the prisoner were * * * and a small prayer book."

Matt Carroll in 1867 was one of the founders of the Clan-na-Gael and became very well known in New York, where he was employed as a clothing cutter, and in Jersey City, where he died.

The organization was started in Meath soon after Denieffe's arrival by a veteran of 1848 named Philip Grey, whom Luby, O'Leary and Denieffe united in describing as a man of high character, but he died a year or two later and his death retarded the work.

Meath was not strong in Fenianism. Its chief men were James Pallas, the school teacher in Athboy, and Tom Masterson of Navan, a shoemaker, who moved into Dublin. Billy McLaughlin, still alive at this writing (August, 1927) in New York, was then a mere boy, but was a member.

Tom Williams (Secretary to Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*) started the organization in Longford. He was a Dublin man whose father owned the old *Evening Post*, and he became Editor of the *Longford Register*, which enabled him to introduce the organization into that County. When he died, in New York, he was an editorial contributor to the *Gaelic American*.

Tom Owens, a quiet, unassuming little Dublin waiter, got a job in Jude's restaurant at the Mullingar railway station and started the work in Westmeath. He did not make much progress until Captain Joe Carroll was assigned to the command of that County.

I go into all these details because they were typical of the Fenian Movement, and of the men who composed it all over Ireland, so that the new generation may have a clearer view of the Ireland of that day. I knew nothing of the organization in the Kings County and little of Wexford.

Kilkenny was one of our strongholds, but Callan had a much larger number of men than the city. John Haltigan, foreman printer of the *Kilkenny Journal* (father of Patrick Haltigan, the Reading Clerk of the House of Representatives, and of the late James Haltigan, editor of the *Celtic Monthly* and later chairman of the chapel in the composing room of the *New York World*), was head of the movement in the City of Kilkenny, but Stephens brought him to Dublin and made him foreman of the *Irish People* office. In Callan the chief man was Edward Coyne, whose brother, Philip, was an active worker in New York.

In Cork City the chief whom all looked up to was John Kenealy, who was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal

servitude in January, 1866. He was released from Western Australia in 1869, went to San Francisco, where he lived for many years, moved to Los Angeles before it became famous, except as a health resort, and died there many years ago. Although the system of County Centres did not exist in the old organization, John Kenealy practically exercised all the functions of that office for Cork County. He was an even tempered man with a judicial mind and fine judgment, and was highly respected by everybody.

Skibbereen was a hotbed of Fenianism and gave us not only O'Donovan Rossa (whom Padraic Pearse justly described as the most typical Fenian) but Mortimer Moynahan and his brother, Michael, who later on was Secretary to General Canby during the Modoc War in the Lava Beds, the three Downing brothers, P. J., Denis and Daniel. P. J., after serving with distinction in Meagher's Brigade, became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-ninth New York National Guard (of which John O'Mahony was Colonel), later settled in Washington, and died there. He was the father of Rossa Downing, well known in the early days of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

There were more prisoners from Skibbereen in Mountjoy Prison in 1866 than from any other town in Ireland. They were mostly Gaelic speakers and spoke English with a very strong brogue. "Have oo any noos from Shkib?" one asked another in my hearing one day as we walked round the exercise ring, and the other replied: "No; but I do be dhraming—wisha, quare dhrames." Owing to the close confinement, prisoners often had distorted dreams.

Next to John Kenealy in Cork City was James F. X. O'Brien, a man of considerable literary ability. John Lynch was another very active member in the early days. He was convicted early in 1866 and died in Pentonville Prison. Another energetic worker was John O'Callaghan, who spent several months in Mountjoy Prison as a suspect in 1866, but was not convicted.

Bantry, Mallow, Fermoy, Midleton and Kanturk were good Fenian towns, but Fermoy came next to Skibbereen in strength. East Cork was poorer in spirit than West Cork, and the people seemed to belong to a different branch of the Race.

In Tipperary, Charles J. Kickham was not only the leader, but was one of the chief men of the whole movement. I deal with him in a separate chapter.

Denis Dowling Mulcahy, who practised medicine in Newark, N. J., for many years, was one of the leaders in Tipperary, but Stephens took both Kickham and him to Dublin as members of

the staff of the *Irish People* and both were arrested and convicted.

Clare was one of the best Fenian counties in Ireland—due to the initiative of Edmund O'Donovan, and John Clune, whom he swore in. Clune was arrested early in 1866, but was released on bail because he made himself sick by eating soap in Mountjoy Prison, so that he might not have to go to America—as most of the prisoners were then compelled to do, if they were to secure their freedom. It nearly killed him, as there was arsenic in the soap.

In Waterford City the chief man was Denis Cashman (convicted in February, 1867 with me), and he was ably assisted by a man named Dillon and by a wealthy pig dealer named Kenny. The county was not well organized. Cashman was for a time Business Manager of the *Boston Pilot*.

Kerry was at that time poor ground, and the Corkmen contemptuously called the Kerrymen "Chieftain Members", on account of their devotion to The O'Donoghue, even after he took an English job. The chief man there was William Moore Stack (father of Austin), who was also convicted with me. He was then an attorney's clerk in Dublin. Maurice Moynahan became County Centre after the reorganization in 1867, and a man named Moriarty was also an active worker. When Colonel O'Connor returned from America after the Civil War he became the leader and headed the premature insurrection in Kerry in February, 1867.

In Limerick, Jack Daly and his brother Ned were mere boys in 1867, but they took part in the Rising. It was in the reorganized movement that John became prominent. The leader in the city was David Murphy, who was shot at later by a deluded young fellow named O'Kelly,—at the instigation of Richard Pigott, whose thefts from the funds subscribed through the *Irishman* he had threatened to expose. He was at the time bookkeeper in the *Irishman* office. He was alive, though well over ninety, when I last heard from him. There was also Edward Murphy (not a relative of David), a shoemaker in Limerick and a very active worker, whom I only met in New York. Except for Kilmallock the rest of the County was poorly organized.

I knew little of Connacht except what I heard from Ned Duffy and O'Donovan Rossa, who made a tour of the province together. Rossa's proficiency in Irish helped him considerably, but Duffy, although born in Connacht, knew nothing of the language. I learned much about conditions in Mayo years later from Martin Lovern, a lame schoolmaster, descended from one

of Humbert's soldiers who did not return to France. He was also a school teacher in Scranton and died in Buffalo, N. Y. He had a fine copy of the "Annals of the Four Masters" and frequently sent me postal cards in Irish.

The organization was strongest in Mayo and Roscommon, but Galway, Sligo and Leitrim were poorly organized. In the reorganized movement Mayo was the best in Ireland, but Cavan was a strong rival.

I had little knowledge of Ulster outside of Belfast, where there was a fine organization, and many groups of the members often visited Dublin. The most prominent of these was Frank Rooney, a splendid fellow. Another frequent visitor was a man named Loughrey. There was a good organization in Down. In Newtownards, when Rossa visited the town in 1864 or 1865, he found the Centre to be a Presbyterian linen manufacturer, and the membership about evenly divided between Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians. The tradition of the United Irishmen was still alive there. During my time the Episcopalians were always called "Protestants", while each of the other Protestant sects was given its respective designation, and I believe the custom still prevails.

The I. R. B. was also strong in Monaghan under James Blaney Rice of Tyholland with whom I was not then acquainted.

The organization got into several places without Stephens knowing anything about it, owing to failure to report it. I discovered some cases accidentally. There was a Dunlavin family named Leonard in Naas, one of whose members, Patrick, although hardly twenty, was one of my most active workers. He joined the United States Army later, became a staff sergeant, and died at the Presidio Barracks in San Francisco the day before the great earthquake and fire. I went with him in 1864 to the funeral of a relative at Stratford, County Wicklow, close to Dunlavin. There was a mill there at that time which employed a large number of men. I was introduced to more than a score of them who all belonged to the organization, and was assured there were fully 1,500 in the district. When I told this to Stephens on my next visit to Dublin I found he had never heard of it. I have no doubt there were other such cases which would more than make up for possible exaggerations elsewhere.

Stephens claimed a total membership in Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales of 80,000, exclusive of the 15,000 men in the British army, and he was probably right.

One of the recruiting grounds for Fenianism in its early days in Dublin and in the North of England was the Brotherhood of

St. Patrick. It was an open, unsworn organization which held its meetings in a hall over a restaurant in Marlborough Street, near the river, which was run by a white American woman whose husband was a mulatto and the only waiter was their son, a very meek boy. It was a good restaurant, though cheap, and was well patronized. One could get a good, plain dinner of meat and vegetables for sixpence. While the mulatto, a big, stalwart fellow, stalked around the dining room, his Yankee wife stood at the cash desk talking incessantly.

The hall on the second floor (it was a three-story stone building) seated about a hundred people, and it was well filled at the weekly meetings. No resolutions were passed and the proceedings consisted entirely of speech making. The chief speakers were Thomas Neilson Underwood (an Ulster Presbyterian who was a nephew of Samuel Neilson, the United Irishman, and a cousin of Charles Underwood O'Connell); Charles G. Doran, the architect who later designed the Cathedral at Cobh (Queens-town), and John C. Hoey, author of "That Damned Green Flag Again". Both Underwood and Doran were good speakers, but did not speak to any particular text. Their topic was Irish Nationality, but they advocated no particular programme or policy. Hoey, who said "dis" and "dat", was an admirer of Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, and referred to him in every speech, in advocacy of physical force. He constantly repeated the invocation used by Hofer when his men were hurling rocks down from the mountains on the Bavarians. Not one of the three was a member of the I. R. B. at that time, but after the failure of 1867 Doran joined it and some years later became Secretary of the Supreme Council.

Hoey's poem referred to above was based on the story of how a Confederate officer remarked on the repeated charges of Meagher's Irish Brigade in one of the famous battles of the American Civil War: "There's that damned green flag again". It was recited everywhere by the Fenians.

The Brotherhood of St. Patrick got a good deal of public notice through Dean O'Brien of Newcastle West, County Limerick, head of the Catholic Young Men's Society, denouncing it bitterly in the newspapers. He made all kinds of unfounded accusations against it, among which was that the members were being drilled with wooden guns and that it was a cloak for a secret society. The attacks were wholly unprovoked and unjustified, but they were continued for many months.

No man of any consequence undertook to answer Dean O'Brien, but "Red Jim" McDermott, who later became notorious as a British spy, wrote some flippant letters in the *Irishman*

(then edited by Denis Holland) which were wholly ineffective and only supplied Father O'Brien with new texts for attack.

Finally Stephens ordered all I. R. B. members to withdraw from the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, and it dwindled to very small proportions, but continued to hold meetings for several months. It had no central governing body. The English branches published weekly reports of their meetings in the *Irishman*. Later, most of their members were taken into the I. R. B. and their S. P. B. meetings ceased.

CHAPTER V.

THE FEUD WITH THE SULLIVANS.

A. M. SULLIVAN, WHO BECAME EDITOR OF THE "NATION" AFTER THE "YOUNG IRELAND" PERIOD, ANTAGONISTIC TO THE I. R. B.—HIS UNJUSTIFIABLE ATTACKS BEGOT RETALIATION.

THE feud with the Sullivans was very unfortunate and did much harm, but the Fenians did not begin it. It was started by the publication in the *Nation* of a letter from Alexander M. Sullivan to William Smith O'Brien stating that while on a yachting tour around the Southern coast he found in Bantry and other towns that members of a secret society were using Mr. O'Brien's name to induce others to join, claiming that he was a member. While it was probably true that some were doing this, the leaders knew nothing of it and were not responsible. The publication of the letter was a wholly unwarrantable and unjustifiable act, as it warned the Government that the organization they thought they had suppressed by the trials of the Skibbereen and Kenmare men was at work again and put it on the scent. The men in West Cork retaliated by nicknaming A. M. Sullivan "Goulah", the opprobrious epithet which they had applied to the fellow who betrayed O'Sullivan of Kenmare. The nickname was adopted by the members generally, and the Dublin men attempted to break up all public meetings at which the then editor of the *Nation* was announced to speak.

Sullivan repeated his offense in his report in the *Nation* of a public meeting in the Rotunda for the purpose of starting a public National organization a few days after the McManus Funeral in 1861. The control of the meeting was captured by the Fenians and they were in a majority on the committee appointed to begin the work of organization. Mr. Sullivan printed a list of the committee with a number of names in italics and a note at the foot of the list saying that the names in italics were "friends of the Fenian delegates". This was another warning to the Government and was downright "felon-setting". It made the men very bitter against Sullivan and they retaliated very vigorously. The proposed organization was not formed.

At a meeting in the Rotunda on Feb. 22, 1864, to protest against a Loyalist project of erecting a monument to Prince Albert in College Green there was a riot in which Mr. Sullivan was ousted from the platform. Stephens sent a letter to the

Dublin Centres telling them to protest against Sullivan making a speech, but he did not, as Sullivan claims in one of his books, order them to use violence. I was present on the platform.

The O'Donoghue presided and in his opening speech referred to the editor of the *Nation* as "my esteemed friend Mr. Sullivan". That started the row. A number of young men, led by Paddy Kearney and Jack Clohessy (both ex-British soldiers) made a rush for the platform and stormed it. The whole meeting was in confusion immediately and the men on the platform, jammed together as they were, could do nothing but utter vain protests. Those around me were the class of men who would make good members, but they were indignant at the disturbance and probably never joined afterwards. They evidently did not appreciate the reasons for the antipathy to Sullivan, but were indignant at the breaking up of a meeting to protest against desecrating College Green with a statue of the Prince Consort who had written a letter to Humboldt in which he said that "the Poles were deserving of as little sympathy as the Irish". That letter had been published a short while before, and everybody had read it.

Dr. Waters, who edited a daily paper started by A. M. Sullivan called the *Morning News*, and who stuttered badly when excited, attempted to make a speech from the gallery defending Sullivan and was jeered by the crowd as they went out. A number of the I. R. B. men went over to the *Irish People* office in Parliament Street, where an impromptu meeting, without a Chairman, was held and speeches were made by Stephens and Luby. The C. O. I. R. (Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic) was not a practiced speaker and only explained that it was a mistake to storm the platform and break upon the meeting, but Luby was jubilant and spoke sarcastically of Dr. Waters and his stammering attempt at a speech and "the stampede of the respectables". That was the way all present felt.

A few days later, another, but very small meeting was held in the Rotunda, to which admission was by ticket and a heavy guard placed on the door. The breaking up of the previous meeting was bitterly denounced, and the cleavage started there continued until the trials in 1865-6.

I thought the effect of the riotous proceedings on the country would be very bad, but it was less so than I anticipated. Meeting a man on the street in Naas on my return he asked me about it and I answered him apologetically, but I was surprised when he said in a tone of admiration: "They must be damn shtrong."

The fight with the Sullivans went on for many years and prevented many good men from joining the organization. It divided

Ireland into two rival camps, but the Fenians were organized and the followers of Sullivan were not, and that counted for much. Sullivan ceased denouncing and making exposures, but in reporting public events in the *Nation* he and T. D. showed their animosity unmistakably. When George Clarke was killed on the bank of the Royal Canal near Phibsborough the *Nation* put this heading over the report: "Man Killed on False Suspicion." Nobody in the *Nation* or the *Morning News* office knew anything whatever about the case, but the report undertook to show that Clarke was innocent. The fact was that the evidence against Clarke was conclusive. Michael Breslin, clerk in the Head Police Office, saw him there talking to Superintendent Hughes; a detachment of detectives was immediately sent out and raided an arms depot in which he had applied for work the day before, and when refused, grumbled in a threatening way. Clarke was a chronic grumbler. He and about twenty others sent to Rome by Father Fay of Meath Street Church to join the Irish Papal Brigade returned to Ireland without enlisting because they were dissatisfied about something.

The evidence was first submitted to Colonel Kerwin as Judge Advocate, who passed upon it. Edmund O'Donovan presided at the courtmartial. At the termination of the trial Clarke was found guilty and duly sentenced to death. Sam Cavanagh and Garret O'Shaughnessy were detailed to put the sentence into effect,—which they did. I forget the name of the one-armed Dublin man, whom I often met here in later years, who inveigled Clarke to the place of execution. Cavanagh and O'Shaughnessy got safely to America and both died in New York, the latter within a few years of his arrival and Cavanagh about 1908. Cavanagh became a Lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth and was President of the Veterans of the I. R. B. for some time.

When John O'Leary was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, A. M. Sullivan wrote a very mean article about him. After commending him for his splendid speech in the dock, the article said:

"Grave things, terrible things, have been said of John O'Leary and of his brother Arthur, now deceased, but we refrain," etc.

It would have been more manly if Sullivan had made definite charges, but the insinuation was damnable. John O'Leary led a pure and strictly moral life, and the most terrible thing he had ever done was to stop going to Mass. He was neither an Atheist nor a Freethinker, but used to say that he belonged to the Broad Church. Father Finlay, the Jesuit who was prominent in the Industrial Movement, succeeded in reconciling him with the

Church and he died within its fold. He had never written a word against Sullivan and disapproved attacks on him.

It was cowardly to assail a man who could not defend himself, for under the English prison system convicted prisoners are not allowed to see newspapers, and warders are always present when friends or relatives visit them and are under orders to prevent the conveyance of information regarding public events. But, even if O'Leary were free to reply he would treat the attack with silent scorn. He never engaged in personal controversies.

While the *Nation* under control of the Sullivans was not up to the high standard of the paper of the days of Gavan Duffy and Thomas Davis, it was of high literary merit. No weekly paper in Europe was equal to the old *Nation*, except perhaps the London *Spectator*, and it was of a wholly different type. The *Spectator* dealt only with the events of the day, while the *Nation* was devoted to a Cause and appealed to the intellect of a Race in an effort to lift the Race to a higher level and inspire it with enthusiasm for the Cause.

But the paper under the management of the Sullivans did splendid work. It kept the National Cause afloat and fought English tyranny and Anglo-Irish Landlordism manfully; and Alexander Sullivan rendered fine service in the Longford and Tipperary elections, in which the majority of the priests, under the leadership of their Bishops, took the wrong side. T. D. Sullivan's poetry, although some of it was of little merit, exercised a strong influence on the people and helped to keep the Nationalist Spirit alive.

The *Nation* of the Sullivans tried to make good the motto of the old *Nation*, "to create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil."

Notwithstanding the feud with the I. R. B., Tim Sullivan became a sort of Poet Laureate of the Fenians after the Manchester Rescue by writing "God Save Ireland", which became the National Anthem until replaced by "The Soldiers' Song" after Easter Week, 1916. The art of composing music seemed to have died out in Ireland and all new songs were written to old, or foreign airs. T. D. wrote "God Save Ireland" to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp", written in Libby Prison by a prisoner of the Civil War. It has fallen into disuse since the reconciliation with the South, but the American officers carried it to Ireland and the Dublin men picked it up. It was a fine marching song:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home."

God rest the souls of the Sullivans. They loved Ireland in their own way as dearly as did the Fenians. T. D. in his very interesting book of *Recollections* says that in 1848, Alexander, then a very young man, started to join Smith O'Brien in Tipperary, but on the way he heard of the fiasco at Ballingarry and the arrest of O'Brien. He was making the journey from Bantry on foot. T. D. also gives high praise to the sincerity and enthusiasm of the Skibbereen men. But "Ah, Im", as Tim used to call his brother, was wholly unjustified in the exposures which provoked the retaliation of the Fenians.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "IRISH PEOPLE".

ORGAN OF THE MOVEMENT DID FINE PROPAGANDA WORK—THE OFFICE VISITED TOO MUCH BY THE I. R. B. MEMBERS—ITS CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS AMONG ITS BEST FEATURES.

THE *Irish People* has been described by many, including Michael Davitt, as one of Stephens's mistakes, but I entirely disagree with them. The theory of its critics was that it exposed the organization too much and thereby helped the Government. There is some basis for the criticism, but the services of the paper to the Cause, in my opinion, far outweighed the damage it did in this direction. It was established in November, 1863.

A Revolutionary Organization that numbered 80,000 men at its zenith could not continue to be in the full sense of the term a secret conspiracy. The people had to be converted to its views and committed to its objects, and that could not be done by a whispering campaign. Secrecy at the top was essential, but the Irish are a loquacious people and Stephens's original rules could not be carried out, and were not. There must be a public propaganda and that could only be carried on by a weekly paper which would reach the general public, as well as the members of the organization.

John O'Leary, the Editor of the paper, in his *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*, and Thomas Clarke Luby, an Associate Editor, whose Memoirs are not in book form (more's the pity), have fully described the *Irish People* from the literary standpoint, and O'Leary also gives very interesting details of the financial difficulties which had to be overcome. A paper of the character of the *Irish People* is never a financial success and has to seek support from other sources than the public. The *Irish People* managed to live for nearly two years until the Government suppressed it on September 15, 1865.

I shall deal with phases of its existence hardly mentioned by O'Leary or Luby. When Stephens decided, after much consultation with prominent members, to start the paper he got Con O'Mahony, his Secretary, to write a circular letter to the active local men informing them of the project. There were no typewriters in those days, so Con had to write all the letters with

his own hand. I got one of them, not by mail, but by hand, during one of my visits to Dublin in the Fall of 1863. The circular pointed out the necessity for a newspaper organ to replace "the thing called the *Irishman*", gave a description of the kind of journal contemplated, and asked for support in its circulation. There was no appeal for money. If my memory serves me right, Denis Holland, the founder of the *Irishman* was still its editor but Pigott who was Business Manager had acquired a grip on it.

I got a supply of the first number and was greatly puzzled by the pessimistic editorial, "Isle, Race and Doom," which I afterwards learned was written by Stephens himself. All I could do was to distribute them among the members and put one of them on file in the reading room of the Catholic Institute in Naas. I was enabled to do this by supporting Father Hughes in a motion to have the London *Times* put on file. He was bitterly opposed by Aleck Byrne, a sturdy blacksmith, who said: "Father Hughes, I'm ashamed of you for proposing to bring in the *Times*, the arch enemy of the Irish people, to be read by our members." I wanted the *Times* for its foreign news and Father Hughes wanted it for other reasons, and we won by a small majority. After this he could not very well object to placing the *Irish People* on file, but he probably never read a line of it.

I got a bundle of 25 every week, which I distributed free. I gave five of them free every Thursday to an old newsdealer who kept a little shop at the corner of the Sallins Road and Main Street, so that he might sell them, and I sent a few by mail to prominent people. Two country school teachers whom I had sworn in and whose salary was only £40 a year I put on the mailing list in the office of the paper, as they lived too far away for me to deliver them, and after a while Con O'Mahony, who was a clerk in the office, sent them bills. When they failed to pay the bills he dropped them, and when I heard of it I told Rossa, who was Business Manager, and he reprimanded O'Mahony sharply. "You know the miserable salaries that country schoolmasters get," he said to O'Mahony, who had been a teacher himself, "and these men can do a lot of good by handing the paper around." Con pleaded "business reasons", and Rossa said: "To the devil with your business reasons. The organization can't be run on business principles and we must push it in every way we can. Put them back on the list."

When I offered him payment for the 25 copies I was getting, Rossa asked me: "How much salary are you getting, John?" I told him £50 a year and he said: "Oh, trash, man, you have a lot of expenses to bear" (which was true) "and I won't take your

money." He then told O'Mahony to send me 50 copies and no bills.

There was a good deal of that kind of circulation, and some newsdealers who were not members kept the paper on their stands. But the paper was beginning to make some headway among the intellectual classes. When the paper was suppressed the names of several prominent people were found among the list of subscribers.

Among those I recollect were Isaac Butt, Mr. Bushe (a son or grandson of the man who voted against the Union), Mrs. Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, and a Protestant Minister named Gilmour.

Mrs. Parnell herself called at the office of the paper to hand in her subscription, holding a little boy by the hand. Many years later I asked her was it Charles and she answered: "No; it was a brother of his who died before reaching manhood." Mrs. Parnell was a strong sympathizer with the movement, and in 1866 paid the passage to New York of several of the American officers, released from Mountjoy Prison on condition of leaving the country, among whom were Colonel Michael Kerwin and Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Byron. She also sheltered at her home in Avondale, County Wicklow, several men who were "on the run".

The Minister, Mr. Gilmour, was Rector of Rathmore, County Kildare, and a splendid man in every way. How he came to subscribe was this: There was a little old man named Gallagher who had a small plot of land in the Bog of Allen, whose father had to flee from Mayo for shooting a landlord and had found a refuge in the Bog. His son had a pony and a small creel and he eked out a poor living by selling loads of turf in Naas. As I did my own cooking on the fine kitchen range of the old Cork Mail Coach office, where I lived, I bought my turf from Gallagher at three and sixpence a load, and swore him in. One day the Minister bought a load from him and when it was delivered Mr. Gilmour was not in the house. While waiting for his three and sixpence Gallagher curled himself up in a corner of the creel and was absorbed in reading the *Irish People* when the Minister came along and said to him: "I see you are reading. What paper is it?" Gallagher started to fold it up and put it in his pocket, not wishing to let the Minister see it, but Mr. Gilmour said: "Let me look at it," and the old man reluctantly gave it to him. The Minister looked over it with great interest for a few minutes and said: "Why, this is a fine paper. Where did you get it?" "From a man in Naas that I sould a load of turf to, sir," answered Gallagher.

The Rev. Mr. Gilmour at once sent his subscription to the paper and I learned later in New York from Tom Burke, a Rathmore man, that he lent it every week to a doctor and a veterinary surgeon, who were neighbors and who read it regularly. Tom knew the Minister very well and told me he was a strong Nationalist. Tom was a great poacher and did his coursing while the Protestants were at church. On his way home he would throw a hare into the Minister's kitchen and the Minister, the doctor and the veterinary surgeon saved him from punishment when he was caught once by Byrne, the owner of the Punchestown Racecourse.

The principal letter writer to the *Irish People* was James F. X. O'Brien, of Cork, who was convicted for his part in the Rising and later became a Member of Parliament. His letters were always long and well written and were signed "De l'Abbe". He had lived in New Orleans for some years and knew French very well.

But by long odds the best of the letter writers was Hugh Byrne of Tinahely, County Wicklow, who had been a National Teacher and was then a teacher in Singleton's Academy on Dawson Street. He wrote sometimes over the signature of "Aodh an tSleibhe" and at other times "Hugo del Monte", which means the same thing in Spanish. He had learned Spanish in Nicaragua, where he accompanied Walker on one of his filibustering expeditions. William F. Roantree, who had also been in Nicaragua, told me that Walker once put Byrne in the stocks for lampooning him. He was a caustic writer, with infinite power of sarcasm, and Walker felt the sting of his criticism very keenly. One of Byrne's favorite contributions to the *Irish People* was a report of the debates at meetings of the Laconic Club, an imaginary organization in which most of the prominent Fenians figured under various appropriate names that were easily recognized by those who knew them. He had a theory that most Irishmen were too longwinded and he took that method of teaching them to express themselves tersely. "Con the Laconic" was Con O'Mahony, and the cognomen fitted him exactly, so that all his friends recognized the character. There was sound political doctrine in all Byrne's articles and he put a great deal in a short space. He always sent in his contributions as articles, but O'Leary published them as letters, although he admitted their literary value.

One of Byrne's articles satirized leaders who spent their time "making love in a cottage by the sea" when they ought to be working for Ireland. It was aimed at Stephens, who, after his marriage to Jane Hopper, spent his time idly in a cottage at

Sandymount and for a while became less active in the movement. O'Leary recognized its object, but he inserted it because he thought the criticism was deserved.

Byrne sometimes drank a little too much and he took the pledge binding himself to take a drink only with his meals. Rossa told me that one day while his train was stopping at a station in Wicklow, Byrne was on the platform and Rossa asked him to take a drink. He told Rossa of his pledge and was greatly troubled at not being able to take a drink with his old friend. At last he said: "Give me a penny cake," and munched it while drinking a pint of porter. That was "whipping the devil around the stump".

One of the most interesting letter writers was a Tipperary schoolmaster named Brougham, whose theme was always the Felon-Setter, a type then rather numerous in Ireland and very mischievous. They adopted many indirect ways of calling police attention to men whom they believed to be Fenians. Brougham, who wrote over the signature of "Harvey Birch" (which he took from Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Spy"), satirized them mercilessly, and the local men were always able to recognize the fellows he aimed at very easily by his description of their methods. His dog, "Dan", had an unfailing knack of recognizing the Felon-Setter by the scent and always barked a warning when one of them was approaching. "Harvey Birch's" descriptions of the antics of the dog and their effect on the Felon-Setter were very amusing and were read with avidity by the members everywhere. The letters were always short and as laconic as Hugh Byrne could have desired. Brougham died in New York.

The editorials were all good, but Kickham's were the best because there was more concentrated thought in them. Luby's showed wide and accurate knowledge of his subject, for he was the best read man of the staff, but he was often a little too diffuse. O'Leary's articles were brief, but he paid more attention to style than to the subject of the article. He was essentially a critic and never showed enthusiasm, which was a fault in writing for Irishmen. He was an admirer of the London *Spectator*, although disagreeing entirely with its views, and there was too much apparent imitation of its style in his articles. But Kickham, in spite of his physical disabilities, understood the Irish people better than all of them, apparently by intuition, and went straight to their hearts. Judge Keogh, although a perjured ruffian, also understood them, and selected Kickham's articles as his chief point of attack in the trials. This was eloquent testimony to their effectiveness, though, of course, Keogh did not know who wrote them.

The *Irish People* was not the equal of the old *Nation* of Duffy and Davis, but it approached it very closely. It was essentially a teacher and it filled the minds of the people it reached with ideas which took a firm grip on their minds and have endured ever since. It prepared the way for all that has since happened and inspired the people with a new spirit. The fighting Land League would not have been possible but for it. Two of its three principal writers, Kickham and Luby, sympathized with the Land League as the forerunner of better things, although they did not join it, while O'Leary deplored it as blasting his darling hope of getting the gentry into the National Movement. He was not a practical man. The gentry were England's chief agents in holding Ireland down for England, and their power had to be broken before Ireland could make real progress towards Freedom. This supplies the best answer to those who believed the starting of the paper to be a mistake. The British Government did not need the information it disclosed of the existence of a formidable movement to overthrow its authority in Ireland, although it showed conclusively that the men who led it had great ability.

The *Irish People* revived the spirit created and fostered by the old *Nation* and the Young Irelanders, and carried down their teachings to a new generation. Time has vindicated it.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN 1864.

STEPHENS ORGANIZED CIRCLES IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC WITH FULL CONSENT OF THE GENERALS—INCRIMINATING DOCUMENT CAPTURED ON THE PERSON OF CHARLES UNDERWOOD O'CONNELL ON HIS ARRIVAL IN IRELAND—PROPOSAL FOR RESPONSIBLE COUNCIL TO GOVERN I. R. B. REJECTED.

DURING the year '64, there was incessant recruiting activity in Ireland, and there were three events of more than ordinary importance. Stephens went to America (I believe after Kickham's return). The American organization forwarded a proposal suggesting a change in the form of Government of the I. R. B. Stephens rejected an offer by George Henry Moore to join the organization after O'Donovan Rossa and Edward Duffy had secured his consent.

In America, Stephens was allowed to visit the Army of the Potomac and organize Circles among the officers and men. He was furnished with letters of introduction from Colonel B. F. Mullen to the Generals at the front, and the organization in the Union Army was done with the full consent of the latter, who were all in sympathy with the movement. Before returning to Ireland, Stephens gave these letters to Charles Underwood O'Connell for safe keeping.

O'Connell had never been at the front and had no military experience except a few months' service in the Ninety-ninth New York National Guard (O'Mahony's regiment) guarding Confederate prisoners at Elmira, N. Y. O'Mahony left the management of the regiment to P. J. Downing, the Lieutenant-Colonel, who had seen service in Meagher's Brigade and was a very capable officer. He had been in the Phoenix movement in Skibbereen in 1858.

When Underwood O'Connell was starting for Ireland in September, 1865, to take part in the projected Rising, he insisted on taking with him the letters entrusted to him by Stephens, in spite of the remonstrances of friends. Captain Michael O'Boyle (an Armagh man and a patriot of the finest quality) met him at the dock and tried to persuade him to leave them in safe hands in America, but O'Connell replied: "I got these letters from 'The Captain' himself, and into his hands alone will I

deliver them." On his arrival at Queenstown he was searched and the documents seized.

O'Connell's vanity brought misfortune on himself and other men. The Government had no evidence against him except what they found on his person in Cove (Queenstown), but it was enough to secure him a sentence of ten years penal servitude and to impose heavier sentences on the other prisoners who were then awaiting trial. The captured letters of introduction were used by the English Government later to prove the existence of an international conspiracy.

The Atlantic cable was not yet in operation and nobody in New York knew that the *Irish People* had been seized, many of the leaders arrested in Dublin, and that the British Government was engaged in a strong effort to crush the organization.

There had been at various times tentative efforts to get into the movement such well known men as The O'Donoghue (a grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell), P. J. Smyth, Alexander M. and T. D. Sullivan, and other prominent Nationalists, but they all came to naught mainly because of the fact that a change in the government of the organization involved the creation of some kind of a Council. Stephens was not willing to share his responsibility with any advisory body, although in 1864 he created an "Executive" that never took any action and never formally met.

The idea of a regularly constituted Council or Governing Body for the I. R. B. in Ireland was formally put up to Stephens through a communication from the Fenian Brotherhood in America, which the men in Dublin contemptuously called "The Thirty-two Page Document".

Stephens called a meeting of the leading men throughout the country to consider it. It was not a Convention or a gathering of a body with definite powers, but a sort of meeting of notables, and its action would not have bound Stephens if he did not approve of it. Charles J. Kickham presided, although the proceedings had to be conveyed to him through an ear trumpet. All the Centres of Dublin and the nearby towns were present, as well as several from country districts. It was a very representative meeting. It was held in Joseph Denieffe's house, which, if I remember rightly, was in Denzille Street. I happened to be in Dublin and was invited to attend by Con O'Mahony, Stephens' Secretary, but took no part in the proceedings.

After a very full discussion the proposal was rejected by unanimous consent, but there was no formal vote. This put an end to all chance of union between the "moderate" and the

"extreme" sections and they drifted farther and farther apart from that time. It also ended the chance of forming a public movement that could speak for the country in any emergency that might arise, but the Fenians did not see the necessity for that and placed their whole reliance on insurrection. The evil consequences of this became very apparent later, as the country had no public voice until the Amnesty Movement was organized.

Calling a meeting of prominent members who had no definite authority and putting up to them the settlement of an important question, later became a favorite method of Stephens. It enabled him to relieve himself of responsibility and place it on others, without creating a Council with which he might at some time come in conflict. The lack of a representative Council became a great handicap as events developed.

The rejection of George Henry Moore's offer to join the I. R. B. is dealt with in the chapter on O'Donovan Rossa.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN BILLY KEOGH FOR ONCE WAS MERCIFUL.

A "PRACTICAL JOKE" WHICH MIGHT HAVE RESULTED IN HEAVY JAIL SENTENCES FOR I. R. B. MEN—TESTIMONY BY THE "CASTLE CAWTHOLIC" DEVITT—JUDGE KEOGH MADE DRUNK BY COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE.

THE consecration of a church in Kilkenny on Aug. 15, 1864, was made the occasion of a great demonstration by the Fenians. Excursion trains were run to the Marble City from Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford, and people gathered there from every part of Ireland. The Fenians went in large numbers on all these trains and several thousand of them were in the immense crowd. As they kept grouped in separate bodies under their own leaders and the latter were introduced to each other, the men were able to see that they had the material for an army and were greatly encouraged. No regular I. R. B. meeting could be held, but there were many dinner parties, and the marching and cheering crowds on the streets constituted an exhibition of strength that could not be mistaken. The men went home in high spirits.

On the way back to Dublin a group of young men in the second last car of one of the excursion trains played a practical joke which led to the arrest of two of them and their trial at the next Assizes at Naas. At the station at Kildare, John O'Donovan, son of the great Gaelic scholar, then a student in Trinity College, and Matthew Hunt, a medical student from Cappoquin, County Waterford, tried to detach the last car of the train to give their friends in it a scare, but as there was a double coupling and they only interfered with the chain one, the train went on intact to Newbridge, which is the next station, and the coupling was set right.

At the Kingsbridge Terminus in Dublin, Hunt and a printer on the *Irish People* named Martin were identified as the culprits by a Dublin wine merchant named Devitt and arrested. Devitt, who had begun life as a porter, was a purse-proud, bumptious man, with a face that indicated a liberal consumption of his own beverages. He was a "Cawtholic" and a great friend of Archbishop Cullen. He held the Fenians in holy horror. "Common disturbers" and "riff-raff" were the terms most commonly used to describe them by this snob, who had once been a workman earning ten shillings a week. Devitt had dined well in

Kilkenny, but was sober enough to do a chalk line and he was walking up and down the platform at Kildare "to get the air" when the prank was played. Martin did not even resemble O'Donovan, but the pompous Devitt swore positively that he saw him uncoupling the car.

When the Assizes came on, a considerable number of the excursionists were on hand in Naas as witnesses on one side or the other, but by far the greater number on that of the prisoners, who had been released on bail.

I acted as commissary for a large number of the visitors. Roantree and myself, the only old soldiers present, did the cooking on a range which had once provided breakfast for the passengers going south from Dublin on the old mail coaches. The house where I had bachelor quarters was still called the Cork Office, and there was a fine, spacious kitchen. We had a plentiful supply of bacon and eggs, bread, butter and tea. John O'Donovan, Hunt and McConry (a '48 man whom I had known when I was a boy), brilliant fellows, were among the guests and their witty jokes and stories were of a character never to be forgotten. I may say in passing that my public association with that crowd riveted the attention of the police upon me while in Naas.

References to the *Irish People* became quite common during the cross-examination of witnesses for the defense, owing to a broad hint given by Devitt, who was a "felon-setter" of the first water. "What is your occupation?" asked counsel for the Crown of Con O'Mahony. "I am a clerk," answered Con. "What kind of a clerk?" "In a commercial house." "What commercial house?" "A newspaper office." "And what might be the name of the newspaper?" O'Mahony was at last obliged to say it was the *Irish People*, and counsel said, "Ah, that is the Fenian paper, isn't it?" Then John Neville (whom they nicknamed "Fire Ball") was obliged, after much dodging, to admit that his typesetting was done in the *Irish People* office and Jerry O'Farrell that he also worked there. Then the question, "Do you work on the *Irish People*, too?" was asked of every witness and wonder was expressed if the paper could come out that week, with so many of the staff away.

Counsel for the defense was a man named McKenna, a lawyer of average ability who looked to be in bad health. The case against the accused was weak from the start. It depended mainly on the evidence of Devitt, which was flatly contradicted in the case of Martin by half a dozen witnesses; while the testimony of the engine driver, a man named Mulvany (who was not then a Fenian, but became one before he left Naas) showed that the

train was not placed in any real danger from the partial uncoupling. But Billy Keogh was the judge and the jury were mostly country Tories, liable to be influenced by all the talk about the Fenian paper. So McKenna made up his mind early in the case that he would "get on the soft side" of Keogh, whom he knew very well. "He is always in good humor when he is drunk," he said. "We'll dine together this evening and I think I can manage him."

Keogh and the other judges, when they came to Naas for the Assizes, always took their meals at a quiet sort of boarding house kept by an old lady whose name I have long since forgotten, and who set a very good table. A broken-down servant who did odd jobs about the town and often swept out my rooms, waited on them. He knew all about Keogh sending the McCormacks unjustly to the gallows, but that did not seem to bother him. But Keogh ate meat on a Friday—a thing the old man wouldn't mind in a Protestant—and that settled it. From this man I got the particulars of Keogh's dinner on the last day of the trial.

McKenna dined with the judge, counsel for the Crown and the Clerk of the Crown that evening. The case had been given to the jury and it remained out several hours. By order of the judge the jurymen were allowed plenty of liquid refreshment with their dinner and they were in a mellow mood. Two or three liberal men among them, I afterwards heard, emphasized the youth and good appearance of the accused and the festive character of the excursion, and somebody pointed out that Devitt was a great Papist and a friend of the Archbishop. The Cullens were a Kildare family, so between religious prejudice, pity for the young men, dislike of men like the bumptious wine merchant and, above all, the influence of sundry jorums of punch, they took a lenient view of the case. They found Hunt and Martin guilty, but recommended them to mercy.

At the other dinner the judge and the lawyers had a generous supply of wine, and they topped it off with several tumblers of punch. As the evening wore on and there was no news from the jury, they smoked and chatted and sipped their punch until finally at midnight, word was brought that the jury had agreed on a verdict.

I shall never forget the scene in court. It is as vivid in my memory now after more than sixty years as on that night in the courthouse in Naas. The jurymen were certainly sober, but they had taken enough to put them in good humor, and it was easy to see that they enjoyed the scene that was enacted before them as they would a comedy in a theatre. It was indeed a comedy of the most solemn character. Every one of the diners was

drunk—solemnly drunk, and looking the personification of judicial and legal dignity. Even the Peelers could not help smiling.

The judge, after having been helped on with his robes and his wig, made an attempt to mount the bench, but had to be helped to his seat. He could not sit straight and looked as solemn as an owl with a “jag”. But there was a benevolent expression on his face which showed us clearly that McKenna had done his work. Keogh’s tongue was thick and he spoke with great difficulty.

The Clerk put the question to the jury in a fairly clear voice and the foreman announced the verdict and the recommendation to mercy. The judge smiled and looked at McKenna, who arose, braced himself by holding the railing with one hand, then leaned against it, and in a thick voice rehearsed in court the plea for clemency which had been agreed on over the punch. Then his Lordship turned to the lawyer for the Crown and said something which nobody outside the railing could catch, and that worthy, holding on to the back of a chair with both hands, mumbled out some solemn nonsense about the enormity of the offense, and concluded with a reference to his Lordship’s well known character for clemency, but expressed the hope that in this case its exercise would not tempt other young men to follow the example of the prisoners in the dock. The learned counsel nearly missed his chair as he sat down, but was helped by an attendant and got into his seat in safety. Keogh, who had been nodding during the remarks of the last speaker, made a vain effort to sit up straight and, while his body swayed, he uttered some incoherent sentences about danger to travellers, the wild pranks of youth and the responsibility that rested on the shoulders of judges. He had to cut it short on account of sheer inability to continue and wound up by ordering the release of the accused on their own recognizances to appear for sentence when called on. Then he beamed on the prisoners, and McKenna, with some difficulty, got to his feet and thanked his Lordship for his generous action, which was also, he added, eminently just and proper in view of the character of the evidence. The prisoners were released and the judge and his fellow diners had a *deoch an doraís* before going to bed.

Mulvany was discharged soon after the trial by the Great Southern and Western, at the instance of Devitt. He and the other felon-setters waged unrelenting war on the Fenians, many hundreds of whom lost their jobs in this way. Mulvany came to the United States, but could never become accustomed to American railroad methods, which he considered reckless in the extreme. He had “railroaded” all over the country when I met

him on Broadway in the 'seventies and the recognition was mutual. "Always get in the last car, Johnny," he said, after reciting some of his experiences. "If she goes down over a broken bridge, you'll have a chance of coming out on top." The evidence he gave in Naas was the exact truth, but telling the truth in favor of Fenians was a crime in the eyes of the felon-setters, and Devitt, the pious Cawtholic, found ready listeners in the True Blue Directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway.

Matt Hunt died of consumption about a year from that trial. Poor Martin was killed in a collision between cabs in London some years later, and I read an account of the funeral in a paper smuggled into Chatham Prison.

That trial was the only occasion on which I ever heard of Billy Keogh being merciful, and it was the drink that did it. His florid face showed that he was a confirmed toper. I thought of that queer midnight scene in Naas when I stood before Keogh in Green Street Courthouse for sentence three years later, and again in New York when I read the cabled report that he had cut his throat in Belgium. Drink influenced his action in both cases, but he must have had some remnant of a conscience and that led to his seeking alcoholic consolation for his life of sordid treachery. His betrayal of the people was rewarded by the judgeship and he prostituted the Bench to the service of his employers. And, like the other traitor, Castlereagh, Keogh died by his own hand, setting an example to the ruffian Pigott, which the latter followed after the exposure of his Parnell forgeries.

Billy Keogh's bitter antagonism to Irish Nationalists was exhibited with most effect in the trials of the Fenian leaders. As O'Donovan Rossa during his trial defied and humiliated him, I will relate that story and give more details of the treachery of Keogh and his fellow scoundrels Sadleir and O'Flaherty, in the chapter on Rossa.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE YEAR OF ACTION."

STEPHENS ANNOUNCED THE FIGHT WOULD TAKE PLACE IN 1865—
COLONEL KELLY REPORTED FAVORABLY ON CONDITIONS—P. J.
MEEHAN AND THE "LOST DOCUMENTS".

WHEN Stephens returned to Ireland after his American trip he announced to practically everybody that the fight would take place in 1865. "Next year is the year of action" was the way he put it. I went into Dublin very often and always visited the *Irish People* office. About a week after his return Con O'Mahony told me "The Captain" wanted to see me and I called on him. There was nobody else present and I found him in fine spirits. After giving me a glowing account of conditions in America, striding up and down the room, as was his custom, he said: "We'll fight next year." Knowing the utter lack of arms, I said: "What'll we fight with?"

He paused in his walk, turned to me and replied: "Oh, we'll get all the arms we need from America. We'll have more than a hundred thousand rifles and a good supply of artillery."

I asked: "What about officers?" and he assured me there would be plenty, including several Generals and quite a number of Colonels, all of them veterans. "We'll get three thousand officers from Chicago alone", he added.

This was too much for me and I said: "Why, there can't be three thousand officers in all the Chicago regiments". He saw that I was a doubting Thomas and he explained that he meant the Chicago District, which included the whole West.

His habit of exaggeration was incurable and while I was much encouraged by his account of affairs in America I could not help feeling that I must take some of it with a grain of salt.

After that he "swung round the circle" for some weeks, visiting all the chief cities and seeing the principal workers, with the result that the men everywhere were filled with enthusiasm. Drilling went on more intensively and the whole organization felt that the long wished-for fight for Freedom was coming at last, with fine hopes of success. Had the Rising taken place in 1865 while this spirit prevailed and the organization was still

Intact, instead of in 1867, when only a broken remnant of it remained and many of the best men were either in prison or refugees in England or America, the history of Fenianism would have been very different. How and why the postponements were made, and the fight decided on when all the chances of success had disappeared, is a sad record of blunders and incapacity that will be told elsewhere. And it was the man who built up the movement and filled it with enthusiasm who was the chief cause of the failure. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the situation got beyond him and that he had not the capacity to deal with it. The Split in America unnerved him and blasted all the high hopes he had cherished of military and financial aid. Splits have proved ruinous to every Irish movement for more than a century, and until the Irish people have taken that lesson to heart, final success will be beyond their reach.

This particular Split which occurred in the Fenian Brotherhood of America in 1865, is dealt with briefly in the sketch of John O'Mahony. It would require a large volume to give its full history, which would include two attempts to invade Canada, one in 1866, the other in 1870, and examination of many documents, with reports of meetings and conferences, personal letters and other data, of which I am not now capable. It is a most interesting subject, and I hope it will some time be dealt with by competent hands.

The organization in Ireland had a very busy time, owing to Stephens' announcement that "next year (1865) is the year of action". All sorts of preparations were going on, except the essential one of procuring arms. That was ignored, on account of "The Captain's" assurance that we'd get all we wanted from America.

Pike making was the only kind of arming thought of, and that was a waste of time, as pikes would be useless against long range rifles. Country blacksmiths made many and Stephens established a pike factory in Dublin, under the management of Michael Moore, who was a blacksmith. His two assistants were Patrick Kearney, an ex-British soldier who was one of the Dublin Centres, and Michael Cody, one of Kearney's "Bs". The assistants did not get along with Moore and there were constant disputes. Finally two separate pike shops were started, with Kearney at the head of the second. Kearney was a man of great natural ability, with a strong will and a fiery temper. He and Cody were much criticized for the trouble, without just cause.

Nicholas Walsh, an artist of considerable ability, who was Centre of one of the smaller Circles in Dublin (he died some

years later in Florence), commenting on the finely chiselled features and splendid physiques of these two men, said to me: "Why, they are like two Greek statues." Kearney died in Dublin a few years later, after living a while in New York, and Cody (who educated himself in prison by the help of the other prisoners), became head of the organization in Australia after his release in 1869, and lived to a good old age.

Kearney had a fine military mind and said that pikes would be very useful in street fighting in Dublin, which he favored, instead of "taking to the hillside."

Early in 1865, Capt. Thomas J. Kelly arrived from America as an Envoy to report on the military situation in Ireland, so as to satisfy the leaders in America that a fight that year was possible. He was very much impressed by Kearney's idea of a fight in Dublin and with the military fitness of the men generally. Instead of going back to America he decided to remain in Ireland and sent his report, which was very favorable as to military possibilities, by messenger. He was a very competent judge, as he had been a staff officer in the Army of the Cumberland, with opportunities of seeing movements on a large scale and knowing why they were made. He was wounded at the Battle of Missionary Ridge, and mustered out of the service.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Kelly was working as a printer in some city in Tennessee—I don't know whether it was Memphis or Nashville—and made his way with much difficulty to Cincinnati, where he joined the Federal Army.

I met him first at the races of Punchestown in April, 1865, with William F. Roantree, and Montague of the Fifth Dragoon Guards who had deserted and gone to America, but had been ordered back to Ireland by Stephens and had obeyed the order. One would expect that the races of Punchestown, at which several thousand visitors from Dublin were always present, would be closely watched, but Roantree and I knew practically all the "G." men and we did not see one, and in the evidence given at the trials later there was not a word said about it.

Kelly was the second last of the American Envoys. His action in deciding to remain in Ireland and cast in his lot with the Home Organization seemed to have been conclusive evidence to the doubting Thomases in America that everything was all right in Ireland, and O'Mahony began to send over officers steadily after receiving his report.

The first to arrive was Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Byron of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, Meagher's Brigade. I met him a few days after his arrival at the European Hotel in Bolton Street,

where he was stopping. He was wounded in the foot at the Battle of the Weldon Railroad, taken prisoner and remained in Libby Prison until the end of the war, when he started for Ireland. He was from Clogheen, County Tipperary, and when he went there to see his relatives, made the acquaintance of Lord O'Callaghan, who invited him to do some shooting on his estate. His Lordship was very much shocked when he learned a little while after that his guest had come from America to help to overthrow the British Government, of which he was a loyal supporter.

The Envoy previous to Kelly was Henry C. McCarthy, Vice-President of the Fenian Brotherhood in America. He was described as a very able man, and P. W. Dunne and the Scanlans told me many years after that if he had lived there would have been no Split, but that he would have automatically stepped into O'Mahony's place. He died in Chicago, where he was a State Senator, just on the eve of the Split. I met him in Dublin and he impressed me as a very clear-headed man, but I cannot recall the year, though I think it was 1864. He also made a favorable report of conditions in Ireland.

The last Envoy that went to Ireland was Patrick J. Meehan, then Editor of the *Irish American*, New York. P. W. Dunne went at the same time, and I gained the impression from numerous conversations I had in later years with the latter that Meehan was not sent to investigate like the others, but that he was making a trip to Ireland and that the Fenian Senate made him the bearer of a draft for a large sum of money to mark their satisfaction with the report submitted by Kelly (who was then and afterwards known as *Colonel Kelly*), and he had a note of introduction to Denieffe.

There has been much talk ever since of the "Lost Documents", but, so far as I could ever learn, there were no documents except the note of introduction to Denieffe and the draft. The Government never produced any at the trials, which is fairly conclusive proof that they had not any.

The note of introduction and the draft were found on the platform of the railroad station at "Kingstown" by a girl employed in the telegraph office and given to the Manager, who (being a Loyalist) turned them over to the police. The report given to the newspapers at the time exaggerated the importance of the find, but said nothing about the draft. Denieffe was called on by P. W. Dunne and told that Meehan was coming to visit him and Dunne arranged the meeting. In Denieffe's account of his interview with Meehan he says that Meehan told him he had lost the papers and the draft, and described his later



COLONEL THOMAS J. KELLY

efforts to cash the "second of exchange", but does not mention the amount of the draft, which was payable to him.

Meehan explained that he had pinned the papers to the top of his drawers, that the pin got loose and the papers fell down without his noticing it. The note of introduction was used at the trials in December and January, and it, together with the draft, helped to show the connection between the Home Organization and the Fenian Brotherhood in America, but the proof was by no means conclusive. The Government had all the proof it needed in the documents found on O'Connell, but the draft showed the danger of allowing the movement to go on.

On account of the exaggerated reports in the newspapers of the importance of the "Lost Documents", there was great indignation against Meehan among the men in Dublin and some hot-heads talked of killing him, but Stephens speedily put a stop to that. The worst that Meehan could be accused of was criminal carelessness. He must have talked loosely in Dublin, for P. J. Smyth told me when I dined at his house in 1879 that he had sneered at the movement in a talk with him as having no representative men, and he had heard that Meehan did the same with Alex. M. Sullivan, whom he knew to be hostile to the movement. But there was no foundation whatever for a charge of treachery. Meehan was shot some years later in New York by Dr. Keenan, a disgruntled employe of the organization, but his motive was personal vengeance. Meehan carried the bullet in his body to the grave. The truth is that he was a drinking man and was undoubtedly under the influence of liquor when the incident of the "Lost Documents" occurred.

I knew his son, Thomas F. Meehan, during the Land League days and he was a most estimable man. He married the daughter of Patrick O'Rourke, the Treasurer of the Fenian Brotherhood.

CHAPTER X.

GETTING READY FOR THE FIGHT.

THE FENIAN ORGANIZATION IN THE BRITISH ARMY IN FINE SHAPE—
MORALE OF THE FENIAN SOLDIERS EXCELLENT—COMPETENT MEN
IN CHARGE OF GROUPS IN EACH REGIMENT—PLAN TO BLOW UP
WOOLWICH ARSENAL NOT SANCTIONED.

STEPHENS, in October, 1865, placed me in charge of the Fenian organization in the British army in Ireland, but it was impossible for me to visit personally all the military stations. I concentrated my efforts on Dublin, the Curragh Camp and Athlone, and made such arrangements as I could to have the soldiers in the other garrison towns looked after by local men.

Several of our best men throughout the country made frequent trips to Dublin at this period to report to Colonel Kelly and receive orders, and I saw most of them. I was able thus to have the military organization looked after in a general way by competent men in Cork, Fermoy, Buttevant, Limerick, Waterford, Templemore, Cahir, Kilkenny, Birr, Mullingar, Longford, Dundalk, Newry and Belfast. These men did no recruiting, but kept in touch with a few men in the regiments. Other places were wholly unattended to, and this was largely true of most of England also. It was a time of stress, and we had to confine our operations within certain limits.

I made several trips to the Curragh Camp, where our interests were looked after by Daniel Byrne of Ballitore, County Kildare, a cousin of the other Daniel Byrne, who aided John Breslin in the escape of Stephens. He worked in one of the canteens and knew personally the best men in the camp and in Newbridge Barracks. There were then about 3,000 men on the Curragh, of whom we had 1,200; and a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery were in Newbridge. I instructed Byrne to do no recruiting. He was a rather imprudent man, whose zeal often carried him away. After a time he had to leave the Curragh in order to avoid arrest and went to Dublin.

Athlone I visited twice. It was a most important position from a military point of view. Colonel Keating, in his work on the Defence of Ireland, calls it the most important. There were then 30,000 rifles and a lot of military stores in the arsenal, guarded only by about 500 infantry, a battery of artillery and

about forty men of the garrison artillery. The infantry was composed of the Fifth Foot, one wing of which—about 250 men—was stationed in Castlebar, and there was not another soldier in the whole Province of Connacht. Galway and Sligo were then ungarrisoned. The majority of the Fifth were Englishmen, but we had 200 good men in the regiment, mostly Ulster Catholics, and the Centre was an Armagh man named Quinn, a quiet, staunch, resolute fellow, entirely devoted to the Cause. One of the risks he was prepared to take was participation, on the inside, in an attempt to capture Athlone by surprise.

In Mullingar, the only town on the Midland Railroad between Dublin and Athlone that had a garrison, there was a regiment of infantry in which we had a good many men. They were looked after by the local Centre, a quiet, discreet man, whose name I do not remember, but he acted under the direction of Captain Joseph Carroll, a Tipperary man who had a fine record as an officer in the Union army in the American Civil War. He was a Captain in the Fifth New York Cavalry, served under Sheridan in his famous Shenandoah Valley campaign and in the pursuit of Lee's army up to Appomattox, and was wounded at the Battle of Winchester. Carroll, who had been assigned to the command of the Mullingar district, took up his quarters at a hotel at the railway station kept by Mr. Jude, the proprietor of a then famous Dublin restaurant. The younger Jude had taken a great fancy to Carroll, who swore him into the organization, and his friendship for a time diverted suspicion from the American officer, who was supposed to be stopping there for his health. The Centre in Mullingar was a carpenter working for the Midland Railway; the head waiter in the restaurant was a Dublin member named Thomas Owens, and through them communication was made very easy. The situation was so well in hand that I found it necessary to pay only one visit to Mullingar.

In Longford, which was important because of its proximity to Athlone, there was a regiment of cavalry. It was looked after by the civilian Centre, Thomas F. Williams, to whom I have previously referred. He made frequent trips to Dublin in 1865-66, so it was not necessary for me to go to Longford at all.

Birr, where there was a regiment of infantry, was also within supporting distance of Athlone and was attended to by the local Centre, whose name I do not remember. There was not a soldier in either Meath or in Queens County, although Portarlinton, where there is an important railroad junction, from which a single-track line ran to Athlone, would naturally require a garrison. If I recollect aright there were only twenty-two policemen in Portarlinton. I visited the town in October, 1865.

As we meant to strike our heaviest blow in Dublin, Colonel Kelly ordered me to devote my best efforts to the garrison there. I had the accurate figures from the soldiers then and I estimated the garrison at 6,000 men, the majority of whom were Irish and among them we had 1,600 members. Figures sent me recently from Dublin, copied from the Army List in the Libraries and covering 1866, would make the garrison smaller, but several regiments I knew to be in Ireland, and some of whose men I have since met in America, do not figure in it, and there is no mention of artillery or engineers. This list was apparently made out after the whole year, but the *Dublin Freeman* in those days published the "Stations of the Army" once a month, and I checked off my figures by that at the time. The Sixth Carbineers, whose arrival in Dublin I witnessed in February, 1866, and whose light blue uniform I distinctly remember, is one of the regiments omitted in the list. It also fails to mention any troops stationed in Mullingar, Birr, Longford or Castlebar, and I knew that all these places then had garrisons.

But the crack Fenian regiments—those in which our organization was best—are all in the list. The Eighth, Twenty-fourth, Sixty-first and Seventy-third Foot, the First Battalion Sixtieth Rifles, the Fifth Dragoon Guards, Ninth Lancers and Tenth Hussars are all included, as stationed in Dublin. The Seventy-third was supposed to be a Scotch regiment and wore plaid trousers and a Scotch cap, instead of the usual forage cap, but we had 300 men in it, and the Centre, a very good man named Flynn, reported to me immediately on his arrival in the middle of February, 1866. Irishmen were also numerous in several of the Highland regiments, wearing kilts. We had over a hundred men in one of them. These Irishmen had enlisted in Scotland.

In estimating the strength of the garrison of Dublin, we included the old soldiers at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, as most of them, though not capable of a long march, would be fit for duty in an emergency and were armed with the old musket. If my recollection is correct they numbered 2,000 men. The Old Man's House, as the Dublin people called it, was then the Headquarters of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland and the capture of it figured in all our calculations. Sir Hugh Rose—afterwards Lord Strathnairn—was the man who blew the Sepoys "from the cannon's mouth" in the great Indian Mutiny (1857), and had been recently installed in command in Ireland because his character for ruthless sternness seemed to fit him best for the work of putting down the Fenians. There came with him to Ireland another Scotch soldier, General Sir Alfred Horsford, who had a fine military record in India and who seemed

to me to be a more capable and enterprising man than Rose, as his management of the short campaign against Colonel O'Connor in Kerry in February, 1867, seemed to prove.

My work, as ordered by Colonel Kelly, was to organize the men already sworn in, rather than to spread the organization, but the public trials stimulated interest among the soldiers, and men were constantly brought to me. I swore in some hundreds during my four months of activity, but my chief attention was given to getting the men in the various regiments into shape. The Centre of each regiment, except the Tenth Hussars, had been appointed by my predecessors, but no men had been assigned to take care of companies. After consultation with the Centres I picked out a man for each company of infantry and troop of cavalry and got the Centres to appoint them. This took some weeks and later the men in each company were divided into sections, or squads, with a man in charge of each, so that by the end of December, 1865, the organization in the Dublin garrison was in fairly good shape.

While there was a very general knowledge in each regiment as to the men who were in charge, there was little certainty, and each group of men only knew their immediate superior. Not one informer was able to name the Centre of his regiment and the prosecutor was evidently ignorant that such a man existed. But the knowledge as to membership was very widespread, not only in each regiment, but in the whole garrison. A Fenian soldier very quickly found out another and a remarkable spirit of comradeship was developed. There was a very ready acceptance by all of an appointment or a decision and a remarkable absence of jealousy. Soldiers are accustomed to obey orders and the spirit of discipline among the Fenians in the army was admirable.

Our men were the soberest lot of soldiers I ever saw. Having to meet in public houses, because there was no other place available, some drinks had to be called for as an excuse, but it was never whiskey, and the quantity of porter consumed was very small. During those four months of incessant activity, visiting public houses every night, with from ten to twenty soldiers always present, I did not see half a dozen of our men even slightly under the influence of drink. I have a distinct recollection only of two cases, and they were both on the same occasion, at a gathering, with none but our own men present, in a room over Hoey's public house in Bridgefoot Street, where the bartender, a man named Furey, was a member. I am reminded forcibly of this by the testimony of one of these two men at the trial of John Boyle O'Reilly. He was a corporal of the Tenth Hussars, an Irish Cockney named Fitzgerald, who swore that he was drunk on that

occasion, as an excuse for not having a clearer recollection of what took place. He was slightly under the influence of drink but he had got it elsewhere. I had sworn him in on a previous occasion when O'Reilly brought him to me, but he swore that he never took the Fenian oath, and the rest of his testimony was intended to clear himself, rather than to convict O'Reilly. This necessity was put upon him by the spy, Patrick Foley of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, swearing that Fitzgerald had made a speech on that occasion. He did, and it was the only time such a thing was done.

Our business with the soldiers was transacted at gatherings which were in no sense meetings, in the generally accepted meaning of the term. Mostly there were other men present, both civilians and soldiers, in the taprooms where those gatherings took place, and there was absolutely no discussion. While the others sat at a table, conversing about nothing in particular, I took the man I wanted to talk to aside and spoke to him privately, either receiving reports (which was most commonly the case), or giving orders. When men were brought to me to be sworn in, they were taken out into the yard singly, or upstairs to an unoccupied room, if in a friend's house, and the work was done there. The rule was that a civilian should do the swearing in, so as to minimize the danger to the soldier who had brought the recruit.

The place where the swearing was done was selected because of the privacy, and all sorts of queer and out of the way locations were made to serve the purpose. At an earlier date in 1865 I had stood guard on the Cabra Road while Roantree, my predecessor in charge of the work in the army, swore in a sergeant of police in a field just inside the ditch. They lay down, with their faces to the ground, as if enjoying the sun and a smoke, and the little prayer book, well concealed, was passed from hand to hand while the oath was administered. The sergeant was a schoolfellow and boyhood chum of Roantree in Leixlip. He had enlisted in the army, became an expert at drill and then joined the police and was drill instructor for the Constabulary recruits at the depot in the Phoenix Park. The prayer book, small enough to fit in the vest pocket, was carried constantly by every Fenian empowered to swear in men. The Bible mentioned by some of the military informers was never used. They simply invented it, or Captain Whelan (a British officer) did it for them.

In holding these gatherings of soldiers we avoided the places that had been used by our predecessors, which were mostly situated near the various barracks, and were known to the police. We selected public houses owned or managed by friends, and

changed them frequently when we had reason to believe we had attracted too much attention. There were only two real meetings of soldiers held—the one at Hoey's in Bridgefoot Street, already mentioned, and the other in the private parlor of Peter Curran, over his public house in Clare Lane. Here I gathered about twelve men each from the Fifth Dragoon Guards and the Tenth Hussars for a conference with Captain McCafferty, who had been an officer in Moseby's Guerrillas in the Confederate Army. Kelly had a great opinion of him and wanted him to meet our best men in the cavalry regiments.

McCafferty had done some very daring feats in the Civil War, of which Kelly had told me. On one occasion he had got inside the Union lines with a detachment of Morgan's men, captured a lot of ammunition, loaded it on steamers or tugs which he had seized and brought his booty down the Mississippi, under the fire of the Federal batteries. I had related these stories to our cavalry men and told them that McCafferty was to be their commander, or would pick a number of them for special service, so they were naturally very eager to meet him.

McCafferty was essentially a man of action, very chary of words and his manner was cold. They were a fine body of men, highly trained in the old school of cavalry tactics and believers in the charge with sword or lance. McCafferty's experience was with irregular cavalry, who never charged, and who only fought at close quarters when necessary in their raids, and depended mainly on the revolver. In a few brief words and with a very quiet manner, he told them what could be done by insurgent cavalry under existing circumstances in Ireland. He began by saying: "I believe in a partisan warfare." Probably only O'Reilly and one or two more knew what the word "partisan" meant, but if he had said "guerrilla" warfare, they would have understood him. One of them, Martin Hogan of the Fifth Dragoons, was one of the two or three best swordsmen in the British army and had cut in two at one stroke of his sabre a bar of iron hanging from a barrack room ceiling. "Do you mean, sir," asked Hogan, "that you wouldn't use swords at all?" "Nothing but revolvers," said McCafferty quietly, and the trained swordsmen were all disappointed.

But, if they had a chance of being out in the field for a few days with McCafferty he would soon impress them with the practical character of the work he wanted them to do. Even as it was, before the conference was over they began to understand him better, because they knew he had seen four years of constant fighting. But they also knew it was in a thinly settled country, very different from Ireland. With new men who could ride a

horse, as most country Irishmen can do, and not wedded to old traditions, he could probably have done better. On the other hand, if they had met Colonel Kerwin, whose experience was in the Army of the Potomac, in which cavalry operations were not so different from the European methods of warfare, or Captain Carroll, whose training under Sheridan had taught him to fight on horseback or on foot, as the circumstances demanded, they would have been more at home. And, besides, the two latter were born in Ireland and spoke with an Irish accent, only slightly modified, while McCafferty was born in Sandusky, Ohio, had lived many years in the South, and his manner of speech puzzled them.

The march of events, however, prevented any more such meetings between American officers and Fenian soldiers. Early in 1866, on account of the disastrous effects of the Split in America, Stephens sent McCafferty on a mission to New York. The alarm of the British Government increased rapidly and arrests became more frequent. The American officers, many of whom had been going about in American clothes which at once attracted attention—especially their square-toed boots and double-breasted vests—had to make themselves less conspicuous and were warned that they must be seen less in public in daylight.

But the work of keeping up communication with the soldiers already sworn in, was continued in the only way it could be done, by meeting them in public houses and talking to them individually in private. The informers, in their evidence at the courts-martial, repeatedly admitted that this was the method, but most of them swore falsely that the words "Fenians" and "Fenianism" were constantly used. They followed this plan under instructions of Captain Whelan, the Prosecutor, in order to clinch the case against the prisoners. Neither word was ever used, nor was the word "society", which also occurs in the evidence of the informers, because they were wholly unnecessary. But the plainest language was employed in these conversations about the object of the movement—an insurrection to free Ireland from English rule. Not once was the name of James Stephens, or that of any other man in Ireland, used, but John O'Mahony was often spoken of, because he lived in America and was publicly known as the leader of the organization. The "Americans" mentioned by the informers as being present at meetings were also myths. No man from America was present at any of these gatherings except McCafferty at the conference before referred to.

Besides the men in the regiments of the Dublin garrison and those of the Eighty-seventh who had come over from Portsmouth,

there were several other soldiers who had been induced to desert, had been supplied with clothes and sent over by our men in various parts of England. This was done without orders. The London men sent a batch of about twenty. These men did not play any particular role, except two who became informers. But there was one man who would have played a very important part if his offer to do so had been accepted. He was a sergeant of engineers, a Dublin man named O'Brien, who had come home on furlough from Woolwich. He was a member of a Dublin Circle, but had no connection with any of our men in the army. He was brought to me by a Dublin member who guaranteed his good faith. He needed no guarantee as to his competency, for he talked and looked like a man of unusual intelligence.

After asking me a few questions about the prospects of getting arms, the number of American officers, and the strength of the organization in the army, O'Brien told me it would be quite easy to blow up and destroy Woolwich Arsenal, or the vital parts of it, and that he was prepared to undertake the task. These were not the days of dynamite, but the material for the job O'Brien could get on the spot. The work to which he was assigned in Woolwich made that easy and he made no stipulation about money. I immediately communicated the offer to Kelly, who laid it before Stephens. I did not see Stephens, but Colonel Kelly's report of his answer was rather disappointing. Stephens was apparently somewhat frightened at the proposition, said it would shock the civilized world and that we were not ready for that kind of thing yet. Kelly added that it would be the right thing to do on the immediate eve of the fight, and that was what O'Brien had proposed. O'Brien was more than disappointed at the answer; he was evidently very much disgusted. He said something about tender hearted Irishmen being unfit to fight the English, who stopped at nothing. That was the last I saw of O'Brien.

The organization in the British army remained in good shape up to the end of February, 1866, and communications were perfect. It would have been entirely at our service, if the fight had taken place as originally planned, in 1865, or at any time up to the middle of February, 1866. After the first postponement, in December, 1865, it continued to improve. No arrests of soldiers were made until February, 1866, but even the arrest of a few of their comrades did not break the spirit of the men. So long as the civilian organization remained intact, some of them were able to meet the organizers every night. The word was passed from man to man in the barracks that everything was all right and the soldiers remained cheerful and hopeful. Up to the third

week in February there was no difficulty in passing messages in and out of the barracks, and for long after that—so long, in fact, as the well organized regiments remained in Ireland—we could have relied on them.

It was the repeated postponements of the fight and the subsequent demoralization of the civilian movement which enabled the Government, by courtmartial and terrorism, to shatter our organization in the army. But, even then, the disaffection remained and the best proof that England feared it was afforded by the sending of all the principal Fenian regiments out of Ireland. They were all gone before the Rising of March 5, 1867, but the supposedly Scotch Seventy-third. There were many Fenians in the regiments which replaced those sent abroad, but communication had been broken off and there could be no concerted action.

How this situation was brought about can only be explained by recording the incidents which led to the two postponements of the intended insurrection. Although that is part of the history of the civil organization, it comes in more appropriately here because it decided the fate of Fenianism in the British army.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT STRIKES.

THE "IRISH PEOPLE" SEIZED AND MANY LEADERS ARRESTED—STEPHENS, KICKHAM, DUFFY AND BROPHY CAPTURED AT FAIRFIELD HOUSE—STEPHENS DEFIED THE GOVERNMENT IN COURT.

In the Summer of 1865 the Government began to realize that they had a formidable movement to deal with which could no longer be treated with contempt. Smollen and Dawson, two of the smartest of the "G." Division, as the Detective Branch of the Dublin Police was called, were constantly watching the *Irish People* office and trailing men from there to their homes or to the railway stations. But the Government's chief source of information was Pierce Nagle, Clerk of St. Laurence O'Toole Church, who was employed as a folder in the *Irish People* office for one day in the week. He had been a resident of Tipperary before coming to Dublin, but was a native of Kilkenny. He was a spy, not an informer, and had been supplying the Government with information for some time before it decided to act.

Stephens trusted Nagle, although he was generally disliked, and used him as a messenger to carry important communications to Tipperary, all of which he allowed the Castle officials to read before he delivered them. I was among those who disliked Nagle, on account of his whining, insinuating manner, and I was not surprised when his true character was revealed.

The blow fell on Thursday evening, Sept. 15, 1865. Practically the whole "G." Division and a strong force of uniformed police swooped down on the *Irish People* office, seized the paper and arrested everyone they found on the premises, as well as many who joined the crowd after the raid began. Others were arrested at their residences and Stephens had a narrow escape. He was meeting some of the men at the lodgings of James Flood when a man rushed in and reported the seizure of the paper. Stephens at once went away and the police arrived a few minutes later, only to find that the bird had flown. They probably did not then know that he was living as "Mr. Herbert" at Fairfield House in Sandymount.

In the waste paper basket all the "copy" of the articles in the suppressed number was found, including a letter of mine censuring Father Hughes, the Parish Priest of Naas, for denouncing the organization and saying that a branch of it existed

in the town. His sermon started the police into renewed activity and every suspected man was shadowed continuously for more than a week. In fact, they were all present in the church; the police stared at them and they stared back defiantly. This fact was stated in my letter.

The letter was made the basis of a warrant for my arrest, but it did not arrive in Naas until several days later. Other warrants were issued on letters and other papers found in the *Irish People* raid.

Among those arrested at the time of the seizure of the *Irish People* office on Sept. 15, or within the next few days were Thomas Clarke Luby, John O'Leary and O'Donovan Rossa. Several arrests were also made in Cork and other cities. The Castle evidently hoped to bag all the leaders at one swoop, but did not succeed. It was a hard blow, all the same, but it did not produce the effect intended. The Government hoped it would strike terror into the rank and file, but it had the contrary effect. Irishmen are always at their best in the face of danger and they are best of all when their backs are to the wall facing heavy odds. A few ran away, but the great majority rose splendidly to the occasion and became more active than ever. Many outsiders, some of them men of standing, joined the organization throughout the country and recruiting went on rapidly.

Stephens lay quiet and entrusted the management of the organization to Colonel Thomas J. Kelly (later rescued in Manchester) and he was a more efficient manager than Stephens himself. He had kept away from the *Irish People* office and the Government was apparently unaware of his presence in Dublin. The "G." Division were good enough as thief catchers, but were no good for political work. Their whole reliance was on informers and shadowing. Nagle knew nothing of Kelly and his knowledge of the organization was very limited.

Stephens was arrested at Fairfield House, Sandymount, on Nov. 11, 1865, with Charles J. Kickham, Hugh Brophy and Edward Duffy. He had been staying there for months under the name of Herbert. Dublin Castle had no knowledge of his whereabouts, and the other men, all wanted by the police, were his guests. There were many versions of how the detectives discovered his presence at Fairfield House; his own opinion was that he was betrayed.

Some documents were seized by the detectives, among them being a list of the American officers, with the amount of money paid to each.

The following account of the proceedings in the Magistrate's Court when the prisoners were arraigned for trial is taken from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of November 15:

Some time elapsed before Mr. Stronge took his seat on the Bench, and during the interval, the prisoners, who did not seem in the least depressed, occupied themselves in conversation and in reading the daily papers. Mr. C. R. Barry, Q.C., M.P., Law Adviser, appeared for the Crown. The prisoners had no professional assistance when the proceedings opened, but Mr. Irwin, Solicitor, attended on behalf of Mr. Hopper.

Mr. Stronge, addressing the prisoners, said: "Before any oral testimony is gone into, I wish to tell you I am about to read the informations of the witness Nagle. After they are read oral testimony will be given applicable to the charge, and it will be open to any of you to cross-examine the witness."

Stephens: Would it answer your purpose to suppose those papers read?

Mr. Stronge: That cannot be done. There are others besides you charged.

Stephens: They will say the same.

Mr. Stronge: I shall now read the informations of Pierce Nagle. Let him be sent for.

Kickham: I wish to remark that I am very deaf and in order that I may not let anything pass unexplained or uncontradicted, I ought to be allowed to look at the documents.

Mr. Stronge: Certainly.

Mr. Stronge then read the first informations of Pierce Nagle giving his account of his connection with the Fenian Brotherhood, and the facts he learned respecting the prominent members of the Organization and their movements before his (Nagle's) arrest. James Stephens was the Chief of the Brotherhood in Ireland. He went under the name of "J. Power" and was called "The Captain". The informant referred to a letter which Stephens sent to be read to the members at Clonmel. This letter was signed "J. Power" and it was read to the Fenians at Clonmel by Nagle. Amongst other statements in the letter was one "That this should be the year of action". When Mr. Stronge read this passage Stephens said, "So it may."

After the examination of Nagle, Mr. Barry, Q.C., asked Stephens to explain to Kickham that he (Kickham) could have time to read it if he wished.

Stephens (to Kickham): Proceedings have been stayed until you read this. Read it carefully.

Kickham: Go on with something else. I do not like to cause delay.

Mr. Nath Halbert was then sworn and examined by Mr. Barry.

Mr. Halbert: I am the owner of Fairfield House, Sandymount.

Mr. Barry: Did you see that agreement signed?

Mr. Halbert: I did, by Mr. Herbert.

Mr. Barry: Do you see Mr. Herbert here?

Mr. Halbert: I do (pointing to Stephens).

Stephens: How long did I occupy the house?

Mr. Halbert: From the 1st July.

Stephens: Then I was there four months.

Mr. Halbert: Yes.

Stephens: I want that to be known for the edification of the Detective Police.

Stephens: Did I represent myself as the son of Rev. Mr. Herbert?

Mr. Halbert: No such thing.

Mr. Stephens: I state that for the enlightenment of the Liberal press.

After the evidence of Stephens's arrest was read, Stephens said he wished to ask a question of witness (Inspector Clifford).

Stephens: How much money did you find in the pocket-book?

Clifford: £26.

Stephens: Do you swear that? Yes.

Did you say you opened the bookcase? Yes.

Did you find any documents in it? I did not search it.

Did you find any money in it? I did not search it.

Am I at liberty to ask you who searched it?

Mr. Stronge: Certainly. (To Witness) Do you know who searched it?

Witness: Inspector Dawson searched it in my presence.

Mr. Barry said he would read some of the documents found. One of the documents was a list of officers who had received fees since their arrival here, together with the amount advanced, and that paid to them on the other side previous to their embarkation. In one column which was headed "name" there were the names of twenty-four persons, with their ranks. The next column was sums advanced. The sums varied from £1 to £4. The next head was "amount advanced in the United States". The sums varied from £48 to £37. One was marked "paid his own expenses". Two persons had received £70 and others various sums ranging from £10 to £70. The next column was "time of sailing" and the dates were Sept. 1st, 1865, and various periods extending back to August.

After the closing of the case for the Crown, Mr. Stronge asked the prisoners if they had anything to say.

Stephens: I am not bound to say anything.

Mr. Stronge: I may as well tell you at once that the case is so clear against you that I shall be bound to commit you.

Mr. Lawless here whispered a few words to Stephens.

Stephens (to Lawless): You look upon this matter as a lawyer. I look upon it as a patriot.

Stephens: I feel bound to say in justification of, rather than with a view to, my own reputation, that I have employed no lawyer or attorney in this case, and that I mean to employ none, because in making a plea of any kind or filing any defense (I am not particularly well up in those legal terms) I should be recognizing British Law in Ireland. Now I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland—its right or even its existence in Ireland. I defy and despise any punishment it can inflict on me. I have spoken.

CHAPTER XII.

MILLEN'S BRIEF AUTHORITY.

SELECTED AS TEMPORARY HEAD OF THE ORGANIZATION—THIS ACTION
A BAD MISTAKE WHICH WAS SPEEDILY RETRIEVED—STEPHENS
FROM HIS PRISON CELL ORDERED MILLEN TO AMERICA.

A FEW days after Stephens' arrest, and before his rescue, a meeting of the Dublin Centres and such of the county ones as happened to be in town, with all the members of the Military Council, was called by Colonel Kelly to deal with the emergency. The meeting was held in a spacious room over Haybyrne's barber's shop in Wicklow Street, and was very well attended. Some of the Dublin Centres had been arrested, but their places had been promptly filled and the new men were all present. Haybyrne was an old 'Forty-Eight man and his son, Patrick, was a very active member, but not a Centre. He acted as sentinel and piloted the men to the room as they arrived.

The dissatisfaction over the lack of military preparation found expression in an effort to put a military man temporarily in Stephens' place. Several of the old Centres and practically all the new ones came to me before the formal opening of the meeting and insisted that I propose General Millen, Chairman of the Military Council, for the position. We knew nothing of Millen, except that he was Chairman of the Military Council, and we had been told that he had been a General in the Mexican Army, and we believed it would be easier to elect him on that account. If a military man were at the head, we thought, he would naturally start the necessary military preparations. Kelly, who was Secretary of the Military Council, would have been the ideal man, but he had only held the rank of Captain, while Millen was a General, and Kerwin, Denis F. Burke and Halpin were Colonels, and we thought it would look bad to put a man of lower rank over their heads.

I made the motion and Matthew O'Neill, Centre of the second largest Circle in Dublin, seconded it. We were greatly surprised when, one after the other, all the members of the Military Council, except Millen himself, spoke against the motion. They said nothing against Millen, but it was quite evident that they had no confidence in him. They pleaded for delay and urged that no hasty action be taken. Halpin, who was a very good speaker, with much experience in American political campaigns, spoke

very plausibly against taking any action until Stephens was released (a thing we all expected), and said we should take no "leap in the dark." He made no attack on Millen, but the insinuation that he was unfit for the position ran through all his remarks. Kerwin, who was not a practiced speaker at that time, put his objections mainly on technical grounds, while Burke, who was rather blunt, came nearer to attacking Millen than any of the others. Kelly put his objections wholly on the certainty that Stephens would be out in a few days and would resume the leadership. But all the military men were opposed to the proposal.

John Hickey of Dunleary, or Kingstown, as it was then called, made the longest speech against the motion, but none of the other old Centres opposed it. A man named Hetherington from Mullinavat, on the border of Kilkenny and Waterford, who was "on his keeping" in Dublin, spoke briefly against it, but the motion was passed by a large majority subject to the approval of the absent Centres, and the meeting adjourned, with the understanding that another would be called as soon as Stephens was heard from.

In the meantime the following bit of excitement took place. Superintendent Hughes was shot at the very door of the Head Police Office beside the City Hall, but was not seriously wounded. The man who shot him was Tom Frith, the first man I swore in after taking the oath myself. His father kept a cattle yard in Newmarket at the corner of Ward's Hill, where cows were kept while waiting to be shipped to England, and a boarding house where the dealers stopped. The family were from the Barony of Forth and Bargo in Wexford, where the people were of mixed Norse and Welsh descent, and Tom was a silent, taciturn man, but a mechanical genius. He had invented a die to cut the copper for percussion caps, and had made hand grenade casings. Frith had also carefully marked on a map of Dublin the buildings that should be occupied when we started the fight. They included all those seized by the men of Easter Week, 1916, and several others. He believed, like Paddy Kearney, that we ought to fight in the city, instead of taking to the hills.

Frith told me and two or three others of his intention to shoot one of the prominent police officers as a reply to the arrest of Stephens, and we tried to dissuade him, but he insisted, although we were all under orders not to resist arrest, but we pleaded in vain. His revolver was a cheap "Brummagen" one, loaded only with loose powder plugged with paper several weeks previously.

Frith stood under the railing of the City Hall, which is raised above the sidewalk, as Hughes was about to turn into the little

alley in which the Head Police Office was situated and fired at him. Superintendent Hughes was only slightly wounded (the powder being ineffective); he lay on the sidewalk a full minute before anyone ventured out of the Central Office to pick him up. They evidently feared there would be more shooting.

Frith walked leisurely over to Crampton Court, where a friend was waiting with a jaunting car, and he reached his room in Bolton Street in safety. I got him off to Liverpool the next day and he lived there for many years.

Millen had arranged that one of the men should be the medium of communication between him and the Dublin Centres, and it was this man that put Frith on the jaunting car who was selected. I was waiting in Fitzpatrick's little public house at the corner of Dame and George's Street, where the bartender, John Hollowed (later a prosperous liquor dealer in Chicago) was one of our trusted men. When this man came in, his face was very pale and an excited look in his eyes. I knew the job had been done and he was about to speak, but I signalled him to say nothing, as there was only a little space outside the counter, at which three or four men were standing.

After our conversation he decided to report to General Millen, and I accompanied him. We found Millen at tea with a lady, to whom he did not introduce us, and whose face seemed familiar to me, but I did not recall who she was until I heard later that he had married a Miss Power of Tipperary, who was engaged to Denis Dowling Mulcahy, one of those recently arrested. There was strong feeling against both—against her for breaking her engagement and him for taking a mean advantage of an imprisoned man.

Millen was greatly upset by the news and expressed the hope that none of the "As" were concerned in the act—meaning the Centres. But he had no instructions to give and we left him in a few minutes.

At the second meeting called by Col. Kelly, Millen was not present, but he sent a long letter in reply to one from Stephens (written in his cell and brought to Kelly by Michael Breslin), ordering Millen's return to the United States "to take command of the expedition". Millen's letter protested against the order, said he was getting from the Centres throughout the country letters of approval of his election by the Dublin men and that he was about to start for Belgium to purchase arms.

The admission that he was going to leave the country produced a very bad effect, which was emphasized by Kelly hinting

(not to the whole meeting, but in conversation with individuals) that Millen intended to abscond with all the available funds, which he had insisted must be turned over to him.

Those who were responsible for selecting Millen were turned against him by his letter (which was a bid to resist Stephens' order) and I moved that the motion I had proposed at the previous meeting be rescinded and it was done by a unanimous vote. None of us ever saw Millen in Ireland again. Further reference to him will be found in the chapter on James J. O'Kelly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RESCUE OF STEPHENS.

LIBERATION OF THE FENIAN CHIEF FROM RICHMOND PRISON, DUBLIN—
EFFECTED BY JOHN J. BRESLIN, HOSPITAL STEWARD, AIDED BY
DANIEL BYRNE, NIGHT WATCHMAN—STRONG BODYGUARD RECEIVED
HIM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

STEPHENS' defiant speech when arraigned before the magistrate to be committed for trial led the public to believe that he had strong resources at his back. A week later most people felt that on the day of his arraignment he knew all about the arrangements for the rescue from prison, which afterwards took place on November 24, 1865, and that this knowledge justified his attitude of defiance. He ever after encouraged this belief, but the simple truth is it was utterly without foundation. Stephens at that time knew nothing whatever of the possibility of escape and the idea had not yet entered the mind of the man who afterwards conceived and executed the plan which restored the Chief Organizer to liberty.

Strictly speaking, it was not an escape, but a rescue. The accounts published in the newspapers at the time were all wrong and references to it in books since then are equally misleading.

A. M. Sullivan, although corrected in a public letter by the principal actor in restoring the captive to freedom, says, even in the last edition of his "New Ireland", that Stephens made his exit through the front door of the prison. The British Government has never done justice to the Portuguese Governor, Marquess, whom the Castle officials dismissed for alleged criminal negligence in connection with the escape. And there were thousands of Irishmen who believed for many years after that the Fenian Chief was released with the connivance of the British Government.

The story of the Rescue from Richmond Prison is as follows:

Among the officers of the prison were John J. Breslin, hospital steward, and Daniel Byrne, one of the two night watchmen. Byrne was a member of the Fenian organization, having been sworn in by Captain John Kirwan, the ex-Papal Zouave, but Breslin, although a man of strong Nationalist opinions, did not belong to the I. R. B. Neither was his brother Michael a Fenian, who just then was a clerk in the Police Superintendent's of-

fice, a station which enabled him to render most important service to the conspirators.

John Breslin had a conversation with Stephens in the prison the day after the arrest and made up his mind at once that he was a superior man. He had a day off a little later and found that his brother Niall, who was an active worker in the movement, was full of some idea about getting Stephens out. He asked Niall: "Is this man necessary to the organization?" Niall assured him that he was and John replied that it couldn't amount to much if the loss of one man could hurt it so badly. However, he added that it would be easy enough to take him out, but, with the airs common to Irish elder brothers to their juniors added: "I'd like to hear it from someone of more importance than you." Niall put him in communication with Colonel Thomas J. Kelly and the work of preparation for the rescue was at once begun. All the communications between Kelly and the prison, whether verbal or written, were carried on through Michael Breslin, who went there in his police uniform, and his visits never aroused the faintest suspicion. He even brought in the false keys with which the doors were opened.

John Breslin's daily tour through the prison with the doctor gave him many opportunities for communicating with the prisoners. He not only accompanied the doctor and took down his directions about medicine, but went back and delivered it, retaining the keys until his work was done. He had ample opportunity for personal interviews with Stephens and kept him fully informed.

The plan was very simple and effective, and was Breslin's in every detail. Stephens occupied one of the hospital cells in a small corridor on the third floor. The only other occupants of the corridor were his colleague, Charles J. Kickham, and a regular jailbird named McLeod. The Governor, to provide against any possibility of escape, had a police sentinel placed on the other side of the door leading to that portion of the prison where O'Leary, Luby, Mulcahy, Roantree and the other Fenian prisoners were quartered, while the other entrance to the corridor was secured by two doors, one of wood and the other of iron. McLeod was in a cell between those of Stephens and Kickham, and had orders from the Governor to ring his gong on the first sound of anything unusual in the neighboring cells. This would have at once given the alarm and have effectually prevented escape. The policeman could not unlock the door between him and the corridor, and the iron door at the other end could only be opened by the pass key, which was locked in the Governor's safe. The Governor's office, where all the keys were deposited at a certain



JAMES STEPHENS

hour every evening, was effectually protected from all attempts from the inside by a heavy iron gate, locked on the side facing the main entrance.

Breslin had a latch key which opened the door of the hospital, where he slept, and that leading to the portion of the prison where Stephens was confined. To enable him to enter the corridor he must have a pass key, and to open the cell door another key. He took impressions in beeswax of the regular keys in use in the daytime, and new ones were filed down to fit the impressions by Michael Lambert, an optician who was an active Fenian. Even at this early stage of the affair a hitch occurred which showed the lack of precision and promptness characterizing the whole Fenian movement. The beeswax was not forthcoming at the time appointed. After waiting several days Breslin was obliged to go out and buy it himself, thus running the risk of giving a clue to the police that might be the means of convicting him if brought to trial. The keys were finally in Breslin's hands, but even at the last moment he was obliged to do some filing on one of them, and to run some extra risk by fitting it to the lock of a door that Byrne, his colleague in the enterprise, could not open.

The keys having been fitted, Colonel Kelly was notified and arrangements were made to receive Stephens on the outside of the prison walls. Byrne was on watch every second night.

So sure were the authorities of the safety of the captives that no military guard was placed in the prison, but a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery were quartered at Portobello Barracks, within fifteen minutes' walk. The only guard was a detachment of Metropolitan Police, four of whom were stationed inside the main entrance and others at various points in the prison. That night care was taken that they were given plenty of porter and they were in a heavy sleep on their chairs when the event came off.

At the inception of the plot, Colonel Kelly sent for me and told me the duty I was to perform. For various reasons, I happened to be better acquainted with the local officers and rank and file of the Dublin organization than any man then within Kelly's reach. He told me he wanted me to pick out from ten to twelve of the very best men I knew in Dublin for a special work, requiring courage, coolness, and self-control. They all ought to know how to use revolvers, but were not to use their arms even if fired upon, unless ordered to do so. They were to be capable of making a desperate fight if necessary. I was to avoid as much as possible selecting Centres, American officers or men filling other positions demanding constant attention. Kelly did not

then tell me the exact nature of the work, but I had no doubt it was to rescue "The Captain".

A few days later, when I reported for his approval the men I had selected, he told me it was to act as a bodyguard for Stephens on his release by men inside the prison; that there would probably be no need for us, but we were to be on hand in case any accident should interrupt the escape. A dozen men, he said, would be quite enough, including himself and two others. These two were John Ryan, the son of a Liverpool dry goods merchant, a splendid type of man, mentally and physically, and Michael Lambert, the optician. He told me I was to have charge of the party under his directions, and I was to conceal them in small squads in positions covering every avenue of approach to the prison.

I selected nine men, whom I considered to be the best fitted for all the possibilities involved in the attempt. Nearly all of them were wanted by the police, and many afterwards suffered imprisonment. Most of them had seen some kind of service. All knew how to handle both rifle and revolver. Paddy Kearney was of exceptional courage and decisive character. Michael Cody possessed great strength and determination. He was an ex-Dublin-militia man and had a weakness for punching peelers occasionally. John Harrison was a corn porter of magnificent proportions, who had spent some time in the English navy and seen service at Bomarsund under Admiral Napier. He had never had any difficulty with the police, but had knocked out the best men among the Dublin coal porters who were at that time mostly anti-Fenians. Denis Duggan was a young coach builder, who had served in the English Volunteers, and was noted for his courage and coolness. Jack Mullen was the son of a Dublin shop-keeper and had led a roving life. When a boy he had enlisted in the English, and had later on served in the American navy, participating in some of the principal naval fights of the Civil War. Matthew O'Neill was a Dublin stonecutter, who had never seen any service. He was Centre of one of the most important Circles in the City, and was a man of fine physique. Jack Lawler had never been a soldier, and was rather small, but was recommended as a man of great pluck. William Brophy was a carpenter and a strong man. Pat Flood, a Dublin cork cutter, was a powerful man, and an old member of the organization. These, with Kelly and the two men chosen by him, and myself, were the only persons outside the walls of Richmond prison that night.

Colonel Kelly informed me that a supply of revolvers would be ready, so that each man would be fully armed and prepared.

None of these men was informed of the nature of the work on hand, but Colonel Kelly confided the secret to some of those around him, and they in turn revealed it to a "few friends". I learned after the rescue, that in this way the news spread until at least 200 men in Dublin knew of it. The subject had become a pretty general topic of conversation among the officers of the organization. This led to serious embarrassment. Scores of men, especially the recently arrived Irish-American officers, felt hurt because they were not chosen to take part in the affair, and they angrily remonstrated. One man, a civilian, who heard the rumor just as he was leaving for the south, was so overjoyed at the prospect that on the very night of the escape he confided the knowledge to a soldier of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, then stationed at Ballincollig, County Cork, whom he wanted to swear in. The trooper refused to be sworn in, and immediately gave information to the authorities, who sent it to the Castle. It reached Cork Hill about the time the news of the escape was spreading dismay among the officials. Had the dragoon's story reached Dublin a few hours earlier, Stephens would have been sent to break stones in Portland with O'Leary, Luby, and his other lieutenants. Another version of this incident at Cork was published many years ago, but, apart from the details, it is certain that the ill-advised remark of the man who conveyed the rumor from Dublin might well have resulted in bringing to naught the plans for Stephens' rescue.

When the night set for the rescue arrived, the plans were ready inside the prison, and the authorities had not the faintest suspicion of anything wrong. The same police guard did duty, no soldier was any nearer than Portobello Barracks, and the Governor retired as usual in full serenity and without a shadow of suspicion. I had reports from the barracks up to a late hour in the evening and knew that no movement either of troops or police indicated the taking of any precautionary measures, or the existence of the slightest misgivings for the safety of the caged Fenian Chief. The Crown lawyers and the Sheriff were busily preparing for the trials, and every partisan of British rule in Ireland looked hopefully forward to the speedy collapse of the conspiracy. A few striking examples were to be made, the prisoners of lesser note were to be let off with short terms of imprisonment, and panic and demoralization could be trusted to do the rest. Ireland would relapse into the calm of despair, and the crowbar brigade and the emigrant ship would soon effect a final solution of the Irish problem. Dublin Castle slept tranquilly that night, with no warning of the panic and consternation that was to overtake it on the morrow.

Towards midnight the little squad of men told off for a body-guard dropped one by one into Lynch's public house in Camden Street, a short distance from the prison, where Ned Waydick was in charge, and quietly awaited the word to move. But the promised revolvers were not forthcoming, and much disgust was expressed. Kearney, who had a hot temper, flew into a violent rage, and berated the leaders for their seeming neglect. He was a born soldier, and expected soldierly precision and promptitude in such matters. "If they mismanage a little thing like this," he said, "how is it going to be when the real work comes?"

The fault, however, was not that of Colonel Kelly, but of the man to whom he assigned that duty. Had those selected for the rescue any idea in advance that the revolvers would not be available at the appointed time, they could have supplied themselves during the day. The situation had to be remedied immediately, and at a late hour that evening John Ryan and I had to hire an outside car and apply to friends living in different parts of the city, and by midnight all but four of the men had revolvers. Two were brought to the spot where Colonel Kelly and a few of the men were stationed in a field opposite the prison, about an hour before the escape, by Nick Walsh. Eleven men only had revolvers; one had a large knife, and a thirteenth man had no weapon whatever, and was sent home early in the night. Not a man refused to go to the ground, although some were unarmed when they started out. Yet they fully expected a fight with police, warders or soldiers before the work was finished.

The night was dark and wet, and the few policemen on duty in the lonely neighborhood of the prison kept as much as possible under shelter. A thorough search was made of the Circular Road, on which the prison fronts, Love Lane, the bank of the Grand Canal, which runs at the rear of the prison, and a little lane running from the Circular Road to Dolly's Bridge, which crosses the canal close to the prison grounds. One policeman was met sheltering himself under an elm tree on the canal bank and another peeped out of a hallway on the Circular Road, near Clanbrassil Street, but a little conversation enlivened by a swig from a flask of whiskey, revealed the fact that not a single extra man was out and that nothing startling was expected.

The men arrived on the ground by different routes in small groups, and quietly took up positions previously assigned them. Kelly, Ryan, Lambert and Brophy were at a point opposite the prison wall, in a field on the other side of the Circular Road, keeping in the shadow of a high wall running diagonally inward from the road. Kearney, Cody, Mullen and Lawler were placed under the shadow of a hedge at the gate of the same field, direct-

ly opposite the prison gate. Harrison, Duggan and O'Neill were in a little dark nook at the western end of the prison wall between the latter and the wall of a cabbage garden that lay between the Circular Road and the canal. Flood had been sent home because we had no revolver for him. He offered to stay, but Kelly wanted no man without a weapon. The nook was partly overhung by the branches of trees. My instructions were to move from post to post, reporting at intervals to Colonel Kelly till the time fixed for the escape, when I was to take my place with him. A low mud wall separated the field from the Circular Road, and in a hole on the inside of this wall John Ryan had, earlier in the night, deposited a coil of stout rope with knots arranged at about every two feet of its length, so as to make it easier for Stephens to climb by when it was flung over the wall.

Here the men waited expectantly in the drizzling rain for the signal which was to tell them that Stephens had been let out of the prison and was waiting inside the outer wall for the rope to be thrown over. He was to throw gravel over the wall as a signal that the rope was wanted, and the "quack, quack!" of a duck repeated by Ryan was to announce that the moment was at hand. But there was a genuine duck in a neighboring garden that raised a false alarm once.

When the prison clock struck one Breslin left his quarters in the hospital and quietly opened the door leading to the corridor where Stephens' cell was situated. No one else was up but Byrne, and Stephens who was waiting in his cell dressed and ready to move. Ascending the stairs noiselessly, Breslin opened the two doors leading into the corridor as quietly as he could, but it was impossible to do so without making a slight noise. The policeman on the other side of the door at the other end might hear if he was listening, and if McLeod was awake, there would be trouble. Stephens heard Breslin turn the key in the cell door. He slid from the hammock where he had been lying dressed. No superfluous words were spoken. Stephens, after receiving a loaded revolver from Breslin, followed the latter as noiselessly as possible out of the corridor and down the stairs. Here an anxious pause of a few moments was made. If McLeod, the jailbird, rang his gong, all was over; but no sound came from his cell. He afterwards explained his silence by saying that the key which let Stephens out of his cell would also open his, and that had he given the alarm his throat would have been cut. Hearing no alarm, Breslin opened the door leading out into the prison yard. Between this yard and the Governor's garden was a very high wall, which had to be crossed before the outer wall could be reached. Breslin had been told by Byrne that the ladder used

in lighting the lamps in the yard was long enough to enable a man to cross the wall, but on making the experiment now he found that a tall man standing on the top rung of the ladder could not reach within several feet of the top of the wall. Byrne had not tried the ladder, as he had promised to do. This was a serious hitch. McLeod might have rung his gong and alarmed the prison without Breslin being able to hear it, and not a moment could be spared. After a hurried consultation he decided to return to the prison, and, with Byrne's help, bring out two long tables from the lunatics' dining room, on which to place the ladder. There was an unoccupied sentry box close to where they stood, and inside this he placed Stephens. For all he knew, there might be a policeman stationed in the Governor's garden; so, assuring Stephens that Byrne and he would take care of anything between the sentry box and the prison door, he told him to shoot any man coming from the other direction.

The two tables were carried out as quickly as possible, and placed one on top of the other against the wall at a point where Breslin knew there was a tool shed on the other side, which would facilitate the descent. The ladder was then placed on the upper table and held by Byrne and Breslin, while Stephens ascended.

As Stephens stepped on the ladder he turned round and handed Breslin the revolver. This left an unfavorable impression on Breslin which nothing could efface. If there should be a policeman in the Governor's garden he could easily stop the further progress of the fugitive, and the men outside the wall could do nothing to aid him. Stephens climbed up the ladder, and, although there was some glass on the top of the wall, easily got over it, and dropped down to a shed on the other side and thence to the ground. He walked over to a pear tree indicated by Breslin, which grew close to the outer wall, and which would aid him in climbing it. Hearing no footsteps outside, he took a handful of gravel and flung it on to the Circular Road.

This signal was at once recognized. It was only the work of a minute for the little party with Kelly to cross the road and fling one end of the rope over the wall. Four of us held it, and in a second there was a strong tug at the other end of the rope and we felt him struggling upward, till at last we saw his head and shoulders at the top of the wall, which was about eighteen feet high. The whole party, as well as I can remember, had by this time rushed to the spot, and "The Captain" was greeted good-naturedly, but in subdued tones. He peered down as if gauging the distance to the ground, and was quite out of breath. After he had vainly tried to hitch the rope between

two stones on the top of the wall so that he might use it in descending, John Ryan told him to drop down with his back to the wall, and we would catch him. He did so and Ryan caught his feet on his chest, the sand on the soles leaving the imprint of the shoes on Ryan's buttoned coat. It staggered Ryan, and as Stephens was coming down I caught him about the knees and let him slide to the ground. I felt him tremble as I let him down, a fact probably caused as much by his physical exertion as by the reaction to the nerve-wracking strain of his enforced wait in the sentry box in the inner yard. At all events, it gave the first shock to the belief I had previously entertained in his coolness and self-possession.

Stephens and Kelly at once crossed the Circular Road and turned into Love Lane, a long winding street, running through market gardens and having few houses. From Love Lane they turned into Brown Street. In this street was the house where the C. O. I. R. was to be concealed. Mrs. Boland, a sister of James O'Connor, later Member of Parliament for West Wicklow, had undertaken to shelter him, and John O'Connor, her brother, then a bright boy of fifteen, who had acted as messenger between Kelly and Stephens before his arrest, was on the lookout. Here he remained in safety, and ever afterwards we used to call Mrs. Boland "the best man of the O'Connor family". She was one of the most devoted of the many good women of the Fenian movement.

I had been ordered by Kelly to see that anything that might give a clue to the nature of the escape should be removed from outside the wall. The only thing of that kind was the rope, and I found unexpected difficulty with that. Every man present wanted to get a piece of it, and a few succeeded.

We started off in small groups, and the state of elation in which the men all were was indicated by a remark by John Ryan, who was walking with me. "John," he said, "we have tonight witnessed the greatest event in history." "Well," I replied, "I suppose it is the greatest in our little movement up to the present, but I hope we'll best it soon."

As we got to a point on the Circular Road opposite the prison gate we heard the loud bang of a door, and we thought the alarm must have been given and expected momentarily to see the gate open and the policemen rush out. Lest such event might result in the recapture of Stephens, the men all ran up, every man pulled his revolver, and we waited expectantly, but there was not another sound or a sign. We then separated and went our various ways. Breslin and Byrne said later that they had neither

banged a door nor heard any noise, but twelve of us outside heard it so distinctly that there could be no mistake about it.

A few minutes later I learned how much the matter had become practically public property. As Ryan and I turned into Camden Street he said to me, "I promised Sam Clampett that I would call and let him know the thing has come off all right. He lives just here." I knew Sam, who was a Protestant and a member of James O'Connor's Circle. He was a bright, handsome little fellow. Sure enough, his wife and he were waiting up to hear the news. She too was, of course, a Protestant, and a great Fenian. They welcomed us effusively and a bottle of whiskey was produced. The three men drank "The Captain's" health in a bumper. Ryan and I were wet from long exposure to the drizzle and the draught was timely.

Breslin left the tables and the ladder as they stood when Stephens crossed the inner wall, and the false keys in the door, so that there might be no mistake about the manner of the escape, and returned to his room in the hospital, which he reached a little after 2 o'clock. He wore a pair of patent leather shoes, so that his ordinary ones might not be soiled, and after carefully wiping the sand and dust from them he put them away, and brushing his clothes, got into bed and pretended to be "fast asleep" immediately. Byrne continued to make his usual rounds, but not until 4 o'clock did he raise the alarm and report finding the tables and ladder against the prison wall.

A scene of wild confusion ensued. The whole prison staff was aroused, and every nook and corner of the building and the grounds was searched for the fugitive. The Castle authorities were at once notified, and in a few hours the police were scouring the city, searching houses and watching trains and outgoing vessels of all kinds. The garrison was placed under arms. Similar precautions were taken elsewhere and an utter panic prevailed among the Loyalists. Landlords and magistrates were paralyzed with dismay, and fully expected the outbreak of a formidable insurrection.

I stopped that morning at the house of my aunt in Mabbot Street. Her husband, William Delaney, was in the building business in a small way, and the yard, which was full of building material, had a door opening on a lane which ran into Talbot Street. I had the key of this door buried in sand so that I could reach it from the outside and the back door of the house had been left open for me. Here I had arranged that O'Neill should also sleep that morning and he was waiting for me in the lane when I got over. Thinking that we might have been followed, he insisted on sleeping in his clothes, and he presented a curious

spectacle as he slept. He had a portion of the rope coiled around his body and four loaded revolvers—he had collected three besides his own—in his belt. I had two others, but, though I slept in my clothes, I kept the firearms within reach.

We were anxious to learn how the people felt about the news, so we were up early, got the papers, reported for orders to Colonel Kelly, returned the borrowed revolvers and visited several places frequented by our men. We found them all in high spirits and everyone talking of the event. At Lynch's in Camden Street, the place we had started from, there was a large party of our friends and several men who were not Fenians, but all were equally enthusiastic.

Had Stephens been ready to give the word then he could have got five followers for the one that would have answered his call at any previous time.

The people were wild with delight. Men who had till then looked with open hostility or cold indifference on Fenianism were seized with a sudden enthusiasm. They shook hands with their Fenian acquaintances in the streets, and congratulated them on the victory. It was the one proud day of the Fenian movement. The Government had been beaten in their own stronghold, and not a man ever suffered the loss of a hair.

Byrne was arrested next day and committed for trial, but two successive juries disagreed, and he was finally released and allowed to leave the country. Not a shadow of suspicion rested on Breslin, and he remained at his post for a whole year, when, finding that he was likely to be arrested, he quietly slipped on board the Holyhead boat at "Kingstown", and was in Paris the following night. Neither Breslin nor Byrne contracted for or ever received a single penny for the work. It was a labor of love.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT POSTPONED.

"THE YEAR OF ACTION" PASSED WITHOUT A RISING, CONTRARY TO ADVICE OF THE AMERICAN OFFICERS—CENTRES CALLED INTO CONSULTATION NOT TO MAKE A DECISION BUT TO ACQUIESCE IN THE POSTPONEMENT ALREADY DETERMINED ON BY STEPHENS—SPLIT IN THE AMERICAN FENIAN BROTHERHOOD A BIG FACTOR.

THE trials of the prisoners first arrested—O'Leary, Luby, Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa, Mulcahy, Roantree, O'Connor and others in Dublin, and Kenealy, Keane and their fellows in Cork (September, 1865, to January 1866)—by which the English Government hoped to intimidate the Fenians, had the very opposite effect. They put the men on their mettle, stimulated recruiting and aroused the sympathy of the people. Thousands of new members were sworn in, many of them belonging to the commercial and professional classes, who had hitherto held aloof, and large masses of men who had not been reached by our workers were favorably influenced by the public propaganda. It is always so in Ireland when England undertakes coercive measures. Repression is the best possible stimulant for Irish Nationalism.

It was the same with the soldiers as with the people. The reports of the trials filled the newspapers and were the chief topic of conversation everywhere, including the barrooms visited by soldiers, and the swearing in of new members went on more briskly than at any previous time. The military organizers were kept busy. It was only during January that the military authorities seemed to awake to the fact that there was a formidable Fenian organization in the ranks of the army. One infantry Colonel seemed to guess it all along, but he made a joke of it. He was an Irishman who had been shabbily treated by the heads of the army and undoubtedly had a grievance. The story told by the men of his regiment was that during the great Mutiny in India, when all the superior officers of his regiment had been killed or wounded, he had not alone led it during a hard campaign, but had commanded a large body of native troops as well. At the end of the Mutiny, they stated, when the regiment was ordered home, he fell sick and it was taken to England by an officer of lower rank, a man of no ability, who belonged to an influential, aristocratic family. They said it was a custom in the army that the man who took a regiment home from India was always

promoted, so the aristocratic nincompoop was made a General and the man who had rendered brilliant service at a critical time was still only a Colonel in 1865, and very much disgruntled.

I had no means of verifying this story, but the men of the regiment all believed it and found confirmation of his supposed sympathy with Fenianism in his treatment of men brought before him for being absent from roll-call or other similar delinquencies. "Ha! What brings you here? I suppose you were out with the boys last night," they represented him as saying, in a bantering tone. "Get to hell out of here and don't be brought up before me again."

The Colonel's brother was a well known parish priest in Wicklow, and was very patriotic. The Centre of the regiment, an exceptionally intelligent man, was quite confident that if we made a good showing when the fight came, his Colonel would come over. None of his regiment would be left anyhow, for they were Fenians almost to a man.

There was a similar belief about a Captain of the Fourth Dragoon Guards and a Lieutenant of the Eighteenth Royal Irish, but I knew no more about them than I did of the Colonel. Stephens claimed to have sworn in six commissioned officers of the army, but he never named them, even to O'Leary, Luby or Kickham, as they told me later, and the matter remained a mystery to the end.

The English Government became more active early in 1866; arrests on suspicion became more frequent, and at last on February 17, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Dublin Castle did not wait for the formal suspension, but commenced to make arrests by wholesale as soon as the Bill was introduced in Parliament. The O'Donoghue, a grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell, made a rather good speech against it, and John Bright made another, but no obstructive tactics were used. The Bill was passed in both houses on the same day it was introduced, and signed by Queen Victoria that evening. The purpose of the Government was evidently to arrest as many men as possible before they had time to seek places of safety, so the whole police force was put on the job and worked overtime, both in Dublin and the Provinces. Several hundred prisoners had been gathered in by the time the proclamation announcing the suspension was published on Sunday, February 18.

Up to the end of 1865, every man had worked in the belief that the fight would come off that year. Stephens had made the announcement in 1864, on his return from America, and he had repeated it many times in 1865. "This year—and let there be

no mistake about it—will be the year of action,” he wrote in a letter which was captured and read at the trials of the prisoners first arrested. And he kept it up to the very end of the year. Then, when the men were keyed up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and expectancy there came a sudden change. The fight was postponed, but, although Stephens was entirely responsible for it, he adroitly placed the responsibility on other shoulders.

He was certainly in a most difficult position, not so much on account of the action of the British Government and the arrest of his chief lieutenants as because of the Split in the American organization which came at the height of the crisis in Ireland. The Split was beyond all doubt the chief cause of the failure of Fenianism in Ireland, but it would not necessarily have had that effect if Stephens had been a more resourceful man, capable of making proper use of the means at his command in Ireland. The Split delivered a large part of the resources originally intended to arm the men in Ireland to the project of invading Canada; it cut off the supply of American officers and left the work of supporting the Home Organization in the hands of that portion of the American body which was least efficient and capable. Its moral effect on Stephens was very bad and it made him commit the worst blunder of his whole career. Overrating his popularity in America, and throwing all prudence to the winds, he wrote a letter to O'Mahony, which he evidently expected would leave the Head Centre's opponents without a following, but which had the very opposite effect. It widened the breach and made it irreparable. The prompt publishing of the letter by O'Mahony rendered it morally impossible for the Senate wing of the American movement to support the Home Organization so long as Stephens remained its leader.

“Lash them from you like so many dogs”, he wrote to John O'Mahony, forgetting that a gross personal affront is never really forgiven by men of spirit anywhere and least of all by Irishmen. What had been only a difference over O'Mahony's management of the movement in America and a contest for control was at once turned into a bitter personal quarrel, and all hope of union among American Irishmen for the overthrow of British rule in Ireland was gone. It was a fair test of Stephens' capacity for leadership—the first real test—and it found him wanting. He probably wrote the letter in the first flush of anger over the news of the Split, without giving himself time to think of the consequences. He had been depending entirely on America for a supply of arms, ignoring the fact that there were over 100,000 British rifles in Ireland, stored in four different depots, the capture of one of which would be quite easy for a small body of trained men,

properly armed and led, and that the fall of two out of the other three would almost certainly follow.

Stephens' disappointment over the failure of his ill-considered effort to end the Split undoubtedly depressed him, upset all his plans and paralyzed his energies. Less than half a dozen men saw him at any time during the month following his escape from prison in November and we had no means of knowing how he felt. Colonel Kelly, his Chief of Staff, was a man of untiring energy, full of optimism and of a buoyant spirit, and our orders were received from him. He saw or heard from Stephens every day, and if he knew that the Chief Organizer had lost heart he gave no hint of it. Up to the last week in December Kelly's orders all indicated a fight at an early day. We were to "keep the steam up"—that was his phrase—and have our men ready for action at a moment's notice. Then suddenly he announced that "The Captain" wanted to see the Dublin Centres, and we naturally thought it was for the purpose of issuing final orders for the insurrection.

It was not to be a meeting, but the men were to be brought to Kelly's lodgings in Grantham Street in groups of not more than two or three, each group retiring as soon as "The Captain's" business with them was transacted, to make room for another. It was explained that this method was adopted to avoid attracting attention, but I soon made up my mind that it had another object—to prevent the possibility of discussion and a vote. The hour fixed for the first batch to arrive was about 8 o'clock in the evening and each group was timed so that there would be very little chance of many men being there together. There was naturally some over-lapping, some of the squads arriving while those who preceded them were still in the room, but the whole proceeding went off without a hitch until nearly all the men had been seen. But all were not seen.

Along with Stephens were the members of the Military Council, except General Millen, who had been ordered to America. They were Colonel Michael Kerwin, Colonel William G. Halpin, Colonel Denis F. Burke, Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, and Captain Doherty whose initials I have forgotten. The procedure, I learned from some of the men after they had come out, was this:

Stephens explained that he had been disappointed in his expectations from America. The Split had interrupted the supply of money on which he depended to obtain sufficient arms. He had sent messages to America which he hoped would result in bringing about better conditions, and a delay of three weeks or a month would be necessary. If at the end of that time things in America did not turn out all right, the fight would come off with-

out American help. What he wanted to know from each Centre was, could he hold his men together for three or four weeks and keep them in condition to fight at the end of that time?

His description of the situation suggested the answer to the question, and the tone in which he spoke made the question an appeal. It was practically a request for approval of something he had already decided upon. He had never done anything like this before with the Centres; he had always issued orders, but never in a peremptory way. His reference to the difficulties created by the Split in America had a strong effect on most of the men and his promise to fight without American help, if necessary, stirred their fighting spirit. So they all gave him the promise he asked, but some of them with evident reluctance. Matthew O'Neill looked very much disgusted when the question was put to him and answered in a sulky tone: "I suppose I *must*."

Stephens asked him what he meant and O'Neill replied: "Because I know you wouldn't ask me if you hadn't already made up your mind and intended to *make* me."

Stephens was a little disconcerted at this, but assured O'Neill that he need not have any fear on account of the short postponement; the fight would come off all right.

But the American officers present did not share his optimism; they knew conditions in the United States too well to justify them in expecting any favorable result from Stephens' efforts to heal the breach between the two warring factions. They knew exactly what could be done in Ireland and did not believe that conditions would be improved by a delay of three or four weeks. Arrests of men in various parts of the country were on the increase and might be expected to take place on a much larger scale as time went on. All the American officers then in Ireland or England—over 150—were still at large, but could not expect immunity from arrest to continue much longer. A few officers had been already called back to America by the opponents of O'Mahony and had obeyed the summons. The hope of a successful fight depended on the men being led by competent officers, and there were nearly as many in Ireland then as Owen Roe O'Neill had brought from Spain to lead the fight against Monroe and Cromwell. The disaffected regiments were still in Ireland and not a single Fenian soldier had been arrested. Among them were many very intelligent sergeants who were fit for officers, and 8,000 red-coated Fenians would form a fine backbone for an insurgent Irish army. And there were thousands of other unsworn Irishmen in the English garrisons throughout Ireland whose sympathy could, for the most part, be relied on. There

were not enough of arms, but the supply would be likely to diminish, rather than increase, with the delay, as seizures were beginning to be made. There were certainly enough on hand to capture one of the Government arsenals.

This situation was put plainly before Stephens by the American officers that evening before any of the Centres had arrived, but a few of the latter got in while the discussion was going on and heard Kerwin and Halpin plead earnestly with Stephens for an immediate fight. Colonel Kerwin, who was evidently very much worked up, assured him that the Military Council would take full responsibility for the decision and pleaded earnestly with Stephens against any postponement. Stephens listened with apparent deference to what the officers had to say, but did not indicate whether he would accede to their wishes or not, merely saying that the men themselves would decide. Of course, the men did not decide anything; they merely did what Stephens asked them to do. The military officers remained during the interviews between Stephens and the groups of Centres, but did not interfere in the talk after they had made their plea.

I had been assigned to guard duty that night by Colonel Kelly. My orders were to select a few men, not more than five, who could be absolutely relied on to protect the house from intrusion and "The Captain" from arrest. I selected five men all of whom were well fitted for the work and all were armed with good American revolvers. I stationed them at various points around the block in which the house was situated, within supporting distance of each other, and I took up my post near the house. Kelly instructed me to walk past from time to time and give signals which he would hear inside. If everything was all right I was to rattle once on the railings in front of the house with my stick; if there was anything suspicious I was to rattle twice as a warning, and if there was danger I was to do it three times very loudly and call up my men to see that "the Old Man" (as Stephens was called by some) got off safe. I was to be the last man brought in to see him and was to speak for the soldiers.

We had a man named Michael Graham, an ex-letter carrier, who was the organization's detective, and he knew every member of the "G" Division in Dublin, all the Police Inspectors and most of the sergeants. Mick, as we all called him, was a splendid sleuth, and he was also on duty in that capacity that night.

As Edmund O'Donovan, son of the great Gaelic scholar, came up towards the house after 9 o'clock, he informed me that he had noticed two men whom he believed to be detectives lounging around the corner of a neighboring street. He was not sure they

were after us, but suggested that it would be well to take precautions. I immediately sent Graham to take a look at the detectives, gave the two rattles on the railing as a warning, gathered my men in the immediate vicinity of the house, left them on guard, and with O'Donovan proceeded towards the place where the suspects were. When we reached the next corner to the westward we met Graham coming back and he assured us there was no danger. The two detectives were well known to him and they were assigned to purely civic duties in the neighborhood.

O'Donovan went into the house, explained the situation outside, and assured Stephens that there was no danger. He found "The Captain" with his overcoat on, all ready to go, and without waiting to hear what the young Centre for Trinity College had to say on the question of postponement, or waiting to see a few others who had not yet arrived, he took his departure, accompanied by Kelly. He was really in no more danger there than at any hour of the twenty-four anywhere else, but he made up his mind to take no chances and broke up the consultation before it was finished. He had been but a few weeks out of prison and the thought of being incarcerated again made him very careful.

But there was unquestionably another consideration which outweighed everything else with Stephens. There was never any question in the minds of those who knew him best that he believed he was absolutely necessary to the success of the movement; that his permanent removal would surely bring failure, and that, therefore, he was acting in the best interests of the cause by taking every precaution against the possibility of arrest. I have never met a man in all my life who believed so thoroughly in himself, or who so confidently took it for granted that others shared that belief. It was an obsession with him. And, like all such men, his overweening confidence in himself and his constant self-assertion made a deep impression on nearly all those associated with him. The wonderful work he had done in building up a magnificent organization while the failure of the Young Ireland movement, the horror of the great Famine and the betrayal of the Tenant League by Sadleir and Keogh, were still fresh in the people's minds and apathy and depression reigned everywhere, seemed in a measure to justify this. He had created the organization, made it what it was, put the impress of his own personality upon it and given it its defects, as well as its good qualities. Its chief defect, and the one that in the end proved disastrous, was that Stephens was the sole arbiter in deciding the course which it should pursue. This situation he had deliberately created, in the full belief that he was doing the best for Ireland.

There was nobody in existence entitled to take the place of Stephens, to share authority with him in arriving at important decisions, or to offer him advice, after the arrest of O'Leary, Luby and Kickham, whom he had constituted a sort of executive council. Every officer in the organization derived his authority from the C. O. I. R. The organization began at the top and was the most completely despotic system in the world. There was no intermediate authority between Stephens and the hundreds of Centres whom he had appointed, and on his removal they became a set of disjointed units, with no provision made for replacing the central authority.

There was, however, a very general understanding that the Centres represented their men, had authority to speak for them, and that when they spoke, the Chief Executive should respect their wishes.

After he had consulted the Dublin Centres in the imperfect manner above described, he did the same with the country Centres, or as many of them as he could get up to Dublin at short notice. There was no means of ascertaining whether all of them were notified or not, but it is very probable they were. The number who responded was very large; probably they were a majority. But all of them certainly accepted the result when notified of it, as they all undoubtedly were, within a few days.

The plan followed with the country Centres was the same as in the case of the Dublin men, except that it began earlier in the day. I heard of it at the time from some of those present, and later in America. The men were brought in small groups to the City Mansion Hotel in Bridge Street, where they met Stephens and Kelly in one of the rooms. There were often three or four groups present at the same time, but they kept coming and going, as at Kelly's in Grantham Street. There was no discussion, but a good deal more general talk than at the other gathering, because most of the men had not seen Stephens for a long time, and some of them had never met him before. He put the same question to the men that he had asked in Grantham Street, but added that the Dublin Centres had already agreed to do what he asked. Thus reinforced, somewhat unfairly, he had no difficulty in getting all the country Centres to do what he wanted, and they returned to their homes delighted at their experience. They had met, almost under the very windows of Dublin Castle, the man who had been rescued from the clutches of the British Government after he had defied it in the dock, and who, in spite of the utmost efforts of its officials and the offer of a big reward for his capture, still remained in Dublin to

give the signal for an uprising. When they got home they spread the news and it inspired confidence among their men.

Thus was secured the first postponement of the fight that was to have taken place in 1865. While there were undoubtedly important political considerations involved, the chief question was most certainly a military one, and it was decided by a civilian against the judgment and advice of his military advisers. For it was certainly Stephens who decided it. Had all the Centres been present at the same time, a discussion could not have been avoided and probably a vote would have been taken. Considering the confident spirit then prevailing, I think it would have put Stephens' persuasive powers to a severe test—and he was not an orator—to prevent a vote in favor of fighting at once.

In 1797, civilians decided a military question, but in the case of the United Irishmen the men who made the decision were civilians of first-class ability, while the military men whose offer to deliver up Dublin Castle they rejected were only sergeants of militia. In the case of Stephens it was one man who had received no military training whatever who overrode the judgment of five soldiers who, it is true, had not received a scientific military education, but had seen hard service for four years and as commissioned officers in one of the great wars of history. Colonel Halpin had commanded a Kentucky regiment; Colonel Burke was commander of one of the regiments of Meagher's Brigade; Colonel Kelly, with the rank of Captain, was on the staff of General Thomas up to the Battle of Missionary Ridge; and Captain Doherty was on the staff of General Owen, but I am not familiar with his record. But Colonel Kerwin, who pleaded hardest for fight and offered to share, with his colleagues, the full responsibility for ordering it, was an officer with an exceptionally distinguished record. A Colonel of cavalry who had won his promotion by gallantry in action, he was selected by General Grant in the closing days of the Civil War for a particularly difficult service, which he performed with great skill and judgment. At the head of a body of cavalry Grant sent him from Virginia down through North Carolina, where the population was all hostile, to open communication with Sherman, who had successfully completed his march "from Atlanta to the Sea" and was then heading north to effect a junction with the Army of the Potomac. He performed his work to Grant's entire satisfaction and was complimented for the service. The judgment of such a man on the question of fighting or not fighting ought to have decided it, especially when backed by all his colleagues on the Military Council.

But one of Stephens' hobbies was that he was a military

genius. His only military experience was in facing British soldiers once in 1848, when a fight seemed imminent at Killenaule, County Tipperary, taking a creditable part, under William Smith O'Brien, in the skirmish with the police at Ballingarry, and in actual fighting at the barricades in Paris in 1851. Stephens was very proud of his participation in the Paris affair, and thought it qualified him to pronounce judgment on military questions. This was unfortunate for Ireland.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

ARRESTS BY BRITISH ON LARGE SCALE CONTINUED—SOLDIERS AT RICHMOND THREATENED TO SEIZE BARRACKS AND START FIGHT—THE SITUATION REVIEWED IN CONFERENCE WITH STEPHENS ON NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 20, 1866.

DURING the fortnight or three weeks following the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act (February 17) Dublin presented a curious spectacle. I saw only five days of it outside, but witnessed the effects of it in Mountjoy Prison in the shape of new batches of arrested men coming in daily. As I knew very many of them and we were able to talk in spite of the prohibition, I was very well informed of what was going on outside.

Large bodies of police, accompanied by detectives, moved about the city, searching suspected residences, hotels, lodging houses and taprooms and making arrests. The arrests were made by the detectives and the uniformed policemen served chiefly as escorts. As several of the latter were members of the organization and a large number of others were sympathizers, they sent many timely warnings, which enabled some men to escape arrest. Many went over to England and some to America, but the great majority remained in Dublin, taking refuge with friends or sleeping in lodging houses, changing to a different one every night. The strength of the arresting party precluded the possibility of resistance in most cases, but a few men fought their way to liberty and were never captured. If Stephens had not some time previously ordered all revolvers to be given up and placed in small depots, except in the case of special men who needed them, the resistance would have been very general and the police would have had to pay a heavy toll. Some of the most obnoxious detectives who had been watching the Fenians for more than a year and knew many of them by sight would certainly have been shot. This would, of course, have led to the calling out of the troops and in the then state of feeling in the garrison a fight in the streets of the city on a large scale might have been precipitated and many hundreds of soldiers would have deserted. The result would have been bloody, but could not possibly have been more disastrous to Fenianism than the almost bloodless Rising of March 5, 1867,—a year later.

All the American officers in Dublin, except twelve, were arrested within two days after the first big swoop of the police. Among them were Kerwin, Denis F. Burke and Byron. Most of them had been shadowed for some time and their lodgings located, so there was no difficulty in finding them. The two best men in the Dublin garrison, John Boyle O'Reilly and Patrick Keating of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, had been locked up before the Suspension and three or four of the most reliable among the deserters were caught in the lodging house raids. Both civilians and soldiers were in a state of excitement and many were clamoring for action.

Word was brought to me on Monday, February 19, that the men of the Sixty-first and Sixtieth Rifles in Richmond Barracks, where our men were in the majority, were getting out of hand and were threatening to seize the barracks and start the fight at once. This message reached me while in a back room of a public house owned by a friend at the corner of Camden Street and the Long Lane, where Colonel Kelly was holding a consultation with me. There were enough of our men there and in the immediate neighborhood to take care of any body of police who might come, so Stephens' chief lieutenant was comparatively safe from arrest.

Kelly told me I must prevent any premature movement of that kind at all hazards, so I determined to see the impatient men, even if it should be necessary to go into the barracks. In another room were William Curry, Centre of the Eighty-seventh, in civilian's clothes, and Fennessy of the Third Buffs, in uniform and with a furlough in his pocket. Fennessy and I were about the same size and build, and the buff facings of the Third could hardly be distinguished at night from the white ones of the Sixty-first. So I put on Fennessy's uniform and he my clothes, and Curry, with a borrowed scissors, cut the beard off my chin (not then very much) so as to give me the regulation British side whiskers and mustache. Fennessy's shoes were too large for me, so I kept my elastic boots, which were wholly unmilitary, but would hardly be noticed in the night. As I had only been four years out of the Foreign Legion and had been frequently drilling during the intervening time my appearance was not likely to attract attention.

I took an outside car, drove to Thomas Street and walked to James's Street, where I visited a number of public houses frequented by soldiers, getting closer to Richmond as I went along. I met a number of the Sixty-first, and was assured that the talk of immediate fight was confined to a few hotheads, but was still a little dangerous. They said it would not be necessary to go into

the barracks, but if I insisted I could go in among a group of them and escape notice. There would be no difficulty in getting out, with the furlough and the forage cap of the Third Buffs, and, besides, the guard at the gate that night were nearly all our own men. They advised me, however, to walk around near the gate, where I could see a number of the men as they returned to barracks, and they would warn them to be on the lookout for me. This I did and I saw more than fifty of the men of the Sixty-first and a few of the Rifles and arranged with them that they would pass the word to keep quiet until orders for action came. I passed the barracks gate twice, but had no necessity to go inside.

Not a hint of this adventure reached the military authorities, though hundreds of soldiers knew of it within twenty-four hours, and not one of the military informers said a word about it at the trials of the men a few months later. I returned to Camden Street, gave his uniform and his furlough back to Fennessy, and with five or six others, all armed with revolvers, went to a cheap lodging house, where we all slept in the same room, which had several small beds in it.

There were at that time between Francis Street, Patrick Street, Nicholas Street and Bride Street, a number of short lanes which I believe do not now exist and the names of which I do not remember. They contained a lot of lodging houses where a bed could be had for four-pence. In Nicholas Street and Bride Street were some eating houses where a meal could be had for four-pence. It was very poor, but good enough for a healthy, hungry man. As most of them working with me could not go home, and Fleming's in George's Street, the Ormond on Ormond Quay and the Ship in Lower Abbey Street, where we had been eating alternately for some months, were all closely watched, we lived and slept around this section for a while in perfect safety. In the early mornings, when the detectives were sleeping off the effects of their night watch, we were often able to get a good breakfast at Fleming's, always going in groups, so as to be ready to resist arrest. Having nothing to do during the daytime and no place to stop, we spent much of the time walking the streets, keeping within supporting distance of each other and resting occasionally in the taproom of a friend's public house. In such times the public street is often the safest place for a hunted man.

About a fortnight before the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, Stephens had sent me word that he wanted me to furnish him about once a week with written reports of conditions in the army. It was an utterly useless and very dangerous proceeding.

I had been sending him regularly detailed reports, in a sort of cipher, that contained all the necessary information from a military point of view. I ruled off a sheet of foolscap with vertical and horizontal columns, putting cipher headings at the top and on the left hand side, which contained the numbers and location of the regiments of infantry and cavalry and the batteries of artillery; the strength of the guards and pickets (which were being increased as the Government became more alarmed), with the number of our men in each; the total number of men in each regiment or battery and how many of these we could count on. I knew that Kelly read these reports carefully, for he did it in my presence, but I learned later that Stephens gave them scant attention, if he even read them. What he wanted now was descriptive writing about the spirit of the soldiers and anything else which I thought might be useful to him.

I obeyed the order with great reluctance, but had only sent him two or three of these reports when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. On Tuesday, February 20, I wrote the last one—and I intended it to be the last—under great difficulties. I had met hundreds of the civilian members, who were so excited that they had knocked off work, among them being several of the Dublin Centres. They were all dissatisfied at Stephens' inaction and a spirit of impatience and almost open mutiny was growing fast. Two of them, a civilian and a military Centre, had bluntly asked me to "pitch Stephens to the devil" and call out the soldiers at once. I refused and pointed out the folly of such action. I had been placed in charge of the organization in the army by Stephens' appointment; he was my commanding officer and theirs, and we were all bound to obey him. I was horrified by the proposition that a subordinate should take the responsibility of bringing about an insurrection against the orders of his Chief and making a Split in Ireland that must prove still more disastrous than the one in America. I had some trouble in dissuading them, but I failed to satisfy them.

I described this situation in my report, without naming the mutinous men, and took the liberty of saying to Stephens that in my judgment the organization could not be held together much longer unless there was either an immediate fight or a definite postponement which would enable the men to settle down to work; that the suspense caused by the expectation of the fulfillment of his pledge of the previous December should be ended, or the men would be completely demoralized. I added that the writing of such reports would be impossible any longer.

I had to write that particular report in taprooms and had been interrupted three times by police raids, of which I had been

warned in time by my vigilant lookouts to get away. The absurdity of writing reports for the head of a revolutionary organization under such circumstances struck me very forcibly and I felt it was dangerous, as well as foolish.

I sought Kelly, handed him the report, which he read, and supplemented it verbally in answer to his questions. This was late in the afternoon and I had a number of men to meet in various parts of the city, which kept me so busy that I had no chance of getting anything to eat. My last appointment was at Parker's in George's Street, kept by Joseph Cromien, who died some years ago in New York. There were never less than twenty of our men in his place in the evening and often there were as many as fifty, some of whom carried revolvers; so it would take a strong force of police to arrest a man there. Several of our best men were there that night and I told some of them what I had written to "The Captain". They were all of one mind, because they fully recognized that the tense situation could not continue.

I left Cromien's about half-past nine, went into a neighboring shop, where I bought some spiced beef and a roll of bread, which I ate as I walked along the street. It was my first morsel since 8 o'clock in the morning. I was going to pass the night in the house of my aunt in Mabbot Street, Mrs. Delany, who was my father's eldest sister and a strong sympathizer with the movement. She had helped me to run away to be a French soldier. I could always count on her help, and all her sons were members, but the eldest and most reliable, William, who died in St. Louis, was then in London.

I had not gone half a block when I was overtaken by a man who informed me that Colonel Kelly wanted to see me at the Bleeding Horse, a tavern in Camden Street, not far from the Grand Canal. I went there direct and Kelly said: "The Old Man wants to see you at once." We walked to the nearest car stand, took an outside car, and Kelly told the jarvey to drive to the north side of Stephens Green. Arrived there, he told him to drive into Dawson Street and dismissed him about half way to Nassau Street. We walked on until the jarvey was out of sight, then turned back and went through a stable lane to Kildare Street. Nearly opposite the Kildare Street Club, the headquarters of Loyalism, Kelly halted and seeing that there was nobody near, walked up the steps of a house and rang the bell. The door was promptly opened by a stout, grey-haired lady, with a cheerful, smiling face, who was evidently expecting us. She was Mrs. Butler, a fashionable dressmaker. She shook hands warmly with Kelly, who introduced me, and she led the way to the front room on the second floor, where we found a party of men waiting for

us. Others came later, and when all had arrived the party consisted of James Stephens, Colonel Kelly, Colonel Halpin, Edmund O'Donovan, Mortimer Moynahan of Skibbereen, David Murphy of Limerick, John Nolan of Carlow, and myself. Nolan had been living in Belfast and was the Chief Organizer for Ulster, but was then managing the civilian organization under Colonel Kelly's directions. Mrs. Stephens was also there.

While the two ladies were present Stephens told us in a jocular tone that Mrs. Butler would be willing to keep the Lord Lieutenant in her house if we could capture him. Mrs. Butler assured us that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to hold him a prisoner in her house and that the bodyguard we would supply would also be welcome and would want for nothing. There could be no doubt about her sincerity in the matter. "They would never suspect," she said laughingly, "that we'd have such guests so near the club house across the street."

Mrs. Butler was a widow with an only daughter, Sarah Jane Butler, who had written some good verse in the *Nation*, and they had not a male relative in the organization. This was the most striking instance I had yet met of the devotion of the women of Ireland at that time. Mrs. Butler paid dearly for her patriotism, for the story that she had sheltered Stephens leaked out after the failure, and her customers, who were mostly Loyalists, deserted her and she died in poverty.

Mrs. Butler withdrew after this, but Mrs. Stephens remained a considerable time and the talk went on in her presence. With her recent experience, she was naturally very anxious for her husband's safety. She spent much of her time looking out of the window and said several times: "Oh, James, don't talk so loud. They may hear you on the street." There was nobody on the street and if there had been the voices in that room could not be heard. Stephens told her so and at last prevailed on her to retire.

After some general talk, Stephens turned to me and said: "I got your letter this evening. I did not know things were so serious, so I called a few of our friends together for consultation. The men here know the whole country and I'll leave it to them to decide what ought to be done." Then he said: "I wish Ned Duffy were here." [Duffy had been arrested with Stephens and Kickham on November 11, 1865, but had been released on bail].

Believing that the fate of the organization depended on the decision whether the fight was to come off within the next few days or to be put off again, and feeling very sure that Duffy would vote for immediate action, if there was to be a vote, I immediately

offered to go for him. But Stephens said: "Oh, no; you'd be in danger of arrest." I replied that I was in that danger every hour of the twenty-four and would be in no more danger going for Duffy than at any other time. Duffy was staying at the European Hotel in Bolton Street, which was closely watched during the day-time, but most of the employees there could be depended on to give us all the help in their power. Duffy was in an advanced stage of consumption and not expected to go out at night, so there would probably be no detectives around at that time. Besides, I was dressed like a countryman, with a heavy brown frieze coat and, as the house was frequented by farmers and country shopkeepers, I could probably pass in and out unnoticed, and by breaking the journey and taking two cars, I was confident I could bring Duffy to Mrs. Butler's house in safety. Stephens would not hear of it, however.

I felt that Stephens feared we might be tracked to the house and that he would be arrested, and, as I considered his safety necessary to the organization and wished to save Mrs. Butler from needless danger, I desisted. I have been convinced ever since that had Duffy been there that night and the next—for he could have remained there next day—immediate fight would have been decided on.

Halpin and Kelly were the only remaining members of the Military Council. Nolan could speak for conditions in the North, Moynahan and Murphy for a large part of Munster, while O'Donovan knew Clare as well as he did Dublin, and I represented the organization in the army. But Connacht had nobody to speak for her. Duffy could do that as no other man could. He knew every man of any account in the whole province and they all looked up to him. Strictly speaking, no man present represented anybody and had no right to decide anything. They held their positions by Stephens' appointment alone, and their only right to be there was that Stephens had invited them, so that they could give him their advice.

There was no Chairman and no regular session was held, but Stephens was practically Chairman. As was his invariable habit, owing probably to his lack of outdoor exercise, he walked in his slippers about the room all the time with his hands in his pockets, while everyone else was seated. I don't think he sat for five minutes during the many hours we were there. There was no smoking or drinking, and neither was there any speechmaking. It was a very earnest discussion, but was conversational all through the night.

The first thing that was taken stock of was the condition of the organization, on account of the large number of arrests and

the certainty of many more. Its force was still unbroken and it would have undoubtedly responded promptly to a call to arms—if the arms were there. But it was found that there were only about 2,000 rifles in the whole organization, with some thousands of shotguns, a large number of pikes and a few hundred revolvers. But there were plenty of Government rifles within easy reach, and any one of three out of the four Provincial arsenals could be taken by surprise by a small body of picked men. These were the Pigeon House Fort (in Dublin), Athlone and Ballinacollig. Carrickfergus was out of the question until we should have a large force in the field. So it resolved itself into a question of arming a sufficient force to capture one of these arsenals, for there was no scarcity of trained men.

The talk was concentrated on this subject for a long time and the scarcity of arms was recognized as the chief difficulty. Stephens said there were 2,000 more rifles in Liverpool [we learned that these had been purchased by Col. Ricard Burke] which could be brought over at once, but the active watchfulness of the police made their safe landing very improbable unless it was protected by a strong body of armed men. That would mean that the fight and the landing of the rifles would have to be simultaneous.

This brought us to the condition of the organization in the army and the possibility of using a portion of it to strike the first blow. It was then I learned that Stephens knew the condition of the army only in a general way, had not read my reports and was ignorant of the figures they contained. The sentiment that night was all in favor of fight and I was satisfied that if a vote had been taken it would have been for immediate action. But it was plain to all of us that while Stephens said nothing positive, he was really in favor of another postponement. I had told what I felt certain could be done either in Dublin or Athlone, but Stephens wanted the exact figures of our strength in the various regiments. I had them at my fingers' ends, but he wanted them in writing. I offered to write them there and then, but he preferred waiting till the next night, as it was then very late and the matter required full discussion.

Stephens informed us that he had sent Captain McCafferty on a special mission to America and that he must have arrived in New York by that time. O'Mahony, he said, had \$125,000 in the treasury of his wing of the Fenian Brotherhood, and he (Stephens) had sent an urgent appeal that it be sent over by McCafferty at once.

But the burden of his talk was all in favor of waiting for two or three weeks, just as he had talked of three weeks or a month

in the previous December. The sentiment was so universal in favor of fighting that he seemed loath to ask for a long postponement.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of February 21 the meeting broke up, with an agreement that all should return at 8 o'clock that evening. We left separately so as to avoid being noticed. All the others could rest during the day, but Kelly and I had to meet a number of men, beginning about 10 o'clock, so we only got about three hours' sleep and were rather fagged out when the meeting reconvened.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST CHANCE THROWN AWAY.

ANOTHER WAR CONFERENCE—PLAN TO CAPTURE BARRACKS AND ENGLISH ARMS THEREIN MET WITH FAVOR—PAUCITY OF RIFLES IN HANDS OF CIVILIAN FORCES WAS THE DECIDING FACTOR AGAINST ITS ADOPTION—DISRUPTION FOLLOWED.

THE same eight men assembled again that Wednesday evening at Mrs. Butler's house. Numerous arrests had been made that day, and it was plain to us that our best men were all in danger. Either the blow must be struck at once, or a definite postponement made that would give the wanted men a chance to get to places of safety. Otherwise the organization would be shattered in a few weeks and it would not be possible to strike later with any hope of success. In the conversation that took place before the regular discussion started this was freely admitted by all.

Kelly reported on the condition of the organization, giving particular attention to Dublin. Notwithstanding the number of arrests made during the previous five days, the Circles in Dublin were practically intact, the mettle of the men was good and communication between officers and men perfect. An order issued would reach them all in a few hours. The men in all the Leinster counties would require only a few hours longer and all Ireland could be notified of the decision inside of two days. Where Centres or other important men had been arrested their places had been promptly filled, according to arrangements previously made, except in a few isolated cases. It was a splendid fighting organization, capable of quick action, if the tools to fight with were on hand. That was the difficulty, but it was not insurmountable.

In Dublin, Kelly stated, the number of rifles was 800 and of all other weapons—shotguns, revolvers and pikes—there were about a thousand. We had certainly 8,000 men in the city, but out of that number only 1,800 could be armed with any kind of weapon. Several thousand other men could be brought in from places within an hour's railroad journey of Dublin, but few of them had arms of any kind. The two veteran officers present had no faith in the pike, but admitted that in fighting at close quarters in the city it would be useful. I could have added 200 to the number of rifles by a raid on the Coastguard station,

which was then on the Pigeon House Road, where nobody lived, and consisted only of a well built wooden shed. The rifles were the short Enfield and there was a sword bayonet for each. There was also a small cannon there which was used by the Coast Guard men for practice.

The exact figures of the strength of the garrison and the number of our men in it, which Stephens had told me on the previous night to bring, showed that it consisted of about 6,000 men, more than half of whom were Irish, and 1,600 belonged to the organization. The question of attempting to capture Dublin was first taken up, and it seemed to the military men to be a desperate chance. But everything in revolution is desperate and we were confronted with the alternative of doing something desperate or giving up the hope of a fight for some time, during which many of our men would surely be arrested and a number of our arms seized. Assuming that the 2,000 rifles could be safely brought over from Liverpool, we should have to face 6,000 regular soldiers with 2,800 partially trained men armed with rifles and 1,000 others armed very indifferently, making a total of 3,800. Kelly had no doubt of being able to get the 2,000 Liverpool rifles over in two or three days.

Counting the 1,600 Fenians in the garrison, it would mean 4,400 men with rifles, supported by 1,000 more, imperfectly armed, against 4,400 soldiers, of whom about 2,000 were Irishmen and many of them in sympathy with us. If these 2,000 joined us, as we had good reason to expect they would, it would give us 6,400 men against 2,400. But except in the case of Richmond Barracks, where our friends were in a large majority, and in the cavalry part of the Royal Barracks, where the Fifth Dragoon Guards were stationed, the Fenian soldiers were mixed up with the others, so that we could not mobilize our whole force at once. Fully 300 men of the Fifth Dragoons were ready to come out of the Royal Barracks, after cutting the gas main, and 80 of the Tenth Hussars from Island Bridge, all armed and mounted.

The two American officers were not enthusiastic about undertaking an attack on Dublin under such circumstances. Neither would any of the others if the crisis had not been reached in the way it had been and if the destruction of the organization did not seem imminent unless a fight took place. None of us would at any time have contemplated an insurrection under such conditions, but it seemed to some of us a question of "now or never". We knew the Irish people better than the American officers, who had only recently returned from the United States, where they had been for many years. And we had by that time, on account of the Split in the Fenian Brotherhood, lost all hope of

effective help from America unless we took the field and were able to hold out for a while.

Halpin talked a good deal of a general insurrection, if we had sufficient arms to make a good start, and sketched out a plan of campaign. He had had much practical experience during the Civil War, including an occasional opportunity to take command of the Brigade of which his regiment formed a part. Of course, in such a large army a Colonel's experience consists mainly in obeying orders during battles, but Kelly, being a staff officer at the Commanding General's headquarters, had been able to see more of the fighting and to learn why the movements were made. As we had not the arms to start a general insurrection, this discussion, while very instructive, brought us no nearer to the solution of the question with which we were then face to face. Could we strike a blow at the Capital, or at some other point, that would have any chance of success, and that would if successful, remedy our woeful lack of armament by giving us possession of a large quantity of rifles? If we could not, then the only thing left us to do was to definitely postpone the fight, come out of the battle for existence with the English Government as best we could, and prepare for an insurrection under more favorable auspices in the future.

In the presence of two such competent officers, it was hard for very young men of no experience in war to venture to offer suggestions for a plan of an uprising, but the desperate character of the situation made three of us take courage to do so. I had previously discussed with Edmund O'Donovan and others, two projects that might be undertaken in such an emergency. One of these concerned Dublin, the other Athlone, and each had for its object the capture of 30,000 rifles, with a lot of ammunition, equipment and military stores. So, somewhat timidly, I laid them before the meeting.

As the two military men had shown that a simultaneous attack on all the barracks and a general turnout of the men was entirely out of the question, owing to our lack of arms, I proposed to concentrate our attack on the one barrack where we had a majority of the soldiers, bringing no men there but those who had rifles, and if successful, then proceed to attack the others in detail. With 900 Fenians out of the 1,550 or 1,600 men of the Sixty-first and the Sixtieth Rifles in Richmond Barracks and a key of the back gate facing the Grand Canal in our possession, I was confident that we could surprise and capture it without much difficulty. The bank of the canal back of the barrack was closed to traffic between two bridges, was very dark on moonless nights because it was shaded with large elm trees and there

were no lamps, and the grass was so thick and long that the tramp of men over it would make practically no noise. The gate had not been opened for many years, but there was a small guard stationed inside of it.

I proposed that our riflemen should be collected on the canal bank at an hour when the soldiers would be all in, but before they would have gone to bed. Tom Chambers, the Centre of the Sixty-first, then a deserter in Dublin, would pick out a small number of the best men of the regiment to remain out of barracks and form the vanguard of the attacking party. They would know every man of the guard and would serve as guides. Without giving any notice to our friends inside, so as to avoid loose talk, excitement or chance of betrayal, the gate would be suddenly opened and our men would march inside, move rapidly to the positions assigned them, make prisoners of such officers as happened to be on duty, rally our friends to our support and capture the Englishmen.

We could have probably captured Richmond without firing a shot. If there was any fighting it would speedily be over. The only thing that could have beaten us would have been the giving of precise and definite information of the plan, which would have only been in the possession of half a dozen men, every one of whom has since been proved to be true.

With Richmond in our possession, reinforced by 900 Fenian soldiers and probably several hundred others, with the balance of the rifles to arm another contingent of our men, our next move would naturally be on Island Bridge Barracks, which were near at hand, where the Tenth Hussars were lying. It would there be a contest between our 2,000 infantry and their 400 cavalymen, who would not be expecting attack. That would not be a serious proposition. With Richmond and Island Bridge in our hands, the southwestern outlets of Dublin would be open to us, in case of defeat in the other parts of the city, and we could march out.

Next we would move on the Royal Barracks, across the King's Bridge on the northern side of the Liffey. The problem there would be somewhat harder, for we should have to tackle a regiment of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery. But in the Eighth Foot we had 200 men and in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, 300; and as the attacking force would be superior, the chances would all be in our favor. Success there would add at least 500 trained soldiers to our force.

By this time the military authorities would probably be aroused and the future character of the fighting would depend largely on their action. They would be taken unawares and

would be at a serious disadvantage. If they marched any large part of the remainder of the garrison into the streets, so much the better for us. We would seize certain houses marked on a map by Thomas Frith, and use them as points of concentration and support. The other barracks were Ship Street, near the Castle; Portobello; and Beggar's Bush which was nearest to the Pigeon House Fort, where the 30,000 rifles were stored. I forget now whether there was a small body of troops in Aldborough Barracks, on the North Circular Road, between Summer Hill and Gloucester Street, but my recollection is that it was occupied by Constabulary recruits. I am also in doubt as to whether any soldiers were stationed at the Linen Hall Barracks, on the North Side of the city, but I had exact information at the time and laid it before the meeting. The plan also provided for bodies of men to capture the Castle and the Pigeon House Fort, without waiting to finish with the barracks.

The plan rather startled Halpin, to whom I had not had an opportunity of talking on the subject, but Kelly knew of it already. They were both more in favor of a simultaneous attack on the Pigeon House and Richmond, if we could first land the 2,000 rifles from Liverpool, but my proposition was based originally on the arms we actually had in our possession, knowing nothing of the Liverpool rifles until the night before. As the matter was discussed and the possibility of the organization being broken by the wholesale arrests was borne in on them, Kelly and Halpin warmed to the amended project—that is, a simultaneous attack on the Pigeon House and Richmond. But, the essential condition under which Halpin and Kelly favored my plan for prompt action, namely, possession by our men of the Liverpool rifles, was not possible of immediate attainment; and, furthermore, as most of the trained American officers had been arrested and lodged in Mountjoy Prison a few days previously, the majority of the eight men present at that meeting on the night of February 21, 1866, saw no hope for a successful start. Thus, the last chance for a Rising in that year was thrown away, and the temporary disruption of the movement followed.

CHAPTER XVII.

FENIANISM FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS BROKE STRENGTH OF THE ORGANIZATION—ASSOCIATION OF MEN IN PRISON RESULTED FAVORABLY LATER—WOMEN PLAYED IMPORTANT PART IN REORGANIZATION—200,000 IRISH VETERANS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR ANIMATED WITH THE SPIRIT OF FENIANISM—GENERAL MILES ON THE POST-WAR SITUATION.

In a few weeks the jails were filled with fully 3,000 prisoners, and those believed to be the most important were sent up to Dublin, where room was made for them in Mountjoy Prison, up to then reserved for convicted men. When Mountjoy became crowded, some were sent to Belfast and others sent to Naas. In order to relieve the congestion, the Government after a while began to let some out on bail, thus placing them "on their good behavior" and liable to be rearrested at any time, while others were released on the condition of going to America. In the latter case they were escorted to the steamer. Out of Ireland the Government thought they would be less dangerous, but many men who could easily pay their passage refused to avail themselves of the privilege, believing up to the end of the Summer that the fight would come and preferring to take their chances in Ireland. The men who willingly cleared out to America lost caste, but the proportion was very small.

While the wholesale arrests did great harm and dislocated the organization, they accomplished another purpose which the Government had not anticipated. The best men of the movement in all parts of Ireland, and from England and Scotland, who had not previously been known to one another became acquainted and formed friendships which lasted for the rest of their lives. It was this which prepared the way for and made possible, after the failure of the Rising, the reorganization of Fenianism on a better and more durable plan than the one-man rule of James Stephens. But for the moment it broke the strength of the organization, temporarily dislocated all communication, and created new and serious difficulties. Connections were soon partially restored, however, by a small band of devoted women, mostly the wives and sisters of the leading male members, and they were efficiently aided by the women friends of the men throughout the country.

In America there was a Fenian Sisterhood, which was the first organization of women on a large scale for political purposes in the history of the world. In Ireland there was no regular organization of Fenian women, but a large number of them worked as well as if they had been organized. They took no pledge, but were trusted by the men without one, were the keepers of important secrets, travelled from point to point bearing important messages, and were the chief agents in keeping the organization alive in Ireland from the time that Stephens left for America early in 1866 until the Rising of March 5, 1867. And not one woman betrayed a secret, proved false to the trust reposed in her, or by carelessness or indiscretion was responsible for any injury to the cause. It was a fine record for Irish womanhood.

But while the women were not organized for purely Fenian purposes, there was a central organization for a subsidiary object which accomplished that end. This was the Ladies' Committee which collected funds to provide counsel for the prisoners on trial, fed those who were sick and did other work of a benevolent character. The chief figures in this women's movement were Mrs. Luby, wife of Thomas Clarke Luby (who was the Treasurer); Mary O'Donovan Rossa, wife of the famous Fenian (who acted as the Secretary); the Misses Ellen and Mary O'Leary, sisters of John O'Leary; and Miss Catherine Mulcahy, sister of Dr. Denis Dowling Mulcahy. The committee's meeting rooms were rented from a Mrs. Shaw, both of whose daughters, Maria and Kate, were ardent workers for the cause, although they had no Fenian relatives. As I was a prisoner during most of the more important activities of these ladies, I was only familiar with the earlier part of their work. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa summed up their program thus: "We received orders from Headquarters and obeyed them".

One of the moves that Stephens made in preparation for the fight that was to have come off in 1865 was to bring a large number of men over from England and Scotland. He sent messengers to notify all those who could afford to leave, that the fight would surely take place before New Year's Day, 1866, and the response was very general. Stephens and Kelly knew at the time how many men came, but, as there was no record kept, it is impossible to say now what the number was. There must have been several thousand. My only means of making an estimate was the information I received from Colonel Kelly that after the postponement in the last week of December, 1865, over 400 of them were put on subsistence money in Dublin alone, so that they might remain available when the time for action came. But

several hundred others returned to England, promising to come again when summoned. To prevent a large number of others coming over, messengers had to be despatched to warn them of the postponement. Most of the North of England men came to Dublin; the London men went largely to Cork; but a goodly number of Londoners were also in Dublin, while those from Scotland mostly went to Belfast, Derry, Sligo and Galway. Many went to their native localities and remained until all hope of action had passed. Quite a number of these men were swept into prison on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but the majority eventually found their way back to England and Scotland.

These men from England and Scotland were a sturdy, stalwart lot and many of them were trained, either in the army, the navy, the militia, or the volunteers. They were mostly young, unmarried men, who, having no family ties, having already left their homes and being, in a sense, mobilized, were ready for immediate action and fit for any work.

The Irish in Great Britain were at that time even more intensely Irish than their fellow-countrymen who had remained at home. They lived a life of incessant combat among a people who hated them, and there was not a man among them who had not had several personal encounters with insolent Englishmen, while there were many instances of fights on a larger scale. Up to that time the Irish in England had not gone very largely into the trade unions or the Liberal clubs, in which they are so numerous and influential to-day, and they were in the full sense of the term in an enemy's country. This made them a very valuable accession to the Fenian movement and their contribution to its fighting strength would have been very important if the fight had started at the time originally fixed. What they might have done, even in England, was shown by the Raid on Chester Castle on February 11, 1867, which, although a failure and started independently and prematurely by one man, not as part of a general movement, struck terror into the heart of England.

At many of the chief strategic points in England there were stationed at that time Irish regiments with a fine Fenian element, so that it was possible to strike several heavy blows in the enemy's country that would have paralyzed the British army and given it ample work at home while Ireland would be getting her insurgent army into shape. When the ill-starred Rising finally took place, none of this valuable fighting material was available and the partially disorganized remnant of Fenianism in Ireland could get no help from the organization in England and Scotland.

I do not say that an insurrection in 1865, or during the first weeks of 1866, would surely have been successful. All war depends on a great many things, and the element of chance counts for much. But a fight at that time would have found Ireland in better condition from a military point of view than she had been in for several hundred years previously and England at a great disadvantage. England had underestimated Fenianism and she was very badly prepared for such an emergency. Her army was honeycombed with Fenianism and many things that occurred then showed that its organization and administration were as hopelessly deficient and inefficient as the Boer War showed them to be thirty-five years later. Under the military leadership which we then had and with the promise of some of the ablest Generals in America to join us if we made a good showing, there certainly would have been a war that would have taxed England's resources to the utmost.

Several distinguished American Generals, both Federal and Confederate, were openly in sympathy with Fenianism and the whole people of the North were angry with England on account of the undisguised help she had given to the South, while the Confederates knew that such help as she had given their cause was not based on any love for them, but had for its sole object the smashing of the great Republic of the West. General Nelson A. Miles, one of the men who won distinction in the Civil War and who later was the ranking General of the United States Army, wrote a series of magazine articles giving his recollections of the great struggle, in one of which he laid strong emphasis on this feeling against England. The article was published in the *Cosmopolitan* for March, 1911, and on this subject General Miles says:

"The end of the war found the North burdened with a colossal debt and grave international complications looming up. Our commerce had been swept from the seas by ships built in British shipyards, manned by British seamen and commissioned and officered by the Confederacy. The soil of Canada had been used as a safe refuge and rendezvous for conspiracies against the Government. A French army had been landed in Mexico, which overran that territory, took possession of its capital, and established an imperial Government in place of the republic. Many of the strongest statesmen and ablest Generals were in favor of forming two great armies of the veterans, composed from both the Union and Confederate armies, and marching one to Montreal and the other to the City of Mexico. Had this action been taken, no one could have foretold the result, especially affecting our territory, sea power and commerce, or the destiny of the great Republic. It would have solved some problems that will yet vex the American people. Our people had, however, seen so much of war, with its horrors and devastation, that they dreaded the thought of increased carnage and were more anxious for peace than for all else."

It is impossible to believe that this project would have been abandoned if the insurrection had broken out in Ireland at that time—the end of 1865 or the beginning of 1866. It would, therefore, have in all probability brought about war between the United States and England, which, whatever other results it might have had, would certainly have ended in the annexation of Canada. There would have been no difficulty in raising an American army of 1,000,000 veterans, if that number were needed, and England could not at that time have put 100,000 trained men in the field. The United States had also a splendid fighting navy, numerically inferior to the English, but much more efficient.

At least 200,000 of these veterans were Irish and the spirit of Fenianism animated them all. One of the three great Generals of the Union army, Philip E. Sheridan, was intensely Irish and there is no doubt that he had placed his services at the disposal of the Fenians on very reasonable conditions. He stipulated that if they supplied him with 30,000 trained men, properly armed and equipped, he would take command. While this agreement referred to Canada, an invasion on such a large scale, with a great Union General in command, would certainly have precipitated war between the United States and England. And the news of Phil Sheridan leading a Fenian army would have caused thousands of veteran officers, from both sides of the Mason and Dixon Line, to offer their services and the great army of which General Miles writes would have been easily organized. England had not then, nor has she had since, any General fit to cope with Sheridan, that great Irish-American soldier.

But Fenianism was split into two factions in America and the 30,000 men, fully armed and equipped, could not be had, not because they were not available, but on account of lack of money and the paralyzing effect of the Split.

The one thing that would have instantly healed the Split and forced both factions to unite would have been the successful start of a fight in Ireland. Then all the money and all the arms needed would have been forthcoming and new and competent leadership would have been evolved.

When the first Raid on Canada took place in June, 1866, a force of United States troops was sent to the border, under command of General Meade, to enforce neutrality. The victor of Gettysburg was of Irish descent, sympathized with Fenianism and shared the feeling of hostility to England that was then universal in the Northern States. When the temporarily victorious Fenians were obliged to retreat for lack of supplies and reinforcements, General Meade remarked to a friend: "Well I gave them all the

time they needed, if they knew their business." This was the spirit of the whole American army at the time. The soldiers along the border were in open sympathy with the Fenians and ready to desert to them by wholesale.

The veterans of the Civil War in America and the Irishmen in the British army would have provided Ireland with the finest fighting force in all her history. The thing needed to utilize this splendid material was a united organization, ably and wisely led. This essential, Fenianism lacked, but that lack would have been in part supplied if Stephens had accepted the advice of the American officers in December, 1865. There was plenty of ability in the organization and the fight would have brought it to the front.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND FENIANISM.

DENOUNCED FROM ALMOST EVERY ALTAR IN IRELAND EXCEPT IN TWO
DIOCESES—BAN PUT MEMBERS TO A SEVERE TEST, BUT FAILED TO
CHECK MOVEMENT—BEGUN BY CARDINAL CULLEN AND FOMENTED
BY AN ENGLISH CLIQUE IN ROME.

THE hardest test the Fenians had to face was the hostility of the authorities of the Catholic Church. It was based ostensibly on the oath, but there was overwhelming evidence that Cardinal Cullen, who was mainly responsible for it, was opposed to the Independence of Ireland—the object of the organization. He would have opposed the movement, even if the oath were dropped. He had bitterly opposed the Tenant League in the early 'Fifties, although it only sought reform of the Land Laws by peaceful methods, and was mild compared with the Land League of later days which was supported by Archbishop Croke of Cashel and several other Bishops. His father, Garret Cullen, was a Kildare farmer, who had been a United Irishman and a leader of Rebels in the Insurrection of 1798. My grandfather walked twenty miles each way to attend his funeral and men thronged from all parts of the county to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead Rebel. But the future Cardinal was sent to Rome when a boy and was thirty-five years out of Ireland. He was in Rome in 1848, when he developed a horror of Revolutionists and never could get over the idea that the Fenians were allied with the Carbonari. There was no basis whatever for the theory, but he assumed that there was and acted on the assumption that it was an undeniable fact. The Fenians had no connection whatever with any movement outside of Ireland except the Fenian Brotherhood in America, which was composed entirely of Irishmen and had only one object, the Independence of Ireland.

Dr. Cullen based his assumption of an alliance with the Carbonari on the fact that James Stephens while a refugee in Paris had fought at the barricades in the Red resistance to Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'etat* in 1851, and claimed that he was an enrolled member of the Communist Party. Even if he were, he never tried to convert the Fenians to Communism, and his chief lieutenants, O'Leary, Luby and Kickham, were most conservative men. But the Cardinal stuck to his theory to the last and waged unrelenting war on the organization.

The oath was wholly unnecessary and did not prevent men from turning informer, while it kept many good Nationalists from joining the organization. In America there was no oath, only a pledge of honor, but Bishop Duggan of Chicago denounced the organization as strongly as Cardinal Cullen did in Ireland. A committee waited on the Bishop and asked him what they could do to make the organization harmonize with the Church and he answered: "Give up your object." The committee replied: "But our object is the Independence of Ireland," and his answer was: "I have said you must give it up." That ended the interview. He had given accurate expression to Cardinal Cullen's attitude towards Fenianism.

The members were refused absolution when they went to confession unless they promised to give up the organization, and many thousands of them refused. The form of the question asked by the priest was: "Did you take the Fenian oath?" It never was: "Are you a member of the Fenian organization?" Many men availed themselves of this to evade trouble. One fellow in Athboy, County Meath (who later became prominent in the Hibernian organization in New York), found the oath in the reports of the Fenian trials and administered it to several men without taking it himself. This enabled him to say "No" when the priest asked, "Did you take the Fenian oath?" When he came up to Dublin to seek recognition from Stephens he was headed off by James Pallas (who later was very active in the Clan-na-Gael and the Land League in New York, and was then a young school teacher in Kildalkey and Centre for the Athboy district), and prevented from getting into the organization by fraud. There were several other similar cases.

Archbishop MacHale of Tuam—"the Lion of the Fold of Judah"—and Bishop Keane of Cloyne refused to allow their priests to carry out this plan, and when a Papal Rescript condemning the organization was issued it was not promulgated in either Diocese. This encouraged the members in their resistance, and largely counteracted the effect of the Cardinal's hostility. Skibbereen is in the Diocese of Ross, where Bishop O'Hea was a bitter enemy of the organization, but the men had only to cross a small stream to get into the Diocese of Cloyne, and they went by the score at Christmas and Easter and got absolution from a Cloyne priest. In Dublin at that time the Jesuits did not enforce the rule and men from the other parishes had only to go to Gardiner Street Church to get the sacraments denied them in their own.

But in ninety per cent. of the cases it was a flat denial of the right of the priest to ask the question and to bring politics into

the confessional. The Fenians were accused of being anti-clerical, but it was the Clericals who were anti-Fenian. And, there can be no doubt that the constant controversies and the continued altar denunciations were fast developing an anti-clerical feeling and several Fenians were temporarily estranged from the Church. The ominous cry of "No priests in politics" was heard everywhere. Had the fight continued there can hardly be any doubt that it would have resulted eventually in an anti-clerical movement in Ireland. But the fight was begun by the Church authorities on charges that had no foundation and was forced on the Fenians. Some of the altar denunciations were very unjust in their statements and were invariably followed by increased police activities. One priest in Belfast accused Luby, of whom he knew nothing, and who was a most devoted husband, of living with the wife of another man, and the Carbonari myth was constantly flung at us. Several priests were members of the organization, but they were mostly young curates, whose brothers or other near relatives belonged to it. The Parish Priests were almost unanimous in their opposition to us, even in cases where they had been in the Young Ireland Movement.

The most notable instance of this was Bishop Moriarty of Kerry who said "Hell is not hot enough nor eternity long enough to punish the Fenians". Gavan Duffy said that he was all right in 1848 and the Bishop himself defined his attitude in a public speech thus: "When I speak to you from the pulpit or in a Pastoral I speak as your Bishop, but here on this platform I'm plain David Moriarty",—which caused one enthusiast in the audience to shout: "You're our Bishop if you were boiled."

There were some comic features in the controversy, as there are in everything in Ireland. In Cork, a Blackpool boy—where they said "dis" and "dat"—went to confession and when the priest asked him if he had taken the Fenian oath he said: "I did, but what has dat to do wid me confession?" The priest answered: "'Tis an illegal society," and "de boy from the Pool" replied: "Yerra, what does I care about deir illaigal? I tinks more o' me sowl."

His theology was better than the priest's. It was illegal at one time in Ireland to go to Mass, and if Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill were in force it would be illegal for a Bishop to attach the cross to his signature to a Pastoral. The young fellow himself told the story to Charles Underwood O'Connell, with evident pride in his smart answer.

John F. Scanlan (brother of Michael, the poet of American Fenianism) told me of an incident that occurred in Chicago while Bishop Duggan was attacking the Fenians. There was a

man from his own part of Limerick who spoke with a strong brogue and who asked him every time he met him on the street: "How is the Cause?" One day Scanlan said to him: "Why don't you join the organization and do something to help the Cause?"

"Because I couldn't go to my duty if I did," he replied.

"Might I ask how long is it since you went to your duty?" asked Scanlan.

The man put his finger to his jaw reflectively and repeated the question: "How long is it since I went to my duty? Well, now, let me see. Well, to the best of my recollection, it's about forty years. But, you see, Misther Scanlan, if I wanted to go to my duty I wouldn't want to have anything stand in the way."

A public controversy on the subject was carried on in the *Irish People*, in which the hostile priests were called "felon-setters" and some of the letters pointed out that they were inciting the police to increased activity. That was undoubtedly true. My own Parish Priest, Father Hughes of Naas, only denounced the organization once, and the Peelers, who were all Catholics except Head Constable Hogg and Sergeant Johnson, knew all of us and stared at us while he informed them that an illegal society existed in the parish. That night they followed our men everywhere they went. He based his denunciation on a letter of Cardinal Barnabo (which was not official, but was published) in which the statement was made that the Pope had condemned Fenianism. I wrote a letter to the *Irish People* in which I stressed the activities of the Peelers on that Sunday evening and said that the Pope was misinformed by the English Catholic clique in Rome, and added that an Irish shoemaker was a better judge of Irish politics than his Holiness. The letter appeared in the suppressed number, but the country edition had been sent off before the seizure and I sent copies of the paper to Father Hughes and Sub-Inspector Irwin.

Next morning Father Hughes called on me at 8 o'clock, a few minutes before the mail car brought the Dublin papers containing the report of the *Irish People's* suppression. I had not signed the letter, but Father Hughes told me he knew that it was I who wrote it, because I was the only man in the town capable of doing so. I admitted I was the writer and defended my action. He said he did not come to argue with me and I said: "But you are arguing, Father Hughes, and I insist on my right to answer you." He was particularly worked up over my statement about the Irish shoemaker, which I defended. I had concluded the letter with this statement—a sort of olive branch: "Altar denunciations have failed elsewhere and it is to be hoped that Father

Hughes, who has hitherto refrained from denouncing the movement, will not again make the altar an instrument of political controversy." This seemed to please him and he said: "I have up till now kept my parish free from this trouble and you will hear no more of it," but he added, pointing to four tall poplar trees in the garden in front of the house: "But those unfortunate men will hang as high as those trees—and they deserve it." With that he took his departure. He was a dyed-in-the-wool West Briton, whose father was a gombeen man in Carlow, who left him £20,000, which he invested in the Government Funds, and he was the landlord of the premises on which I worked. He did not like being attacked in print and his statement was a surrender.

In a few minutes the mail cars drove in and the *Freeman* contained the report of the seizure of the *Irish People*. I am convinced that if Father Hughes had read it he would not have made the promise. But he kept it.

When I was arrested his servant girl told her sister, who was the wife of one of the draymen where I worked, that he clasped his hands and turning his eyes up to Heaven said: "Thank God, a firebrand is removed from amongst us." (That did not prevent him, however, from sending me his congratulations many years afterwards, through a returned visitor to Naas, on my securing a position on the *New York Herald*. He didn't know I had heard his other statement).

That incident illustrates the conditions existing in Ireland at the time. My personal experience later gives a further illustration:

Father Cody, the Chaplain of Mountjoy Prison, was a very zealous priest and a very likable man, but by no means bright—a great contrast to Father Potter, who replaced him during his vacations. His sermons were mere instructions on the catechism and when making his rounds of the cells he always carried a handful of devotional books, which had no attraction for the ordinary convicts—"The Poor Man's Catechism", "Think Well On It", St. Alphonsus Liguori's Works, or "Hell Open to Sinners"—never anything cheerful or interesting. He could not argue at all. He and I were on the best of terms, but we never discussed Irish politics.

One day he said to me: "Why don't you go to confession?" and I answered: "Sure, there would be no use because you'd ask me a question that I don't admit your right to ask."

He turned his face away, prodded the door with his big key and said: "Oh, I've nothing to do with your politics; I've nothing

to do with your politics." I took this as a promise that he would not ask me if I had taken the Fenian oath, and we arranged a day on which I would go to confession to him.

When I had finished my long story—it was five years old—for I knew there was no use in going to Father Hughes and he never said a word to me about confession, though I met him almost every day in the reading room of the Catholic Institute—Father Cody asked me: "Did you take the Fenian oath?"

I answered: "I thought you promised not to ask me that question."

"Oh, I have to ask it," he said, "it's the rule of the Diocese."

I reminded him that he belonged to one of the orders and was not subject to the jurisdiction of Archbishop Cullen. He told me he was and we proceeded to argue the question, if I may call what he said arguments. I refused to submit and we fixed another day for him to come again. This was repeated five times and on the fifth day I stood up and said: "Father Cody, I won't argue politics on my knees any more."

After I was convicted, Father Potter was in Father Cody's place and told me all the news. One day he asked me about going to confession. I told him of my experience with Father Cody and he said: "You can trust me."

I replied that I would trust him and we arranged a date for my confession. When I was through he asked: "Did you take the Fenian oath?" I replied that I did and he then asked: "When you took the oath did you believe you were committing a sin?" I said: "I did not, but, on the contrary, was doing my duty to Ireland."

"Have you ever had any scruples of conscience since about taking it?" I told him I hadn't and he said: "Make an act of contrition", and gave me absolution. I passed the word along to the other men and they all went to confession and we all went to communion on our last Sunday in Mountjoy. We fondly hoped that this ended our trouble, but we were soon undeceived.

When we got to Millbank we found Father Zanetti, a Jesuit, whose father was Italian and his mother English, as Chaplain. He had been Chaplain in Pentonville while the first group of prisoners were there and he had had long arguments with Kickham, Tom Bourke and Mulcahy, who were more than a match for him, though he was a very clever man, and he evidently resented it. We went to him shortly after our arrival and told him we had been at communion in Dublin, but he insisted on our making a general confession and the trouble started all over again.

Going behind the action of the Irish priest, he asked us if we had taken the Fenian oath and refused us absolution unless we gave it up. Some of the men yielded, but most of us refused. He visited us in our cells, and we chatted freely with him, but I never exchanged another word with him about Fenianism. He told me a story about Cardinal Manning (not then a Cardinal) giving permission to eat meat on Fridays and fast days and one Irishman asked another coming out of the church what he thought of it. "Oh, what can you expect?" said the other, "when we have a Protestant for an Archbishop?" With some Irishmen, eating meat on Fridays is worse than committing murder.

When we were removed to Portland after ten months in Millbank we found the Chaplain was named Poole, descended from a brother of Cardinal Poole of Henry the Eighth's time, a nice, kindly little man. He was overmatched in argument by some of the Fenians and all of them had refused to give up the oath. When we told him about our experiences in Dublin and Millbank, he seemed glad to be relieved of the trouble and told us he would not ask us to make a general confession. So I went to confession and received communion twice during my twelve weeks in Portland.

But I was not yet through with Father Zanetti. I was sent back to Millbank with John McClure and others for taking part in a strike in sympathy with McClure, who was put on bread and water for "idleness" when his hands were covered with blisters from handling the pick with which we worked cutting Portland stone. I went to confession and told Father Zanetti I had received absolution in Portland, but he found another way of getting around it. During my previous stay in Millbank—before my last confession—I had made an attempt to escape and had hurt a warder in the struggle for possession of his keys, for which I was very sorry, as he was a harmless poor fellow who later told me he made allowance for my state of mind and had no hard feelings against me. When I had finished my tale of sin Father Zanetti said to me: "You used violence in attempting to escape." I told him I was a prisoner of war, held by a Government which had no right whatever in Ireland, and that I was justified in using any means in trying to escape.

Then followed a long argument, in which Father Zanetti quibbled a lot. I reminded him that the warders carried heavy oak clubs and that the Civil Guard, who carried carbines, had orders to shoot a prisoner if they could not prevent his escape in any other way and that this justified me in using violence.

"Ah," said Father Zanetti, "if he had his carbine levelled and was about to shoot, you would be justified in knocking it

out of his hand or striking him." "Then it would be too late," I replied, and added: "Do you mean to tell me that God Almighty would split hairs as to whether I struck the man with a carbine a second before or a second after he had levelled it at me?"

The argument went on in this way for a long time, and at length Father Zanetti said: "I am an officer of the prison and it is my duty to see the rules enforced."

Then I stood up and said: "Father Zanetti, I came to you as a priest of the Catholic Church. I don't make any confessions to an officer of an English prison." That was the end of the confession and it was a very long time before I went to confession again. But Father Zanetti remained on good terms with me and often came to see me in my cell. I was very much surprised when Arthur O'Connor, M. P., who was an active church worker in London, and often met him, told me in New York that Father Zanetti spoke highly of me and of Thomas Francis Bourke, while he disparaged O'Donovan Rossa.

Times have changed, and there is no change more significant than the attitude of Irish Bishops towards the National Cause. From the day of the appointment of Archbishop Richardson to the See of Armagh they had been hostile to the advanced National Movement. He was President of the College of Valladolid in Spain during the Peninsular War and had given very effective help to Wellington, which, I believe, he justified on the ground of Napoleon's bad treatment of the Pope. After his appointment as Archbishop of Armagh he continued to be strongly pro-English and he nullified Daniel O'Connell's opposition to the demand of the English Government for the right to exercise a Veto on the appointment of Irish Bishops, by agreeing that the Bishops should give a pledge of "Loyalty to the King of the British Empire". From that day on the clergy of a Diocese on the death of a Bishop named three men: one, *Dignissimus* (the first choice), another, *Dignior*, and a third, *Dignus*, and sent them to Rome. During the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth—Pio Nono,—the three names selected by the clergy were usually ignored unless some one of them had a strong pro-British leaning. If none of the three was of this type, some other man saturated with anti-National feeling was appointed. This naturally had a marked effect on the Irish clergy. It was a plain intimation that priests of pronounced Nationalist opinions had no chance of promotion.

The most notable instance of this was Archbishop Croke. Born in the Diocese of Cloyne, he was a titular Bishop in Auckland, but was on a visit to Ireland when Bishop Keane of Cloyne died. He was named *Dignissimus* at the meeting of the clergy of the

Diocese, but was cast aside and a Loyal West Briton appointed to succeed the Nationalist Dr. Keane. He then went to Rome and rumor said, "made his peace". As he was about to return to New Zealand, Archbishop Leahy of Cashel died and, without being named by the clergy of the Archdiocese, he was appointed to succeed Dr. Leahy. The rumor that he had "made his peace" seemed to be partly verified by his speech at the O'Connell Centenary that same year, which was in marked contrast with his former utterances. He lauded the British Constitution, but expressed regret that Ireland did not get her share of its benefits.

The change in the attitude of the Bishops began to be noted, especially in the case of the younger men, after the heroic sacrifice of Easter Week, 1916 (which had a marked effect on the whole race). It has continued steadily ever since. It was given a strong impetus by the speech of Cardinal O'Connell at Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1918. He did not commit himself definitely to the Republican Movement, but the implications of his speech to a cheering throng of Irish Republicans in a hall profusely decorated with the Green, White and Orange Tricolor of the Republic were all in justification of the demand for it.

It was the first time that a Prince of the Church had appeared at such a meeting and given his adhesion to the movement for the Complete Independence of Ireland. Cardinal O'Connell blazed the way and others soon followed.

At the great Convention in Philadelphia on Washington's Birthday, 1919—the greatest and most representative gathering of Irishmen ever held anywhere—Cardinal Gibbons, who had up to then opposed the advanced movement (but had never attacked it) stood in his purple robes, with twenty-eight Bishops fresh from a meeting in Washington sitting around him, and gave his blessing to the movement which Cardinal Cullen had anathematized and which Pius IX had condemned in a Rescript. As I stood behind the venerable Cardinal, noting the evidence of the tremendous change, my mind went back to the days when we were cursed from nearly every altar in Ireland and I nearly broke down. No other such revolutionary change had occurred in my time.

And yet there were some well meaning, but shortsighted Irishmen, under the evil influence of a cold blooded cynic, who opposed and tried to frustrate the steps leading up to that splendid spectacle. They were told that inviting Cardinal O'Connell to Madison Square Garden would give a sectarian character to the meeting, would antagonize Protestant Ulster and produce

a bad effect in Infidel France and Atheist Italy, and give the movement a setback. But we went ahead, knowing that the chief thing needed was the Unity of the Race on a reasonable and progressive policy and the breaking down of the English Propaganda in America. That Unity could be best secured and the world convinced of our strength by aligning the Hierarchy on our side.

In describing Fenianism to Sir Horace Plunkett at a dinner in the house of Justice Martin J. Keogh in New Rochelle some years ago, I said: "We'd have beaten the Bishops only for the English Government, and we'd have beaten the English Government but for the Bishops, but a combination of the two was too much for us." That was really what the Fenians had to face.

It is sincerely to be hoped that in the future progress of Ireland towards complete National Independence—which connotes the severance of every remaining political link with the British Empire—the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church in Ireland will be found solidly arrayed behind their people in the endeavor to attain the inevitable goal of the Irish Nation.

PART III.

CHAPTER XIX.

FENIANISM IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

ELEMENT OF THE MOVEMENT MOST DANGEROUS TO ENGLAND—IMPORTANCE OF THE TRAINED MAN IN IRISH INSURRECTIONS—FENIAN SOLDIERS IN BRITISH SERVICE REMAINED LOYAL TO THE ORGANIZATION WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS.

THE element of Fenianism which gave the movement its greatest hope of success from the military point of view, and made it most dangerous to England, was the organization in the British army. Properly utilized it would have supplied Ireland with a large body of trained fighting men and correspondingly weakened and demoralized the forces of the enemy at the very outset of the contemplated insurrection.

In 1865 and the beginning of 1866 that organization was still intact and could have been used to deal England a decisive blow. It would have supplied the nucleus of a trained army, under conditions more favorable to Ireland than had ever existed since the Anglo-Norman invasion. It was not utilized, and when, after many postponements, the shattered and broken movement undertook to strike, the organization in the army was gone, its best men were in prison and the disaffected regiments scattered all over the British Empire.

Irish insurrections in the past had all failed because of lack of the essentials of military success—trained men, educated officers, arms and ammunition. In 1848 there were neither arms, ammunition, trained men, officers nor organization, and the attempt at rebellion was doomed to ignominious failure from the start. Yet in Ireland at that time there were fully twice as many men fit to fight as there were in 1798. It was the precipitancy in taking the field without any preparation which caused the utter failure.

The United Irishmen had a fine organization and plenty of pikes in 1798, but few firearms of any kind. Outside of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Thomas Russell, who had been officers in the British army, William Aylmer, who had been a Lieutenant of Militia, one or two men who had seen some service in France and several who had received a partial training in the Volunteers,

their leaders were all untrained civilians. Yet they inflicted many defeats on the English forces and killed or wounded thousands of the enemy in a few weeks of fighting.

The United Irishmen depended on a French invasion to supply the basis of their military organization and arms and ammunition. The principal French expedition, under Hoche, in 1796, failed to land; when the second, scarcely numbering a thousand men, under Humbert, landed at Killala, in August, 1798, the insurrection had been crushed, and it was two months later (October 11, 1798) when the last one, in which Wolfe Tone was an officer, was destroyed in Lough Swilly. Had even a small force like Humbert's landed in May or June while large bodies of insurgents were still in the field, the result would certainly have been very different.

But the thing which was most disastrous of all to the United Irishmen was their rejection of the offer of the Irish militia sergeants to deliver up Dublin Castle in 1797. Had the leaders accepted it the insurrection could not have fared worse than it actually did, and if the militiamen had made good, Irish history would have been written very differently. The effect on the rest of the militia, many of the yeomen and the Irishmen in the regular army would undoubtedly have been very great. Even in the face of many failures a number of militiamen and yeomen deserted to the Rebels, and it is entirely reasonable to suppose that thousands would have done so if Dublin Castle had fallen.

But civilians decided a purely military question, and the insurrection of 1798 failed. The same thing occurred in the case of the Fenians, and the military result was even worse.

Hugh O'Neill began his eight years war (1595-1603) with a small, but well trained force, and at Clontibret and the Yellow Ford inflicted crushing defeats on English armies led by England's best Generals and superior in numbers and equipment. For 400 years before O'Neill's time the Irish were virtually able to maintain their independence and confine English authority within the narrow limits of the Pale by reason of the fact that every clansman was a trained soldier and every clan a military unit, easily mobilized, able to get its simple weapons and plenty of food and clothing within its own territory, and because Ireland, always an easily defended country, was then practically covered with woods.

In the struggle with Cromwell (1641-52), in spite of civilian and foreign interference, they made a splendid military record because of the fact that Owen Roe O'Neill, a great soldier, who had held Arras against Conde and Turenne, the greatest Generals

of their time, was able to bring from Spain 200 veteran Irish officers, who helped him to create a small, but well disciplined army. He avoided pitched battles until his men were fully trained, and then he gave his little army the best training of all—the training of battle. And what Owen Roe did at Benburb against an enemy much superior in numbers and equipment can always be done with Irish soldiers when they are ably led. Their superb soldierly qualities are recognized by all military men whose opinion is worth having.

In the war between William and James (1689-91) which, aside from its poor politics, was a military contest between Ireland and England—in which England was aided by a Dutch force and by German mercenaries—the Irish were able to hold out for two years against heavy odds in men and armament because they had a small, but well-trained force and many trained officers to serve as a nucleus of their army. And they might, by enlisting a larger force, have won in the end but for the cowardice, avarice and treachery of the English King in whose cause they wasted their valor.

The important element in all this, and in the whole period prior thereto since the English Invasion, from 1169 to 1595, was the trained man.

The same was true of the Fenian movement. There were in Ireland in 1865 about 26,000 British regular troops. Of these, as already mentioned, 8,000 were sworn Fenians. Not less than sixty per cent. of the rank and file of the ENTIRE British forces were Irish, including those of immediate Irish ancestry born in England and Scotland, and at that period the latter were among the sturdiest Irishmen alive. In the British military establishment stationed outside of Ireland, we had 7,000 I. R. B. men. Then the Militia in Ireland, which was not under arms because the government dared not call it out, numbered some 12,000 men—more than half of whom were in our organization.

When, in addition, the fact is borne in mind that we had such a large number of American officers in Ireland—to say nothing of the hundreds of others who were ready to come over—it must be admitted that trained men were available in abundance, and had the Insurrection started as originally planned, it would have been one of the most formidable with which England ever had to deal.

True, our civilian forces were insufficiently armed, but the large supply of rifles, ammunition and equipment stored in British arsenals in Ireland could certainly be captured by well-planned, determined attacks.

Most of the British commissioned officers were at that time even more incompetent than they proved themselves to be in the Boer War, and the regiments were really run by the Adjutants and the non-coms. The latter included a large proportion of Irish sergeants, and hundreds of these were Fenians. Besides the men stationed in Ireland, many of the best Fenian regiments were at important strategic points in England. A Fenian at the War Office could not have placed them to greater advantage.

Some "wiseacres" who know nothing of the facts have undertaken to prove by mere assertion that the Fenians could not have relied on the Irish soldiers in the British army; that they were mere pothouse patriots, with neither sincerity of purpose nor stamina. The opinions of such men are worthless. The scores of Irish soldiers who bore long terms of imprisonment for their part in Fenianism, gave ample proof of their sincerity. The measures taken by the British Government for the suppression of the organization in the army bore striking testimony to its belief in the genuineness of the danger.

My testimony ought to be worth something in the matter of the reliability of the Fenian soldiers of the British army. For months while my name was in the *Hue and Cry*—a fact known to scores of soldiers—I mixed freely among them, in Dublin, at the Curragh Camp, and in Athlone, arranging plans, assigning men to special duty, swearing in new members, and encouraging the old ones, and I was arrested only after four months of this work, through a spy, against whom I had been fully warned, but whom I had to face because of civilian blundering, in order to try to avert a threatened danger. No man whom I really trusted, or who was trusted by my predecessors in charge of the organization in the army, betrayed the cause, and with the exception of two or three Government spies, the men who gave testimony against their fellows were all trapped by lying stories while they were on starvation diet and practically deserted in Arbor Hill Military Prison, and then they did not tell a tenth part of what they really knew. The rest of the 15,000 remained loyal and true to the last.

I got the *Hue and Cry*—the secret publication of the police—out of the Government Printing office, each week, through two compositors who have been dead for many years. All the Catholic printers except one were searched every evening as they were leaving the office. The one exception was John Podesta, who was born in Dublin of Italian parents, and they thought it unlikely that he would be a Fenian. But he was. He took a copy of the *Hue and Cry* as soon as it came off the press, carried it

outside and handed it to Michael Clohessy, who had already been searched, and I had it within an hour. There was not a Government Department, not even excepting the police, in which we had not friends who served us faithfully and promptly at that time.

As to the wiseacres' theories about the folly of trusting to mutinous soldiers, they are sufficiently refuted by modern history, without going back to ancient Rome or Byzantium. Before the days of Fenianism, but within the memory of men then still young, whole French regiments had gone over to Parisian insurgents, and helped to change the Government. Spanish and Spanish-American Governments had been frequently overturned by the army. The most formidable revolt which England has ever had to face in India originated in 1857 in a mutiny of her own Sepoys, and they led it from start to finish.

That kind of thing is still going on in the world. Within recent times the Young Turks deposed Abdul Hamid by marching a whole division of the regular army on Constantinople. And later still, the army and the navy combined toppled the King of Portugal off his throne and set up a Republic. All through human history military revolts have played a most important part; Governments still fear them and revolutionists devote much of their time and energy, with good reason, to bringing them about.

The Fenians missed making history in a similar manner, not through any failure of their organization in the British army, but because their civilian leaders failed to use it while it was ready to their hand.

CHAPTER XX.

"PAGAN" O'LEARY.

FIRST ORGANIZER APPOINTED BY STEPHENS TO PROPAGATE FENIANISM
IN THE BRITISH ARMY—SWORE IN THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS—HIS
"PAGANISM" MERELY AN ECCENTRICITY—DIED RECONCILED TO THE
CHURCH.

No account of Fenianism in the British army would be complete without a sketch of "Pagan" O'Leary, who was the first man appointed by James Stephens to take charge of the work. The "Pagan" was a unique character. A fanatic on the question of Irish Nationality and Roman interference in Irish affairs, he was generous and charitable to a fault, and under the disguise of stern looks and harsh words carried a heart as tender as a woman's. His "Paganism" was only a distorted kind of Nationalism.

His real name was Patrick O'Leary and he was born in or near Macroom—"in old Ibh Laoghaire by the Hills"—about 1825 or 1826. His age can only be estimated by the fact that in 1846 when the Mexican War broke out, he was a very young man studying for the priesthood in an American Catholic college, the walls of which he scaled to enlist in a regiment going to the front. He took part in several battles and was hit in one of them by a spent ball at the top of the forehead. It left an indentation that was quite visible and easily felt with the fingers. This undoubtedly affected his mind to the extent of making him very eccentric.

His eccentricity took the form of a sort of religious mania. He hated Rome and England with equal intensity, and his queer notion was that after driving out the English, Ireland should return to the old Paganism. He was not really a Pagan, but an anti-Roman Catholic. He never talked of the old Pagan worship or beliefs, but was eloquent in extolling the superiority of Tir-na-nOg over the Christian Heaven. He did not seem to doubt the existence of either of them and talked as if a man could make his own choice as to where he would go after death.

In Tir-na-nOg not only were the old Gaelic sports carried on and fine horses and good hunting dogs available, but the company was of the best. Fionn MacCumhail, Ossian, Oscar, Goll MacMorna, Diarmuid Ua Duibhne and the rest of the Fenian

heroes and the beautiful women they fought and sang about were all there, and he had no doubt that Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, Owen Roe, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet had all found their way to Tir-na-nOg. But Dermot MacMurrough, the Queen's O'Neills, O'Donnells and MacGuires, and others who sold their country to Elizabeth; Jimmy O'Brien and the other informers of 1798; Paul Cullen (as he called the Archbishop of Dublin), and Sullivan Goulah could never gain admission.

After he returned to America in 1871 and learned what had occurred while he was in prison he added Pierce Nagle, Corydon, Massey and Bishop Moriarty to the list of the excluded. These he assumed would be all in Heaven, though he would have preferred to have them in the other place, and no true Irishman would want to associate with them, either in this world or the next. One of his chief grievances against the Church was the giving of the last rites to traitors, informers and enemies of the people. His Heaven was entirely Irish. His conception of it was Nationalism gone mad.

"The Pagan" had his particular grievances against St. Patrick, which made him drop the name. He claimed that the Apostle of Ireland had demoralized the Irish by teaching them to forgive their enemies. Any man who did that was a poltroon. It was like listening to the dialogue between Ossian, back from Tir-na-nOg, and St. Patrick. As knowledge of that story was common all over Munster when "The Pagan" was young, he had probably often heard it recited, and it became his Bible.

Before St. Patrick's time, he said, the Gaels had the finest life of any people on earth. They sent expeditions to Britain, Gaul and Spain and came back with their galleys laden with the spoils of war—gold, silver and beautiful women—enriching the land thereby, especially with the fine women. St. Patrick had put an end to all that and now the people, except a few in whom the old spirit had survived, were good for nothing but "thumping their craws and telling their beads." That was what made the Gael an easy prey for the Dane, the Norman and the Saxon.

Another grievance "The Pagan" had against the "Eyetalian" Church was that there was a monopoly of the saints for the priests and the monks; and he did not appear to have any doubt about these saints having the choice places in Heaven. "Did you ever hear of them making a saint of a poor devil of a soldier?" he would ask. And his hearers, being generally unable to recall the names of the warriors who had been canonized, were put to silence.

But his religious notions were entirely political, and his favorite expression about the ranting partisans of England was that he would "rather be a louse on a rat's back than an Orangeman." And when stripped to be put into the convict clothes in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, they found a scapular and an Agnus Dei hanging from his neck.

After his conviction he was asked the usual question about his religion and he answered that he was a Pagan—"an old Milesian Pagan." They told him they had no Pagans in the prison and he assured them they had one. Well, he must attend religious service of some kind, and they had only Catholics, Protestants and Jews, so he must make his choice. He refused and after the first Sunday was put on a bread and water diet.

The next Sunday he refused again and the dose of bread and water was repeated. He was brought before the Governor and said to him: "I see you want to starve me so that I'll be no good when the fight comes. Well, if I must have some religion, I'd rather be a beggar than a robber. Put me down as a Papist." After that, during his seven years in prison he attended Mass every Sunday, and, in England, was brought to the chapel every morning for religious instruction, which was always accompanied by the singing of hymns, and on Sunday evenings to vespers.

But among the convicts in Woking—the invalid prison—he ranted his "Paganism", to the great scandal and annoyance of the other Fenian prisoners, and at last was called to task by Roantree, who taunted him with insincerity because he wore the scapular and the Agnus Dei. It was then "The Pagan" explained that he kept them only as a keepsake from his mother. This incident, which took place among a lot of Englishmen, resulted in his developing an insane hatred for Roantree, and he circulated the most absurd stories about him. The confinement had greatly intensified "The Pagan's" mental aberration.

After our release from prison in 1871 and while we were in Washington as the guests of the city, we found that "The Pagan" had told several of our Irish friends that Roantree was a British spy. Fortunately for him, Roantree did not hear of it, but it had to be stopped somehow to prevent a scandal. Acting on the assumption that he was a man of unbalanced mind, I got four or five of the younger ex-prisoners together and we concocted a plan. We sent for "The Pagan" and I informed him that we were a courtmartial to try the case. We would hear all the evidence he had against Roantree and if he was guilty we would sentence him to death and "The Pagan" would be the executioner. But if "The Pagan" failed to prove his case we would kill him for bringing a false charge against a good man.

The plan worked splendidly. "The Pagan" at once agreed to the terms and before an hour had passed admitted that he had no evidence whatever. He did not mean that Roantree was a traitor exactly. But he was a crawling slave who went down on his knees to the "English-Eyetalian soul-savers" in the prison. We then told him that the death penalty would surely be inflicted if he ever repeated the charge; he promised good behavior and kept his word. We could hardly keep ourselves from laughing during the proceedings, but "The Pagan" took them as seriously as he did his grandmother's stories about the fairies when he was a child, and he was most discreet in his behavior during the rest of our week's stay in Washington.

After the Mexican War, O'Leary learned the trade of a carpenter and roamed all over the United States and some of Mexico. He finally settled down in New York and joined the Fenian Brotherhood soon after its organization. One of his favorite habits was to go down to Castle Garden and watch the immigrants landing. He would question them about conditions in the Old Land and if he met a young fellow who was friendless and found him to be a Nationalist he would take him to his boarding house and keep him until he secured him employment.

His impatient spirit chafed at the slowness of the Fenian work and he made several trips to Ireland to see things for himself. Then he would return to America to hurry them up.

"The Pagan" spent very little money on himself, but was very liberal in his contributions to the cause and in helping good men who were in need. Stephens was hard pressed for money in 1863, and hearing it from Luby, who was then in America, "The Pagan" gave him \$100 to take to "The Captain". Later he sent him \$46 by Roantree, when he was returning to Ireland. We have the evidence of it in the letters seized at Luby's house and in one found on Michael Moore, the pikemaker, when he was arrested. They were read in evidence at the trials.

Moore, who was then in Troy, N. Y., wanted to go home to Dublin and "The Pagan" told him to get the members in Troy to subscribe to buy him a rifle. Then "The Pagan's" letter continues:

"If I had it to spare I would pay your passage money myself, but you are aware of my sending \$146 on to No. 1—that is, \$100 by the *Doctor* and \$46 by Bill Roantree, which leaves me short at present. Saint Sylvester McDermott is here at present from the West. He says he is going to Ireland. I do not know whether he is or not, and I don't care a damn either way about the lying, Slavish Wretch."

This allusion is to "Red Jim" McDermott, who later was notorious as a British spy. With all his eccentricities, "The Pagan"

was a good judge of character. "The Doctor" was Thomas Clarke Luby.

Richard Pigott, the traitor and forger, who always pretended to have inside information about the Fenians, says in his "Recollections of An Irish Journalist" that "The Pagan's" real name was Murphy. I knew a nephew of his named Murphy, who was clerk of the Relief Committee during the visit of Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Dillon to America in 1880, but I assumed that he was his sister's son. The conclusion of the letter to Moore seems to settle the question of the right name. It says:

"And when you write to me for ever after this, always address me as follows: 'O'Laoghari, H. R. and M. P.' The cursed English way of spelling my name is O'Leary, and the old Ancient Milesian Pagan way of spelling it is O'Laoghari. O'Leary is English, I curse it. O'Laoghari is Milesian, I bless it.

"O'Laoghari

"Hereditary Rebel and Milesian Pagan."

This letter was dated, 69 Crosby Street, New York, September 22, 1863. "The Pagan" sailed from Boston for Galway on October 6 of the same year.

I met him first in Denieffe's tailoring establishment in Ann Street, Dublin, soon after he came over that time, and, in spite of his odd manner and speech, I was greatly impressed with his sincerity.

He was an inveterate smoker, but never used tobacco on which duty had been paid to England, and never drank liquor, tea or coffee for the same reason. He was the first Sinn Feiner and he preached the doctrine in season and out, sometimes with embarrassing results. A waiter at the "Ship" or the "Ormond" would ask him: "Will you have tea or coffee, sir?" and he would at once and in loud voice read him a lecture on the foolishness of putting money in the pocket of the British Government and helping to support "Mrs. Brown"—as he always called Queen Victoria. When his American tobacco ran out he would try to find a Yankee ship—they sometimes came to Dublin in those days—and would fast till he could renew the supply from a sailor. But he preached temperance for its own sake, as well as to injure the British Treasury.

Pierce Nagle, the informer, swore at the trial of Luby that "The Pagan", when in Dublin, slept in the *Irish People* office and spent much of his time casting bullets. As Nagle was a matter-of-fact sort of a scoundrel who did not deviate very much from the truth in his testimony and was himself employed in the office, this statement was probably true. A free dormitory would

be quite consistent with "The Pagan's" idea of economy, and casting bullets at the headquarters of the organization, under the very noses of the police, would be in accord with the reckless disregard of ordinary considerations of prudence which characterized much of the Fenian action at that time.

After swearing in thousands of soldiers and never having met with a refusal, "The Pagan" made his first mistake on the Bridge of Athlone in 1864. He met a soldier there, got into talk with him and tried to make a Fenian of him. The soldier led him on until he committed himself by asking him to take the oath and then called a policeman who was standing at one end of the bridge. There was another "Peeler" at the other end, so there was no escape and he was arrested. He was tried at the next assizes and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He was the first of the Fenians to wear the "convict grey".

We knew the time of his arrival at the Broadstone station and arranged to cheer him up by conveying to him the news which Stephens had just sent out, "the fight will be next year." Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, who had only recently become Rossa's third wife, and the wife of Denis Cromien, the man who built St. John's Church in Thomas Street, went up to him as he stepped from the train, shook hands with him, and after a few words Mrs. Rossa said: "John Hughes is coming home next year." William F. Roantree, James O'Connor, Dan Downing, Con O'Mahony and I were standing near, so O'Leary took in the situation at once and his face lighted up.

John Hughes was "The Pagan's" particular friend in New York and he had promised to go to Ireland for the fight. So when John Hughes was "coming over next year" that meant that the fight was to take place in 1865, and the Peelers who heard the remark were none the wiser. John Hughes didn't go over, nor did a great many others in America who had made similar promises, but the fault was not theirs. Between postponements in Ireland and the disastrous Split in America, the organization was only a shattered remnant when the attempt to fight was made in March, 1867.

"The Pagan" had a number of queer photographs taken in New York before going over on his last trip to Ireland which illustrated the odd character of the man. He was dressed in a Garibaldian shirt, but gray, instead of red, and from his belt hung two revolvers and a bowie knife. One of his hands pointed to a black flag, hanging from a horizontal staff, with a skull and cross bones displayed on it, and over them the words, "Independence or ———?" He was a small, wiry man, with good

features, an aquiline nose and clear, blue-grey eyes. His hair, mustache and "imperial" were perfectly white, and he looked much older than he actually was.

After his release in 1871 he settled for a time in New York, but soon resumed his roving habits and his old friends hardly ever knew where to find him until he entered the Soldiers' Home in Norfolk, Va., where he died many years ago, fully reconciled to the Church. Before he left New York he was once taken ill and immediately sent for a priest and obtained the consolations of religion. He was hardly out of bed when he began to pitch into the "Eyetalians" as fiercely as ever, so some waggish friends played a practical joke on him to test the reality of his "Paganism". They put some stuff in his coffee which made him very sick for a short time and he promptly sent for a priest again. After that his attacks on the Church became less and less frequent until eventually they ceased entirely.

This queer, unbalanced man, who was more like a survival of the fifth century than a modern Irishman, was able, in spite of his mental defects, to bring into existence the element in Fenianism that was most really dangerous to England, and would have proved to be most effective in the struggle if the Fenian leadership had been equal to the occasion. Self-sacrifice and devotion were common enough among the Fenians, whatever other qualities they may have lacked, and no Irishman who ever lived was more devoted or self-sacrificing than Patrick O'Leary who called himself "The Pagan".

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE BRITISH ARMY WAS "ORGANIZED".

WILLIAM FRANCIS ROANTREE SUCCEEDED "PAGAN" O'LEARY AS ORGANIZER OF FENIANISM IN THE ARMY, AND DID MOST EFFECTIVE WORK.

THE organization in the British army was not started by "Pagan" O'Leary. Some "Centres" in garrison towns had sworn in soldiers, and a few men already enrolled had enlisted, but Stephens discountenanced the work of spreading the movement in the army. It was impossible, however, to reach all of those who were doing work in that line, as no record was kept of those who had enlisted. So the swearing in of soldiers went on irregularly, though the number for a while was not large.

Two young teachers from the Skibbereen district of Cork, who had been up for training in the Agricultural School at Glasnevin, had some trouble in the school, and enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment of Foot. Their names were Driscoll and Sullivan, and they were both members. They started to work immediately and swore in a good many men in their own regiment and in the Eighty-fourth, both of which were then stationed in Dublin. Con O'Mahony of Macroom, who was Stephens' secretary, Dan Downing of Skibbereen, who was a clerk in the *Irish People* office, James O'Connor and I were walking in the Phoenix Park one Sunday in 1863 when the two young soldiers came along and I was introduced to them. In the course of the talk I found they were quite sanguine about getting the great majority of the Irishmen in the army. They themselves, without money or civilian help, had already sworn in several hundred men.

The progress which those two young fellows had made was the main factor in breaking down the objections of Stephens, but he did not yield until he and "The Pagan" had a very hot argument. "The Pagan" had already started to work and he threatened that, if Stephens stopped him, he would return to America and tell the men there that Stephens was opposed to demoralizing the army of the enemy. The general sentiment was on "The Pagan's" side and Stephens at last yielded and appointed O'Leary Chief Organizer for the British Army.

"The Pagan" set to work in his own way and went where he liked, coming back occasionally to report to Stephens. He spent

very little money, and none at all on drink. Besides being naturally a sober man, he had the prejudice already described against using anything that put money into the British Treasury. His plan of work was very simple. Men already sworn in would tell him of friends in their own or other regiments, or the civilian Fenians in garrison towns would introduce him to their acquaintances among the soldiers. In that way most of the men he met were already vouched for. He would make appointments to meet them either in a friend's house or on a country road, and he would talk to them in groups and swear them in separately.

An old soldier knew how to talk to soldiers, and "The Pagan's" talks were most effective. In his rough and ready way he told them of the use to which England put them while they were young and healthy and the hard lot of the maimed and crippled veteran who was left to beg on the streets or to die in the poor-house. The few who lived to get a pension after twenty-one years' service were the exceptions.

But the most effective part of his appeals was where he described the heartless evictions, many of them carried out with bodies of troops to overawe the people, and the sufferings of the victims on the emigrant ships and after their arrival in America. He had seen thousands of them and could speak from personal knowledge, while many of his hearers were themselves victims of the Clearances, or had relatives who were. And he pictured the man who would fire on his own flesh and blood for England's shilling a day as worse than a dog.

In those days bloody fights between Irish and English regiments were very common in the garrisons, and the Irish always won. I remember seeing one desperate battle between the Eighty-seventh and a regiment of Guards—either the Coldstreams or the Scots Fusiliers—and the Faug-a-Ballaghs chased the Guardsmen all along the Quays from near the Royal Barracks and over one of the bridges to near Carlisle Bridge on Aston's Quay, where they captured the man they were after, in spite of his comrades and a large body of police, and threw him into the Liffey. He was rescued by a man in a boat and the fight ended. The provost guard had often to be called out at Aldershot and the Curragh to quell an Anglo-Irish riot in which serious wounds were inflicted with belt buckles and pewter quarts.

With rough eloquence "The Pagan" would touch the race pride of the Irish soldiers by showing how they themselves could smash the English army and give Ireland a sweet revenge for seven hundred years of robbery, persecution and slavery. All this would not be said in the form of a speech, but conversa-

tionally and in detached pieces. He got the men to help him by telling their own experiences and what had driven them to join the army. Many of these stories were tragic. In those days the Irishmen in the British army were of fine physique and many of them had received a good primary education. When later I came to know them I was amazed at their intelligence. Many of the sergeants were men fit to hold commissions and had in them the material for competent regimental commanders. And they were not all Catholics.

"The Pagan" swore in soldiers in all sorts of places,—not a few in sentry boxes, while yet on duty with rifles in their hands. They were all over Ireland, but mainly in the chief garrison towns and at the Curragh Camp. Some of the regiments were moved to England and the work went on without interruption. In the North of England and Scotland, where there were a great many Irishmen, soldiers and civilian Fenians speedily got into touch, and it was easy to transmit messages.

But "The Pagan's" work was mainly propagandist and, as it was all done in about a year, the organization that resulted was rather loose. Probably "The Pagan" would not have been able to do any better if he had the time. Some weeks after O'Leary's arrest, William Francis Roantree was appointed in his place by Stephens.

Roantree was born in Leixlip, County Kildare. His father was an auctioneer doing a good business, and he himself was trained as a butcher. He had several brothers, all of whom were Fenians, except one, who in after years was an Inspector of National Schools. William Roantree had served for some time in the American Navy and had seen some service with the famous filibusterer, General Walker, in Nicaragua. He had returned to Ireland in 1861 and started the Fenian work in Leixlip, where there was soon one of the largest Circles in the country. It included strong contingents in Maynooth, Celbridge, Lucan and other towns in Kildare and Dublin. As he was a man of fine physique and military appearance, with good manners, he was a great contrast to his predecessor, and no better selection could have been made.

Roantree had for assistants James Rynd, a Kerryman, who was in the Dublin Fire Brigade, and, I think, had served in the Irish Papal Brigade; Thomas Baines, a Sligo man, who had also been for a time in the Fire Brigade; and, towards the end, Jack Mullen, a Dublin man, who had seen some service in the Federal Navy in the earlier part of the Civil War. In after years Mullen turned out rather poorly and was never much of an acquisition to the organizing staff.

Roantree whipped the organization in the army into better shape and it advanced rapidly under his management. He got in touch with the men in the garrisons in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Fermoy, Buttevant, Athlone, Mullingar, Dundalk, Belfast, Derry, Enniskillen and the Curragh Camp, and picked out one man for "Centre" of each of the regiments. I found them all to be very intelligent men.

I became acquainted with several of these men, while Roantree was still in charge, through my close personal relations with him. I accompanied him on several of his visits to the men stationed in Dublin and met those at the Curragh Camp when I went with him to the Curragh races.

When I took Roantree's place I found he had appointed Patrick Keating, a handsome six feet two Clareman, as "Centre" of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. When a much younger man Keating had enlisted in the Sixth Carbineers, and his family had "bought him out." During that enlistment he was on John Mitchel's escort when they took him away to the ship in 1848, and again, in his second term, he was on the Luby escort. The thought of it was too much for him, and as he saw Luby taken from the van into Mountjoy Prison he burst into tears. The sight of the helmeted dragoon, sword in hand, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, made him a marked man, and he was one of the first soldiers arrested in 1866. He died of heart disease, a prisoner in Western Australia.

Many of the Fenian soldiers made no effort to disguise their sympathies and some of them were very reckless. One day in 1865, I met eight six-footers of the Fifth Dragoons, marching in twos, in close order, with their light canes held as swords, and all singing "O'Donnell Abu," as they swung into Castle Street past the Upper Castle Yard, and the infantry guard across the street standing inside the rails and grinning approvingly. At the Curragh races in June, 1865, Roantree introduced me to a lot of soldiers, and he loaded a jaunting car with a group of them to drive them over to the Camp. Roantree, Dan Byrne of Ballitore (who worked in one of the canteens), William Dunphy of Mountmellick, and I were the only civilians. Among the soldiers was Thomas Hassett, a Corkman, who had served in the "Pope's Brigade," but was then in the Twenty-fourth Foot, and who was afterwards one of the six men rescued from Western Australia by the *Catalpa* expedition. Of their own accord the soldiers struck up "The Rising of the Moon," and we tried in vain to stop them. They continued to sing till the car swung into the streets of the Camp and there were approving smiles from scores of soldiers as we passed the doors of the huts.

Roantree was arrested, with several others, on the night the *Irish People* was seized—September 15, 1865—and warrants were issued for the arrest of Rynd and Baynes, who, being well known to the detectives, had to keep out of sight. Later both were arrested. Rynd, against whom there was little evidence, was released on bail, but Bayne was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The latter was released in Western Australia in 1869 (with John Kenealy and several others), and went to San Francisco, where he died. James Rynd died in Boston.

Roantree, shortly after his arrest, was tried and sentenced to penal servitude for ten years. He was released at the same time as John O'Leary, Thomas Clarke Luby, O'Donovan Rossa, and a number of others in 1871, and came to America. After spending some time in New York he settled in Philadelphia, where he became a traveller for a large wholesale house. About the year 1900 he returned to Ireland, and secured employment under the Dublin Corporation. He died in that city in 1918, at the age of 89.

On the night of the seizure of the *Irish People* several soldiers came out over the barrack walls to find out what was up and to convey the news to their comrades inside. They thought there might be a fight. As a majority of the men on guard at the barrack gates, and several of the sergeants, were Fenians, they had no difficulty in getting back, and not a man of them was punished. For several weeks after the arrests, the work in the army necessarily was brought to a standstill and new conditions came into existence.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"ORGANIZATION" SYSTEMATIZED IN THE ARMY.

STEPHENS APPOINTED DEVOY "CHIEF ORGANIZER OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN IRELAND"—ASSISTANTS WELL QUALIFIED FOR THE WORK.

FOR several weeks after the arrest of Roantree the organization in the army was left to drift along without attention. Many of the men, however, had acquaintances among the members of the civil organization in the various garrison towns, especially in Dublin, and some kind of irregular communication was kept up with the soldiers—enough to let them know that, in spite of the numerous arrests, the organization was still intact and that the intention to fight remained.

There was a sharp lookout for Stephens, which made it necessary for him to keep very quiet, but, as long as the head of the organization remained uncaptured, the spirit of confidence continued unbroken. For a short time Edward (Ned) Duffy was the medium of communication between Stephens and the organization. Duffy's practice was to interview the men in the back parlor of a quiet, very well kept house across the Grand Canal at Baggot Street Bridge, where a young man of unusual intelligence and good manners, named Hogan, was manager. On my return from a trip through southern Kildare and Queens County, on which I had been sent, I met Duffy there one evening in October, in company with General Halpin, Colonel Kelly, Edmund O'Donovan and John Ryan of Liverpool. After a preliminary lecture about stories of dissatisfaction among the men over lack of preparation, and a rather extravagant expression of his personal confidence in "The Captain", Duffy handed me a letter, with "Dev." on the envelope. I opened it and found a document which I took the risk of preserving; it is in my possession as I write. I gave it to my eldest sister for safe keeping, and she sewed it up in her muff, where it remained securely for many years, and I brought it to America in 1879 on my return from a trip to Ireland. The document was as follows:

. "Thursday, Oct. 26, 1865.

"My Dear Friend:

"There is a lull just now on the part of the enemy, and we should make the utmost of it. To this end I hereby appoint you Chief Organizer of the British troops here in Ireland. While in this service your allowance will be £3 a

week, but this sum must cover your support, travelling expenses and refreshment to any soldier you may have to meet. I also authorize you to appoint a staff of eight men to act under you. Two of these should be civilians and the other six soldiers. All should be staunch, steady men. Use your best judgment in their appointment, but make them rapidly as you can. The allowance to each of the two civilians (your aides) may be from 15s. to £1-10s. a week, according to the circumstances and requirements of the men. The soldiers (unless they be men of superior tact and judgment) should not be given much money. Five to ten shillings a week would be amply sufficient for most of them, but, should you meet with a really clever and reliable man, don't hesitate about allowing him £1 a week. Should you find it wise to add to the number of your military aides, let me know. Bearer will give you £6. Send me weekly returns of expenses.

"Yours faithfully,

"J. STEPHENS.

"P. S.—Send off the man you write about.

"Be very prudent now. You owe me this, to justify the appointment of so young a man to so responsible a post."

I never drew a salary and never paid one to any of the assistants I appointed. We all subsisted on enough to barely pay our expenses. The men I appointed were all civilians. I used plenty of soldiers in the work, but gave none of them any more than an occasional half crown or shilling, and then only when necessary, except to William Curry of the 87th. He was an invaluable man, intelligent, prompt, reliable, always sober, and his expenses never exceeded £2 a week, and were usually under £1.

I hesitated about undertaking the heavy responsibility, but Colonel Kelly assured me he would be always ready to give me direction and advice, so, with the understanding that I would report to him every day and take his orders, I finally accepted. As there were warrants out for both of us, the arrangement must seem to people of the present day to be rather reckless, but to men with our knowledge of the Irish police and our contempt for their masters at the Castle, it seemed perfectly feasible then. And it proved to be so for four months of incessant conflict with the Government, in which every energy of the officials was put forth in vain.

I did not make any appointments immediately, and some of them not for several weeks, but I may as well describe the men now. Jack Mullen was already on the staff and I kept him on by Kelly's advice, as he had a wide acquaintance with the men in the regiments of the Dublin garrison, and through him I was made known to them. He had an uncle in some position in the Castle who informed him after we had been working a few weeks that the police were after him. So, as many of the detec-

tives knew him I allowed him to go over to Liverpool for safety and I saw him no more. The others were Edward Pilsworth and Denis Duggan.

Besides these, I was usually accompanied by a group of three or four stalwart men—all of whom were “wanted” by the police and could not go home—so as to be ready to resist arrest. The men most often with me besides Duggan and Pilsworth, were Matthew O'Neill and William Hampson of Celbridge, a watch-maker, who worked in Donegan's in Dame Street.

Pilsworth, a slight, but wiry man, was in the London organization and had come over with a batch of men for the fight which we all supposed would take place before the year 1865 was out. Pilsworth was the son of an Irish troop sergeant-major of cavalry, and was born in Birmingham Barracks. He had a most decided English accent, although he did not drop his “h's”, and it enabled him to avoid detection for a long time. He went by the name of Williams. He had served with Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples and, having been brought up among British soldiers, was a very useful man. When arrested with me he gave the name of St. Clair, and after his release, in order not to lose the credit for his conviction for Fenianism, of which he was very proud, he called himself Edward Pilsworth St. Clair.

Denis Duggan was a Dublin man whose acquaintance I first made when we were both pupils at School Street Model School. He was a coachmaker and was working in London when the *Irish People* was seized. He belonged to the London Irish Volunteers and hurried to Dublin when the news reached him, but he did a very reckless thing. Determined to come armed, instead of taking his own rifle he brought one belonging to a comrade and left him to face the consequences. I believe the comrade was Michael Lawlor, the sculptor, a cousin of James J. O'Kelly and nephew of the more famous sculptor of the same name. I knew the younger Lawlor very well before he left Dublin.

Duggan was a very ingenious man, and he managed to get the rifle into Dublin by cutting the stock in sections and putting the pieces under the shelving of his tool chest, securely held by clamps fastened to the shelves by short screws which left no marks on the top. Every man coming into Ireland was searched then. Duggan calmly opened the trunk and stood by while the detectives were searching it. He lived in Echlin Street, which runs from James's Street to the Grand Canal Harbor, only a short distance from Pilsworth's public house, where we were later arrested.

That rifle did fine service on the night of March 5, 1867, at Stepside and Glencullen, where Patrick Lennon, a very good judge of such things, assured me Duggan was as cool and collected as a veteran soldier. Another instance of Duggan's ingenuity was his success in smuggling in to me in Mountjoy Prison in 1866, after he had got out on bail, a whole page of the *Freeman* concealed in the scooped out back of a clothes-brush, the fastening being done with screws deftly put in among the bristles. I broke a warder's pen knife in unscrewing it, but the stump of the blade made a fine turnscrew. The paper had a full account of Stephens' speech at Jones' Wood, New York, which he delivered on May 15 of that year.

Duggan was one of the men stationed outside the wall on the night of the Rescue of James Stephens from Richmond Prison, and later served in the Rescue of the Fenian Military Prisoners from Western Australia in 1876. Soon after that, he fell into bad health, returned to Dublin and died there.

O'Neill I knew from the time we met in an Irish class in 1858. He died in Dublin in 1904.

Hampson, the son of an Englishman who settled in Celbridge, County Kildare, had charge of that district under Roantree. He died of yellow fever in Cuba in the early '70's while laying telegraph wires.

The most efficient and useful man I had assisting me in the work was William Curry, a corporal in the 87th, who came over from Portsmouth towards the end of 1865 with twenty men of the regiment. They got excited on hearing the news of the arrests and trials and this detachment was sent as a vanguard, with the assurance that when the word was given the regiment would seize a steamer and land on the Irish coast. Curry was the Centre of the regiment, which was wholly Irish, but, while their sentiments were all right, Curry, a very prudent man, carefully selected the men to be sworn in and they numbered only 200. The rest he knew he could have, but they were rough, reckless fellows whom he thought it better to leave unsworn.

The twenty men of the 87th were a typical lot of Irish soldiers. They were all powerfully built men, though not all tall. The shortest period that any of them had served was five years, and one Clareman named Penn had seen eighteen years' service. Three years more would retire him on pension. They got thirty days' furlough each and thirty shillings for thirty days' pay. Out of this they each paid ten shillings for their passage to Dublin on the London steamer which called at Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth and Falmouth on its way to Dublin. When their

furlough had expired and they found that the fight had been postponed, they decided to remain and we had to provide them with civilian clothes. We had put them on 1s. 6d. a day subsistence money soon after their arrival, and they stood their ground, ready for any emergency until, one by one, they were all arrested during the course of the next few months. As not a man of them turned informer they could only be punished for desertion and making away with their kits. They all got the longest terms the military law allowed.

Two of them were exceptions to this, Curry and another corporal named Tierney, a Clareman. Curry was convicted on the evidence of informers from other regiments that he had attended meetings with me and carried messages to the men in the barracks. He was sentenced to two years and fifty lashes.

A report of the flogging, clipped from the *Daily Express*, was smuggled into Mountjoy Prison to P. J. McDonnell in a boiled potato and, as he was in the next cell to me, he passed me the clipping. It said that during the flogging Curry never winced or moved a muscle. When I met him in New York in 1871 and told him this, he said: "Be japers, John, I had a sixpence between my teeth."

The spirit and character of these men of the 87th may be judged from one incident. In getting them civilian clothes we did not think of shirts. Curry paid them their 1s. 6d. a day every morning, but a few days after the change Gilligan, a stalwart King's County man, who had served eight years, failed to turn up at roll call and we feared he had been arrested. Some hours later he appeared and, in reply to my question, said he had been "foraging" and pointed to a clean, but unironed white shirt, which he had on. He explained that he had gone out to Kimmage and finding several dry shirts hanging on a line, took one of them and left his own in its place. "Exchange is no robbery," he explained, and then added: "I don't mind takin' me chances of bein' killed fightin', but, be japers, I don't want to be stood up agin' a wall an' shot like a dog as a deserter."

I then found that they all wanted to get rid of every vestige of their military clothing, for the same reason as Gilligan urged. As the military shirts were very serviceable, the Dublin men had no objection to wearing them, so they were all exchanged before night.

While Curry had his uniform he visited the barracks every day with his furlough in his pocket, carried messages to such men as I wanted to see, arranged for meetings, ascertained the strength of the guards and pickets, how many Irishmen were in

each and the number of our friends, and did any other work that was required. He reported to me several times a day and always accompanied me to meetings. As he was five feet eleven inches in height and powerfully built, carried a revolver, was a good collar-and-elbow wrestler and handy with his fists, to say nothing of his cool courage, his presence at these meetings was very useful. To arrest a party consisting of Curry, O'Neill, Hampson, Duggan, Pilsworth, myself and several others, would require a strong force of police. But Curry was surprised asleep in bed one night, if I remember rightly, in the house of Patrick Merrigan, afterwards very well known in New York. Curry went from New York to Australia in 1877 and I have never heard from him since.

Corporal Tierney was not arrested until he made an attempt to kill Warner, the old army pensioner who had drilled the Cork Fenians and turned informer to save himself. Tierney was sentenced to imprisonment for life and after spending many years in Spike Island was released, utterly broken in health, and came to America. He died in New Haven, Conn., and the Clan-na-Gael of that city, through the efforts of Captain Larry O'Brien, erected a fine monument over his grave.

Next to John Boyle O'Reilly (with whom I will deal in a separate chapter), the most intelligent and best educated of the Fenian soldiers was Thomas Chambers, who was Centre of the 61st. It was supposed to be an English regiment, but there were not a hundred men in it who were not Irish and there were 600 Fenians. It was the banner Fenian regiment. Chambers was born in Kilkenny and had a brother, James, who was a Centre in the North of England and came over to Dublin before the end of 1865.

Chambers was arrested with me, tried by court-martial, sentenced to death, and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He was with me a good deal in Portland and Millbank. He was released with Sergeant McCarthy and John P. O'Brien, the only remaining Fenian military prisoners in England in 1878, and was at the breakfast given by Parnell at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin on January 15th when poor McCarthy dropped dead. Chambers remained in Dublin for some years after his release, and I met him at a meeting there in 1879. Soon after that he came to America, but his health broke down and he died in the South in the early 'eighties.

John P. O'Brien, as I remember, was born in London of Tipperary parents, and he was twenty years of age when he came over "for the fight" in 1865. His father was a district postmaster

in London and when the fight was put off in December, 1865, he did not want to return to London, fearing that his father would prevent him coming back when needed. So he enlisted in one of the regiments stationed in Dublin, in order to be on hand when wanted. He was not on my staff, however. He was convicted and sentenced to, I believe, fifteen years' imprisonment.

Another very useful man was the Centre of the Third Buffs, a Tipperary man named Fennessy. He was in the regiment of Tipperary militia which mutineed some time in the 'fifties, on a demand to be allowed to retain their trousers, and, like many others of the mutineers, enlisted in the Line to escape punishment. He also came over from England on furlough and was useful for carrying messages into the barracks. He was a quiet, sober, intelligent man.

Sergeant McCarthy I never met until we were both in Portland Prison and his health was even then visibly breaking down.

With all these men acting either as regular assistants or as volunteer aides, I had a very efficient staff, as well as a sturdy bodyguard, and the work in the army went on with great vigor until the repeated postponements of the fight made conditions hopeless, and the best men in the regiments in Dublin and some in other places were arrested.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

THE OUTSTANDING FIGURE AMONG THE SOLDIER FENIANS—ESCAPED FROM BRITISH PENAL COLONY IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA—POET AND PATRIOT.

THE most remarkable man among the Fenians in the British army was by long odds John Boyle O'Reilly, who later became editor of the *Boston Pilot* and won fame as a poet in America. His first poem, "The Old School Clock", was written in Arbor Hill Military Prison, while he was awaiting trial for Fenianism.

O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, on the Meath side of the Boyne, six miles from Drogheda, on June 28, 1844. The old Castle had been turned by Viscount Netterville, its owner, into an institution for widows and orphans, with a National School attached. William David O'Reilly, John's father, was master of the school. He gave his son the beginning of a good education which he completed out in the world later on. At eleven years of age he became a printer's apprentice on the *Drogheda Argus*, but after four years the proprietor died and he was obliged to finish his apprenticeship on the *Guardian* in Preston, Lancashire, where he went to live with a maternal aunt who had married an English Catholic sea captain named Watkinson. Later he learned shorthand and became a reporter on the same paper.

In Preston he got his first taste of soldiering in a company of English Volunteers. Going back to Ireland in 1863, he enlisted in the Tenth Hussars, then stationed in Dundalk.

O'Reilly's career is so well known to Irishmen everywhere that it is hardly necessary to go into details here, except as to his work for Fenianism in the army during four eventful months, from October, 1865, to February, 1866, when he was arrested. He was the Centre of the Tenth Hussars.

He was a Fenian before he enlisted, but the statement made by James Jeffrey Roche in his "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly" that he joined the army for the purpose of spreading the organization among the soldiers is an error. He enlisted because, like many other Irishmen, he liked soldiering, and the best proof that he did not have such an intention is found in the fact that he was more than two years in the service before he did any work



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

for the movement. I had been working for some weeks on the regiment before I even knew of his existence and none of my predecessors had any knowledge of him.

I met O'Reilly first in October, 1865, under circumstances that were characteristic of the time. In my daily reports to Colonel Kelly I had informed him that the Tenth Hussars, then quartered at Island Bridge Barracks, in the southwestern part of Dublin, was the only regiment with which I was making no progress. I was anxious to do the best I could with it on account of the location of the barracks and the fact that in Richmond Barracks, close by, the Sixty-first and a battalion of the Sixtieth Rifles were stationed, and were both well organized. These two barracks controlled the roads leading to the Southwest and the Great Southern and Western Railroad. The men of the Tenth were mainly English, but there were over a hundred Irishmen among them and it was the crack light cavalry regiment of the British army. It was called "The Prince of Wales's Own". Colonel Baker, its commander (afterwards Baker Pasha of the Turkish army), was reputed to be the best cavalry officer in the British service. The few men I had in the Tenth were not of much account and I could make no headway. This situation was speedily changed after I met O'Reilly.

At Colonel Kelly's address in Grantham Street one day I met by appointment a young veterinary surgeon from Drogheda named Harry Byrne who knew O'Reilly well, and, on account of his profession, had a wide acquaintance in the Tenth, which had recently been stationed at Dundalk. He had already told Kelly that O'Reilly was a member, that he belonged to a much respected family, and was the man for the work in the regiment. In half an hour Byrne and I were on our way to Island Bridge on an outside car, which we dismissed some distance away and went into the barracks. In the barrack square we met a troop sergeant major whom Byrne knew, a bluff, hearty Englishman of the best type. He told us that O'Reilly was on picket at the Royal Barracks. There were heavy pickets of infantry and cavalry kept in readiness for emergencies at certain points in Dublin during that period. The Englishman insisted on our going into the canteen and having a drink and a chat and we went. He was such a frank, manly fellow that we felt bad at having to deceive him, but military necessity reconciled us to the deception. He praised O'Reilly to the skies, said he was the best young soldier in the regiment, and predicted a great future for him. "I shouldn't wonder," he said "if in five or six years that young fellow'd be a troop sawjent majah." And if O'Reilly had remained a hussar that would have been the end of him.

We went to the Royal Barracks on the other side of the Liffey. The sentry at the gate was a soldier of the Eighth Foot,—“The Eighth King’s”, I believe they called it—and he gave me a smile of recognition. He was a Fenian, and another member of the guard stepped up to me and asked if I was looking for some of the boys. I told him I wanted to find the picket of the Tenth Hussars and he directed me to the spot where some men of the Fifth Dragoon Guards were on stable duty, and they were nearly all our men. One of them hailed me as I came up; it was Martin Hogan, one of the six men later rescued in Western Australia. After a handshake with half a dozen others Hogan showed us where to go. The hussars of the picket were lounging about, with no officer near them. Byrne went up to a sergeant, told him he was a friend of O’Reilly from Drogheda, and he was at once shown where he was. He was in the stable tightening his saddle girths, getting ready to mount and start off to the Viceregal Lodge with a despatch to the Lord Lieutenant from Sir Hugh Rose, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

In 1890, when O’Reilly died and when my recollection was much clearer than it is now, I wrote for the *Chicago Herald* a description of him as he appeared then and which Roche copied into his book. It said:

“Byrne had just time to introduce us and O’Reilly and I to make an appointment for the next evening, when he brought out his horse, sprang into the saddle and was off. O’Reilly was then a handsome, lithely built young fellow of twenty, with the down of a future black moustache on his lip. He had a pair of beautiful dark eyes that changed in expression with his varying emotions. He wore the full-dress dark blue hussar uniform, with its mass of braiding across the breast, and the busby, with its tossing plume, was set jauntily on the head and held by a linked brass strap, catching under the lower lip.”

I should have made his age twenty-one, but I wrote from recollection and in haste. He was so proud of his showy uniform that he often, as he related in after life, rode out of his way when acting as a special courier, so that he could pass a shop with a great plate glass window in which he could see the full reflection of himself and his horse as he went by.

When I met him the next evening he told me he was often selected to carry despatches between Sir Hugh Rose and Lord Wodehouse, who was then Viceroy, and he offered, if we would arrange a place for him to stop on the way, to let us steam the despatches open, close them again, and he would then ride on and deliver them. That showed the bold, daring character of the man. I at once reported the offer to Colonel Kelly, who said that at that stage the despatches would hardly contain anything

of great importance, that the tampering with them would probably be at once discovered, and a valuable man sacrificed for very little information. But he said that later, when important movements of troops were about to be made, he would avail himself of O'Reilly's offer. When that time came O'Reilly was a prisoner and most of the Fenian regiments were gone. But if the Rising had taken place at the time originally named and when we were best able to fight, he and all the best Fenians in the British army would have been ready to answer the call.

I may quote again from the article in the *Chicago Herald*:

"From that time till the following February, when we were both arrested within a few days of each other, I saw him almost every day. When on guard or picket duty he never failed to communicate with me, through William Curry—a furloughed corporal of the Eighty-Seventh Foot, the famous 'Faugh-a-Ballaghs', who could go in and out of the barracks,—every change worth knowing in the location and strength of the guards and pickets. He brought me some eighty men to be sworn in, had them divided into two prospective troops, obtained possession of the keys of an unused postern gate, and had everything ready to take his men, armed and mounted, out of the barracks at a given signal. The signal never came, and all his and other men's risks and sacrifices were thrown away through incompetent and nerveless leadership."

In working out his plan for taking out his two troops O'Reilly made a very good rough map of the section of the city in which Island Bridge and Richmond Barracks were situated. When he showed it to me in an upper room of Hoey's public house in Bridgefoot Street, some of the Eighty-seventh men were present, and an old soldier named Penn attacked O'Reilly for presumption, asking him did he think that "these gintlemin" hadn't all of that kind of thing that they wanted. Unfortunately they had not, but the veteran's supposition was natural. I had provided myself long before that with an Ordnance Survey map in sections and Colonel Kelly had another, but maps were not plentiful among the Fenians, although they knew the country very well.

Although O'Reilly developed into a poet of considerable ability in America, he had at that time a good military head. His vanity about his uniform, his trappings and his horse was a feeling common to all young soldiers, but his ideas about the capture of Dublin, and the way to get out of the city with our forces intact, in case we failed, were all practical. Mere boy as he was, he believed that the blow ought to be struck in Dublin, where our organization was strongest and our membership in the British army was largest. The plan of "taking to the hills", which was afterwards adopted—mainly because the organization in the army had been broken up—did not appeal to him at all. During

the four months of his activity his zeal was unflagging. He turned up for work every evening that he was off duty and spent a good deal of time with me, outside of the gatherings where work was done, discussing plans. These talks were mostly carried on while walking along unfrequented streets.

O'Reilly was arrested on February 14, 1866, and as he was led across the barrack square, Colonel Baker, of whom O'Reilly was a great favorite, was passing. The Colonel shook his fist at him in anger and said: "Damn you, O'Reilly, you have ruined the finest regiment in Her Majesty's service." When the Colonel was testifying before the court-martial later on, that O'Reilly had failed to give him any information of an intended mutiny, O'Reilly asked him: "What character do I bear in the regiment?" The Colonel replied: "A good character." Captain Barthorp of O'Reilly's own troop, who was a member of the court-martial, swore that he knew the prisoner for three years and his character was good. Adjutant Russell of the Tenth Hussars (afterwards well known as Lord Odo Russell) testified that his character was good "during his whole three years and thirty-one days of service." Captain Russell afterwards succeeded in having O'Reilly's sentence of imprisonment for life commuted to twenty years, on the ground of his youth. The sentence had originally been death, but as in all such cases, it had been changed to life imprisonment.

Captain Whelan of the Sixty-first, an Irish Catholic, who was the prosecutor at the court-martial, was an expert suborner of perjury. It was he who secured all the informers except the two willing ones, by the infamous methods which prevail in Irish conspiracy cases. He went from cell to cell in Arbor Hill Military Prison, where the soldiers charged with Fenianism were on starvation diet, telling each man that the others had all turned informers and that I had supplied to the Castle a list of all the men I had sworn in. Several of them broke down and he schooled and drilled them in the evidence they were to give, turning mere taproom conversations, with outsiders present, into "meetings" and making them put the word "Fenian" in when necessary—a word that was never once used in the talks between the soldiers and the civilian organizers.

This "Irish gentleman" had told every arrested man of the Tenth that O'Reilly had informed on them all and pleaded with them to save themselves by telling all they knew. He had frequently pleaded with O'Reilly, and when he came on the eve of the trial to make his last appeal to the man about whom he had lied so cruelly and asked him to save himself by selling his com-

rades, he was accompanied, as usual, by a warder. The warder was an old soldier and an Englishman. As Whelan got the last refusal from O'Reilly, he (Whelan) left the cell with a threat of the dire consequences that would follow. The old soldier, while Whelan was still there, said: "Yes, O'Reilly, you'd better do as the Captain says." Then as he was closing the cell door, he added in a low, but stern voice: "And, damme, I'd like to choke you with my own hands if you do."

The worst of the informers against O'Reilly, as against most of the other soldier Fenians, was a private in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, named Patrick Foley, who hailed from Waterford. He was really a spy who went into the movement for the deliberate purpose of betraying it. He was driven out of the Army later by the dog's life he had to lead. The old warder referred to above had the soldier's point of view about spies. Every one of the military informers, to save them from incessant persecution and assault, had to be transferred to other regiments and when discovered again were driven out, the Englishmen joining with the Irish in making their lives a burden to them. In the next chapter I cite how Foley was befriended by O'Reilly years later. But he died in misery soon after.

The mention of this particular informer reminds me of a namesake of his, William Foley, also a Waterford man, who was one of our best and most faithful Fenian men in the English army. Bill Foley, who had become a victim of heart disease, was out on ticket-of-leave when John J. Breslin arrived in Western Australia to rescue the military prisoners and he sent the poor fellow to New York. He died in St. Vincent's Hospital after his rescued comrades had arrived on the *Catalpa*, and was given a fine public funeral.

The courtmartial must be dealt with in a separate chapter. After conviction the Fenian soldiers were removed to Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, thence to Pentonville, later to Millbank (both in London), where they finished their "probation" or separate period of imprisonment. Then they were removed to the "public works" prison at Chatham, then to Portsmouth and later to Dartmoor. These frequent removals suggest fear on the part of the Government of attempts at rescue of the soldier prisoners by their friends outside. In Chatham, O'Reilly and two others actually made an attempt to escape and were severely punished.

In October, 1867, all the convicted soldiers except McCarthy, Chambers and O'Brien, were removed to Portland Prison, from which, with a number of civilian prisoners, they were sent to the Penal Colony of Western Australia on the old captured French

ship, the *Houguemont*. On January 10, 1868, they landed at Fremantle, West Australia. Of O'Reilly's life in the penal settlement, when on a "road party", I will record one incident. For being late returning to the camp he was sentenced to six months' solitary confinement. The overseer held in his hand a letter with black borders on it and said: "O'Reilly, here is a letter for you." O'Reilly said, "Thank you," and held out his hand. The official looked at him, evidently enjoying the torture he was inflicting, and then said: "You will get it in six months." The letter announced the death of his mother, whom he knew from the last news he had received to be very sick. But I must say from some experience of English prison officials that this brute was not an average specimen.

The thrilling story of his escape, by the aid of Father McCabe and two Irish-Australians named Maguire, to the American whaler *Gazelle*, commanded by Captain David R. Gifford and having on board as one of the mates Captain Henry C. Hathaway, who saved him from recapture in an English port in the Indian Ocean, is too long to repeat here. I shall merely append the following official notice of the escape from the *Police Gazette* of the Penal Colony:

"ABSCONDERS.

"20—John B. O'Reilly, registered No. 9843; arrived in the colony per convict ship *Houguemont* in 1868; sentenced to twenty years 9th July, 1866. Description—Healthy appearance; present age 25 years; 5 feet 7½ inches high, black hair, brown eyes, oval visage, dark complexion: an Irishman. Absconded from Convict Road Party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869."

After an eventful voyage O'Reilly landed in Philadelphia on November 23, 1869, destined to go through some hardships and undergo many disappointments—chiefly owing to the demoralized condition of the Fenian movement brought about by the Split. He went as a correspondent for the *Boston Pilot* to the last Raid on Canada in 1870, took part in one of the fights, and then became editor of that paper.

Further reference to his distinguished career in America would be out of place here. I shall merely add that he died in 1890, as he had lived, true to the Irish National Cause. For three or four years after his arrival in America he felt some resentment against the "American" wing of the Fenian organization which found expression in editorials in the *Pilot* and in private letters which have since been published. That resentment was shared for a time by the released Fenian prisoners who arrived in New York in 1871, but in the latter case it speedily disappeared when

they came to realize the entire good faith of the men on both sides in the disastrous Split. In O'Reilly's case it ended with his intimate knowledge of the plans of the Clan-na-Gael to liberate his fellow-prisoners in Australia.

Although O'Reilly ceased in 1870 (at the request of the Archbishop of Boston) to be a member of the Clan-na-Gael, he was consulted by its leaders in every important emergency, from the Rescue of the military prisoners in 1876 to the starting of the "New Departure" in 1878, and through the whole course of the Land League. I have hundreds of his letters, written during all these years up to a short time before his death which fully prove this assertion and flatly contradict the statements of latter-day renegades that John Boyle O'Reilly had ceased to believe in real Irish Nationality, or was not ready to take a soldier's part in its accomplishment if the opportunity should come.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SOLDIERS ON TRIAL.

COURTSMARTIAL HELD IN ROYAL BARRACKS, DUBLIN, IN 1866—MOST OF MILITARY PRISONERS TOLD ONLY ENOUGH TO SAVE THEMSELVES—SENTENCES OF DEATH COMMUTED.

FENIANISM was in a bad way in Ireland in 1866. The chief features of the year were the court-martial on the arrested soldiers. They were held in the Royal Barracks (now Collins Barracks) in the middle of the Summer and were intended to destroy the organization in the British army and strike terror into the disaffected soldiers who were at that time the chief hope of the movement. They did not succeed in striking terror, but between them and the removal of the good regiments the soldiers' organization was effectually broken up and shattered.

Edward Duffy, who was left in charge of the movement in the absence of Stephens and Col. Kelly in America, had no money to pay counsel to defend the men, while the funds of the Ladies' Committee (which had paid for the defense of the civilian prisoners) were exhausted and large sums stolen by Richard Pigott, through whose paper, the *Irishman*, they were collected. Everything that happened was of a depressing character and it is a wonder, under the circumstances, that the organization survived. But it did.

A full report of the court-martial would require a separate volume, but, as the evidence against the soldiers was practically the same in every case, I need only give here the trial of John Boyle O'Reilly (with the correction of a few errors) from

James Jeffrey Roche's *Life of O'Reilly*.

I was in Mountjoy Prison, awaiting trial, for over a year after February, 1866, and in English jails for the next four, so I was not in a position to get the facts personally. Roche's book is now out of print, but many copies are still to be found in second hand book shops in Boston and New York. It ought to be read by those who wish to acquaint themselves with the Irish situation during a most interesting period, although there are many errors in it, on account of the author's desire to heap praise on the man he worshipped.

O'Reilly's trial began on June 27, 1866, the eve of his twenty-second birthday, and went on for several days. The charge

against him was: "Having at Dublin, in January, 1866, come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny of Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and not giving information of said intended mutiny to his commanding officer."

The courtmartial was constituted as follows: President, Colonel Sawyer, Sixth Dragoon Guards; Prosecutor, Captain Whelan, Eighth Regiment, assisted by Mr. Landy, Q. C. The Judge Advocate was advised by Mr. Johnson. The prisoner was defended by Mr. O'Loughlen, advised by Mr. John Lawless, solicitor.

The other officers of the courtmartial were: Lieut. Col. Maunsell, Major Drew and Captain Gladstone, Seventy-fifth Foot; Captain Wallace and Lieut. Caryvell, Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders; Captain Skinner, Military Train; Captain Kingston and Lieutenant Garnett, Fifth Dragoon Guards; Captain Barthorp, Tenth Hussars; Captain Telford and Lieutenant Meade, Sixtieth Rifles; Captain Taylor, Eighty-eight Foot, Connaught Rangers; Captain Fox and Ensign Parkinson, Sixty-first Foot.

O'Reilly's fellow-prisoners at that time were: Color-Sergeant Charles McCarthy, Fifty-third Foot; Privates Patrick Keating, Fifth Dragoon Guards; Michael Harrington, Thomas Darragh, Fifty-third Foot; and Captain James Murphy, who was charged with having deserted from the camp at Aldershot, whereas he was fighting for the Union in West Virginia as an officer in the Federal Army, and previous to the Civil War had been a sergeant in the American Regular Army.

The prisoner (O'Reilly) pleaded "not guilty". Captain Whelan, the prosecutor, opened the case as follows:

"The enormity of the offense with which the prisoner is charged is such that it is difficult to find language by which to describe it. It strikes at the root of all military discipline, and, if allowed to escape the punishment which it entails, would render her Majesty's forces, who ought to be the guardians of our lives and liberty, and the bulwark and protection of the Constitution under which we live, a source of danger to the state and all its loyal citizens and subjects, and her Majesty's faithful subjects would become the prey and victims of military despotism, licentiousness, and violence. Our standing army would then be a terror to the throne, a curse, not a blessing, to the community; but at the same time, as is the gravity of the offense, so in proportion should the evidence by which such a charge is to be sustained, be carefully and sedulously weighed. It will be for you, gentlemen, to say whether the evidence which will be adduced before you, leaves upon your mind any reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt."

The prosecutor, in continuation, said that evidence would be laid before them to show that the prisoner was an active member of the Fenian conspiracy, and that he had endeavored to induce other soldiers to join it.

The first witness called was Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald of the Tenth Hussars. He said:

I know the prisoner. I know Hoey's public house in Bridgefoot Street. I was in it in the month of November, 1865, with the prisoner. He brought me there. I was introduced by the prisoner to a man named Devoy. There were then present, Tierney, Rorrison, Bergin, and Sinclair of the Tenth Hussars.

Prosecutor: Was there any conversation in presence of the prisoner? If so, state what it was.

Prisoner: I object, sir, to that question. It relates to a conversation previous to the date of the charge, and can have no reference to it.

The court ruled that the evidence was admissible, and the question was put.

Witness: Prisoner introduced me to Devoy and said: "This is Corporal Fitzgerald," and I spoke to him. Devoy said O'Reilly had spoken to him several times about me, and said he should like to get me. We three sat down together and I asked Devoy who was carrying on this affair. He said Stephens. I asked, were there any arms or ammunition. He said there was, and they were getting lots every day from America. I asked who were to be their officers. He said there would be plenty of officers. He said it was so carried on that privates did not know their non-commissioned officers, nor they their officers. Devoy then left the room and the prisoner went after him. After a few minutes prisoner came and told me that Devoy wanted to speak to me. I went down to the yard and found Devoy there. He said, "I suppose O'Reilly has told you what I want with you."

Prisoner: I respectfully object, sir. What the witness now states to have taken place, was not in my presence.

Court decided that the answer should be given.

Witness: I said that I did not know. He said that it was for the purpose of joining them he wanted me, and that there was an oath necessary to be taken. I said I would not take the oath, and he then said that he would not trust any man that did not take the oath. We then returned upstairs. Nothing further took place.

President: What did you mean by using the words, "This business"?

Witness: I meant the Fenian conspiracy. When I went upstairs I saw the prisoner, who bade me good-night. The next time I saw him was one evening I met him in town coming from the barracks. Some arrests took place that day, and I said, "This business is getting serious." He said it was, and that my name had been mentioned at a meeting a few nights before. I asked what meeting, and he said a military meeting. I asked who mentioned my name, and he said he did not know exactly, but that it was a man of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He added, "If you come home to-night I will take you to a similar meeting." I gave him no decided answer. I afterwards met him in the barracks. This all occurred before the meeting at Hoey's, of which I stated. When I met him in the barracks he asked me was I going out. I replied that I was. He said, "Will you meet me at the sign

of the "Two Soldiers'?" I said yes, and went there and waited until O'Reilly came in. He called for some drink, and after we drank we left the house, but came back again to get my gloves, and he said, "I want to introduce you to a person." I said that I had no time and should go, but he said, "I shall not detain you a minute." I then went with him to Hoey's public house. It was on that occasion that I had the interview with Devoy of which I have given evidence.

Here the court adjourned for half an hour. On its reassembling Corporal Fitzgerald continued his testimony:

The conversation of which I have last spoken took place either toward the end of November or the beginning of December, 1865. Prisoner never told me the object of the military meetings of which he spoke. I know Pilsworth's public house, James Street. I met prisoner in that house on the 13th of January, 1866. There were with him Denny, Mul-larchy, Hood, Loftus, Crosby, and Sinclair, all Tenth Hussars, and two deserters from Fifth Dragoon Guards. They were in civilian clothes. There was a man named Williams present, and also Devoy. On that occasion I had no conversation with O'Reilly, nor with any other person in his hearing. I never had any further conversation with the prisoner about Fenianism.

To the Court:

Prisoner never asked me the result of my conversation with Devoy.

On cross-examination by the prisoner, witness said:

When I was in Hoey's public house there were no soldiers of any other regiment but the Tenth Hussars present. That was the only time I met the prisoner at Hoey's. It was a few days after the conversation which took place when I met the prisoner coming from the barracks, that he introduced me to Devoy. I am twelve years in the army. The prisoner was in the army only three years.

To the Court:

I made no report to my commanding officer of my conversation with Devoy or the meeting at Pilsworth's. I never took the Fenian oath.

The next witness, Private McDonald, Tenth Hussars, testified:

I know Pilsworth's house. I was there about Christmas last with the prisoner. I went with him to the house. There were other persons there but I cannot say who they were. There were some civilians, but I did not know their names. Since then I heard that Devoy was one of them. The prisoner did not introduce me to any one on that occasion. Any drink the soldiers had they paid for themselves. There was no conversation relating to Fenianism in the presence of the prisoner.

Here the President deemed it advisable to give the witness a hint that his evidence was not satisfactory:

President: Remember that you are on your oath.

Witness: Prisoner was sitting near me for a quarter of an hour or more; he was not far away from me. He was sitting alongside me, close as one person sits to another. I knew

prisoner before that night. I had some conversation with O'Reilly while he was sitting by me. I cannot now tell what it was about, but it was not about Fenianism.

Devoy was not sitting near me that night; he was sitting at the same table, but I did not speak to him, nor he to me. I know Fortune's public house in Golden Lane. I have been once in that house with O'Reilly, but I cannot say in what month. It was after Christmas, I think. There were some civilians and soldiers there; the soldiers were infantry men. Devoy was one of the civilians, but I knew no one else's name.

Here the President again interjected a threatening hint:

President: Is it impossible to know an infantry man's name?

Witness: I did not know their names.

President: What regiments did they belong to?

Witness: Some of Sixty-first, some of Eighty-seventh; there were no other cavalymen but prisoner and myself. The prisoner did not introduce me to any one on that occasion. We were in Fortune's for an hour and a half. I had no conversation with the prisoner on that occasion; the people who were there were talking to themselves and I did not hear any conversation that night. Some of the civilians treated me to some drink. Devoy treated both me and the prisoner. I have met a man known by the name of Davis. He was not in Fortune's that night. Devoy, prisoner, and myself all drank together that night. After leaving Fortune's we went to Doyle's public house. Devoy came with two other civilians and some infantry soldiers. I was in Doyle's from half-past eight until after nine. In Doyle's we were again treated to drink by the civilians and by Devoy; it was he asked us to go there. O'Reilly was in the room when he asked me to do so, but I could not say how near he was to us when Devoy was speaking. I think prisoner might have heard Devoy speaking. When Devoy asked us to go to Doyle's he said it was quieter than Fortune's. In Doyle's we were not exactly sitting together, there were some civilians between me and Devoy. I do not know their names.

Here the Court adjourned to next morning.

McDonald's examination resumed:

When I was in Doyle's, prisoner was not sitting; he was standing between me and Devoy. He was in front of me. I had no conversation with the prisoner or with any person in his hearing. I was with the prisoner in Barclay's public house about a fortnight after I was in Doyle's with him. There were some soldiers and civilians there. Devoy was there. I don't know any other names, but I know their faces. They were the same men who had been at Doyle's. We remained at Barclay's from seven till nine o'clock. On that occasion I had no conversation with the prisoner, I had no conversation in presence of prisoner. I went to Barclay's with John O'Reilly. The next public house I was in with him was Hoey's, in Bridgefoot Street, about a week after. I went there with prisoner. Same civilians were there that I met before, and some infantry soldiers. Prisoner did not remain; he went away after I went into the house. I had no conversation with O'Reilly that night. I afterwards, in the same month, went with prisoner to Bergin's, James Street;

remained there from half-past eight to quarter-past nine; did not know any persons present, they were all strangers; there were four infantry soldiers, one of them, I think, of the Fifty-third. Prisoner was there the whole time; there was no conversation between prisoner and those present. There was singing.

President: No conversation!

Witness: None.

President: Public houses must be mortal slow places according to your account.

Witness: Singing was in presence and hearing of prisoner. Prisoner did not join in the singing; he was sitting down; we were both drinking some beer. Some civilians asked us to drink, but we treated ourselves. Prisoner told me that he belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood in Cahir. He told me so in conversation as we were coming down from Island Bridge Barracks, in April, twelve months ago.

Cross-examined by Prisoner:

At Pilsworth's there were three or four sitting at the same table with us and Devoy. When I said there was no conversation between me and the prisoner at Fortune's I meant no conversation about Fenianism. When Devoy asked me to go to Doyle's, prisoner might not have heard him do so. We went upstairs at Barclay's. When I said I had no conversation with the prisoner at Hoey's, I meant none about Fenianism. I think I saw Corporal Fitzgerald at Hoey's one night, but I can't tell the date. I never was in company with Fitzgerald at Hoey's public house; it is over twelve months and more since the Tenth Hussars were quartered in Cahir; I had no conversation with prisoner in Pilsworth's about Fenianism. Strange civilians often asked me to take a drink in public houses. I never was a Fenian. The Tenth Hussars were quartered in Cahir for nine months.

To the Court:

The prisoner told me who Devoy was in Pilsworth's. I have known the prisoner since he enlisted, three years ago. It was in Pilsworth's I met the man called Davis, that was in January; I never saw him before or since. I cannot recollect the subjects of which we talked in the various public houses.

To the Prisoner:

Was not in Hoey's when Fitzgerald was there. I cannot tell prisoner's motive in asking me to go to the various public houses with him. In Fortune's there were civilians present. We left it to go to Doyle's, as we did not like to talk before them. There was nobody in the room at Doyle's when we went in. There were seven or eight of us came from Fortune's to Doyle's. I do not know who the civilians were that were left behind.

President: Why were you so confidential with some of the civilians you met at Fortune's for the first time, and not with all? And what was the mysterious conversation about?

Witness: It was the civilians proposed to go to Doyle's and it was they who held the conversation. I do not remember any of the songs that were sung at Bergin's. Davis was a low-sized man whose hair was cut like a soldier's. When the prisoner told me to go to the public houses at night, he used to say, "Go to such a house and you will meet John there, and tell him I am on duty."

President: Who was John?

Witness: Devoy.

President: Then Devoy was a great friend of the prisoner?

Witness: He appeared to be.

President: Now answer a direct question: Were the songs sung Fenian songs?

Witness: No, sir; they were not.

Prisoner: Were the songs chiefly love songs?

Witness: I don't know.

Prisoner: Did I ever tell you Devoy was an old friend of my family?

Witness: No, he did not. John O'Reilly never spoke to me about Fenianism, and I never heard Fenian songs in his company.

President: Recollect what you say: Did you not swear that prisoner told you he was a Fenian?

Witness: He said he was one at Cahir.

President: How do you know what a Fenian song is?

Witness: I don't know. I suppose they are Irish songs.

Prisoner: Did you not state to the President that I told you I *had* been a member of the Fenian Brotherhood while I was at Cahir?

Witness: Yes, that you had been a Fenian at Cahir.

The unprejudiced reader, accustomed to the rigid impartiality of an American court, will be surprised at the hardly concealed hostility of this courtmartial President toward his prisoner. Private MacDonald's testimony is so favorable to the accused that it does not please the Court at all. The President accordingly reminds him that he is "under oath", sneers at his refusal to "identify" men whom he does not know, and makes it generally clear to succeeding witnesses that evidence tending to prove the prisoner's innocence is not of the kind wanted in that court.

The next witness was Private Denis Denny, Tenth Hussars:

I remember the evening of the 1st January, last. I was in the "Two Soldiers" public house with the prisoner. He told me that if I went to Hoey's with him he would show me the finest set of Irishmen I ever saw in my life. We went there and found a number of civilians assembled. The prisoner, after some time, took me out of the room and told me that the Fenians were going to beat the English army and make this country their own. He asked me to take an oath to join the Fenians. I answered that I had already taken an oath to serve my queen and country and that was enough for me. I then came down and went into the yard and he asked me to be a Fenian. I told him no. He then went away and a civilian came and said—

Prisoner: I object to anything being put in evidence relative to a conversation at which I was not present.

Court adjourned for half an hour to consider the objection.

On its reassembling, Private Denny continued:

After returning upstairs prisoner was there and I saw him. I had no conversation with him. I met O'Reilly in Island Bridge Barracks about a week before I was in Hoey's with him. I had then no conversation with him.

Cross-examined by Prisoner:

I am eight years in the Tenth Hussars. I had spoken before that evening with the prisoner, but nothing about Fenianism. I cannot say at what period of the day on the first of January this took place, but it was in the evening, about seven or eight, I think. There was nobody but the prisoner with me when I went to Hoey's. Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was not in our company. I never, so far as I know, was in Fitzgerald's company at Hoey's. We went back to the "Two Soldiers" that evening by ourselves. We went back to have a glass of beer. I had been drinking before that evening. I was arrested at Island Bridge Barracks and confined in the regiment cells at Richmond Barracks. I was taken on duty to Dublin Castle in aid of the civil power.

Prisoner withdrew this last question.

Witness: I made no report to my superior officers of what took place at Hoey's before my arrest. I was arrested on the 5th of March. I made a statement of what took place before I was transferred to Richmond barracks. I was arrested on a charge of Fenianism and was for two days in the cells at Island Bridge, during which time I was visited by Provost-Sergeant Delworth. He did not tell me what I was charged with. It was told to me by my commanding officer on 5th of March, when I was arrested. I did not know O'Reilly was arrested until he spoke to me through the wall of the cells; that was the first time I knew he was arrested. Sergeant Delworth came to visit me, but I cannot say if it was before then that prisoner spoke through the wall to me. I was only once at Hoey's public house that I am aware of—that was on 1st of January, 1866. I made no statement to the provost-sergeant at all. I made none while in the cells. I swear that the conversation at Hoey's took place on 1st January, 1866.

By the Court:

Before prisoner told you that the Fenians were going to beat the English army out of the country and make it free, had there been no conversation about Fenianism in presence of the prisoner?

Witness: No.

President: What reason had you for not reporting this conversation?

Witness: I did not wish to get myself or anyone else into trouble by doing so.

The next witness was Private John Smith, Tenth Hussars:

I was in Hoey's with prisoner some time after Christmas, about 1st January, 1866. I went there by myself; no one took me. When I went there I was directed into a room where I saw the prisoner. Room was full of soldiers playing cards. There were some civilians there, but I knew none of them but O'Reilly. I since learnt that a man named Doyle, of the Sixty-first, was there. I saw him just now outside this room. Prisoner introduced me as a friend to a civilian.

Here Court adjourned to reassemble next morning, when Private Smith continued his evidence:

I left the room with the civilian and he spoke to me.

The prisoner objected to the question and the objection was allowed.

Witness: I had some conversation with the civilian, but I do not know if the prisoner was near enough to hear it. After I left the room with the prisoner he said the movement had been going on some time, but he did not say what movement. After that he returned into the room, and when I went back I found him there. There was no conversation louder than your breath among those who were in the room. When I left the room with the civilian he asked me to do so. When I left the room I went to the back of the house with him, but the prisoner did not come out at all while we were there. It was on the lobby that the prisoner told me that he had known of the movement for some time. That was said before I went into the yard with the civilian. There was no one else but the civilian present at the time with us. The observation was made in the course of conversation between me and the civilian. We were all standing on the lobby at the time.

President: What was the conversation about, at the time the observation was made?

Prisoner: I beg to object to that question, sir. The witness has already said that he cannot say whether I heard the conversation or not.

The Judge-Advocate said that the question was a legal one. The prisoner had introduced the civilian to the witness and the conversation took place when the three were standing within a yard of one another. The observation was part of the conversation.

Witness: I cannot say what the conversation was about. It was the civilian that asked me to go down to the yard. I don't know whether prisoner left before he asked me to go. About three days after, I met the prisoner at Walshe's public house. No one took me there. The house was full of soldiers. I did not know any of the civilians, but there were some men of my regiment there.

President: Do you know the names of any of the soldiers?

Witness: I did, but I cannot now recollect what their names were.

Prisoner: I think that the witness said, sir, that Walshe's is a singing saloon.

President: Is it a public house or a music hall exclusively?

Witness: It is both; none of the civilians present had been in Hoey's when I was there; the prisoner told me that he wanted to see me the next night at Pilsworth's public house; he said that he wanted to see some friends and to bring me to them; I met him as he appointed; there were two of the Sixty-first there when we got to Pilsworth's, neither of whose names I know; there was nobody else there

during the time we stopped; the prisoner and I had some conversation, but I forget what it was; we left the room shortly after; the only conversation that took place was that we asked each other to drink; O'Reilly came away with me, and we went to Hoey's; it was the prisoner who asked me to go there; he said, "Perhaps we will meet the friends who promised to meet us at Pilsworth's"; he told me that some of them were the same that we had to meet at Hoey's before; on our way he spoke about different men who used to meet him at Hoey's; he told me that those he was in the habit of meeting there were Fenian agents, and men from America, who had been sent here to carry on business; that is the purport of what the prisoner said; nothing else that I can recollect passed between us; the prisoner told me the business the American agents came to carry on; Fenian business, he said, of course.

President: Why, "of course"? You give us credit for knowing more than we do.

Witness: When we got to Hoey's we met the same civilian that we had met there before, and some more strangers; we stayed in Hoey's about three-quarters of an hour; I had no conversation there with the prisoner; we separated, I to play cards, and he to talk with some civilians; there was none but ordinary conversation going on; when we left Hoey's we went back to Pilsworth's; a civilian asked us both to go to Pilsworth's along with some other soldiers; some civilians were there, Americans, I think; I cannot remember what the conversation was about; it was no louder than a whisper; when we left we called into a public house near the barracks; we had some talk about the civilians we had left.

President: It is not about the civilians you are asked, but about the conversation.

Witness: I met prisoner without any appointment in Barclay's public house in James's Street in about a week; there were some soldiers and civilians there. Among the soldiers was Private Foley, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. The civilians were those I had met at Hoey's. I had no conversation with the prisoner. I left Barclay's first that night. At Barclay's the prisoner was sitting at a table with some soldiers and civilians. I had seen some of the civilians before at Hoey's, I do not know the names of the civilians I met at Hoey's. The prisoner never told me the object of "the movement". O'Reilly never spoke to me about "the movement", except what he said at Pilsworth's and at Hoey's.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

The night I went to Hoey's and Pilsworth's was, I think, in January. I cannot say what time in January. It might have been in February. I cannot say. I know Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald; he is in my troop. I know Private Denny, Tenth Hussars; he is in my troop. I cannot say if I was in his company on New Year's night; I spent that night partly in Mount Pleasant Square and partly at the "Bleeding Horse" in Camden Lane. I am not able to say whether I ever saw Denny at Hoey's. I was speaking to him fifteen minutes ago; I am not able to say if I spoke to him to-day or yesterday, about the trial; I did speak to him about it; I have spoken to him about his evidence or he to me. I don't know which. It was after I read the paper and I don't think anyone heard us.

Prisoner: Were you by yourself? . . . If the Deputy Judge Advocate would be kind enough to read the last two questions and replies.

The questions and replies were read over.

Prisoner: Do you not know whether you and Denny were by yourselves?

President: You *must* know, in a matter that only occurred fifteen minutes ago.

Witness: I only spoke to him as we were coming across here at two o'clock. When I was speaking to Denny, there were some other men in the room, but I cannot say if we were by ourselves.

President: That makes the thing worse. When did you read the newspaper—this morning? Did you talk to Denny then about the evidence?

Witness: About nine o'clock, when I was preparing to come here, I might have spoken to him. The paper was read. I spoke to him at the bottom of the stairs. There were other men in the room at the time. I again spoke to him when coming here at two o'clock. I can read "some" print, but not writing. I have never tried to read a paper. It was Denny who read the paper this morning; he read it out for me.

President: What paper was it?

Witness: The paper in Sackville Street.

President: That is the *Irish Times*.

Capt. Whelan: Oh no, it is the *Freeman's Journal*!

Witness: When Denny read the paper, there were two men present; it was after this we had the conversation about the evidence.

Here the court adjourned, and having reconvened on the following day, Private Denis Denny was recalled and examined relative to a statement made by Private Smith, the previous witness, that they had a conversation the previous day concerning the evidence he had given.

Witness: I had no conversation yesterday about the evidence with Private Smith.

To the Prosecutor:

I was not aware that I read the paper yesterday in presence of Smith. He may have been there when I was reading it. I have no knowledge of having had any conversation with anybody about the evidence of Smith. Before I was recalled into court I had no conversation with anyone relative to the evidence I had given previously. I am not aware that I had any conversation with Private Smith with reference to my evidence. I read a paper yesterday morning. I would not swear what men were present. I cannot say if Smith was in the room when I read it.

To the President:

I do not recollect a man who was in the room.

Prisoner: With your leave, sir, I would wish to ask Private Denny a few questions in the absence of Private Smith.

President: Leave the room, Smith.

Private Denny to Prisoner: I did not buy the paper that I read. I took it out of Private Robert Good's bed.

President: We have decided, prisoner, not to put these questions yet. You will reserve them.

Prisoner: Very well, sir.

President (to witness): Were there any persons in the room?

Witness: Four or five.

President: Were you reading aloud?

Witness: No, sir; I cannot read aloud, because I have to spell the words.

President: Have you had no conversation with anyone about Smith since you read the paper?

Witness: I spoke to Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, I now recollect, about Smith.

President: What did you say about him?

Witness: I was talking to him about the time Smith and I were arrested. He might have been in the room when the paper was reading, but no one read aloud when I was in the room.

President: What did you and Smith talk about yesterday?

Witness: I did not talk to him yesterday, unless I might have spoken to him outside the door, while we were waiting.

President: If Private Smith swore yesterday that you had told him your previous evidence, would it be true?

Witness: No, sir.

Private Smith (recalled). The two Sixty-first men we met at Pilsworth's did not come to Hoey's. Private Denny never spoke to me about Fenianism. I have often played cards for drink in public houses. When the prisoner introduced me to the civilian at Hoey's it was as a friend of his in the regiment. My regiment turned out for the field yesterday at half-past-seven. It was about nine o'clock when Denny made out the paper for me.

Court: If Denny swore that he did not read the paper aloud, would he be swearing what was true?

Witness: I say again that Denny read the paper aloud; if he did not I could not hear him.

President: You must answer "Yes" or "no".

Witness: It would not be true, sir.

To the Court:

I have heard Denny reading the newspaper aloud on other occasions; I do not know what part of the paper Denny read, but it was about this trial; when speaking to Denny yesterday it was about the trial; about his evidence and mine; when the prisoner introduced me to the civilian at Hoey's, he merely said that I was a friend of his; I cannot repeat the precise words used in introducing me; Denny and I had only a few words about this trial when we spoke together yesterday.

President: The civilians to whom you were introduced you said yesterday were Fenian agents; did they ever ask you to become a Fenian?

Witness: They did.

President: As a rule did you always pay for your drink or were you treated?

Witness: As a rule I was treated.

President: Were those civilians that you met Americans and Fenians?

Witness: I was told so.

President: What were they talking about when the prisoner spoke of the movement?

Witness: About the Fenians.

President: You said that a civilian asked you to go down to the yard at Hoey's house; did he assign any reason?

Witness: He asked me to go with him; and said that he belonged to the Fenians, and wished me to join them.

President: Did you notice at any time that the prisoner had more money than you would expect a soldier to have?

Witness: No.

President: Did you take the Fenian oath?

Witness: I did not; I never was asked to take an oath or join the Fenians in the prisoner's hearing.

Prosecutor: Was it after your interview with the prisoner on the lobby at Hoey's that you were asked to take the oath?

Witness: It was.

Colonel Baker, Tenth Hussars, being sworn, testified: I know the prisoner. He never gave me any information of an intended mutiny in her Majesty's forces in Ireland.

Prisoner: Did any private of the Tenth communicate with you in reference to an intended mutiny, before the first of March?

Colonel Baker: No.

Prisoner: What character do I bear in the regiment?

Witness: A good character.

Colonel Cass, sworn and examined. I never received information from the prisoner with reference to an intended mutiny. I believe his character is good.

Head Constable Talbot, the notorious informer, was the next witness. He was not called upon to furnish evidence of the prisoner's direct complicity in the conspiracy, but only of the fact that a conspiracy existed. He had testified on the trial of Color-Sergeant McCarthy, that the latter had agreed to furnish the Fenians with countersigns, barrack and magazine keys, maps and plans of the Clonmel Barracks, and other aid necessary for the surprise of the garrison.

He also testified that not a single regiment in the service was free from the same taint of rebellion, and that part of the conspirators' scheme was the enlistment of revolutionary agents in the various branches of the British service. O'Reilly was such an agent.

His testimony was brief. In reply to a question by the prisoner, he said:

My real name is Talbot, and I joined the constabulary in 1846.

The arch-informer was succeeded by Private Mullarchy of the Tenth Hussars.

In January last I was in a public house, in James's Street, with the prisoner. He took me there to see a friend of mine, as he said that about a fortnight or three weeks previously a young man was inquiring after me. There were present there two civilians to whom he introduced me as two of his friends, but whose names I don't know. From the room we first entered we went into a larger one, where there were three or four soldiers belonging to the Sixty-first Regiment and Tenth Hussars, another civilian, and a young woman.

Prosecutor: Did you see the prisoner stand up and whisper to one of the civilians?

Witness: Yes, to the civilian sitting opposite to him. Very shortly afterwards the prisoner left the room and did not return. I then had a few words with the civilian to whom the prisoner had whispered.

Prosecutor: Did you see a book on that occasion?

Witness: Nothing more than the book the civilian to whom the prisoner introduced me had taken out of his pocket; the prisoner was not then present. I had no conversation afterwards with the prisoner as to what occurred in the public house, or about the friend of mine of whom he spoke. I never ascertained who that friend was.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

Witness: I did ask you to go to the theater on the night in question. I told you I had got paid my wages, that I was going to the theater, and that I should like to go and see the friend of whom you had spoken.

Prisoner: Is that what you call my taking you to Pilsworth's?

President: We have not got as far as Pilsworth's yet, as far as I can see.

Prisoner: Is that what you call my taking you to the public house in James's Street?

Witness: It is; I asked you to show me where this friend was, and you said you would take me to the public house, which was the last place where you had seen him.

To the Court:

I returned to the barracks at twelve o'clock that night. The friend of whom the prisoner spoke was a civilian, so he told me. The civilian who spoke to me in the public house asked me if I was an Irishman and I said I was. He asked me if I was going to join this society. I asked what society. He said, the Fenian society. I did not know what that was. Since I was in the public house with the prisoner no one spoke to me of the evidence I was to give here or at this trial.

Private Rorreson, Tenth Hussars: I was in Private Bergin's company at Hoey's public house in January last. On that occasion there were present besides Private Bergin and myself a number of foot soldiers and two civilians, none of whose names I know. The prisoner was also present, but I cannot say if he was in the room when I entered or whether he came in afterwards. I saw Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, of the Tenth Hussars, there too. He was in the prisoner's company.

Prosecutor: Did you see anything occur on that occasion between prisoner and the civilians?

Witness: I saw prisoner go up to Fitzgerald, and immediately the latter and the civilians went out. Previous to this I also saw him whispering to the civilians. Any time he did speak it was in a whisper.

Prosecutor: Did you see the prisoner go out of the room on that occasion?

Witness: Yes; the three of them left at the same time. I did not see the prisoner go out of the room more than once. When the three left they were absent for about ten or fifteen minutes, and they returned one after the other. When they returned, one of them spoke to a foot soldier, said good-bye to his comrade, and then left the room. There was singing in the room that evening. A foot soldier sang one of Moore's melodies. I particularly remember the words of one of the songs—

"We'll drive the Sassenach from our soil."

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

I have been at Hoey's since the occasion in question, but I cannot say how often. I never saw Private Denny there.

Question: If Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald swore that on the occasion in question there were no soldiers at Hoey's but those belonging to the Tenth Hussars, would he be swearing what was true?

Witness: No, there were infantry there. I can't say that I was at Hoey's with Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald in November last.

Here the court adjourned, and the examination of Private Rorreson was resumed on the following day.

In reply to the Court:

The infantry soldiers were sitting alongside of me in Hoey's. There were not thirty of the Sixty-first Regiment there. The civilians were sitting at my right. I cannot say whether the soldiers came in first, or whether they were in the room when I went in. I will not swear what time the meeting took place; it was in January. No one spoke to me about my evidence. I was not asked to become a Fenian at Hoey's. Bergin spoke to me elsewhere of it, but never in the prisoner's presence. Any time I ever went to Hoey's it was with Bergin, and the civilians always paid for the drink. I never heard the names of the civilians, but afterwards I heard one was named Devoy. I never heard the names of the others. Devoy appeared to be a born Irishman. I never heard any singing but on that occasion, and the prisoner took no part in it. I think it was before the night in January that Bergin spoke to me of being a Fenian, on the way to the barracks going home. We had been in Hoey's; the prisoner was there. Bergin had been speaking of Fenianism on the way to the barracks. He said there was such a thing "coming off".

President: What do you mean by "such a thing coming off"?

Witness: Like a rebellion breaking out.

Prisoner: When you say you since heard one of the civilians was called Devoy, when did you hear it, and who told you?

Witness: I cannot tell who told me; Bergin told me he was employed at Guinness's, but I cannot say who told me his name.

Prisoner: I respectfully submit that all evidence given by the last witness relative to Bergin should be expunged. I did not object during his examination, as the questions were put by the Court, but I do now.

The court did not accept this view of the case. In admitting the hearsay evidence it endorsed the following astounding propositions made by the Deputy Judge Advocate:

Deputy Judge Advocate:

It is too late to object. The prisoner should not have allowed the examination to go on and taken his chance of something favorable to him being elicited by it. For the rest, I submit that the acts or conversations of co-conspirators are admissible as evidence against each other, even though one of them on his trial was not present at those acts or conversations. All the matters of fact sworn to, show that the prisoner and Bergin were participators in the Fenian plot. Therefore the prisoner's objection is unsustainable, particularly after the examination of the witness.

Having thus summarily disposed of the prisoner's few nominal rights, the prosecution took hold of the case in the good old-fashioned way, by putting on the stand an informer of the regulation Irish character—one who had taken the Fenian oath in order to betray his comrades, and excused himself for the perjury by saying, that, although he had a Testament in his hand and went through the motion of kissing it, he had not really done so. The testimony of this peculiarly conscientious witness is interesting, because it is typical. He can juggle with the Testament, in the hope of cheating the Devil; but when pressed he owns up: "Most decidedly I took the oath with the intention of breaking it. I cannot see how that was perjury." And again, "I told the truth on both trials, *as far as I can remember.*" Without further preface the reader is introduced to the delectable company of Private Patrick Foley, Fifth Dragoon Guards, who testified:

I know the prisoner. I saw him in Hoey's public house about the 14th of January. He was confined, and they were asking about him at Hoey's. The waiter asked—

Prisoner: I object to this evidence. I was not in the house when the questions were asked.

The objection was admitted.

Witness: At the time I saw the prisoner at Hoey's, there were a number of people there, principally civilians. Devoy was one, Williams was another, and Corporal Chambers, who used at that time to appear in civilian's clothes. Hogan and Wilson, both deserters from Fifth Dragoon Guards, were also there in colored clothes. There were many others whose names I do not know. I took part in a conversation that night, but I cannot say whether prisoner was present.

To the Court:

The prisoner spoke twice to me during January and February.

President: The question refers only to one occasion.

Witness: I spoke to the prisoner in February at Barclay's public house. I do not know on what day. I went to the bar and found the prisoner there. He asked me to drink. We both then went into a room, and the prisoner sat at a table with some of his own men. The conversation was among themselves, but it could be heard at the off side of the room. It was on Fenianism and the probable fate of the State prisoners who were on trial at that time. There was also something said about electing a President as soon as they had a free republic. They were all paying attention to what was being said, but I cannot tell if the prisoner said more than the remainder. Devoy was there, and Williams. There were other civilians present whose names I do not know. I had a previous conversation in January with the prisoner at Hoey's, but I cannot remember what it was about. It was regarding Fenianism, but I cannot tell the words made use of. I met the prisoner at Waugh's public house some time towards the end of 1865. The civilians I have mentioned were there and some soldiers. In all these places the conversation was relating to Fenianism, but I cannot say if they were in hearing of the prisoner, but everybody heard them. Devoy was at Waugh's, I think. I frequently met Devoy in company with O'Reilly. I have heard Devoy speak in presence of the prisoner about Fenianism, but I cannot remember that he said anything about what was to be done in connection with it.

Prosecutor: Was there at any of these meetings of which you spoke, and at which the prisoner was present, any conversation of an intended outbreak or mutiny?

Prisoner: I object to that question, because the witness has already stated the substance of the conversations as far as he can remember. The prosecutor had no right to lead the witness, and put into his mouth the very words of the charge.

The prosecutor submitted that the question was perfectly fair and legal.

The Deputy Judge Advocate ruled that the question should be so framed as not to suggest the answer to it.

Witness: There was a conversation of an intended mutiny that was to take place in January or the latter end of February. The prisoner could have heard the conversation that took place in Hoey's, in January, and in Barclay's, in February. I reported to my Colonel in February the subject of the conversation.

Court adjourned for half an hour.

Cross-examination of Private Foley:

I can read and write. I took the Fenian oath. I did not call God to witness I would keep it. I know the nature of an oath. It is to tell the truth, and the whole truth. I had a Testament in my hand and I went through the motion of kissing it, but I did not do so. I swore on two previous occasions I took the Fenian oath. Most decidedly I took the

oath with the intention of breaking it. I cannot see how that was perjury. I had to take the oath, in a way, or I would have known nothing about the Fenian movement. I was examined on the trial of Corporal Chambers. I was sworn on the trial to tell the whole truth. I was sworn by the president. I told the whole truth on both trials, as far as I can remember. I know Private Denny of Tenth Hussars by appearance. I know Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald of the Tenth, also by appearance. I know Fitzgerald personally. I only knew him at these places of meeting. I knew him in January. I knew him to speak to him. I know Private Smith, Tenth Hussars, by appearance. I know him only by speaking to him in the month of February. I cannot say whether I ever saw Private Denny in Hoey's public house or at Barclay's or Bailey's. I cannot say how often I was at meetings in these houses in February. When I took the Fenian oath, most decidedly I intended to become an informer. I kept no memoranda of the meetings I attended, as I reported them all to my commanding officer in the mornings after they took place. My reports were verbal ones, and I never took down the names of those I met at the meetings.

Question: Have you met Corporal Fitzgerald at any of those meetings?

Witness (to President): I am very near tired, sir, answering questions.

President: If you are tired standing, you may sit down.

Witness: I met Fitzgerald at Barclay's and at Hoey's, but I cannot say how often; prisoner was present when I saw Fitzgerald at Barclay's. I knew him personally at the time. I cannot say whether I then spoke to him. At Corporal Chambers's trial I was asked to state, and did so, who were present at the meeting at Hoey's. I did name the prisoner as having been there.

Court here adjourned for the day.

Cross-examination of Private Foley resumed, on July 5.

Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was present on the occasion when I said he was at Barclay's, at the time the conversation about Fenianism took place.

Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald was here confronted with the witness, and stated that he did swear that he met the prisoner at Hoey's and at Pilsworth's, but not at Barclay's. Private Foley would not be swearing what was true if he swore that he (Fitzgerald) made a speech on Fenianism at Barclay's, or was present at a conversation there about electing a President, "when we would have a free republic."

To the President:

I was never at Hoey's public house in the prisoner's company, but I was there two or three days after his arrest, when a man named Williams came up to the barracks and told me there was to be a Fenian meeting at Barclay's. On the 13th of January, prisoner absented himself, and on the 14th inst. (Sunday) he was taken from the barracks by a detective policeman.

To the Prosecutor:

I have never made a speech on Fenianism to my recollection, at Barclay's. I might have said things when I was

drunk that I would not answer for afterwards. I swear positively that I was never present on any occasion when there was talk of electing a President of a republic. I might have been present at such conversation and not know anything about it.

Prisoner contended that this evidence should have been given in direct examination but was not admissible in cross-examination.

The prosecutor contended that the witness, who was recalled by the prisoner, for the purpose of confronting him with another, was not asked anything that was not perfectly fair and proper for the purpose of eliciting the truth.

The Deputy Judge Advocate ruled that the evidence was legal and proper.

Witness to Prosecutor:

I never made a speech on Fenianism, to my recollection, at any place. I might have said things when I was drunk that I would not answer for afterwards. I was drunk every time I went there afterwards. I swear positively I was never present on an occasion when there was a conversation about electing a President of a republic. I might have been present at such conversation when drunk, and not know anything about it.

The Court: Why was Williams sent to tell you of the Fenian meeting if, as you say, you had previously refused to become a Fenian?

Witness: He was sent, I don't know by whom, but he used to go round to Island Bridge and Richmond Barracks for that purpose.

Private Foley (re-examined by prosecutor):

Having heard the evidence of Lance-Corporal Fitzgerald, I have not the least doubt that I met him at Barclay's in February last. The reason I did not, on Corporal Chambers's trial, mention prisoner as being present at Barclay's in February, was that I had some doubts of his name. I have now no doubt that he was present.

To the Prisoner:

I did mention your name to the prosecution about a fortnight ago.

This ended the examination of Informer Foley. He was followed by a duller, but more malicious knave, Private Maher, who boasted, with low cunning, that he had taken the Fenian oath out of curiosity, and with the intention of betraying his fellows; repeated his own smart repartees, and put into the mouth of the prisoner the wholly imaginary atrocious promise, that he would hamstring the cavalry horses in case of emergency. One can almost form a picture of this ruffian from his own words. The official report reads:

Private Maher, First Battalion, Eighth Regiment, deposed: He was a member of the Fenian Society and attended several meetings of that body, at which were present other soldiers. He saw the prisoner at a meeting in Hoey's public-house in January, in company with Devoy and Williams, whom he knew to be Fenians, and with other soldiers, as also with Baines, Rynd, and others. On that occasion he saw a sketch of Island Bridge Barracks in the prisoner's hand, which he was explaining to Devoy.

The President: You are asked what was said.

Witness: Devoy said he wanted a few men out of the Hussars to give them instruction what to do, and he wanted about ten men out of each regiment in Dublin. The prisoner spoke of cutting the hamstrings of the horses in the stables in case of any emergency. The conversation then turned on a rising in the army and how the men would act. I said the Irishmen in the army saw no prospect before them, and they would be great fools to commit themselves. Devoy said they would not be asked until a force came from America. I said it was all moonshine, and that they were a long time coming. He told me I seemed chicken-hearted, and that they required no men but those who were willing and brave. I told him I was as brave as himself, and that he should not form soldiers in a room for the purpose of discussing Fenianism. That is all the conversation I can remember on that occasion.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner:

I was examined on Corporal Chambers's trial. I am not sure whether I named you as one of the soldiers present on the occasion referred to in my evidence. I took the Fenian oath, out of curiosity to see what the Irish conspiracy or republic, as they called it, was. If any serious consequences would arise I would have given information of the movement. I had an opportunity of seeing into the Fenian movement, and I saw that nothing serious was going to happen. If there was I would have known it days before, and then given information. I heard Stephens himself say at Bergin's, that the excitement should be kept up, while aid from America was expected. In last March I made a statement affecting you.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

At the request of the prisoner the Court adjourned to Saturday, July 7, to give him time to prepare his defense.

Court having assembled on that date, the prisoner requested that some member of it be appointed to read his defense.

Lieutenant Parkinson, Sixty-first Regiment, was then requested to do so.

The defense commenced by thanking the Court for the patient and candid consideration which had been bestowed by the members throughout the trial, and stated that the prisoner had no doubt but that the same qualities would be exhibited in consideration of the points which would be submitted to them for his defense. The charge against him was one involving terrible consequences, and he had no doubt the greater would be the anxiety of the Court in testing the evidence brought against him.

There was only one charge which the Court had to consider, and that was: "Having come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny." To sustain that charge the prosecutor should prove, first, that there was a mutiny actually intended; second, that he (the prisoner) had a knowledge of that intention, and third, that he possessed that knowledge in January, 1866, and did not communicate it to his commanding officer. The prosecutor was bound to prove each and every one of those allegations, by evidence on which the court might safely act. After referring to his services he asked the court to bear in mind his good reputation, while considering the evidence against him, as it must have observed that, from the character of some of the proofs upon which the prosecutor relied, in conversation with no third person present, and no date fixed, it was impossible to displace such testimony by direct evidence.

The defense then pointed out various discrepancies between various witnesses and the contradiction between the evidence of Privates Denny and Smith, where Denny had clearly committed perjury. But even if these men's evidence were true, it would not bring home to him one fact to bear out the charge.

None of these witnesses can say that in his presence one word was ever said respecting the designs or the plans of the Fenians, and it only amounted to this, that one day, in a casual conversation, he said to Smith that some persons they had met were Americans and Fenian agents. In the whole evidence, which, in the cases of Foley and Maher was that of informers, there was much to which the addition or omission of a word would give a very different color to what it had got. What was the amount of credit to be given to those men, when it was remembered that they both took the Fenian oath, the one, as he said, through curiosity, the other with the deliberate design of informing?

Maher's oath, on his own admission, had not been believed by a civil court of justice; and would this court believe it and convict a man of crime upon such testimony? He (the prisoner) asked the court to reject this testimony and rely upon that of his commanding officer, Colonel Baker, who had deposed to his good character as a soldier. In conclusion, the prisoner appealed to the Deputy Judge Advocate, to direct the court that unless he had personal knowledge of an intended mutiny in January, he was entitled to an acquittal. Guilt was never to be assumed, it should be proved; for suspicion, no matter how accumulated, could never amount to the mental conviction on which alone the court should act.

The defense having concluded, prisoner called Capt. Barthorp, Tenth Hussars, who was a member of the court. In reply to questions put, Capt. Barthorp said:

He was captain of the prisoner's troop, and had known him for three years. His character was good.

Mr. Anderson, Crown Solicitor, was sworn and examined by prisoner with regard to a portion of Private Maher's evidence on Corporal Chambers's trial, relative to the alleged meeting. Maher did not mention the prisoner as having been present at the al-

leged meeting, when giving evidence at Chambers's trial; but on the present one he swore that he was present.

In reply to the Prosecutor:

Deputy Judge Advocate said he could not state whether the meeting of which Maher had deposed at Chambers's trial was the same mentioned on this.

Prisoner: I would wish to ask the Deputy Judge Advocate a question which arises out of his answer: Did you not hear Private Maher asked on my trial to name the persons he had met at the meeting which he deposed to at Corporal Chambers's trial, and did he not do so?

Deputy Judge Advocate: I did hear that evidence given; I did hear him state the names.

Adjutant Russell, Tenth Hussars, in answer to prisoner, said: He (prisoner) was put under arrest on the 14th of February. The prisoner was in hospital for several days in February, from 19th to 26th.

President: I do not wish to interrupt the prisoner, but I wish to point out that these dates are all subsequent to the charge.

At this point court adjourned to eleven o'clock Monday morning.

At the reopening of the court, Capt. Whelan (the prosecutor) proceeded to answer the defense of the prisoner. His reply entered elaborately into the whole evidence that had been given, and commented on the various points raised for the defense. Capt. Whelan defended strongly the various witnesses from the charge brought against them by the prisoner, of being informers, and insisted that they were all trustworthy and credible, and that the discrepancies pointed out in the defense were such as would naturally arise.

The Deputy Judge Advocate then proceeded to sum up the whole evidence. In doing so, he said:

The court should bear in mind that the existence of an intended mutiny should be proved before the prisoner should be found guilty of the charges upon which he was arraigned. The court should also bear in mind that it was for it to prove charges and not for the prisoner to disprove them. To experienced officers, like those composing the court, it was not necessary for him (the Judge-Advocate) to state what the law was, bearing on those charges. He might say, however, that if the prisoner did come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny, it would be for them to say whether the prisoner had given notice of any such intended mutiny to his commanding officer. This, his commanding officers state, he did not do; so that it became the subject of inquiry whether any such mutiny was intended. They had the evidence of Head Constable Talbot on that point, and they should attentively weigh it. Assuming that it was intended, and that the prisoner was aware of it and an accomplice in the design, they had then no less than eight witnesses to prove that complicity. The Deputy Judge Advocate then went minutely through the whole

evidence, which he recapitulated in a lucid manner, pointing out to the court where it was favorable for the prisoner or bore against him.

The Judge Advocate concluded by saying: "Now, on a calm and fair review of the evidence, determining in favor of the prisoner everything of which there was reasonable doubt, straining nothing against him, is the court satisfied that the facts are inconsistent with any other conclusion than the prisoner's guilt? Is the court satisfied that the Fenians intended mutiny as one of the essentials of that plot?"

"Are they satisfied that the prisoner knew of that intention? If you are not satisfied that the evidence adduced for the prosecution has brought home to the prisoner the charges on which he is indicted; if you can fairly and honestly see your way to put an innocent construction on the prisoner's acts, it is your duty to do so.

"But, on the other hand, if the court has no rational doubt of the prisoner's guilt, then it is bound, without favor, partiality, or affection, to find their verdict accordingly. Remember, though, that although you may feel very great suspicion of the prisoner's guilt, yet if you are not satisfied that the charge is proved home to him beyond rational doubt, no amount of suspicion will justify conviction. Apply to your consideration of the evidence, the same calm, deliberate, and faithful attention and judgment which you would apply to your own most serious affairs, if all you value most and hold most dear, your lives and honor, were in peril. The law demands no more, and your duty will be satisfied with no less."

At the conclusion of the Judge Advocate's address, the court was made private, to consider their finding. After a short time it was reopened, and Adjutant Russell, Tenth Hussars, was called to give testimony as to the prisoner's character. He said that it had been good during his three years and thirty-one days of service.

The court was then again cleared and the result was not known until officially promulgated by the Horse Guards.

On July 9, 1866, formal sentence of death was passed upon all the military prisoners. It was only a formality. The same day, it was commuted to life imprisonment in the cases of O'Reilly, McCarthy, Chambers, Keating and Darragh. The sentence of O'Reilly was subsequently commuted to twenty years' penal servitude.

Adjutant Russell, referred to in the preceding report, better known as Lord Odo Russell, had pleaded successfully for leniency in behalf of the youthful prisoner. The first step in execution of the sentence was taken on Monday afternoon, September 3, in the Royal Square, Royal Barracks, in the presence of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, Second Battalion, Third Regiment, Seventy-fifth Regiment, Ninety-second Highlanders, and Eighty-fifth Light Infantry. The prisoner was then and there made listen

to the reading of his sentence, stripped of his military uniform, clothed in the convict's dress, and escorted to Mountjoy prison.

Before dismissing the story of his trial (says James Jeffrey Roche), I may here relate a curious sequel, which occurred some six or seven years later in the city of Boston. O'Reilly had many strange visitors in his newspaper office, but perhaps the strangest of all was one of the two informers before mentioned. This fellow, after O'Reilly's conviction, found himself so despised and shunned by his fellow-soldiers, both English and Irish, that his life became unendurable. He deserted the army and fled to America, where the story of his treachery had preceded him. He was starving in the streets of Boston when he met his former victim, and threw himself upon his mercy. Almost any other man would have enjoyed the spectacle of the traitor's misery. O'Reilly saw only the pity of it all, and gave the wretch enough money to supply his immediate wants, and pay his way to some more propitious spot.

The foregoing courtmartial account, as already mentioned, is taken from James Jeffry Roche's "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly". I will now add a few personal observations on the informers.

It will be noticed that in the case of all the military informers except Foley and Maher (in Mr. Roche's book spelled incorrectly as Meara) they said they had not taken the Fenian oath and did not remember names. Every man of them took the oath, and they only told as much as would save themselves. They all knew my name and knew there was a warrant for my arrest. Every one of the 80 men in the Tenth Hussars was brought to me by O'Reilly and I did the swearing in.

Corporal Fitzgerald of the Tenth Hussars was a London Irishman and I have no doubt would have fought well if the Rising had come off before his arrest. Maher was a Tipperary man, a solemn fellow who talked generalities. One of his favorite sayings was: "A sojer has a haurt, as well as another man." He was orderly one day at the Under Secretary's office in Dublin Castle, when he overheard a conversation between two detectives in which they mentioned the name of a man who had given private information and that made him lose heart and turn informer after being arrested. He was shot by a young man named McNeill in Hoey's public house in Bridgefoot Street during the trials, but though hit by three bullets none of them touched a vital spot and he was not killed. One bullet hit Paddy Lawlor of Newbridge (the man who had decoyed him there) in the foot

and that saved Lawlor. He was arrested on suspicion and told me the story in Mountjoy Prison.

I was warned against Patrick Foley by Montague, Centre of the Fifth Dragoon Guards (then a deserter) and I passed the warning to the men, but he followed some of them to Pilsworth's public house on the night of our arrest, was "arrested" with us, but taken out of the cell in Chancery Lane police station about an hour after our arrival. Police Inspector Doyle admitted to me (in a whisper) next morning that Foley was the man who had given us away.

There was never any singing at any of my meetings with the soldiers except that of the regular hired singers. There were then a number of singing public houses in Dublin and they were selected for our meetings because casual visitors attracted no attention. James Stephens was never present at any of these gatherings and his name was never mentioned. The statement made by one of the informers that he spoke to him was perjury.

There were 8,000 sworn Fenians in the regiments stationed in Ireland at that time and only one, Patrick Foley, turned informer before being arrested, and Foley admitted in his testimony that he joined as a spy. That fact speaks for itself as to the reliability of the soldier Fenians.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RISING DOOMED FROM THE START.

A COUNSEL OF DESPAIR—INSURGENTS HAD PRACTICALLY NO ARMS AND THE FAVORABLE CONDITIONS OF 1865-66 WERE THEN NON-EXISTENT—RAID ON CHESTER CASTLE AND O'CONNOR INCIDENT IN KERRY ON FEBRUARY 11, 1867, PREMATURE—MARRED SLIM CHANCES OF GENERAL RISING IN MARCH.

THE Rising of 1867 from a military standpoint failed dismally. It could not have been otherwise under the circumstances. The favorable elements which prevailed at the end of 1865 and the beginning of 1866 had been dissipated; sufficient time had not elapsed in which to remedy the weaknesses and deficiencies which characterized the situation under Stephens.

The organization in the British Army (fully described in Part III of this book) was the right arm of the movement and if used at the proper time would have contributed to success in two ways, both of which were very important militarily. First, it would have broken the morale of the British Army in Ireland and crippled its power to suppress an Insurrection; and secondly, it would have supplied the Fenians with a splendid nucleus for a trained army and provided the conditions which would have enabled the Republic (which they intended to proclaim) to demand International Recognition.

At that time (1865-6) the United States was ready to recognize Ireland's Independence, if an early military success, the possession of a port, military occupation of a considerable area of territory and the existence of a Provisional Government in control of the Civil Administration, afforded justification in International Law.

But, when the Rising took place in 1867, most of the British regiments which included strong forces of sworn Fenians had been transferred out of Ireland; the stock of rifles in the hands of the civilian Fenians had been considerably reduced through police raids, and the reliance of the Home Organization on America for a supply sufficient to reasonably equip the men still persisted.

The decision to fight in 1867 was a counsel of despair. The ability of the Fenians to undertake an insurrection in that year was considerably less than it was twelve or eighteen months earlier, but on the other hand it is true that the reasons for challenging the tyrannical rule of England had become intensified in the meantime.

T. D. Sullivan in commenting on the Rising wrote:

"Brave Irishmen who had had actual experience of war in the armies of America, had crossed the Atlantic, and landed in England and Ireland, to give the movement the benefit of their services. To these men the break-down of James Stephens was a stunning blow, * * * they considered that they could not return to America with their mission unattempted, and they resolved to establish their own honesty and sincerity at all events, as well as the courage and earnestness of the Fenian Brotherhood in Ireland, by taking the desperate course of engaging forthwith in open insurrection. It was in conformity with their arrangements, and in obedience to their directions, that the rising took place on the night of the 5th of March, 1867."

The leaders of the Irish Republican Brotherhood were to some extent actuated in their decision by the considerations set forth by T. D. Sullivan; it also may be said that in their opinion it "was better to have fought and lost, than never to have fought at all". Even though the attempt which they made can hardly be called an insurrection, yet their gesture was a brave one and they passed on the "burning brand" to the generations that followed. Their demonstration against English Rule had important results in later days.

On reviewing the facts of the '67 Rising, the wonder is not that it was such a military fiasco but that it should have been attempted at all under the circumstances. The efforts of the men who "came out" in Dublin, Cork, Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Kerry, and in smaller numbers in a few other counties, were confined to attacks on police barracks and coastguard stations, and they were miserably equipped for even such petty operations.

A year earlier the chances for initial civilian successes, as I have pointed out in previous chapters, were favorable to such a degree as to ensure the immediate co-operation of the formidable force of Fenians in the British Army of Occupation. On the other hand, the conditions under which the Rising of '67 was undertaken were such as to preclude all possibility of participation on the side of the Irish by any of the disorganized and scattered Fenian soldiers who still remained in Ireland.

No matter from what angle the situation of March, 1867, is examined, the possibility of a successful insurrection in that year

did not exist, but whatever chance there was for the men of the organization as a whole to make even a passable showing was marred by two premature movements in the month previous. The Raid on Chester Castle by Captain John McCafferty, and the uprising in Kerry under Colonel O'Connor, on February 11, 1867—both due to the fact that the general Rising was originally set for that date, and that the order postponing action to March 5 did not reach them in time,—reawakened the English to the menace of Fenianism, and they were on the qui vive to deal with the March outbreak in its initial stages. Yet, if the Chester Raid had succeeded, its effect on the Rising in Ireland would have had a totally different effect.

The opinion at the time was that Captain John McCafferty grew impatient of delay, planned the Chester Raid on his own responsibility and sent word to Colonel O'Connor in Cahirciveen to strike on the same date. But the balance of proof seems to absolve McCafferty and to show that he believed all Ireland was to rise on February 11 and that his move on Chester would be simultaneous with it.

Joseph Denieffe, who was very well informed of what was going on, says in his book that the date of the Rising was originally fixed for February 11 and then postponed to March 5, but gives no reason why the change was made. I have no personal knowledge on the subject, for I was in prison at the time, but all my information led me for many years to believe that McCafferty was in fault, as he was an eccentric, self-willed man, with the guerilla habit of doing what he thought proper and often disobeying orders. While awaiting trial in Kilmainham we were brought to Green Street Courthouse every day and the guard of Dublin policemen placed over us in the waiting room were all friendly and allowed our families to talk freely with us. My eldest sister brought me several verbal messages from Edward Duffy, who was temporary head of the organization during Stephens's absence in America, and one of them, about the 9th of February, 1867, said: "The fight will be in three weeks, but we'll be badly beaten. Plead guilty, so as to get a short sentence, so you can remain in Ireland and help to reorganize the movement." The same message was conveyed to me by Mrs. Luby.

The Fenians of Northern England knew of no postponement and answered McCafferty's call to concentrate on Chester on February 11. Michael Davitt, who had lost his right arm, tells of carrying a bag of bullets to Chester, as he couldn't use a weapon. He was not an officer of the organization, but knew that the order was for the February date and the men in Lan-

cashire, where he lived, obeyed it. Of course, no written record of the meetings was kept.

Captain McCafferty had a surprise plan for the capture of Chester Castle which seemed to give promise of success. Several thousand rifles and a large quantity of ammunition were stored in the castle, there was no large body of troops stationed near it, and two or three steamers were anchored in the harbor. The men of the North of England were armed only with revolvers, but they would have been sufficient to enable them to overpower the small military guard in the castle and to take possession of the steamer. Loading the arms on one of the vessels would require some time, but, with the telegraph wires cut, the work could be done before any military force could arrive. McCafferty's plan was to land the arms on the Eastern Coast of Ireland near Dublin. Had it succeeded, the fiasco of March 5 would have been averted. He had performed a bigger feat than that while Grant was besieging Vicksburg, and the chances of success were all in his favor.

But the plans were all upset by the spy, John Joseph Corydon, whom nobody suspected at the time. He was trusted by McCafferty and gave the Government timely information, which enabled it to frustrate the project. Troops were rapidly moved to Chester and many of them arrived before the hour set for the attack. The Fenians were at their rendezvous, ready for action, but McCafferty did not arrive on time and they had no commander. They could not fight regular soldiers with revolvers and were puzzled by the absence of McCafferty. When he reached Chester several hours late he doubtless explained his delay satisfactorily, but the rest of the organization were left in ignorance of it for several years. The awkward and maddening fact to him was that the train on which he was coming from London was sidetracked to allow the troop trains to pass.

I got this information from him only about 1874. He then had a plan to capture the Prince of Wales and hold him as a hostage to compel the release of the men still in prison, mainly the soldiers in Australia, and some civilians including Michael Davitt and those convicted for complicity in the Manchester Rescue in England. He talked rather loosely of it to enlist support, and a few hotheads like John Kearney of Millstreet, County Cork, were enthusiastically in favor of it. They wanted \$5,000 from the Clan-na-Gael, which was refused because the Executive considered the project to be impracticable and the preparations for the Australian Rescue had already been begun. Kearney and I had an argument about it one day in Rossa's Hotel and he told McCafferty that I had called him a coward, which was a twist

from what I had actually said. A day or two later McCafferty called on me and said in the cold, quiet way which was his habit and in a low voice: "Devoy, I'm told you have called me a coward. Now I don't allow any man to call me a coward and live." He was the most desperate man in the movement, who never made idle threats, so I replied: "McCafferty, you'll please allow me to live long enough to tell you that I did not call you a coward, and I'd be a damned fool if I did. What I said to John Kearney was that you did not get to Chester in time and that the men you brought there were left without a commander." He then explained to me about the troop trains with the reinforcements for Chester blocking the railroad and delaying his train, and then walked away without another word.

The North of England men could not return to their homes and would not have got their jobs back if they did, so many of them tried to get to Ireland, as they believed the fight was going on there. Three hundred of them went on a Liverpool steamer to Dublin, but a large force of police was waiting for them on the quay and they were all arrested. The number of Irishmen on the trains in the Chester area had attracted widespread attention and the townspeople were greatly alarmed, but no arrests were made in England. McCafferty made his way to Dublin, but was arrested on landing and later tried and convicted. I met him in Portland Prison and we worked at stone cutting in the same gang.

The Government was greatly alarmed at the danger of fighting in England itself. As the episode developed, Chester was only a demonstration, but its significance was not lost on the Government. There were no warships near Chester or anywhere on the East Coast of Ireland at the time and the arms could have been easily landed if Corydon had not been told of the intended attack on the castle. Then the fight in Ireland would have been begun with several thousand fully armed men, with a desperate fighter at their head. McCafferty would have probably landed in Wicklow where the mountains afford excellent fighting ground. His experience in the Confederate Army was entirely as a Guerilla, and Michael Dwyer's feats in Wicklow from 1798 to 1803 showed what difficulties a regular army would have to face.

The newspaper reports of the Rising in Kerry at the same time as the Chester Raid, from which A. M. Sullivan took his account of it in his "New Ireland", are full of errors and grotesque exaggerations, with the exception of the wild panic of the Kerry gentry. What really occurred was this:

Head Constable O'Connell, in command of the Peelers in Cahirciveen, numbering twenty, although a Protestant, had four

sons who were all Fenians and a daughter who strongly sympathized with the movement. She was a fine, tall girl and carried out under her cloak, two at a time, all the rifles in the barrack and handed them to her brothers outside, and they passed them to Colonel O'Connor's men. I knew the four O'Connell brothers and their splendid sister some years later in New Haven, Conn., where they were in the building business, and the four were members of the Clan-na-Gael. I got valuable information about the Kerry Rising from them. Colonel John J. O'Connor had a fine fighting record in the Union Army in the Civil War; he returned to his native county intending to remain there and was assigned to the command of the district.

Having got the Peelers' rifles, O'Connor started for Killarney. On the way he captured without a fight the Coastguard Station at Kells, between Cahirciveen and Glenbeigh, with some rifles, and continued his march. On the road the Insurgents met a horse policeman riding from Killarney to Cahirciveen and ordered him to halt. He paid no heed to the order and attempted to ride on, so they shot at him and he was severely wounded, but did not die. O'Connor found on him a captured order addressed to him, in code, changing the date of the Rising from February 11 to March 5, and a list of the prominent Fenians in Cahirciveen. The countermand convinced O'Connor of the futility of going further. With only a handful of his men armed he could not face a body of regular soldiers, so he told his men to disperse and return to their homes. Some of them, instead of going home, took up a position on a neighboring mountain to await developments. The developments were not long in coming.

General Sir Alfred Horsford (a Scotchman), who was in command in Limerick, was the most enterprising and resourceful General in the British Army—I might say the only one, except, perhaps, Sir Hugh Rose, then Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He commandeered every available vehicle—jaunting cars, gentlemen's carriages and business vans—loaded the soldiers on them, and rushed them to Cahirciveen. When I read the reports in the newspapers given to me by a Dublin policeman named Duff, who was one of the guards placed over us in the waiting room of the Green Street Courthouse, I said to myself: "Horsford does not know what I know,—under other conditions he could not rely on his men to do such work". The Seventy-third Regiment, supposed to be all Scotch and wearing plaid trousers and Glengarry caps, had 300 Fenians in its ranks, and they were exceptionally good men. It was one of the regiments sent to Ireland to replace the disaffected ones early in 1866 and arrived in Dublin just before my arrest, but in time to have one of

our men from Scotland introduce me to the Centre and to enable me to introduce him to some of the Dublin men. At that time there were many Irishmen in the Highland regiments.

Horsford surrounded the mountain on which O'Connor's men were, placed his force in open order at the foot and directed that no one was to be allowed to pass through. But that night every one of the insurgents passed through in safety and made their way home. Most of them when creeping out through the extended line, not knowing that they had many friends among the soldiers, thought they were unseen. But the Fenians in plaid trousers and Glengarry caps saw them well enough, and the Scotchmen shut their eyes. Many of the Scotchmen were Gaelic speakers, and Iveragh, of which Cahirciveen is the chief town, is, even at this writing (1928) one of the strongholds of the Gael-tacht. The tie of a common language—for Scotch Gaelic differs very little from Irish Gaelic—is very strong, and when a few of the Scotchmen asked questions of the men creeping out, they were understood, and so were the replies. It was a case similar to that of William Putnam McCabe in 1798 when he appealed to his Highland Scotch escort in Watling Street, Dublin, in Gaelic and was allowed to escape.

O'Connor's men knew every foot of the country and had no difficulty in making their way home, but some of them were arrested later and three were convicted on the evidence of the Coastguard men. I knew one of them named Moriarty in New York, who was a splendid man.

There was a sharp lookout for O'Connor, but he disguised himself as a priest, got to Queenstown and took a steamer for America without being recognized. He arrived safely, but died a few years later.

O'Connor's short-lived Rising created a great panic among the gentry. They flocked into Killarney, taking their wives and children with them and all their valuables that would fit in the carriages. They poured telegrams into Dublin Castle for aid, laid in a stock of provisions in the hotel at the railroad station, put sandbags in the windows and begged the police to garrison it for their protection. The aid came in a few days. Besides the troops from Limerick, trainloads of soldiers were sent from the Curragh Camp and reinforcements also came from Cork. The panic-stricken landlords made the Government think the insurrection was on a much larger scale, and the number of troops sent was wholly unnecessary.

Among the most prominent of the fugitive gentry were the relatives of Daniel O'Connell. Practically every one of them then

in Ireland who bore his name was among them, and many others who were relatives by marriage. They were among the most clamorous for strong action. The only well known relative who was not with them was The O'Donoghue, who was a grandnephew of Daniel, and who was then in London. Early in 1866, he described the attitude of the Irish people as "one of waiting", evidently meaning waiting for the fight. His sympathies were known to be with the Fenians and he would have joined the organization with a group of other "Moderate" Nationalists on condition that the system of governing it was changed from a dictatorship of one man to an elective Council, such as was later adopted by the reorganized I. R. B.

Had The O'Donoghue and the others been taken in at that time and the condition agreed to, it would probably have saved both Stephens and the I. R. B. O'Donoghue was a spendthrift, and was only relieved of financial difficulties by marrying the daughter of a rich Athlone banker named Ennis, who was liberally dowered. But in the meantime he had taken a Government job and dropped out of public life. It is hardly possible that he would have done this if he had joined the organization. And had the elective council plan been adopted the misfortunes which befell the movement through Stephens' weakness and vacillation when the crisis came would in all probability have been avoided.

As for The O'Donoghue, he remained popular in Kerry to the last, and to some extent in the rest of Ireland. The Corkmen called the Kerry men of that day "Chieftain Hunters" because of their personal loyalty to the "gallant young Chieftain of the Glens", and his popularity was greatly increased by his challenging Sir Robert Peel to a duel for an insulting remark made in a speech. Sir Robert declined to fight and was publicly accused of taking refuge "behind his wife's petticoats". His wife took some part in the public controversy which followed the challenge, but I don't recall what seemed to justify the charge. But I do remember T. D. Sullivan's satirical poem, the refrain of which was:

"Swaggering Bob,
Staggering Bob."

It had a great vogue at the time, and T. D. also wrote a sarcastic rhyme on the mad flight of the Kerry landlords during O'Connor's Rising. It was said for many years later that The O'Donoghue remained a Nationalist by conviction, notwithstanding his Government job. It was a great pity that his financial difficulties obliged him to take it, for he was a man of fine ability and an eloquent orator.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STEPASIDE AND GLENCULLEN.

DUBLIN MEN, UNDER PATRICK LENNON AND JOHN KIRWAN, CAPTURED
TWO POLICE BARRACKS AFTER A SHORT FIGHT—FEW CASUALTIES.

As I have already said, I have no personal knowledge of the Rising of 1867, being in Mountjoy Prison at the time, but having heard of the approximate date from Edward Duffy, I was on the lookout and anxiously awaiting news of it. On the night of March 5 the challenges of the sentries as the rounds were being made every half hour or so convinced me that "the game was up". The soldiers belonged to the Coldstream Guards and they had deep, sonorous voices—the English Guards were all the kind of men that Cromwell wanted, with "big noses and strong lungs"—and the quality of their challenges showed unmistakably that they were under a strain.

I climbed up to the cell window, which only opened slantingly, and found that rain, sleet and snow followed each other in quick succession, and I said to myself sadly: "God help the poor fellows who are out to-night without overcoats or warm clothing. And what are they going to fight with?" With all the handicaps which I knew to exist, and the blizzard added, what kind of a fight could the boys put up?

I lay awake most of the night and my short naps were disturbed by fitful dreams of charges of cavalry, and unarmed bleeding men, in places within the city like Crampton Court, where cavalry charges were impossible. In my waking moments Michael Scanlan's song, "The Fenian Men" (written to the air of "O'Donnell Abu") came to my mind, and I contrasted its glowing prophecy with what I knew must be the pitiful performance:

"See who comes over the red-blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air;
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
Sure Freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there."

And its chorus:

"Out and make way for the bold Fenian men."

Most of the Fenian poetry written in America indulged in prophecy like:

"The Phoenix Zouaves
Will do nothing by halves
When they chase the red foe from old Ireland."

But in Ireland our song writers mostly recalled memories of 'Ninety-Eight, such as John Keegan Casey's "Rising of the Moon":

"Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate;
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow
Fills the name of Ninety-Eight!)"

Next morning Father Potter, a splendid Irishman, who had temporarily replaced Father Cody as Chaplain, paid me a visit and told me that all Ireland was up in arms, that Kilmallock had been captured, that a battle was going on in Drogheda and that Cork and Tipperary were practically all in the hands of the Rebels. These were the reports current in Dublin that day, but a couple of days later he told me of the sad failure—the debacle—at Tallaght, but was still hopeful of success in the rest of Ireland. Poor Father Potter (a Dublin man) was one of the kindest souls I ever met and a strong sympathizer with the Fenian movement. A few days later Father Cody came back and the news supply was shut off.

I heard no more about the Rising until a young Corkman named Coughlin, convicted for his part in the fight at Ballyknockane under James F. X. O'Brien and "The Little Captain" (William Mackey Lomasney), was brought into Millbank and while working side by side at the pump to fill the cistern on the top of the building, told me the whole story of the miserable failure, and the treachery of Corydon and Massey.

Later, others who had taken part in the Rising arrived and as opportunity offered, told me what happened in Cork, Tipperary and Drogheda. With few exceptions it was a sad story of failure and suffering. Some of the prisoners had not been arrested for a considerable time after the Rising and knew a lot about subsequent happenings.

But it was only when I arrived in New York after our release and deportation that Pat Lennon (who himself came a week later in the second batch of released men) together with John Kirwan,—both of whom had participated at Stepside and Glencullen—called to see me, and from them I got most, but not all, of the story.

The reports of the Dublin Rising in the *Freeman's Journal* (published only on March 7) were very poorly done and were evidently supplied by the police. It was wretched journalism. The biggest news of the day was deemed worthy only of a few

short paragraphs. As copied from the files of the *Freeman* recently by my nephew, Peter Devoy, here they are:

(From the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, March 7, 1867.)

It was reported by the Railway Officials at Kingsbridge that the railway lines had been torn up at three places on the main line, at Holycross, at Knocklong, and near Thurles. It was also stated that Limerick Junction, being a place of great strategical importance, was to be seized and made a centre of action for the Counties Tipperary, Limerick and Cork.

In Dublin numbers of men were observed going through the streets between nine and ten o'clock last night. The general rendezvous appears to have been in the country about Crumlin and Tallaght. Shortly before ten o'clock last night a body of men about 500 strong was seen on the Temple Road near Palmerstown Fields. Information of these proceedings was at once sent to Portobello and a detachment of Scots Greys was immediately sent off. In addition to the Scots Greys a detachment of the 92nd Highlanders was sent to Crumlin, but on their arrival the Fenians had gone off in the direction of Tallaght. A gentleman who came from the Green Hills direction near Tallaght stated that he saw about 1,500 men moving towards Kildare. More light may be thrown on the movement by a rumour circulated a few days ago that the Insurgents from the City and County Dublin were to have a general concentration in the mountain district between Dublin, Wicklow and Kildare.

A gentleman who came from Howth early yesterday morning reports seeing a body of over 200 men marching on the Howth Road.

At a late hour last night [6/3/67] a detachment of the 52nd Regiment and a squadron of the 12th Lancers with four pieces of artillery, occupied Crumlin.

DUNDRUM, BRAY, STEPASIDE AND GLENCULLEN.

The Insurgents met at Milltown and marched to Dundrum. They assembled in front of the police barracks and tried to induce the nine policemen to come out, and they refused. After some time, the Insurgents were ordered by their officers to march towards Stepaside. They arrived here at about two in the morning and called on the police to surrender in the name of the Irish Republic. Constable McIlwaine and his four men refused to do so. Shots were fired on both sides, and a quantity of straw having been forced through one of the windows into a room on the ground floor for the purpose of burning the house, the police offered to surrender on condition that the men would not be injured. This was assented to and the police thus became prisoners of war, and they delivered up the barracks with all its arms and ammunition.

The Insurgents then marched along the Bray road as far as Old Connaught and after their scouts returned it was deemed advisable not to attack Bray. They proceeded then to Glencullen where they called on Constable O'Brien and his four men to surrender in the name of the Irish Republic. He refused and said he would defend the barracks. The order was then given for riflemen to advance and 50 men armed with rifles came to the front. They drew

up before the barrack and just as they fired into it the police fired out and wounded two of the Fenians. They (the Fenians) then took cover and continued firing for some time. The leader of the Fenians then ordered Constable McIlwaine, their prisoner, to represent to Constable O'Brien that resistance was useless, and after some parleying O'Brien agreed to surrender on condition that all the police would be set free. This was agreed to—the release not to take place for two hours.

The march of Patrick Lennon's and John Kirwan's men to Stepside and Glencullen and the capture of the police barracks are fully described by Captain Harry Filgate in his letter to the *Gaelic American*, which will be found in the next chapter, so I will only insert here a brief account of some incidents told me by Lennon himself and other participants in the fighting.

When Lennon ordered his riflemen to take cover they took up a position behind a fence on the opposite side of the road, and Denis Duggan made for himself an embrasure through which he fired. But the loop-holed iron shutters protected the Peelers and none of them was hit. Lennon said that Duggan (who nine years later participated in the *Catalpa* rescue) had great nerve and acted with the coolness of a veteran.

On their way to Stepside a boy of fourteen or fifteen stepped out of a house with a rifle on his shoulder and fell into line. He proved to be one of the best fighters in the party, but Lennon never learned his name. When I told the incident to Pat Breslin (the youngest of the family), he said he knew him and gave me his name, but I have forgotten it. I am very sorry for this, as I would like to put the brave boy on record. He was apparently a farmer's son.

After the Glencullen barrack had surrendered, Lennon heard loud talk inside and fearing that some of his men were going to harm the Peelers he drew his revolver, went inside and said to the men he found there: "These men are prisoners of war and I'll shoot any man who attempts to injure or insult them." The men laughed and told him they were only "taking a ride out of the Peelers" and did not intend to hurt them. When he came outside again he found the old Parish Priest haranguing his men and telling them to go home. Lennon was a man of few words and rarely used bad language, but he was excited and stepped up to the priest, put the revolver to his head and with an oath said: "If you don't get out of here I'll give you the contents of this." The priest at once took the advice and went away.

Years afterwards a friend of Lennon who knew the story was taking a walk through the Dublin hills and found the old priest

sitting on a low wall near the Glencullen church smoking his pipe, and asked him for a light. He gave him the light and then said: "Sit down and have a chat." Soon the talk drifted to the events of 1867 and the old priest told him the story and said: "That man knew his business and I've no hard feelings against him. If I didn't do what I did Paul Cullen would be after my scalp, but that man knew his business."

After being wounded at Dundrum, John Kirwan was captured trying to get into Dublin and was held under police guard in Madame Stevens's Hospital. There was some talk of friction between him and Lennon, but Lennon (who had remained in Dublin after the Rising) speedily put an end to it by rescuing Kirwan from the hospital and he managed to get safely to New York. I saw the first meeting between the two men in Sweeney's Hotel after our release and nothing could be more cordial. Kirwan was a Dublin policeman's son, had been a sergeant in the Irish Papal Brigade and was a close military student. He drilled his men well and talked a good deal about military tactics. Some of the Dublin wags nicknamed him "Me and Napoleon", but Kirwan never used the words.

Larry Caulin, the old Centre of the district, and his cousin, Larry Ellis, were then working in England and did not learn of the intended Rising. If they had there would have been 200 stalwart mountaineers in the fighting. Caulin was a perfect type of the Wicklow Clansman, tall, straight as a pike handle, good looking, with dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes and reminded one of Samuel Ferguson's lines (written later):

"In the dark eyelashed eye of blue-gray,
In the open look, modest and kind,
In the face's fine oval reflecting the play
Of the sensitive generous mind."

Ellis (evidently of Cromwellian descent) was of a perfect English type—tall and very strongly built, with very light hair and blue eyes, but he was a fine Irishman, genial and good-natured. I knew both men very well, as I had attended several funerals in Glencullen of people born in that district but who had lived in Dublin.

The absence of the men of the Dublin hills from the fighting at Glencullen was an illustration of the confusion caused by the repeated postponements of the fight.

Every farmer and farmer's son in that district was also a stonecutter. The land is poor and rocky and the grass thin, so they could only keep a few cows, sheep and goats, with a pig or

two and a lot of hens, and went to Dublin and England often to work at stone cutting, while the girls took service in Dublin.

Coming down from Glencullen towards Dublin, the panorama that meets the eye is one never to be forgotten; mountain peaks in several directions, some near and others far off; the city itself beyond the delightful valleys; and though "My own sweet Dublin Bay" is in the distance it seems to be right at your feet—a beautiful expanse of water on which the yachts look like swans. Gazing on that vista, how forcibly the thought fastens on your mind: truly, a country worth fighting for!

CHAPTER XXVII.

FILGATE'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTURE OF POLICE BARRACKS IN 1867—PERFECT MILITARY DISCIPLINE OF INSURGENTS—LENNON COMMANDED AFTER KIRWAN HAD BEEN WOUNDED.

WHEN John J. Rossiter, one of the men who took part in the capture of the Barracks at Stepaside and Glencullen (and who was in later years very active in the Clan-na-Gael in New York and Newark, N. J.), died in 1905, his friend and mine, Edward Whelan, who also fought under Lennon, wrote a sketch of the fighting for the *Gaelic American*. Then Captain Harry Filgate of the Irish Volunteers in San Francisco, who had in the meantime been a sergeant in the American Regular Army, wrote a letter correcting some errors in Whelan's account. As no two men who took part in the same battle ever agree on all the details, I prefer to take the version of the man with ten years' service as an American Regular as likely to be the more accurate. Filgate's letter is given herewith:

329 Harriet Street,
San Francisco, Calif.,
February 21, 1905.

EDITOR *The Gaelic American*.:—A very interesting morsel of Fenian history was that published in *The Gaelic American* of the 4th inst. from the pen of Mr. Edward Whelan. Mr. Whelan, in the biographical sketch of his old, true and tried friend, John J. Rossiter, which he read at a recent meeting of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood Veterans' Association, very neatly and connectedly weaves in an epitome of the salient doings of the I. R. B. in Dublin from 1865 to 1867.

Mr. Whelan's chronological statement of what transpired from the time the *Irish People* paper was seized to the night of the Rising, March 5, 1867, is, as the boys active in the movement at the time knew, quite correct. But Mr. Whelan is very brief in his account of the operations, and entirely at sea as to the military condition of the contingent he says John J. Rossiter served with on that memorable night.

This body, commanded by Captains John Kirwan, Patrick Lennon and Lieutenant Matt Slattery, was well organized, well officered, and an effective military unit. On the night of March 5, 1867, the boys fell into line in Palmerstown Park, City of Dublin, like veterans, loaded their pieces deliberately, counted off and broke into column like Regulars. An advance guard was thrown out, a rear guard attached, and, when the country permitted, flankers deployed. We could not at any time have been surprised.

Our first prisoners were taken near Milltown, consisting of Sergeant Sheridan and three patrolmen, city police. From these four revolvers, belts, bayonets and spare ammunition were taken.

At Windy Harbor our column was reinforced by a strong detachment of well-armed men, commanded by Captain John Kirwan. Here Kirwan assumed command over all. In the attack on Dundrum Barrack Kirwan was shot through the shoulder, and had to be taken away. The command again fell to Lennon.

This barrack being so near the city we deemed it not wise to remain. Instead we pushed on to Stepside. Upon nearing this hamlet our column was halted. Sixteen riflemen were detailed to take the barrack. The men being posted, Lennon approached the door of the building, knocked two or three times with the hilt of his sword. He was asked from within: "Who is there?" He replied: "I command you to surrender to the Irish Republic." After a delay the answer came, "No." Immediately we were ordered to commence firing through the windows and door. Constable McIlwaine returned the fire. We discovered that the shots came from the second floor. This enabled some of us to get right up to the building, which we did, and with the aid of sledges taken from the village blacksmith shop soon had the lower barricaded window broken in. We could distinctly hear the piercing cries of women coming from the building. We stopped firing and sledging to see if they wanted to come out.

Between their shrieks we could hear a voice calling: "Are you men of honor?" Lennon replied: "Yes; we want this barrack and all the Government property it contains, and will make prisoners of war of the men in it." "We surrender" came back to us. The door was opened, and we took possession. In ransacking the desk we came across all sorts of legal forms, some made out and ready for service. These we took to the front of the barrack and burned. A "Peeler" remarked to a few of us standing by: "This is awful work in a proclaimed district." We told him that it was mild to what he would see before the week was out. Alas! Alas! All we could treat them to was to see us lick their comrades on Glencullen Heights the next day.

With our prisoners we left Stepside for our objective, a place near Arklow, County Wicklow. Upon reaching Old Connaught, near Bray, we were halted. Scouts were sent into Bray to ascertain how matters were. They reported a strong force. We expected this force to be annihilated by General Halpin's command from Tallaght. General Halpin's men failed to organize for lack of arms. The situation being fully considered, we concluded to retrace our steps, take to the Dublin mountains, and destroy all the police barracks we could find.

We struck Glencullen Barrack on the morning of the 6th. It was beautifully situated for defence. Had the "Peelers" taken position on the crest of the mountain they would have compelled us to alter our tactics and delayed us for some time. Instead, they held on to the protection of their barrack. When we arrived in the vicinity Lennon halted us, and deployed just enough men to envelop the building; the rest, including the prisoners, were ordered out of range.

Lennon did here the same thing he had done several times before during our march. When ordered to surren-

der to the Irish Republic the Peelers refused. We were ordered to commence firing. The Peelers answered in kind, and for a time the exchange was spirited. Our shots, apparently were doing little damage beyond breaking glass and denting shutters. We soon discovered a vulnerable spot. A detail was sent on the roof. Slates soon began to fly, a hole was knocked through, and a dozen men with revolvers stood ready to drop inside. The Peelers discovering the situation shouted an unconditional surrender. Lennon asked: "Is there treachery in this?" "No" came the reply. The door was opened and our men took possession. Our armament was immensely enriched by this victory. Here, again was displayed the intelligence of our officers. Preparatory to the attack a picket was sent in the direction of Three Rock Mountain to watch the approaches from Dublin; another towards the Scalp to watch the roads from Wicklow. There were no women or children in the Glencullen barrack.

* * *

Captain Patrick Lennon was scrupulously careful that no annoyance or insult should be given his prisoners. While marching up Glencullen Mountain, I noticed a prisoner falling back. I gently put the butt of my gun to his back and told him to keep up with the rest. Lennon saw me. In an instant he drew a revolver and threatened to kill the first person he found insulting or abusing a prisoner.

Lennon was not a man to seek shelter behind a Peeler, nor did he want a man who would. With him you had to stand up like a man and face the music.

The policemen themselves, when they returned to their respective stations, spoke highly of us, and a Lord (Meath, I believe) who owned land contiguous to the places we captured, within a week after the Rising, had published a letter in the *Freeman's Journal*, extolling our conduct towards our prisoners, and praising us in general for our honorable military behavior, adding that it was worthy of a great cause.

"The Government was fully aware of their movements, and was *everywhere* prepared to meet them," says Mr. Whelan. I don't believe it. If the Government knew of Lennon's party we must charge them with aiding and abetting Fenianism. They stood by and allowed us to destroy Government property, and endanger the lives of their beloved Peelers. Sir Hugh Rose, commander of the British forces in Ireland at the time—he who blew the Sepoys in India from the cannon's mouth during the Mutiny—was aching to make a sacrifice of us. Lennon's party gave him the chance. He would have taken it had he known it. If he had known of our existence he would most likely despatch soldiers to Harcourt Street Railroad Station, and send them over the Wicklow and Wexford Railroad with instructions to detain a company here and there between Milltown and Bray. They would surely have bagged us, but not without a fight. It must have been most galling to him to know, while he was making prisoners of our men at Tallaght, that we were doing the same to his pets on the other side of the mountains.

Another evidence that they did not know about *us*: When our party disbanded and each man chose his own route home, I happened, about 4 o'clock in the evening of the same day to reach a village two miles outside Rathfarnham. Just

as I did a company of heavy dragoons dashed by, going in the direction where our men had been. In ten minutes they were followed by four companies of infantry, at forced march cadence. These were followed by two pieces of field artillery. The infantry must have come from Beggar's Bush, or Ship Street Barracks. Two hours would have brought them to where I met them. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume the first information the Government had of Lennon's party must have been about 1 o'clock p. m. on the 6th.

HENRY P. FILGATE,
Late "B," Lord Edward Circle I. R. B.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DISASTER AT TALLAGHT.

POLICE FROM AMBUSH AND IN PITCH DARKNESS POURED VOLLEY INTO MAIN BODY OF FENIANS AND KILLED THEIR LEADER—MANY PRISONERS TAKEN.

THERE is much confusion and conflict of testimony in the accounts of what led up to the disaster at Tallaght, County Dublin, on the night of March 5, 1867, but all agree that it was a disaster.

General W. G. Halpin was in command of the Dublin District in the Rising, but he was several miles away from Tallaght, with a small body of men, when the misfortune occurred.

I was with him for two years in Chatham Prison. He told me about being with the Breslins in Col. White's demesne (the Colonel was away from home), that the men he expected to join him there did not turn up and how he got back into Dublin, but that was all. He was a highly intelligent man who had thrown up a position which brought him an income of \$10,000 a year—City Engineer and County Surveyor of Cincinnati—to go to Ireland for the fight and his sincerity could not be doubted. I knew Niall Breslin for sixty years—half a century of it in New York—and he agreed with Halpin that the men of the other Circles did not turn up. How they came to be marching on Tallaght under the leadership of Stephen O'Donoghue, a civilian, neither Halpin nor Breslin explained and probably did not know. All that we can ever be certain of is that "somebody blundered".

I understood from Halpin and Breslin that the men were to assemble in Colonel White's demesne before making any attack, but the actual fact was that the main body of Fenians, several thousand strong, but mostly unarmed, was marching along the road to Tallaght and near the village, on a pitch dark night, without an advance guard or any other precaution, when a volley from sixty police rifles was poured into them, killing O'Donoghue and wounding several others. They could not see where the volley came from, or anything in front of them, so all the few who had rifles could do was to fire straight ahead of them in the direction of the flashes. As soon as the police had time to reload their old-fashioned Enfields they fired again and inflicted a few more casualties.

Then the Fenians did what all raw soldiers do under such circumstances facing an unseen foe: they broke, retreated in confusion, and tried to make their way to Dublin as best they could. An ex-British soldier (a Dublin man whose name I forget) told me in New York that he tried to rally them, but failed.

The bridges over the Grand Canal, which had to be crossed to get into the city, were all guarded by police and the men were all arrested and marched to the Upper Castle Yard, where, broken and weary after their terrible night, they had to lie on the wet ground in their rain-soaked clothes for many hours. It was a sad ending to the high hopes they had cherished for ten years. The disaster was complete.

Those assembled at the rendezvous with Colonel Halpin numbered only fifty or sixty men, with about half a dozen rifles, and included five of the Breslin brothers—Michael, previously mentioned, Thomas, who belonged to the B. Division (the grenadiers of the Dublin police), Ephraim, Niall (the Centre of the Circle), and Patrick, who was only fifteen years of age. When they were starting out from their home in Rathmines their mother begged them to leave Pat with her, but he cried and insisted on his right to go. They locked him up in a room, but he climbed out through a window, followed his brothers and overtook them about a mile away. They were a great family.

The party was piloted to Colonel White's demesne by Michael Lambert, later President of the Amnesty Association, who knew every foot of that part of the County Dublin.

The men captured after the Tallaght rout were all imprisoned for a time, but, as there was little evidence against them, none of them got heavy sentences.

The police guards at the canal bridges were all withdrawn in the belief that all the men who were in the Rising were taken, and this enabled Lennon's men, who had hung round the suburbs till "the coast was clear" to get safely back to their homes. Halpin told me that he remained playing billiards in a public house in Rathfarnham all day on March 6, taking sherry and egg for nourishment, and got into the city in a cab after night-fall. He was arrested several weeks later trying to board a steamer for America at Queenstown—the old Irish name of Cobh had not then been restored—and had a sensational trial. He knew he was sure of conviction and that it would be a waste of money (if he had any) to engage a lawyer, so he defended himself. He did not bother himself about evidence for the defense, but raked the Crown witnesses fore and aft. He paid particular attention to Governor Price of Kilmainham Jail, who was a petty

tyrant and a vindictive creature. Halpin nicknamed him "The Gorilla", which was very appropriate. Price was a very low-sized, but powerfully built man, with forbidding features, a long yellow mustache and side-whiskers and shaggy eyebrows. He had a personal hatred for all the prisoners and never missed an opportunity of inflicting heavy punishment.

Tallaght was the worst misfortune of the whole Rising and it was a wonder that the men of the organization, after such a series of defeats, had the recuperative power to reorganize the movement. Their chagrin over the failure proved a strong incentive, and in a few months Dublin became once more the chief stronghold of the organization, although it seemed to me when I arrived in New York that every man I knew in Dublin was here. These refugees from Dublin, Cork and Limerick were the backbone of the Clan-na-Gael, which was started almost simultaneously with the reorganization of the I. R. B. in Ireland and Great Britain.

Halpin was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. While in Millbank before being sent to join the other "hard cases" in Chatham, he was turning the pump handle one day and the English convict who was facing him (an "old lag") told him he knew all the "Finnians". Halpin named them all one after another and the thief said he knew them all. "Do you know Halpin?" "W'y, yes I know 'im well. 'Is Moll rounded on 'im." Halpin told us the story with great gusto.

When we were released in 1870 Halpin refused to accept the condition attached to the "conditional pardon" of going to America, though his home was in Cincinnati, and he remained in prison for more than a year, until the Government got tired of keeping him and he was set free. He at once started for America, although he refused to be compelled to go there. He lived to a ripe old age and died in Cincinnati.

Johnny White, one of my men in Naas, owing to some family trouble, enlisted in the Fourth Dragoon Guards early in 1865, when the regiment was stationed at Ballincollig, County Cork. It was moved to Newbridge, County Kildare (about 26 miles from Dublin), a little before the Rising, and White, who had deserted and come to New York, told me the story of the movements of the regiment. The whole regiment, except about fifty men, were Fenians, but notwithstanding the revelations of the court-martial, its officers had no suspicions. On March 6 when the men routed at Tallaght were prisoners in the Castle Yard the regiment received orders to proceed to Tallaght, and what happened was a roaring farce. The men had, of course, to provide

oats and hay for the horses and to be supplied with sandwiches for themselves, but the packing of the officers' baggage, which included bottles of wine and other luxuries, took up nearly the whole day. The order to march was received at ten o'clock in the morning, but it was seven that evening before they were ready to move on the rebels,—who were already prisoners. A special train had been provided, with a pilot engine ahead, and the train moved slowly and cautiously along as if an attack were expected. After about two hours it stopped at a point between Straffan and Celbridge, and the work of getting off the horses and the officers' baggage took more than an hour. Then they started for Tallaght through a country of narrow roads, inhabited by Dublin shopkeepers and retired officers of the army, with gardens and woods on each side. Cavalry would be at a great disadvantage if attacked there, but there was no one to make the attack. But the soldiers expected one and White told me they were whispering to one another: "When will the boys come?" and were ready to join them at the first shot. They arrived in Tallaght about seven o'clock on the evening of March 7, nearly two full days after the Fenians had been dispersed. It was an opera bouffe performance and a choice illustration of the inefficiency of the British Army. It was chasing shadows for a whole week after the Rising had failed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIGHTING IN CORK.

FULLY 4,000 MEN, MOSTLY UNARMED, TURNED OUT IN THE CITY—
THEIR OPERATIONS CONSISTED ONLY OF ATTACKS ON POLICE BARRACKS—ALL ATTEMPTS, EXCEPT ONE, FAILED—"THE LITTLE CAPTAIN" AND HIS MERCIFUL TERRORISM.

"REBEL CORK" did its best on the night of March 5, 1867, but its best, owing to lack of arms, amounted only to attacks on some police barracks, all of which, except one, failed. I was told by Corkmen after my release, as well as by young Coughlin in Millbank, that 4,000 men turned out in the city, but they had less than fifty rifles and no American officer of rank or experience was assigned to the command, except Colonel James Moran (then a Captain), who was put in charge of Mallow.

At Ballyknockane, a few miles from the city, James F. X. O'Brien, a civilian and a clever man, but without any military knowledge, was in command, and his chief lieutenant, William Mackey Lomasney, had served as a private in the Union Army in the Civil War. Lomasney had considerable military ability, but was an extremely modest man who never asserted himself and he obeyed O'Brien's orders implicitly. But all those who took part in the fight, with many of whom I talked in New York, agreed that the capture and destruction of the barrack was due entirely to the work of "The Little Captain", as the boys called him.

Curtis's History of the Royal Irish Constabulary, apparently written for the sole purpose of puffing the Peelers and giving them entire credit for putting down the Rising, begins every account of a skirmish with the statement that "a large body of well armed Fenians" attacked the police barrack and were gallantly repulsed by the policemen. There was no "large body of well armed Fenians" anywhere in the Rising of 1867. The Fenians were almost wholly without arms everywhere and the wonder was that they turned out at all. It was generally said that the men were told that arms would be distributed after they turned out, but I could never find any proof of this. The idea seemed to be that the arms captured from the police would enable them to hold out until a shipload, with a covering force, was landed from America. The shipload was sent, but arrived off the Irish coast too late to be of any use, and the vessel was obliged to return to America. The police as a "reward" for the

defense of their barracks in 1867, were thereafter styled the "Royal Irish Constabulary".

A fight in a barroom, or the rumor of a divorce would get more space in the New York papers than the whole Rising obtained in the leading Dublin journal of the day, and the news was always at least a day late, the paper evidently waiting for the Castle to supply it. Yet at that time several of the Managing Editors, City Editors and nearly all the crack reporters on the leading New York daily papers were born Irishmen, showing that it was not lack of journalistic talent in the race, but absence of spirit and enterprise in the management, and toadying to or fear of the British Government, which was responsible for the meagre reports. It was a demonstration of the crying need for a revolution.

The following brief paragraphs in the *Freeman* of March 7, 1867, and following days, are all the paper published (with the exception of a few lines on Knockadoon) about the Rising in Cork:

"Large numbers of the Insurgents assembled in a suburb of the city known as Fair Hill and marched north, tearing up the railway rails at Rathduff. This party was supposed to be marching on Mallow Junction.

"Shortly after two in the morning a large body of Insurgents attacked the police barrack at Midleton and were repulsed. They then proceeded towards Castlemartyr and on their way they fell in with a patrol of four police. The constable in charge was shot dead, another wounded, and the other two made prisoners. On reaching Castlemartyr they immediately attacked the police barracks and were repulsed, leaving their leader dead on the field.

"The police station at Burnfort between Blarney and Mallow was sacked and burnt."

And the paper didn't contain one word about Ballyknockane until March 11, doubtless because it was a Fenian victory and the police didn't want to give it out. Immediately following the little paragraphs about Cork, the *Freeman* of March 7, under the headline "Precautions at Powerscourt" had the following:

"One hundred Marines arrived at Powerscourt this evening, 10th March, to protect the mansion from a Fenian invasion. It is understood that the force was granted at the special request of Lord Powerscourt."

The Lord Powerscourt of the day was very unpopular, but his residence was as safe from attack as the beautiful waterfall near by. Not one of the residences of the gentry was molested anywhere during the Rising, though some lead had been stolen from the roofs to make bullets in preparation for it. There was absolutely no looting, no woman was insulted, and even the most

notorious "felon-setters" were left unmolested. The nearest approach to looting was the commandeering of the bread from a baker's cart in Thurles, and that was done in the name of the Irish Republic.

As the Peelers resisted stubbornly at Ballyknockane, though their fire inflicted but few casualties as the Fenians fired from cover, Lomasney took a small detachment to the rear of the barrack, smashed a window, threw in some lighted straw and piled in more to feed the flame. This soon smoked the policemen out, set fire to the building, and they surrendered. They were held prisoners for a time after being disarmed until it was considered safe to set them free. Although the Fenians were in strong force, their lack of arms made it impossible to face regular soldiers and the spot was too close to Cork, where there was a large garrison, to risk delay. Detachments were sent to attack other nearby police barracks, but the attacks all failed and O'Brien decided to disband his men and sent them back to the city while it was possible to get in.

Following is the report in the *Freeman* of March 11 of the Ballyknockane fight on March 5:

"Ballyknockane, Mallow.

"A party of Fenians marched out from Cork to Ballyknockane, which is six miles from Mallow. There were five policemen in the barrack and when summoned to surrender they refused. A volley was fired at the windows and the police replied, wounding one man. The Insurgents then forced the back door and set fire to the place, and compelled the police to come out and their arms were taken from them."

William N. Penny (a Protestant), who was for many years Editor of the New York *Daily News*, was at that time foreman-printer of the Cork *Southern Reporter*, a bigoted Tory organ, and he told me that the compositors, one after another, came to him on March 5 and asked for a day off on various pretexts. One had a sister who was getting married, another wanted to attend his aunt's funeral, another's father was sick, and so on. Penny lived north of the city and as he was going home very late that night he was halted and questioned by detachments of soldiers, but when he told them he was employed by a staunch Loyalist paper he was allowed to go his way. Late next day he learned of the capture and burning of Ballyknockane police barrack and that accounted for all the weddings and funerals. The proprietor of the paper, a stern old Tory, was in a furious temper and ordered him to "discharge every one of the damned blackguards" and Penny told him he would. Next day the printers began dropping in, looking tired and sleepy, and Penny asked them with a

wink if the weddings and funerals had come off satisfactorily and they all answered in the affirmative. He told them of his orders, warned them to be very careful, and told them they must all take new names. He put "every one of the damned blackguards" back to work and the bigoted old proprietor knew nothing of the trick.

Penny was a member of the Reception Committee which welcomed Parnell and John Dillon to New York, was an active member of the Land League and later joined the Clan-na-Gael, of which he was a member when he died some years ago. He was one of the founders of the New York Press Club and his funeral was very largely attended. There were prominent newspaper men, politicians, business men, Masons, Clan men, actors and literary men there, in great numbers, and two or three old Cork printers who were in the Rising of 1867.

In Mallow only six men turned out, including a brother of William O'Brien, whom he erroneously, in his *Recollections*, places with the party that attacked Ballyknockane. Colonel Moran assured me he was with him. This group being so small, Moran hoping to meet another contingent, proceeded to Kanturk, where they put up at Johnson's Hotel. Johnson was an Englishman married to an Irishwoman and had been a long time in Ireland. He went into Cork on his jaunting car the next day and brought back the news of the failure of the Rising everywhere, and later facilitated Moran's escape to America. His son was later a member of the reorganized I. R. B. and prominent in the Amnesty movement. The old man was one instance among many of Englishmen settled in Ireland rendering service to the National Cause.

Captain Moran joined the Rhode Island Volunteers in August 1861; he saw nearly two years' service in the Civil War; had commands at Fort Armory and Hatteras Inlet, N. C., and later at Forts Foster and Parke, at Roanoke Island. But what could an able officer like him accomplish under the conditions at Mallow in 1867? After returning to America, he continued his military activities and was Colonel of the 2d Regt. Infantry (Rhode Island) from 1887 to 1898 when he resigned.

William Mackey Lomasney was one of the most remarkable men of the Fenian movement. A small man of slender build, who spoke with a lisp, modest and retiring in manner, one who did not know him well would never take him for a desperate man, but no man in the Fenian movement ever did more desperate things. He was better known in Cork for his raids for

arms in Allport's gunshop and other places after the Rising, than for the part he played at Ballyknockane. They were done in broad daylight and he showed great coolness and daring. When he was arrested he shot the Peeler who had seized him. The Peeler, although severely wounded, did not die and Lomasney was tried for attempted murder. Judge O'Hagan, who had been a Young Irelander and later became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was the trial judge and undertook to lecture him on the enormity of his crime, but Lomasney turned the tables on him by reminding him that he was himself once a Rebel and that he (Lomasney) was only following the example O'Hagan had set in 1848.

The Peeler, a big, powerful man, had knocked Lomasney down and had him under him while they were struggling for possession of Lomasney's revolver. It went off in the struggle and Lomasney had no intention of killing him. O'Hagan was stung by Lomasney's sharp rebuke and imposed a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude, for which he was severely censured by even the English and the Tory Irish papers. Lomasney took the sentence calmly, although he had only recently been married. It was in Millbank Prison that I first met him, and we became fast friends.

In America, years later, when the dynamite warfare was on foot, he was warned by the "Triangle" that I was a "traitor" and he must not have anything to do with me, but he told Aleck Sullivan that I was an honest man with a right to my opinions and that he would not obey any order to treat me as a man disloyal to Ireland. Sullivan needed Lomasney to hold his grip on the Executive of the organization, which he controlled, so he let the matter drop.

Lomasney then explained his policy and methods to me, and they were entirely different from those of the "Triangle". He wanted simply to strike terror into the Government and the governing class and "would not hurt the hair of an Englishman's head" except in fair fight. We then discussed the policy fully and I told him the most he could expect through Terrorism was to wring some small concessions from the English which could be taken back at any time when the Government's counter-policy of Terrorism achieved some success. Lomasney admitted this, but contended that the counter-Terrorism would not succeed; that the Irish were a fighting race who had through the long centuries never submitted to coercion; that their fighting spirit would be aroused by the struggle; that the sympathy of the world would eventually be won for Ireland, and that England

could not afford to take back the concessions, which could be used to wring others, and that in the end Ireland would win her full Freedom.

I freely admitted that if honestly carried out on his lines the policy of Terrorism might succeed, but that I utterly disbelieved in the sincerity of those men who were directing it; that they were only carrying on a game of American politics, using the bitter feeling of Irishmen here to obtain control of the organization and turn it into an American political machine to achieve personal purposes. I pleaded for a broader policy that would win the intellect of the Irish at home and abroad and make the race a formidable factor in the counsels of the world, and an ally worth dealing with in England's next big war. I further pointed out to him that the temper of the race would upset all his ideas about "not hurting the hair of an Englishman's head"; that once their blood was up the honest fighting men who would have to carry on the work would kill all the Englishmen they could and that England, having the ear of the world and control of all the agencies of news supply, would see to it that the world was duly shocked.

I wasted my time and made no impression whatever upon him. He was as cool and calm during the argument as if we were discussing the most ordinary subject and, while his manner was animated, there was not the slightest trace of heat or passion in it. He even denied the right of the Home Organization to decide the policy for the whole race when I told him the Supreme Council was as firm as the Rock of Cashel against anything being done within its jurisdiction of which it did not fully approve. He was a fanatic of the deepest dye, and all the harder to argue with because he never got heated or lost his temper.

Such was the man who was blown to atoms under London Bridge with his brother, his brother-in-law and a splendid man named Fleming, a short time after my talk with him. The explosion only slightly damaged one of the arches, and I have always believed that this was all he intended to do. He was, in my opinion, carrying out his policy of frightening the English Government and England's Ruling Class. And that it did frighten them, as all the other dynamite operations did, there can be no reason to doubt.

CHAPTER XXX.

KNOCKADOON AND KILCLOONEY WOOD.

COASTGUARD STATION CAPTURED WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT—PETER O'NEILL CROWLEY'S TRAGIC DEATH IN A RUNNING FIGHT WITH BRITISH SOLDIERS—HONORED AS A MARTYR.

THE capture of the Coastguard Station at Knockadoon, some ten miles from Youghal, County Cork, by Captain John McClure and Peter O'Neill Crowley, on the night of March 5, 1867, was the neatest job done by the Fenians in the Rising. It was taken by a well planned surprise, without the firing of a single shot or the shedding of one drop of blood, the ten Coastguards were made prisoners and their rifles appropriated. But it was followed by the tragic death of O'Neill Crowley on March 31 at Kilclooney Wood, in a desperate fight with British soldiers. The great outpouring of the people at the funeral was a demonstration of sympathy which the English Government could not well suppress, and aroused Nationalists throughout Ireland.

Captain P. J. Condon, who had served in the Civil War in one of the regiments of Meagher's Brigade, a native of Cork and a very capable officer, was assigned to command of the Midleton district, but was arrested the day before the Rising. James Sullivan, the Centre of the town, and several others were also arrested. That disarranged the general plan and broke the connections, so that several contingents did not turn out. Sullivan had previously been several months in Mountjoy Prison, where I met him, and his movements were closely watched after his release on bail. Condon's arrest was a severe blow.

Condon was McClure's brother-in-law, and they had come from America together. O'Neill Crowley, a prosperous farmer, about thirty-five years old, was the Centre of the Ballymacoda district. He was a very popular man, and had great influence with the people. His Circle numbered a hundred men, and every one of them turned out. McClure told me they were a fine lot of fellows, but at the outset they had only one rifle (Crowley's own), a few old shotguns, and McClure's Colt's revolver. There were a few pikes, and some of the men had sharpened rasps, fastened to rake handles with waxed hemp. With that paltry armament very little could be expected of them, but they did a very creditable piece of work.

On three sides of the Coastguard Station there was a sort of platform made of planks, and on the one in front a sentry paced up and down. The blizzard which played a disastrous part later that night had not yet started.

After carefully examining the surroundings, Crowley's men took up a position in the rear of the station and McClure and Crowley crept silently along the planks on one of the dark sides, stood up close to the front and waited. When the sentry reached the corner McClure gripped him by the collar of his coat, put the revolver to his breast, and whispered to him that if he said a word he would shoot. They then took his rifle and went to the door, which was not locked, the men following silently, opened it and went in quietly. The Coastguards were all lying down and most of them were asleep. The arms rack was beside the door and the rifles were secured at once. The Coastguards were made prisoners and marched toward Mogeely, a station on the Youghal Railway ten or twelve miles away, where they were set at liberty.

McClure's orders were to move to a spot near the railroad to Youghal, and wait for detachments from other points to arrive. But none came. The first train from Cork was to have been stopped, but after waiting in a small wood on the top of a hillock, the first sight that greeted their eyes about dawn was the Cork train moving slowly along. It stopped and a Flying Column of English soldiers and Peelers, numbering 250 men, got out and headed in their direction. The Fenians were hidden by the trees, but twenty minutes would bring the Flying Column to the spot. McClure and Crowley held a hurried consultation and decided to disperse the men except the ten who had rifles. Every one of the unarmed men before leaving told McClure that as soon as he could get rifles for them they would join him again, and all started for their homes. Not one of them was arrested.

The twelve men then started for a spot which Crowley knew as a good hiding place. It was a hill with a plateau surrounded by trees at the top. After placing sentries on watch they lay down and had a good sleep. It was a lonely section of country with no houses within miles, and they remained there in perfect safety for ten or twelve days, and in the meantime were joined by Edward Kelly, a New York printer, who had come over for the fight a year previously. He had been with another party which failed, and he had a rifle. Later they were joined by a brother of John Boyle O'Reilly, another printer, who had had a similar experience to Kelly's. Crowley, disguised, went into Cork to get the news, and got back safely. McClure fully expected an expedition from America, but when Crowley brought the news

it was that the Rising had failed everywhere and there was nothing about an expedition from America. Yet, they resolved to remain there till something would turn up. They were very comfortable in a dilapidated old house, and were living on the fat of the land. They had plenty of chicken and game, and one of Crowley's men secured some cooking utensils from a family he knew some distance away.

One morning early their sentry reported that he saw what he thought to be redcoats in the distance. The hill they were on commanded a view of the surrounding country for many miles, and in a few minutes they saw three Flying Columns, composed of Military and Constabularymen, converging on their little camp. It would be madness to think of fighting several hundred soldiers and Peelers with a dozen men, so McClure told the boys to disperse and make their way home. As they knew the country very well, they all managed to reach their homes in safety. O'Reilly, who didn't know the country, got away safely also, and was not arrested. I don't know whether the rifles were saved or not.

McClure, Crowley and Kelly started for Kilclooney Wood, but after walking a few miles Kelly's feet gave out, and they had to leave him lying at the back of a ditch. He was arrested, tried, and convicted, and remained in prison for several years. He died in Boston many years ago, and, as he was a Protestant, was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, in the Roxbury district of Boston, where John Boyle O'Reilly erected a monument in the form of a round tower to his memory. The stone of which the monument is built was brought from Ireland.

Crowley and McClure reached Kilclooney Wood, but were soon confronted by a soldier, who shouted to them to halt and give the countersign. Crowley levelled his rifle and fired at him, saying: "There's the countersign for you." The bullet did not hit the soldier and they were fired on from several points at once. The wood was filled with soldiers, evidently searching for them. The two men turned in other directions several times, but every time they turned they found soldiers in front of them, not in military formation, but scattered singly. Every soldier who saw them fired, and at last Crowley was hit and severely wounded. Evidently several bullets struck him, but not one hit McClure.

They could have escaped the bullets in the beginning of the running fight by surrendering, but neither had the slightest thought of doing so. Shortly after Crowley was hit they reached the edge of the wood where they attempted to cross the Ahaphooca stream which skirted it. Crowley was weak from loss of blood, and in the stream McClure had to put his left arm

around him, as his legs were fast weakening. He was six feet two in height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and very powerfully built, and in his efforts to hold him up McClure, who was only five feet seven, but strongly built, had to stoop, so that the revolver in his right hand dipped into the water and the old-fashioned paper cartridges with which it was loaded got wet. But McClure, in his excitement, didn't know it. Soldiers and policemen came running up on the outer bank of the stream, with a magistrate at their head, and the magistrate, who wore top boots, stepped into the water and called on McClure to surrender. McClure pointed his revolver at him and pulled the trigger, but, of course, it didn't go off, because the ammunition was wet. He was speedily overpowered and dragged up on the bank. Crowley was lifted up and placed lying on the bank, and it was at once seen that his wounds were mortal.

The English forces were accompanied by Mr. Redmond, Resident Magistrate, who was a retired Captain of the British army and an uncle of John Redmond.

Dr. Segrave, the military surgeon, on examining Crowley, found that he could live but a short time. "Can I do anything for you?" asked Segrave. Crowley requested to see a priest, and mounted-constable Merryman was hastily despatched to Ballygibbon. He was fortunate enough to meet Father T. O'Connell, the curate of Kildorrery, as he was proceeding to his church to celebrate Mass.

In a letter written twenty years later, under date of April 5, 1887, to a local newspaper (the clipping from which reached me in July, 1928), Father O'Connell wrote:

"On my arrival at Kilclooney Wood I found Dr. Segrave, surgeon to the flying column, busily engaged staunching the fatal wound with one hand, whilst from a prayer book in the other he read aloud at the young man's request, the litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. I was deeply touched by the scene, and especially by the exclamation 'Thank God, all is right now', and then turning to the doctor, he said 'Thank you very much, the priest is come; leave me to him'. I saw at once the critical condition of the heroic soul whose life-blood was ebbing fast away. It was clear there was no time to waste; and having made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, by means of the soldiers' knapsacks, I then, surrounded by the military and police, administered the last sacraments."

The prayer book from which Dr. Segrave read was found in one of Crowley's pockets.

Crowley's dying words as quoted by Father O'Connell were:

"Father I have two loves in my heart—one for my religion, the other for my country. I am dying to-day for Fatherland. I could die as cheerfully for the Faith."

An account of the Kilclooney fight which I published in the *Gaelic American* in 1904, confirms the foregoing. Crowley died while being conveyed to Mitchelstown.

There is one passage in Father O'Connell's letter to which I take exception. It reads:

"To hold him up as a contumacious Fenian would not be fair, for he had died long before Fenians as an oath-bound and secret society were formally condemned by the Church. I write from thorough conviction when I say that Peter O'Neill Crowley under no circumstances would willingly become a disobedient child of the Church."

His implication that Crowley would not have participated in the '67 Rising if the Pope's condemnation of Fenianism had been issued sooner, has no justification whatever. The Papal Rescript condemning the movement was issued more than two years before the Rising and Crowley, as a reader of the *Irish People*, knew all about it, though it was not promulgated in the Diocese of Cloyne.

Crowley's body was given up to his family by Redmond, and he was given a great funeral. He was buried at Ballymacoda, where there is a monument to his memory. All Cork seemed to be there. People flocked to the wake and funeral from all parts of the biggest county in Ireland, and it was an imposing Nationalist demonstration.

O'Neill Crowley was honored as a martyr, and his name is still revered by Irish Nationalists everywhere. Cork is particularly proud of him. Many people wanted the name of Kilclooney Wood changed to Kilcrowley Wood. Some of them continued to call it by that name for many years, and pilgrimages were made to it on March 5 by the reorganized I. R. B.

Peter O'Neill Crowley was one of the best men in the Fenian movement, and Ireland never gave birth to a truer or more devoted son. His devotion to the cause of Irish Liberty was sublime, and his courage was dauntless. He led a pure life, was a kindly neighbor, and had the respect of all who knew him. I knew a cousin of his in New York named O'Neill, who was one of the party that captured Knockadoon, and who joined the Napper Tandy Club of the Clan-na-Gael soon after landing. He returned to Ireland and died there. I also knew some other men of the party.

O'Neill Crowley was a deeply religious man. He had taken a vow of celibacy, McClure told me. Father O'Neill, an uncle of his, was flogged by the Yeomen in 1798. John Cullinane, one of the attacking party, was in New York when we landed, and

often came to see McClure, whom he worshipped. Cullinane died at home in Ireland at eighty-eight years of age, in April, 1928, and his imposing funeral was a fitting tribute to the old Fenian.

McClure and I were close friends in Chatham Prison, where the two of us were brought together from Millbank in 1869, and he told me the whole story. His account of the incidents after the surrender at Kilclooney differs in a few details from other versions, but that can easily be accounted for by the fact that he was a prisoner at the time and could not see and hear everything that then transpired.

An officer of the New York Clan-na-Gael (President of the old Sarsfield Club) named Anthony Fitzgerald, went home to Cappoquin, County Waterford (his native town), in the mid-'Seventies, and frequently met Resident Magistrate Redmond there, and they often went over the story of Kilclooney Wood. Redmond said of McClure, with every evidence of admiration: "He was the pluckiest devil I ever saw." McClure thought he would be hanged and preferred to die fighting. He was sentenced to death, but was reprieved and the sentence changed to penal servitude for life. He was released with the rest of us in 1870, and came to New York with the first batch of five in January, 1871.

John McClure was born in Dobbs Ferry, a few miles up the Hudson from New York, of a Tipperary mother and a Limerick father. When the Civil War broke out he was too young to be accepted as a recruit, but later enlisted as a private in a New York cavalry regiment, and served during the last two years of the war. He was in none of the big battles because his regiment was operating in the Blue Ridge of Virginia against Mosby's Guerillas, but was in numerous small fights. Patrick Lennon, who led the Fenians at Stepside and Glencullen, was engaged in the same work at the same time, but they never met until after their release from prison.

McClure was rapidly promoted and was made a Lieutenant for gallantry in action at the age of twenty. He was only twenty-two in the Rising. He married Miss Mary Flanagan, whom he met at the house of Thomas Francis Bourke's mother, a couple of years after his return to New York. He had two brothers, the eldest, William J., being a priest, who published a volume of poetry, and the youngest, David, was a lawyer, who became prominent at the New York Bar. John was Chief Clerk in David's law office. All the McClures are dead at this writing.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TIPPERARY'S EFFORT FAILED.

TURNOUT COVERED A LARGE AREA AND THE MEN GENERALLY RESPONDED TO CALL, BUT HAD NO SUPPLY OF ARMS AND WERE UNABLE TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING—PATHETIC THURLES INCIDENT—MICHAEL O'NEILL FOGARTY OF KILFEACLE A SPLENDID FIGURE.

THE Rising in Tipperary, as in other parts of Ireland, was a failure through lack of arms. The men responded generally to the call and if properly armed would undoubtedly have given a good account of themselves, but soldiers and armed policemen cannot be fought with bare fists and the gallant "Tips" had little else. They had not in the whole county enough rifles to face a company of soldiers or fifty Peelers, and must have wondered what they were expected to do. All that was possible was to make a demonstration against the Government and that they did.

The *Freeman* report on March 7 says that Colonel Gleason (presumably "big Jack", the brother of the future Mayor of Long Island City) was in command in Tipperary, but he was not; and he was not a competent officer. He was a giant in stature (6 feet 7), had served through the Civil War without any particular distinction, and was one of the first to volunteer to go to Ireland for the fight in 1865.

His brother Joseph, who had a good fighting record in the Civil War, acted very badly in Ireland. Like his brother, he had gone over for the fight and in the Rising was assigned to the command of Thurles, but he didn't turn up on March 5 and never gave any reason for his action. Of course, as a trained soldier, he knew the Fenians had no chance, but he accepted the command and then failed at the last moment. The Gleasons were Tipperary men.

The Centre of the Thurles District, a simple young fellow named Sheehy, from whom I got the story in Portland Prison, turned out four hundred men, who were well drilled, so far as marching and keeping step were concerned, but without a competent officer they were at a great disadvantage. They had twenty smooth-bore muskets. Sheehy marched his men into Thurles in good order only to see some twenty Peelers marching out at the other end of the street. Thurles was theirs without

firing a shot. They had no knowledge of what was taking place elsewhere and knew nothing of Joe Gleason's orders, so after waiting some time they helped themselves to the contents of a baker's cart, and decided to return to their homes and await developments.

Sheehy's case was pathetic. His mother was a bedridden widow who had five acres of land which he used as a paddock in which to keep cattle between fairs. He had been making a good living and was his mother's only support.

We were standing under a shed out of a shower of rain in Portland, he with his stonecutter's mallet and chisel in his hands, as he told me, with tears in his eyes, of his parting with his mother. "She put an elegant green sash on me," he said, "kissed me and gave me her blessing when I was going off to fight for Ireland." She never saw him again, as the Peelers were hot on his trail and he dared not go home. He was a mere boy with regular features and without a hair on his face, and his friends insisted on his disguising himself as a woman and procured him a ticket for New York under a female name. As he stood in the line of female passengers on the dock of the steamer at Cobh he was thinking of the poor sick mother he had left behind him (the bravest soul in all Tipperary) and did not notice when his female name was called by the purser who was checking off the list of passengers until a girl standing next him nudged him and said: "They're calling your name." He roused himself and gulped out in a loud voice: "Here, sir." A naval officer who was standing with the purser said at once: "That's a man." They got a stewardess to examine him and she immediately found a turned up trousers under his woman's dress. He was taken off the steamer, tried for High Treason and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. His mother died shortly after.

On our release, he went with William Mackey Lomasney to Detroit, where later he married Lomasney's sister. A few years afterward he was drowned in the Detroit River.

There seems to be no doubt that Godfrey Massey, the informer, was first assigned to command in Tipperary, the leaders believing that his fighting record in the Confederate Army was genuine, but according to Thomas Francis Bourke it was bogus. When he was arrested at the Limerick Junction the day before the Rising he fainted, which disposed of the fighting record anyhow, and he immediately turned informer and gave the Government all the information he had.

The "bad drop" was in him. He was the illegitimate son of one of the Limerick Masseys by the wife of a gatekeeper named

Condon, and he was known by the latter name until he went to Ireland. Then, glorying in his mother's shame, he took the name of his real father.

The detachment of Fenians under command of Thomas Francis Bourke at Ballyhurst Fort, a few miles from the town of Tipperary, was attacked by British troops on the evening of March 6 and a few shots were exchanged, but serious resistance by unarmed men was impossible and the insurgents quickly dispersed. Bourke was tried for High Treason in Green Street Courthouse and sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. His great speech in the dock created more interest than the whole Rising, and was a splendid oratorical effort.

Michael O'Neill Fogarty, of Kilfeacle, a progressive, prosperous farmer, was one of the men most active in organizing Tipperary and was out in the Rising, but, although all his men turned out, they were unable to accomplish anything, owing to the same cause that brought failure everywhere else—lack of arms. Fogarty lost his farm, but escaped to America and died in New York a few years after his arrival. His fate was like that of many others. He lost all he had, including his chance of dying on the battlefield fighting British soldiers. One of the chief results of the Rising was to drive many of the best men out of Ireland and force them to seek a living at new occupations and under most unfavorable conditions in a strange country.

I knew Fogarty well, as he often visited Dublin during the early 'Sixties and I met him in the *Irish People* office, the Mecca of all organization men who visited the Capital. He and I corresponded regularly and his letters showed that he had a fine intellect. He was well educated and wrote very well. Physically he was a splendid Tipperary type—6 feet 4, broad shouldered and very powerfully built, but with a slight stoop. After Charles J. Kickham, Denis Dowling Mulcahy and Rody Kickham (first cousin of Charles), Fogarty was the chief figure of the movement in Tipperary. Rody was, perhaps, the most popular of all except the author of "Knocknagow", because of his prowess as an athlete. The boys always called him "Rody Kick", not for brevity, but in admiration of his agility in kicking football. All the Tipperary men I met in those days were tall, athletic fellows.

Captain Lawrence O'Brien, a Tipperary man by birth, was arrested before the Rising and was in Clonmel Jail when it occurred. His skillfully executed escape from the jail after the Rising created a great sensation. The following sketch of him

is taken from the official History of the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers:

"Captain Lawrence O'Brien, born in Cahir, County Tipperary, Ireland, April 7, 1842; son of Edward and Elizabeth (Hammel) O'Brien. When ten years of age, he was brought to this country by his parents. They finally settled in New Haven, Conn., where Lawrence attended St. Patrick's parochial school. He learned the trade of bricklayer and was employed thereat when the Civil War broke out. He had long been interested in military matters and was an active member of the Emmet Guard, of New Haven. He enlisted in the Ninth Regiment August 30, 1861, assisted Captain Patrick Garvey in organizing Company B, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of the Company. He was a splendid officer, and was promoted Captain of Company D, October 15, 1862. He participated with his regiment in all the movements of the latter and possessed rare tact, judgment and ability. He was honorably discharged October 26, 1864, his term of service having expired. He was prominently identified with the Fenian movement and in 1867 went to Ireland, like many other gallant Union officers, in furtherance of the cause of Irish freedom. He was captured by the enemy, confined in Clonmel Prison and, later, astonished the British by escaping therefrom. The Croffut-Morris work speaks of Captain O'Brien as 'a brave and efficient officer, fertile in expedients.'"

After his return from Ireland Captain Larry O'Brien became a builder in New Haven and soon became prosperous. He was one of the founders of the Clan-na-Gael in New Haven and was associated with James Reynolds in the organization of the *Catalpa* Rescue. He was an active member of the Fenian Veterans' Association and never missed the annual celebration of the Rising of March 5, 1867. He was very popular among native Americans on account of his Civil War record and his upstanding Americanism and was on every local committee in charge of Revolutionary and Civil War events. At the reception to General Shafter after his return from the Cuban campaign, the chairman of the Reception Committee said to the General in introducing the two veterans of the Civil War: "Captain O'Brien was a Fenian." "A Fenian?" said General Shafter, "I was a Fenian too. I gave Tom Sweeney leave of absence to go to Canada."

Shafter after serving as a General of Volunteers in the Civil War became Colonel of the First Regiment of the Regular Army and Sweeney was Major.

Captain O'Brien by ceaseless efforts covering many years secured the erection of a number of tablets at historic spots in Connecticut commemorating the aid given by the French to the Continental Army in the War of the Revolution. Although only ten years old when he arrived in America, "Captain Larry" preserved his Tipperary accent to the day of his death.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SIEGE OF KILMALLOCK.

INSURGENTS, LED BY CAPTAIN DUNN, MADE AN INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE POLICE BARRACK—NARRATIVE OF P. N. KENNEDY, WHO TOOK PART IN FIGHTING.

THE only serious fighting in Limerick was at Kilmallock, where the Fenians attacked the police barrack, but were defeated, mainly by the arrival of a small reinforcement of police from Kilfinane.

The late P. N. Kennedy of Perth Amboy, N. J., who took part as a mere boy in the fighting at Kilmallock, wrote an article in the *Gaelic American* in 1906 giving his experiences in the Fenian movement. The following is the portion of the article in which he tells of the fighting in Kilmallock:

"In the afternoon of this day (March 5) I received orders to be at a certain place at 10 P. M., where I met nine or ten others of our friends and also a man who had just returned from the United States, and whom I previously knew. He gave us instructions how to proceed and left us for some other duty. One of our party assumed command for the present and we then proceeded to collect guns, on the location of which we had previously informed ourselves. In performing this duty we fell in with and made prisoner of a mounted policeman who was the bearer of despatches. Those we seized, together with the arms which he carried, his horse and furnishings. This policeman, who said his name was O'Connor, and who was treated humanely by his captors while held as a prisoner, turned out to be one of the most zealous prosecutors of those of us who were taken prisoners after the fight, but while in our custody he acted the craven.

"Having fulfilled our orders we proceeded to join the main body who were stationed at a point on the opposite side of the town from where we were. In order to do this it was necessary to make a detour of about a mile and a half so as to avoid a possible military patrol on the highway, our party being considered too small for such a contingency, besides being encumbered with the arms we had collected, a prisoner and the prisoner's horse.

"For a thorough understanding of the situation it might be well to give a short sketch of the town itself: Kilmallock is in

Limerick County, twenty miles from the city of that name. It is beautifully located in the midst of some of the most fertile plains to be found in the whole country. A small stream which has its source in the Galtee Mountains, flows by the town and is spanned by two stone bridges. It was formerly a walled town and a part of the wall still remains, as well as the ruins of an ancient abbey and two old castles which still stand, one on each of the two principal streets of which the town is partly composed, and which intersect each other at right angles.

"Those two principal streets contain the business part of the town, and at their extremities debouch in eight different directions. I am particular in calling attention to those eight different roads because of the fact that in our attacks on the barrack in Kilmallock the enemy were liable to be reinforced from five different points which those roads led to, and which afterwards proved to be the case in some instances. It is unnecessary to say that those points had to be protected as much as our limited means would warrant.

"The nine or ten which constituted our group having accomplished the purpose for which we were detailed, proceeded to join the main body, taking our prisoner with us. In order to accomplish this safely it was necessary to make a detour, as stated above, marching southward outside the town's wall and between that and the lake which is situated west of the town. After a march of about two miles we joined the main body, who were stationed in a field close by a whitethorn hedge and directly in front of the barrack, and within gunshot of it, which they were preparing to attack. The commander of our little party made his report to Captain Dunn, who was in chief command, and who, after having complimented us, placed us in the ranks to await orders.

"It is necessary for me to digress a little here that I may describe the barrack, its location, its surroundings and our relative positions. The barrack which we were about to attack was a strong three-story building of stone, erected a few years previously, and was garrisoned at this time by twenty-four men, including a Head Constable and Sergeant. It was set back from the street about twenty-five feet, having a courtyard in front which was fenced off from that street by a stone wall three feet high, said wall being pierced by a gateway constructed of iron. This wall, later on in the fight, formed a good breastwork.

"About three or four hundred yards south of the barrack the road divided in two different directions, one of which led to the railroad station and so on to Kilfinane, a town at the foot of the

Galtee range of mountains, and four or five miles distant. Where the other led to is immaterial. At the fork of those two roads and parallel with them stood one of those institutions of English civilization known as poorhouses. This poorhouse was constructed of stone masonry, and flanked the two roads mentioned for a considerable distance.

"In the town of Kilfinane there was also a garrison of police, it being the headquarters of the police Inspector, whose name was Milling. About half way between the two towns was the residence of a county magistrate named Weldon. In Kilfinane there was no danger of attack on the police from any source. They were therefore at liberty to dispose of themselves as they thought best. I have already mentioned the necessity of guarding different points from a possible attack on our flanks or rear. This was the most important one, as the distance from which the enemy could be reinforced was the shortest. You will, therefore, see the urgent necessity of protecting our right flank at this important point. Our commander recognized this, and therefore placed thirty men, under the command of one Birmingham, in the poorhouse, for that purpose.

"Directly in front of the barrack and separated from it by the street was an open field. This field was bounded on the south side by a whitehorn hedge which ran at right angles to the street. Near this hedge, about four o'clock on the morning of the 6th (which was dark), we were placed in position preparatory to proceeding to the attack. In the darkness we marched across the field taking positions at the rear and sides of the building and some in front at the before-mentioned three-foot wall, at which latter place I was stationed. I mention this because from that place we had a full view north and south and I was therefore in a good position to note what was happening.

"Just as we took our positions a volley came from the upper stories of the barrack without any results except, because of its regularity, to impress on us the difference between well-drilled, well-armed men and an ill-armed, undrilled mob. But if we were deficient in both the drill and the arms, the spirit existed. Had the garrison fired a few minutes sooner many lives would have been sacrificed because of our necessarily exposed position, but thanks to the extreme darkness and precautions taken, this calamity was averted. A desultory firing was kept up on our part until daylight, and was returned in regular military style by the garrison. In this manner things went on until seven or eight o'clock, when the garrison was summoned to surrender, and upon their refusal a party was detailed to use Greek fire for the purpose of making a breach, at least on one side of the

building. While proceeding to execute this plan, we were surprised by a volley on our right flank—that is to say, from the point where we least expected it, having taken the precaution of placing thirty men there before daylight for the purpose of intercepting an expected surprise from the Kilfinane police as before stated.

“It afterwards turned out that those men, with their leader, deserted their post before being attacked. The person in command of the party I knew well. He completely disappeared, and it was well that he did so. This place could have been held by five determined men with rifles; and it is to the desertion of this post that all the casualties which ensued may be attributed. Of course, because of the reinforcement of the enemy on our right, and having the garrison immediately in front of us, our position became untenable, and we were therefore compelled to evacuate that position for another. To do so was no easy matter, especially for those of us who were behind the three-foot wall, as we were exposed to the fire of the reinforcing party on our flank, and to move any distance at right angles to the wall would, because of its low altitude, expose us to the fire from the barrack. We were therefore compelled to crawl in single file on hands and knees to a place of comparative safety. We held our new position for some considerable time, retreating slowly until we came to the intersection of the two principal streets, where we made a stand, and where we were sheltered to some extent by the buildings.

“By this time the reinforcements arrived at the barrack and were joined by the garrison who issued therefrom upon the arrival of the others. It was from then on plain street firing on both sides, and notwithstanding the superior arms of the enemy, together with the advantages of drill, and having the Inspector of Police and a Magistrate at their head, we still held our position.

“It was now between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon when a courier arrived with the information that Massey, the district commander, was arrested at Limerick Junction. We understood at once that ‘the jig was up’. We instantly realized our position. We were liable to be hanged for High Treason. How were we to escape? I believe the few of us who were then remaining (ten or twelve), with the heat, passion, bitterness and anxiety, would just as lief fight it out to a finish then and there and have done with it. This feeling was superinduced by the death of a young medical gentleman, Dr. Cleary, who was at that moment shot directly in front of us and in presence of his two brothers who participated in the fight. This promising young

man had just been graduated from a Dublin Medical College, where he became affiliated with the organization—for the principles of which he sacrificed his life. Peace to his memory.

"I said that by this time there were but ten or twelve of us remaining with our commander. This was partly because of the fact that a large percentage of our men being armed only with pikes, and those being useless in a fight of that description, threw them away and disappeared in the darkness of the early morning. That, and the desertion of the poorhouse contingent, together with others who had fowling pieces, left our ranks thinned to the few I have just stated. We then held council as to what was best to be done, and on the advice of Captain Dunn decided that further resistance would be worse than useless.

"We then separated and went in different directions, some going to the seaports to get out of the country, which proved to be the worst thing they could have done, as all who attempted it were arrested and brought back to stand trial for High Treason (which afterwards was changed to Treason-Felony), and others hid themselves, by the connivance of friends, in their respective localities until opportunities occurred for them to leave the country. The last I saw of Captain Dunn, was when he was seated on the policeman's horse bidding us farewell.

"We each took different ways and means of escape (but, to tell the story of this, as well as the sufferings we endured, would be tedious) until those of us who succeeded in escaping arrest finally got out of the country.

"Thus ended the '67 Insurrection in one town in Ireland. Ill-starred though it was, yet it had its usefulness, and during all these years I have yet to see the man who regretted his participation in it. The spirit which animated them is still extant, and will be until that which they fought for is accomplished; that is, the inherent God-given right of every nation to be governed by the will of its people.

"If Captain Dunn is still 'to the fore' (and I hope he is) and if these lines should meet his eye, he will probably remember a young fellow of about eighteen whom he ordered during the fight to take some men and confiscate any guns owned by non-combatant residents of the town for our use. Among those residents was a banker named Bourke who possessed a very fine revolver. When ordered to surrender it he refused, saying that he would not part with it except by force. We could, of course, have killed him or put him *hors de combat*, and taken it, but I did not feel justified in doing so, and so reported to the Captain, who I thought, from his manner, was going to shoot me. He

immediately ordered me to follow him and he proceeded to the banker's office. Upon the Captain's appearance the banker raised his revolver; so did the Captain raise his. It was a fair fight. It was a question of who was the quickest, and it proved to be the Captain. The banker was shot through the neck. I believe he afterwards recovered; at least I hope so.

"P. N. KENNEDY

"Perth Amboy, N. J., February 21, 1906."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PART PLAYED BY CLARE.

ARREST OF JOHN CLUNE AND COLONEL JOHN G. HEALY IN PREVIOUS
FEBRUARY A SEVERE BLOW—INSURGENTS, UNDER THOMAS MC-
CARTHY FENNEL, CAPTURED TWO COASTGUARD STATIONS—COL-
ONEL HEALY'S RECORD IN THE CIVIL WAR.

THE Rising in Clare would have been more formidable, but for the arrest of John Clune, with Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Healy and David Murphy of Limerick as they were passing through Limerick on their way to Clare in February, as Colonel O'Connor had just started his insurrection in Kerry. They had apparently got the original order to start the fight on February 11, but had not heard of the postponement. Had they reached Clare there would undoubtedly have been a good fight in old Corcabaiscin and it would very probably have led to a general Rising throughout the country. Of course, it could not have succeeded, owing to the lack of arms, but it would have been of a more serious character than the fiasco of March 5 and to some extent would have saved the credit of the movement.

The Dalcassians have always been splendid fighters. John Clune had the confidence of his men who had two hundred rifles. Colonel Healy was a very capable officer, with a fine fighting record in the Civil War.

John Clune picked Colonel Healy for the command in Clare because of his belief in his military ability. Besides being a very good fighter, Healy was a man of great energy, very enterprising and resourceful and had he once got started in Clare would undoubtedly have given a good account of himself. I knew him very well in later years in New Haven, Conn., where he was an active member of the Clan-na-Gael, and I always regarded his arrest as a great misfortune, coming at the critical time it did.

The following extract is taken from Healy's record in the official History of the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers:

"Colonel John G. Healy, born in New Haven, Conn., February 12, 1841; son of Thomas and Mary (Gray) Healy. * * * He learned the trade of marble cutter. Early acquiring a taste for military knowledge, he became a member of the famous Emmet Guard of New Haven, an organization that furnished many officers to the army of the Union. He enlisted in Company C, Ninth Regiment, August 20, 1861;

was mustered as First Lieutenant, October 30, that year, and was promoted Captain of the company, April 15, 1862. Upon the consolidation of the regiment into the Ninth battalion, in October, 1864, he being the senior Captain, was given command of the latter. He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel December 1, 1864 and was mustered out with the battalion in August, 1865. He participated with the Ninth in many important events of the Civil War, and proved himself a very superior officer. * * * In 1866, Colonel Healy, in company with Captain Laurence O'Brien and Lieutenant Joseph H. Lawler, of the Ninth, C. V., went to Ireland, in connection with the Fenian movement, in which many other veteran officers of the Union Army participated. Colonel Healy was arrested in the city of Limerick and was a prisoner in the hands of the British for six months. * * * Still vigorous and active, he undertook, upon the outbreak of our recent war with Spain, to organize an Irish regiment. He communicated with the Governor of Connecticut and received much encouragement. The *New Haven Leader*, May 3, 1898, stated that 'As the result of a visit to Governor Cooke at Hartford last week, Colonel John G. Healy is accepting applications from men who want to enlist in a regiment which the Colonel intends to organize. * * *' The unexpectedly brief duration of the war, however, rendered the projected regiment unnecessary.

"Speaking of his services in the Civil War, Dr. Rollin McNeil, of New Haven, pays the following tribute to Colonel Healy: 'As surgeon of the Ninth Connecticut Veterans Volunteers, I was thrown into most intimate relations with him, and the friendship that resulted has continued during all the long years since the Civil War. His bravery in the field is a matter of record. The day Sheridan made his famous ride, Colonel Healy was in the forefront, the colors in his hand. I don't think he ever knew the meaning of the word 'fear'. He led his men in battle; he cared for them in camp, and on the march, with a solicitude that won their affection. A thorough disciplinarian, when discipline was necessary, he stood always for the rights of his men, and the honor of the command. I can recall nothing but pleasant memories of the days when we marched and camped together. We were boys then; we are grey-haired veterans now; yet we still touch elbows with the few old comrades—noble fellows all of them—who are still this side of the Great Divide, proud of our regiment, proud of its record, drawing closer to each other as our ranks grow thinner, keeping alive the old friendship and the old enthusiasms. And so may it be to the end.'"

Following is the brief report in the *Freeman's Journal* of March 7, 1867, of the capture of the Coastguard Stations:

"Reports from County Clare announce that the Coastguard Station at Kilbaha was attacked last night and the arms and ammunition taken. One man was wounded. The Insurgents then marched towards Kilrush. The Coast Guard Station at Carrigaholt was also taken with all the arms and ammunition."

Thomas McCarthy Fennell, who led at Kilbaha, had no military training or experience, but was a man of fine character. He was sentenced to a term of penal servitude, most of which he

served in Western Australia, and was released, with all the civilian prisoners, through Gladstone's Partial Amnesty of 1869. The first time I met him was when he came to New York to lay before me his plan for the rescue of the Fenian soldier prisoners whom he had left behind him in Western Australia.

Had the Fenians of Clare been given the opportunity they would have acquitted themselves well in the Rising and would have bagged more than two little Coastguard stations. But Kilbaha and Carrigaholt were victories and they had no failures. That is a record made by no other county in the Rising of 1867.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME OTHER FIASCOS.

DROGHEDA MEN FIRED ON BY POLICE WHILE AWAITING ARMS—IN MOUNTMELICK ENOUGH MEN DID NOT TURN OUT TO ATTACK BARRACK—WATERFORD DID NOT RESPOND TO CALL AND NO FIGHT TOOK PLACE.

THERE were three other fiascoes, which were not reported in the newspapers,—one in Drogheda, another in Mountmellick, and the third in Waterford, but I got the facts from men who participated in them.

The Drogheda men were among the best in Ireland, but they were caught in a trap by the police while waiting for the arms to be distributed and were dispersed, without any casualties. I got the story from Harry Mulleda, one of my fellow prisoners in Chatham, a Dublin man who was assigned to Drogheda as an officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard of John O'Mahony's Ninety-ninth New York National Guard regiment, was in command and the men were assembled in an open space with a semi-circular wall at the back and the front open to the street, where the arms were to be distributed to them. A man named Flynn was to bring them. While they were waiting, the Peelers, apparently notified by a patrol, came on them in the dark, and fired a volley which hit nobody. Before the police, who were in open order, had time to reload, the unarmed men rushed them and got through in safety. That was the end of the Rising in Drogheda. Colonel Leonard and Mulleda got away with the rest.

Mulleda started for Dublin on foot and about ten or eleven o'clock next morning met Flynn several miles from Drogheda with a cartload of arms heading for the town. Flynn explained that the delay was caused by his inability to get a horse and cart. The men in Drogheda were naturally very much disappointed at being unable to do their part in the Rising, but none of them was arrested, as the police did not recognize any of them in the dark and there was no evidence against them. They were very bitter against Flynn for his failure to turn up with the arms, but the arrangements for their distribution were very bad. I don't know how many rifles were in the cart, but I believe they were all saved.

Flynn got away to America and lived for many years in South Brooklyn, where he was a neighbor of John J. Breslin. I had

told Breslin the story of his failure and he cross-examined Flynn and introduced him to me. After hearing his explanation, which included a long story of disappointment in procuring a horse and cart after the man with whom he had arranged to get them had gone back on his word, we both made up our minds that he was an honest man, but a hopelessly "slow coach"—a kind of Athelstane the Unready, who had no idea of the value of time. Yet he was a mechanical genius who patented several inventions in this country. His manner and speech were those of a very slow man. He was certainly the wrong man to select for such a mission, but, as he was an old member, all the Drogheda men knew him and had only themselves to blame for picking him for the job.

Colonel Leonard, who was a Kerryman, escaped to New York, where he died a few years later, and Mulleda was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude as Colonel Ric. Burke's aide in the purchase of arms in Birmingham. He, too, died in New York.

There had been a fine Circle in Mountmellick which included some prominent business men, but several of the best of them were arrested after the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1866, and released on condition of going to America, and many others left the country to avoid arrest. By the time the Rising came it was greatly reduced in numbers. When I was there at the end of 1865, Matthew Fleming, the son of a very well-to-do publican, was the Centre and his younger brother, George, was only a mere boy. Both later became prominent business men in the Stockyards District of Chicago, and while I was living there I saw George very often. In New York, Michael Lynch, another Mountmellick man, was very active in the Clan-na-Gael and I heard all about what happened in the town on March 5 from all three. When over 80 years of age Lynch returned to Leix and died there.

On the night of the Rising not more than twenty men turned out with only five or six rifles, so they could not attack the police barrack. Instead they made a demonstration in front of it and exchanged some words with the Peelers. They were all arrested next day, and sent to Dublin for trial, but were given only short terms of imprisonment. My family knew the Flemings very well and my sisters sat in the gallery of Green Street Courthouse with Mary Anne Fleming, the sister of the boys, who was a handsome girl. The family always regarded George as a child, because he was small, while his brother, Matt, was a fine, strapping fellow; but George was full of courage and had a fine mind. His sister was very tense during the trial and when

sentence was imposed she said to my sister with a sigh of relief: "Well, I don't mind as long as he didn't cry." George Fleming was not a "cry baby" and he showed lots of courage, both moral and physical, in the fight with the "Triangle" in Chicago.

Colonel Ricard O'Sullivan Burke was assigned to the command of Waterford in the Rising, but less than fifty answered the call. As they were too few in numbers and short of arms to do anything effective, Burke marched them into Tipperary to effect a junction with the men there, but when he got across the border next day the "Tips" were all scattered, so he had to send his men home without any attempt at a fight.

There was no attempt at a Rising in Connacht. The West was asleep, but the province was saved thereby from the exodus which depleted the organization in Munster and partly in Dublin. That enabled the reorganized Movement to do very effective work in the West, and when I visited Ireland in 1879 Mayo was one of the banner counties. It was nearly a tie between it and Cavan, the latter county having 3,500 members and Mayo over 3,000. Mayo started the Land League, of which the I. R. B. was the backbone in its fighting days.

Had I been a free man in the month of March, 1867, I would have voted with James J. O'Kelly in opposition to the Rising at that time as strenuously as I advocated fighting in 1865 and the early part of 1866, when we could have fought with reasonable hope of success. But the real cause of the failure was the neglect to procure arms when they could have been easily obtained. We talked fight for ten years and failed to provide the means of fighting, depending on our friends in America to send an expedition. And that such an expedition was possible was proved by the *Erin's Hope*.

PART V.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE "ERIN'S HOPE" EXPEDITION.

VESSEL SET SAIL FROM NEW YORK A MONTH AFTER THE RISING HAD FAILED, WITH 8,000 RIFLES AND 40 OFFICERS—CRUISED HALF WAY AROUND IRELAND AND GOT SAFELY BACK TO AMERICA.

THE *Erin's Hope* expedition was a romantic incident and an illustration of the confusion and inefficiency into which the movement had fallen owing to the Split. The vessel, originally named the *Jackmel*, had been bought by the O'Mahony section of the organization a considerable time before the expedition started and the arms which she later carried were in the possession of the Fenians in New York. But the work of organizing the expedition was very slow. It is probable that nobody in New York knew the date set for the Rising in Ireland and it was only made known when the newspapers reported it.

The despatches published in America stated that the attempted insurrection had been suppressed in one night, and that quiet reigned all over Ireland. O'Mahony and his friends, however, felt that this statement was but one more effort on the part of England to keep the outside world in ignorance of the true state of affairs in Ireland. The men in New York were confident that large bodies of Fenians still held the field, and could continue to do so for a considerable time. It was on this assumption that the *Jackmel* sailed from New York on April 12, 1867.

She was under command of Captain Kavanagh, who had been a Lieutenant in the Volunteer Navy of the United States during the Civil War, hoisted the Irish flag on April 29, and changed her name to the *Erin's Hope*.

She had 8,000 Springfield rifles (converted into breech-loaders), and 40 officers on board. She arrived in Sligo Bay on May 20, where Col. Ricard O'Sullivan Burke boarded her and informed Captain Kavanagh that the Rising had been suppressed two months previously. As the vessel was short of provisions Captain Cavanagh had to land somewhere, but conditions made it impossible on the West Coast, so he took the vessel, dodging British cruisers, half way around the island, and eventually landed thirty of his passengers at Helvic Head, near Dungarvan, County Water-

ford, commandeering a large fishing boat for the purpose. As the men had to wade ashore through shallow water and sand, their trousers bore the marks of the operation and the police were able to recognize them easily, as in small groups or separately they walked along the roads. All of them were arrested, but only two, John Warren and Augustine E. Costello, were convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The vessel got safely back to America and discharged her cargo of arms and ammunition.

Burke's adventures while waiting for the vessel to arrive were of the most extraordinary kind. His fine, gentlemanly manners and splendid figure enabled him to impose himself on the local gentry, including magistrates, as a gentleman of leisure travelling for pleasure. He was the guest of two or three of them, dined at their tables, was introduced to their friends and allowed to shoot and fish on their grounds. Their suspicions were never once aroused and it was only at the trials of Warren and Costello that they learned of their guest's identity through the testimony of Buckley, one of the American officers who went ashore at Dungarvan. Buckley had fought well in the Civil War, but he admitted on the witness stand that it was fear of imprisonment which made him testify against his comrades.

The cruise of the *Erin's Hope* proved conclusively that an expedition could have been sent from America to Ireland. If the vessel had been a steamer she could have performed the feat much more quickly, but the funds wherewith a steamship could have been purchased had been spent in the Split. The speed of the *Erin's Hope* was not a factor in this instance, however; she was late anyway. It was in reality two *years* too late for a cargo such as she carried to be of most effective service to the Fenians in Ireland, and to the Cause which they so unselfishly endeavored to carry to success against tremendous odds.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MANCHESTER RESCUE.

COLONEL THOMAS J. KELLY, AFTER BEING CHOSEN CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE I. R. B., ARRESTED IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, WITH CAPTAIN DEASY—STORY OF DARING EXPLOIT TOLD BY RICARD O'SULLIVAN BURKE.

THE following account of events in Manchester, England, in the Fall of 1867, written by Colonel Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, was published many years ago in the *Gaelic American*:

"The change in the structure of the Fenian Brotherhood in America resulting from the two conventions, at Chicago and Cincinnati, by which that body passed from a military organization, where authority in command was 'centered' in the head, to a political body, where authority emanated from the units, brought much disappointment to the members of the Fenian Brotherhood who were officers in the various armies in the field in 1863 and 1864.

"These well-equipped, experienced officers were aware of the fact that an army cannot be commanded by a debating society; that discussion is not a working substitute for orders, and that the old form of the Fenian Brotherhood, by reason of its thorough cohesion and instant obedience to directions, was a far more effective method of applying force along any worthy field of effort than the body was which resulted from the two conventions referred to, in which there was no power to give directions nor discipline to yield obedience.

"This disappointment was still further augmented by the empty pomp shown in connection with the Fenian Brotherhood in New York City in 1865, in which modesty and intelligence seem to have abandoned all effort to the control of absurdity. This condition was intensified later by the treason to Ireland shown first by a part of the American Fenian Brotherhood withdrawing resources, personal and material, from the pledged direct aid to Ireland and apparently applying them towards an attack on Canada, and secondly, by the remainder of the American Fenian Brotherhood, which, after a brief interval of adherence to the pledged duty to Ireland, yielded to the ignorant clamor of the time, and joined in the treasonable diversion of the personal and material resources of the remainder of the organization to an attempt to capture a piece of Canada.

"Both 'wings' of the Organization of the Fenian Brotherhood thus abandoned their pledged duty to Ireland. The effect of all this on the Home Organization or I. R. B., was most marked. It was an appeal to their individual sense of self-reliance, and in furtherance of the high purpose of the Home Organization, in 1867, a general Convention of the I. R. B. was held in Manchester, England, about the early part of August (or late in July). About three hundred delegates came from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England.

"At this Convention Captain James Murphy, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, was Chairman; Captain Ricard O'S. Burke (myself) of the Fifteenth Regiment, New York Engineers, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, was Secretary. The Convention fully reviewed the various developments in the United States. The abandonment by James Stephens of the Home Organization, following the abandonment of the latter by each of the 'wings' in America, intensified the purpose of the Home Organization to stand erect, self-reliant and firm of purpose, —even if every Irishman in America had become dead to a sense of duty to Ireland.

* * * *

"The prisons in Ireland were filled, and large numbers of Irish prisoners from the many trials by Special Commissions in Ireland were sent to and confined in the various penal establishments of England. Deputy Chief Organizer General William G. Halpin being in prison, Colonel Thomas J. Kelly continued in charge, after Stephens abandoned the Organization, and was the authority which called this Convention in 1867 in Manchester.

"The position of Chief Executive of the Irish Republican Brotherhood was filled by the unanimous election of Colonel Thomas J. Kelly. And, after a great deal of thought was given to the necessities of the Home Organization, a plan was prepared by me as Secretary, and presented to the Convention in the form of Resolutions, which were passed by an overwhelming vote. The chief provisions of this measure may be paraphrased as follows:

"1. The Home Organization to be self-sustaining, each member paying into the local Circle a certain sum per week.

"2. The American officers to be located in the various populous centres, according to the strength of the organization in each centre or city, and to be maintained by the funds of the local Circle or Circles.

"3. One of the American officers thus assigned by Headquarters to any city was to serve as intermediary through whom the

Executive could be reached without delay by the Centres of the local Circles.

"4. The honest and deceived members of the 'wings' in America, whose hatred of England was appealed to in order to lead them into channels of effort which in fact resulted in withdrawing their aid from the I. R. B., were now to be approached and organized into a new body—in America—the good men of the 'wings' in America were to be selected and formed into a new American body, working directly with the Home Organization. The new organization in America to be known as the Clan-na-Gael.

"These resolutions had other provisions, not necessary to cite here. The fourth provision went into active operation without delay, and soon after, the Napper Tandy Club was organized in New York, being the first Club of the Clan-na-Gael.

"After the Convention Colonel Kelly continued his Headquarters in the City of Manchester. Captain James Murphy was placed in general charge of Scotland; Captain Mackey acted generally for southern Ireland; Edmund O'Donovan was to perform like duty for northern Ireland, and Captain Ricard O'Sullivan Burke was in a general way to give attention to England and Wales and to any special duty arising.

"Some officers, who had served in the armies of the United States in various ranks, commissioned and non-commissioned, were in the cities in England. These officers included Timothy Deasy, who was a Captain in Colonel Cass's celebrated Irish Regiment, the 9th Mass. Inf. Vols.; Captain Michael O'Brien, who was a civil employee of the Engineer Corps of the Army of the Potomac in 1863 under Captain (then First Lieutenant) Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, subsequently entering the army and becoming a non-commissioned officer; and Captain O'Meagher Condon, who had served from late in 1862 to June, 1864, a non-commissioned officer, being First Sergeant at latter date in K Company, 164th Regiment, N. Y. Vol. Infantry. Captain Deasy was quite familiar with the conditions in Liverpool, and it was intended to place him in that city; Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon was made Intermediary for Manchester.

"If there was anything necessary to convince one of the insincerity of Roberts and Sweeny in their 'war' on Canada, their sending agents into England to win recruits for their cause would readily supply it. These agents asked Irishmen in London to join the party going to capture Canada so that Ireland might thus be made free! Could anything be more absurd? And yet two Circles in London, Notting Hill and Camberwell, could not at

first see any absurdity in it, for they joined the cause these agents represented. This action of these two Circles hurried me at once to London. I had only just got back to England from a stay of twelve days in Paris, waiting there that time for the return of our agent, Dr. Hamilton (William O'Donovan), who was absent from the Hotel de Suez, Rue de Four, St. Germain. I met the officers of these two Circles in the presence of the agents of the 'Canadian' wing and after discussion the two Circles came back to their duty, rejecting the Irish freedom-via-Canada doctrine. I had barely finished healing this trouble in London when a telegram reached me advising me of serious trouble in Manchester and asking me to go there at once. I started to Manchester by the first train but had some unavoidable delays to meet before I got there.

"I found on arriving in Manchester a very serious situation. The Chief Executive, Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, and one of the two American officers, Captain Timothy Deasy, were in the hands of the enemy. They were arrested the night of September 10 or rather the morning of September 11, 1867, after leaving a meeting called by the Circle officers of Manchester. On the morning of September 11 both officers were brought before a magistrate and remanded for a week. The Centres and Sub-Centres of the local organizations had made great progress in the procuring of arms and ammunition and otherwise getting ready to rescue these two officers should I so direct, when I had looked the situation over. After I got to Manchester Captain Michael O'Brien, who had served in a civil capacity with me in the Engineer Corps of the army, and later with me in England in 1866, gave me complete information as to the local situation.

"On the evening of September 17, a final meeting prior to any action was called. At this meeting the following men of the local Circles volunteered to undertake the rescue:

"James Lavery, John Neary, Thomas O'Bolger, Peter Ryan, William Melvin, Michael Larkin, Timothy Featherstone, Charles Moorehouse, Peter Rice, William Phillip Allen, Patrick Bloomfield, John Stoneham, Joseph Keeley, John Ryan, James Cahill, and the two American officers, Michael O'Brien and Edward O'Meagher Condon.

"From these volunteers I called for two men who were willing to undertake extra hazardous duty. Of those who volunteered I selected Thomas O'Bolger and Peter Ryan. I advised the larger body as to their conduct at and after the rescue, particularly dwelling upon the condition governing duty that no life was to be taken unless the taking of it was necessary to the

success of the rescue, then it was to be taken without an instant's hesitation. After arranging to have the main body of the volunteers meet at a designated place to get more arms and ammunition in the morning, and privately instructing the two special volunteers as to the duty they were to do, and directing them to meet me near the Court House at which our officers (the prisoners) would again appear on September 18, the meeting was closed and all went quietly to their homes.

"These names here given I take from a report of the rescue made by Thomas O'Bolger to me some years afterwards. I had no relations with the local men, dealing with the resident Intermediary in Manchester and meeting the officers of the Circles in any locality only on special occasions like that which carried me to London to the officers of the Notting Hill and Camberwell Circles before stated.

"On the morning of September 18 the main body of the volunteers, gradually by ones and twos got to the point selected for the supply of more arms and ammunition, and further instructions were privately given Captains Michael O'Brien and Edward O'Meagher Condon—the latter I charged with providing everything necessary to get our officers quickly out of the van and into our own hands, and to see them away to a place or places of security. To Captain O'Brien I gave the duty of using our little force to cover the retreat of our rescued officers, to hold the police and the soldiers, who it afterwards appeared had individually joined them, and the mob back; to spread our boys out on the right and left and prevent the vast mob from flanking them, and while doing this to retire at intervals, while fronting the enemy, the flankers passing through the centre of the front, while those who held the centre moved outward to the rear, taking a new position on the flanks. The force covering the retreat to continue fronting the enemy while retiring until the rescued officers had disappeared, then the covering force was to get away.

"After passing up Hyde Road beyond the railway crossing, selecting the part just beyond the railroad bridge as the point of attack on Hyde Road, arranging as to signals, and directing that the main body of the rescue party should avoid any grouping, coming together only when the signal was given, I went to the front of the Court House and made my headquarters at the Red Lion Inn, nearly opposite the Court House. O'Bolger and Ryan were sent into the Court House to watch everything that took place, and one of them at a time was quietly to go out and advise me of the progress of affairs, coming to the Red Lion Inn for that purpose. I was informed by both O'Bolger

and Ryan of their purpose to shoot John J. Corydon should he appear to identify Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. I said that while the death of the informer, Corydon, was much to be desired, yet taking his life under existing circumstances, laudable and patriotic as it would otherwise be, would now work the ruin and failure of the purpose then in hand, as the enemy naturally would safeguard the prisoners, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, by sending so strong a force with the van that our little handful of men, poorly armed as they were, would be entirely incapable of overcoming such a force as would be escorting the van in the event of the alarm of the enemy being excited by the killing in the heart of the Court House of the scoundrel, Corydon.

"About three o'clock I was advised of the identification by a police official of our two men and their remand to jail, and the passing of the prisoners into the van. O'Bolger and Ryan were to watch the actual entrance into the van of the two prisoners, then precede the van in a cab and give the signal agreed upon. A great crowd of people had gathered in the area in front of the Court House. A little earlier, when the crowd was not so large, I passed among them, keeping my eye on the Court House door watching for the exit of either of my two men, but I soon returned to my headquarters, as I thought the detectives by the Court House were showing interest in the crowd. Going through the crowd just after the van had passed out to go to Bellevue Jail up on Hyde Road, to get a cab, I noticed quite a commotion in the crowd, which in the judgment of the officials was made up of friends of the two Irish officers. Immediately the detectives caught at several of the crowd, myself among them, but greater commotion near me alarmed the officers in plain clothes and I managed to break away from them, dodging through the crowd, and made my escape by side streets. When I had got far enough away to consider myself secure, I sought a cab, and finding one drove towards Hyde Road, and then along it towards the selected point. When I had gone some distance towards the railroad bridge crossing Hyde Road crowds of people were in the road, and going to where the crowd was thickest, I got out of the cab, and soon learned from the excited people that 'the Fenians had shot a whole lot of people and murdered the police.' Further inquiries, made as a newspaper man, soon gave me the information of the success of the rescue. * * * I then drove back and went to my headquarters for the balance of the day, No. 16 Acton Street—the premises of John Nolan, the head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—where I received information as to details of the arrests made by the terror-stricken police and the safety of the rescued officers. I left these headquarters Sep-

tember 19, the next day, and went to the same premises where Colonel Kelly was concealed, as his former headquarters was no longer considered safe, and was glad to give up to him my acting appointment to his duties which at the request of the head officers in Ireland and Scotland I had assumed until a convention would decide upon his successor. He was now his own successor, entirely owing to the energy, loyalty and courage of the officers of the local Circles—that splendid group of the I. R. B. who, by their gallantry made themselves immortal.

“In the actual fact of the rescue, the initiative was taken by James Cahill in killing one of the horses which brought the van to a stop.

“During the rescue itself, James Lavery, Thomas O’Bolger, Peter Ryan, Peter Rice and James Cahill were most energetic. Lavery was the senior officer of the local Circle, and was everywhere encouraging and directing. Captain Michael O’Brien and Larkin had strolled up Hyde Road, loitering around waiting for the arrival of the van. Hearing the shooting they hurried back and Captain O’Brien rushed in to cover the retreat of the two rescued officers in which Thomas O’Bolger, Larkin and a few others of the gallant little band were engaged. In this they succeeded, but Larkin and Captain O’Brien were arrested, as was also young Allen, and were sacrificed to satisfy that English law which their heroism had humiliated and defied. Whatever honor may flow to the Irish Cause from the gallantry shown at the Manchester Rescue is owing entirely to the little band of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who actually accomplished it. I only gave form and direction to that force which their loyalty and value created.”

“RICARD O’SULLIVAN BURKE.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

RESCUE OF KELLY AND DEASY THREW ENGLAND INTO A PANIC—
SHOOTING OF SERGEANT BRETT PURELY ACCIDENTAL—TRIAL OF
ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE—THEIR
EXECUTION A JUDICIAL MURDER.

THE Rescue of Kelly and Deasy from the prison van in Manchester on September 18, 1867, was the boldest stroke of the Fenian Movement. It threw England into a panic of fear and rage and gave her warning that the movement she thought she had completely crushed in March was still alive and its spirit unbroken.

In broad daylight a handful of Irishmen in the heart of one of England's biggest cities, with a military garrison and a large police force, wrested from her grasp two of their Chiefs whom she was about to send to convict cells, got them safely away and enabled them to reach the United States while a big reward was offered for their recapture and England's whole detective force was searching for them. The reward would have been a fortune to some of those who knew the whereabouts of the rescued men, but the offer tempted none of them to give the Government a scintilla of information.

Only four of the twenty-three rescuers were arrested (with several others who had nothing to do with it). Three of them—William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin and Michael O'Brien—were hanged after a trial that was a travesty of justice which made their execution a judicial murder. England hoped to terrorize the Irish by taking Irish lives, but she only fanned the spirit of patriotism into a new flame and brought thousands of recruits to the organization.

Colonel Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, whose account of the re-organization of the movement is quoted in the previous chapter, describes the preparations for the Rescue and gives the names of the rescuers. Most of the latter were in New York and a few in Boston when I landed in January, 1871, and I got the whole inside history from them.

Kelly and Deasy were arrested while returning late at night from a courtmartial on Edward O'Meagher Condon, who had very badly misconducted himself, but who later claimed the



THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS

chief credit for the Rescue, asserting that he was in command. His claim was absurd, but repetition for half a century has deceived many thousands of Irishmen.

The rescuers were handicapped by lack of implements to break open the door of the van. Condon was assigned the duty of procuring a sledge, crowbar and a set of burglar's tools, but he failed to bring them.

They were trying to batter the door open with stones and chunks of wood, which they found lying around, when one of them got the notion that he could shoot the lock open by firing into the keyhole. He was a very small, but sturdy Dublin man named Peter Rice, who later lived many years in New York and died in his native city. Police Sergeant Brett, in charge of the prisoners, had a seat next the door and, being unable to see clearly through the slats (which sloped downward) was peering out through the keyhole. Rice, who, of course, could not see him, fired his revolver through the keyhole; the bullet passed into Brett's eye and killed him—a fact of which Rice was ignorant. This was the "murder" for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were hanged.

One of the women prisoners took the keys out of Brett's pocket and dropped them through the slats to the rescuing party outside. They promptly opened the door, let the two officers out and the Rescue was accomplished. They were not provided even with files to cut the handcuffs and the rescued men had to be taken, still fettered, across a vacant lot and over a wall to another road, from where they were quickly taken to a place of safety.

Nothing that had ever occurred in England created such a wild panic. The English people lost their heads and went into a frenzy of rage against the Irish. Every individual Irishman in England was made a special object of attack, as if he were personally responsible for what had occurred in Manchester. In Manchester itself Irishmen were beaten by mobs, and they were discharged by wholesale from their employment. Thousands of special constables were enrolled and a house to house search was carried out for those suspected of participation in the Rescue. A large number of Irishmen were arrested on suspicion,—most of them merely because they were Irish, and others who just happened to be in the neighborhood at the time of the rescue.

The English have a hobby for describing themselves as "calm" when they have completely lost control of their nerves, and this mythical "calmness" figured extensively in the newspaper de-

scriptions of the situation in Manchester following the Rescue. Men with ordinary common sense would have known that the effort of the Fenians could not be repeated in the case of the men arrested for connection with the Rescue, but every act of the authorities was based on the absurd belief that Manchester was filled with armed groups of Irishmen ready to repeat at any moment the stroke delivered under the railway arch, when, as a matter of fact, every man who had any hand in the Rescue had sought safety in flight from that city.

Tom O'Bolger, a Kilkenny shoemaker, who was one of the boldest and most resourceful men in the Rescue party, made his way to London immediately and clipped from the *Times* and put in a scrap-book the despatches describing the situation in Manchester. They afford most interesting reading and throw a comical light on the "calmness" of the English people. Instead of being "calm", they were in as great a panic as if a foreign army had captured Liverpool and was marching on Manchester. The horses drawing the prison van conveying the five men, who were charged with the "murder" of Brett, from Salford Jail to the court house in Manchester went at a fast trot, apparently to avoid being ambushed, and a company of Highlanders forming the escort had to go at the double quick to keep up with it. Why cavalry was not selected for the escort is one of those mysteries that are never absent from British military operations.

Angry mobs surrounded the courthouse and filled the streets in the immediate neighborhood; they hooted and insulted the prisoners. All mobs are more or less cowardly, but English mobs are both cowardly and cruel. Their temper towards the men on trial showed that they would lynch them if they could get at them. The whole people, including the judges and the jurymen, were inflamed by passion and anti-Irish prejudice, and the Bench took no pains to conceal it. The manly, defiant bearing of the men in the dock was bitterly resented and the law was strained against them whenever a point of law had to be decided. Ernest Jones, the Chartist leader, who defended them, was a fine type of Englishman and an able lawyer, but he quickly realized that legal talent and evidence as to the facts of the case were of no avail against inflamed hatred and passion on the bench and in the jury box.

The evidence against the indicted men all came from the policemen and the thieves and fallen women who were in the van. Everyone brought before them was promptly identified as one of the rescuing party. Among them was a marine named Maguire, who was on furlough and happened to be in the neighborhood at the time of the Rescue. He had a strong Irish ac-

cent, and that was enough. He was fully identified by those denizens of the prison and duly convicted by the jury. The reporters at the trial were struck by the utter improbability of Maguire having anything to do with the Rescue and they joined in a petition to the Home Secretary pleading for his release. He had been convicted on exactly the same evidence as Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were later executed, and Edward O'Meagher Condon, whose sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life, through the intervention of the American Government because he was a citizen of the United States. But the evidence that was so defective in Maguire's case as to procure his release was quite sufficient to hang the other three.

The case of Patrick Meledy was even more striking. Meledy, who was a vain, light-headed fellow of no character, a Dublin man, was in London at the time of the Rescue. He had a hobby for amateur theatricals, and he foolishly told some of his intimates that he had taken part in the Rescue. The story reached the police, he was arrested, taken to Manchester and "identified" fully by the criminal witnesses as one of those they had seen taking part in the attack on the van. He was convicted, spent ten years in prison, and this gave him a character among Nationalists in America which he used to good advantage in many questionable financial operations on a small scale. He had never been in Manchester in his life and owed his conviction to his loose tongue.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were hanged on November 23rd, 1867. Their names are enshrined in the hearts of the Irish people, and they shall ever be gratefully remembered as "The Manchester Martyrs".

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION.

ATTEMPT TO RESCUE COLONEL RIC BURKE BY MAKING BREACH IN PRISON WALL FAILED—EXPLOSION UNFORTUNATELY RESULTED IN DEATHS AMONG WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON THE STREET—DARING EFFORT HAD GOOD POLITICAL RESULTS LATER.

Not long after the Manchester Rescue, Colonel Ricard O'Sullivan Burke was arrested. He was charged with having purchased arms in England for the Fenians, and was lodged in Clerkenwell Prison, London.

There were two wings of the Irish Republican Brotherhood in London at that time. One of these had been organized earlier that year by Ric Burke himself in conjunction with Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, and the other by James J. O'Kelly and J. I. C. Clarke. The Centre of one of the Circles of the Burke-Kelly group was a young man named Jeremiah O'Sullivan who was born near Cahirdaniel, County Kerry, in 1845.

Under the command of Captain James Murphy, O'Sullivan managed to get into communication with Ric Burke in Clerkenwell Prison and arrangements were made for his rescue. The yard in which the prisoners exercised at a certain time each day was separated from the street only by a high wall, and the rescuers planned to blow a hole in the latter large enough to enable Burke to rush through to his waiting friends outside.

It was a priest who supplied the money to buy the powder (dynamite had not then become known), but they bought several hundred pounds of it,—far too much. A smaller quantity would have been quite enough to make the hole and would not have caused the loss of life among women and children, which actually took place. There was a British spy among the Fenians, and the information he gave resulted in Burke being placed in a cell at the time set for the explosion, so that all the trouble and loss of life was rendered useless. O'Sullivan brought up the powder in a barrel which he wheeled in a pushcart, but when the explosion took place, the rescuers discovered at once that Burke was not among the prisoners in the yard, so they had to make their escape as best they could in the confusion and panic which prevailed in the vicinity of the prison. This was in December, 1867.

O'Sullivan was a lithe young man of athletic build, a fine runner and jumper, and to these qualities he owed his escape. There was a heavily laden brewery wagon passing at the time and the driver, a big, corpulent man, dropped from his seat and threw his arms around O'Sullivan as he was running past, crying: "You are a thief."

O'Sullivan told him he was not a thief, but the driver said he would hold him anyhow for the police, who were running up at the time. O'Sullivan said: "The devil you will", reached to his pocket with his right hand, pulled out a big horsepistol (of which he had two), and hit him a hard blow on the head with the butt. The man dropped to the ground and never got up again. His blood had been poisoned by drinking ale too freely and the blow killed him.

The police were very close on O'Sullivan by this time, but he dashed off and soon outdistanced them. They followed in relays however, and kept him in sight. He was a younger man than any of his pursuers, in perfect condition, and he knew the neighborhood, so he had every advantage over them. He ran five miles without stopping and at one point had to cross a stream eighteen feet wide. He cleared it easily, but the policemen were unable to make it. One of them who attempted the jump fell into the water and by the time he had clambered up the opposite bank O'Sullivan was safe, and all that the police,—who were armed with revolvers at that time, on account of the Manchester Rescue,—could do was to fire several shots after him, all of which missed.

After a short time spent in concealment among trusted friends, O'Sullivan took passage for America under a false name, and landed safely in New York, where he remained until his death. He was a very healthy man of temperate habits, and would undoubtedly have lived many years longer but for two accidents which happened to him while at work. The first of these necessitated the amputation of one of his toes and he narrowly escaped blood-poisoning. Some years later he was hurt internally by another accident, cancer developed and he suffered greatly for a considerable time before his death.

Mr. O'Sullivan joined the Clan-na-Gael soon after his arrival in New York and remained an active member until illness prevented him from attending meetings. He belonged to the Bunker Hill Club in the Bronx and was also a member of the I. R. B. Veterans' Association. He took a vigorous part in the Land League until Parnell was deposed from the leadership, when, like most of the old Fenians, he dropped out and confined his activi-

ties to the Clan-na-Gael until the Friends of Irish Freedom was organized. He was a fluent Gaelic speaker and a very well read man.

He died on Monday, November 6, 1922, and was interred in Calvary Cemetery.

While the deaths among the English civilians was regrettable, and though the immediate purpose of this dynamite operation failed of accomplishment, the Clerkenwell incident, coming so soon after the daring rescue at Manchester, scared the Government and people of England and had good results later.

When William E. Gladstone in 1869 introduced the Bill to dis-establish the Protestant Church in Ireland (in which the Irish people were not particularly interested) he admitted in his speech that his new outlook on Irish affairs was due to the intensity of Fenianism. His remarks on that occasion proved a stronger argument in favor of physical force—and even of Terrorism—on the part of Ireland to secure justice and freedom, than any Irishman ever made.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CATALPA RESCUE.

EXPEDITION THAT BROUGHT HUMILIATION TO ENGLAND ORGANIZED AND FINANCED BY THE CLAN-NA-GAEL—SIX MEMBERS OF FENIAN ORGANIZATION IN BRITISH ARMY, SENTENCED TO PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE, TAKEN FROM AN ENGLISH PRISON IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA AFTER THEY HAD SERVED TEN YEARS—IRISH SKILL AND YANKEE GRIT LANDED THEM AS FREE MEN ON FRIENDLY SHORES OF AMERICA.

THE detailed story of the "Catalpa Rescue" was published by me in the *Gaelic American* in 1904. Weekly instalments appeared from July 16 to the end of October of that year, so that the narrative as then written is entirely too long to reproduce here. But, as most of the principal actors in the Catalpa incident were active participants in the Fenian organization of '65 and '66 in Ireland, this volume would not be complete without a recital of the most interesting features of the Rescue.

The last batch of Fenian prisoners tried in the civil courts from 1865 to 1867 were released from prison in 1871, on condition that they reside out of Ireland. These included the men who under James Stephens had been instrumental in organizing a strong section of the Fenian organization in the British army, but the convicted soldiers whom they induced to join were still held prisoners, most of them at Fremantle, Western Australia. Gladstone, who was Premier of England at the time, had yielded to a strong pressure of public opinion, brought about by the Amnesty agitation led by Isaac Butt, George Henry Moore and John Nolan, and wanted to release all the prisoners, but a characteristic English reason prevented it. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, interposed an objection against the military prisoners and his word was law with his august cousin Queen Victoria. Releasing these Fenian soldiers, he said, would be subversive of discipline in the army, and as the duke was a great soldier, as soldiers go near the top of the army in England, that settled it. He had won distinction in the Crimea by promptly falling from his horse at the opening of the battle of the Alma and had to nurse a dislocated shoulder at home in England during the balance of the war. But Cambridge knew all about discipline and red tape and he was quite sure it

would have a bad effect on the army to let those Fenian fellows free.

When the released Fenian civilian prisoners who had been incarcerated in England (of whom I was one) arrived in New York in 1871, a public reception was given to them under the auspices of the Clan-na-Gael, which had then been in existence about four years, and which at the date I write of included in its ranks many men from both wings of the Fenian Brotherhood. Some months later, a newspaper containing an account of the reception, and the New York address of Peter Curran, found its way into the prison at Fremantle. Curran was the man at whose house in Dublin a picked body of soldiers had been brought to meet the famous Captain McCafferty in 1866, with a view to organizing a cavalry corps under his command. In due course he received the following letter from Martin Hogan:

"Perth, Western Australia,
"May 20th, 1871.

"My dear Friend:

"In order that you may recollect who it is that addresses you, you will remember on the night of January 17th, 1866, some of the Fifth Dragoon Guards being in the old house in Clare Lane with John Devoy and Captain McCafferty. I am one of that unfortunate band and am now under sentence of life penal servitude in one of the darkest corners of the earth, and as far as we can learn from any small news that chances to reach us, we appear to be forgotten, with no prospect before us but to be left in hopeless slavery to the tender mercies of the Norman wolf.

"But, my dear friend, it is not my hard fate I deplore, for I willingly bear it for the cause of dear old Ireland, but I must feel sad at the thought of being forgotten, and neglected by those more fortunate companions in enterprise who have succeeded in eluding the grasp of the oppressor. If I had the means I could get away from here any time. I therefore address you in the hope that you will endeavor to procure and send me pecuniary help for that purpose and I will soon be with you.

"Give my love and regards to all old friends—Roantree, Devoy, Burke (General), McCafferty, Captain Holden, O'Donovan Rossa, St. Clair and others, not forgetting yourself and Mrs., and believe me that, even should it be my fate to perish in this villainous dungeon of the world, the last pulse of my heart shall beat 'God Save Ireland.'

"Direct your letter to Rev. Father McCabe, Fremantle. Do not put my name on the outside of the letter.

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN J. HOGAN."

This letter was at once given to me, and I promptly answered it. Most of the evidence upon which the soldiers were convicted related meetings with me, and I therefore felt that I, more than any man then living, ought to do my utmost for these Fenian soldiers. But at that time nothing could be done except in the

way of influencing opinion in the Clan-na-Gael in favor of some plan to effect their release, and most men considered the task of releasing the prisoners impossible of accomplishment.

In a few months another letter came from Hogan, and later, one from James Wilson (of the same regiment), containing more accurate and detailed descriptions of how the prisoners were situated, but the plans proposed for rescue were wholly impractical. Thomas McCarthy Fennell, who had been released from Australia several years previously with the civilian prisoners, was the first man in America to suggest a practical idea, which was to send an American vessel, loaded with grain or some other cargo and later pick up the prisoners. A proposition that the organization undertake the rescue of the prisoners was laid by me in 1872 and 1873 before the then heads of the Clan-na-Gael, but they doubted their ability to raise the funds.

So matters drifted until July 1874, when a Convention held in Baltimore decided to take up the project. There were sixty-one delegates present and as some of them were not at first favorable to my proposal, they had to be taken into our confidence and given such information as to existing conditions in Western Australia as would enable them to judge what the chances of success might be and induce them to undertake the task of securing the necessary voluntary contributions. During the twelve months that followed, a copy of the resolutions adopted, a copy of Hogan's letter and a copy of the later letter from Wilson, had of necessity to be printed and circulated among the eighty-six branches of the organization then existing. These were read to the members, with the result that fully 7,000 men were eventually aware of the project on hand. That there was then no informer or spy in the organization is proved by the fact that the British Government took absolutely no precaution against the rescue, and the carrying out of it fell on them "like a bolt from the blue".

The Convention entrusted the project to a Committee of ten, of which I was chairman, but only five were active, namely: James Reynolds of New Haven, Conn.; Patrick Mahon of Rochester, N. Y., Treasurer; John C. Talbot of San Francisco; John W. Goff of New York, and myself. In later stages, Dr. William Carroll of Philadelphia was added. In the course of our work we received invaluable co-operation from John Boyle O'Reilly, from John Kenealy of Los Angeles, McCarthy Fennell and others.

The raising of the funds which eventually were ascertained to be necessary, was a prolonged and arduous job. In February, 1875, at which date but a small percentage of the money needed

had been turned in, I on behalf of the Committee, and on an introduction from John Boyle O'Reilly, had interviews with Captain Henry C. Hathaway in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Hathaway had been third mate of the American whaling bark *Gazelle* on which O'Reilly had escaped from Australia in 1869, and on his recommendation we secured the co-operation of his son-in-law, John T. Richardson, and Captain George S. Anthony, both of New Bedford. Neither of these three men had, so far as we knew, a drop of Irish blood in his veins, but they undertook the work they were asked to perform as readily as if they had been sworn Fenians, and right well did they perform it.

It was finally decided to purchase a sailing vessel, fit her out as a whaler, send her on a cruise which should extend to Western Australia, and there endeavor to get the prisoners aboard. Hathaway pointed out that such a ship could pay her way, and even make a profit under favorable whaling conditions.

Accordingly, the bark *Catalpa*, then lying at Boston, was purchased by Richardson for \$5,250. Richardson risked some of his personal funds in the purchase, and advanced \$4,000 to James Reynolds—who was acting for the Clan-na-Gael—on a thirty-day note. This note was duly redeemed from the money raised by the Clan.

Though built originally as a whaler, the *Catalpa* had for some years previously been engaged in the West India trade, and several important changes were necessary. A blubber deck had to be constructed, she had to be coppered, whaling boats had to be built. Some sails, an anchor, a chronometer, as well as all accessories for a whaling expedition such as oil, watercasks, harpoons, bomb-lancers, medicine chest, etc., were also provided. The outfitting was superintended by Hathaway and Richardson, and as a result of their practical experience the job was done expeditiously and cheaply. I may mention that the *Catalpa* was at the outset examined for her seaworthiness, etc., by Lieutenant Tobin, a United States Naval engineer. Years later he called on me in New York, told me if he had known the purpose for which we wanted the vessel, he could not have done what he did, but that he was very glad he did not know and that the expedition succeeded.

The announcement of the *Catalpa's* readiness to sail on April 27, 1875, brought up the problem of selecting the Clan-na-Gael man to go aboard. It was decided that one man only should go, and the final selection rested between Denis Duggan and Thomas Brennan. Duggan was my choice, but Goff wanted Brennan. At the last moment James Reynolds took the responsibility of in-

stalling Duggan, but after the vessel sailed, it was agreed that Brennan should join her at Fayal, Azore Islands. On Brennan's arrival there, Captain Anthony refused to ship him. Personal friends then financed him to go to Australia, and he eventually got on the *Catalpa* together with the rescued men and their rescuers. This matter of Brennan, and subsequent developments, formed the basis for controversies later which I will not now dwell on.

The selection by the Committee of the man to plan and effect the actual getaway in Australia was the next step. I desired to go and was assured of practically the unanimous support of the Committee, but conditions arose with regard to the raising of the funds for the whole expedition which made it necessary for me to remain in America. Furthermore, my disappearance at that time would probably result in loose talk, with the possibility of ruining all chances of success.

John J. Breslin, the man who had liberated James Stephens from Richmond Prison, had just come from Boston to New York. He was familiar with the British prison service, was a man of fine presence, good manners, high intelligence and very unusual decision of character. He was ideal for the job, and, on my proposal, was unanimously chosen for the chief command of the rescue expedition. He proceeded via Los Angeles, where he consulted with John Kenealy, and as requested by the California men, Thomas Desmond accompanied him. There were long delays due to embarrassing financial disappointments, but both men sailed from San Francisco on September 13, and arrived at Sydney on October 15, 1875; reached Melbourne on October 30, then proceeded via Albany (King George's Sound) to Fremantle, where they arrived on November 16.

Breslin, who had travelled under the name of James Collins, made Fremantle his headquarters, and promptly got into communication with the prisoners in whom he was interested. Before leaving San Francisco, he had been furnished with a legal document from which one might infer that *James Collins* possessed large interests in lands and mines in Nevada and other States of the Union. Breslin, in his report, remarks: "I believe my West Australian reputation as a millionaire is chiefly due to the fact that this document was 'with intent to deceive' left loosely in my room so that it might be read."

During the week following Breslin's arrival at Fremantle, he learned that William Foley, one of the Fenian ex-prisoners, was at large in the district. Through the latter, news of Breslin's presence was conveyed to James Wilson, as was the method of communication to be employed between him and Breslin.

About the middle of December, Breslin actually visited the Fremantle prison in company with two other gentlemen, and they were shown all through it by the superintendent. Breslin reported to us on his return to America that "he found it to be very secure and well guarded". Meantime, Desmond found employment at Perth, but kept in touch with Breslin. John King, an old Fenian, whom he had met in Sydney and from whose friend there Breslin received £200, had come to Bunbury, passed for a gold miner under the name of Jones, and remained to participate in the rescue.

The *Catalpa* was late in arriving, and to avoid arousing suspicion Breslin made a trip into the interior. When the vessel finally reached Bunbury—the nearest port to Fremantle for merchant ships—on March 28, 1876, Breslin went there to confer with Captain Anthony. His plan was to get the prisoners from Fremantle to a point on the coast 20 miles south, named Rockingham; the *Catalpa* to stand well out to sea, and the rescue party to proceed to her in a whale boat. At Breslin's suggestion Captain Anthony accompanied him from Bunbury to Fremantle on the mail steamer *Georgette* so that he should see the coast outside of Rockingham and know exactly where his ship should wait. On arrival at Fremantle they found there the British gun boat *Convict*, which had anchored on the previous day. This was disconcerting, and the additional fact that another gun boat was expected soon at Fremantle, caused Breslin and Anthony to postpone the rescue. In order to justify the extended stay of the *Catalpa* at Bunbury, it was decided that Anthony should overhaul and paint her in that port.

Before Anthony left Fremantle a series of camouflaged telegrams was arranged between himself and Collins (Breslin), by which Anthony was to be kept informed of the gun boat situation. Finally it was decided to make the getaway on Easter Monday, April 17, 1876.

Regarding the method of communication with the Fenian prisoners it may be well to state that their good conduct and length of imprisonment had entitled them to the rank of "constable", which enabled them to communicate with each other with greater ease and freedom than usually permitted. Breslin's last remark to the prisoners was: "We have money, arms and clothes; let no man's heart fail him, for this chance may never come again".

At 7:30 that Monday morning, Desmond drove a pair of horses and trap out of Fremantle; Breslin, with a similar outfit, left in another direction; but both later directed their course to the



JOHN J. BRESLIN

rendezvous near the prison which had been pre-arranged with the prisoners.

After breakfast, the political prisoners were engaged outside the prison wall. Cranston passed out as if going on a message, and, having overtaken the warder who was marching the working party to which Wilson and Harrington belonged, showed him a key and told him he had been sent to take Wilson and Harrington to move some furniture in the Governor's house, which was the nearest point to where they were to meet Breslin. The warder told Wilson and Harrington to go with Cranston, and they marched off. Darragh took Hassett in the same direction as if going to work; they were joined by Hogan, who made an excuse for temporary absence to the warder in charge of him.

The first three got into the trap with Desmond and drove away. The others sat in with Breslin. In each trap they had three hats and three coats which the prisoners donned promptly. Brennan had left for Rockingham at 6 A. M. King, well mounted, followed the traps.

The first ten miles of the route from Fremantle to Rockingham were good for Western Australia, the next six miles heavy and cut up, and the remaining four a mere track, brush and sand. The journey was made in record time. I now quote from Breslin's report:

"At half-past 10 A. M. we made the beach and got aboard the whale boat. The men had been instructed to stow themselves in the smallest possible space, so as not to interfere with those at the oars, and in a few minutes all was ready and the word was given, 'Shove off, men; shove off.'

"Now fairly afloat the word was: 'Out oars and pull for your lives! Pull as if you were pulling after a whale!' The boat's crew was somewhat disconcerted and scared at the sudden appearance of so many strangers armed with rifles and revolvers, and pulled badly at first, but the voice of the steersman rallied them, and cries: 'Come down Mopsa; come down, you big Louis, Pull, Toby, pull. Give them stroke, Mr. Silvee. What do you say, men? Come down all together. Pull away, my men, pull away,' soon warmed them to their work and they fell into stroke and pulled well.

"When about two miles off shore we saw the mounted police ride up to the spot where we had embarked, and then slowly drive the horses and wagons we had used up the beach towards the Rockingham jetty. * * *

"About half-past 5 P. M., Toby raised the *Catalpa* 15 miles ahead of us, and the men bent to their oars in order to get as near to her as possible before dark; at half-past six we had gained on the ship and could see her topsails quite plain from the crests of the waves. Made sail on the boat. At this time the weather had become gloomy, with rain squalls, and we were pretty thoroughly soaked.

"The boat made good headway under sail and we were rapidly overhauling the ship, carrying all sail and the whole

boat's crew—sixteen men in all—perched on the weather gun-wale, with the water rushing in on us from time to time, when, about seven o'clock a squall struck us, carrying away the mast, which broke short off at the thwart, and, by the time we had the mast and sail stowed away, the ship had disappeared in the increasing darkness."

Breslin's party did not again sight the *Catalpa* until 7 o'clock next morning, April 18. Just at that time they saw the smoke of the *Georgette* as she steamed out of Fremantle, with all sail set. It soon became evident that she was making for the *Catalpa*—and as to her purpose there could be no doubt. The occupants of Breslin's whaleboat took down their sail, and the *Georgette* fortunately passed without seeing them. The *Georgette* ran alongside the *Catalpa*, and after about 10 minutes steamed slowly away in the same direction, but to the amazement of Breslin's party the *Catalpa* also held on her course, and both kept increasing their distance from the whaleboat. Some three hours later, the *Georgette* headed back for Fremantle, and fortunately for those in the boat, she kept in close to the coast, evidently searching the indentations for the refugees.

The men of the whaleboat struggled on in the course the *Catalpa* was sailing, although she was fast receding from their view, and they began to call her "the phantom ship". They kept on, however, and about 2 P. M. saw that the *Catalpa* had altered her course and was coming toward the whaleboat. However, all was not well yet. In a few minutes the occupants of the latter saw a police cutter leaving shore, and it now became a question as to which boat should reach the *Catalpa* first. Breslin's report continues:

"At 3 P. M. we ran up to the *Catalpa* on the weather side, the police boat being close up on the lee side, and scrambled on board in double quick time. As soon as my feet struck the deck over the quarter rail, Mr. Smith, the first mate, called out to me: 'What shall I do now, Mr. Collins? What shall I do?' I replied: 'Hoist the flag and stand out to sea.' And never was a manoeuvre executed in a more prompt and seamanlike manner. The police boat was dropping alongside. As we went past, I stepped to the rail and kissed my hand to the gentlemen who had lost the race.

"Twenty-eight hours in an open boat, with a liberal allowance of rain and seawater, cramped for want of room, and cheered with the glorious uncertainty as to whether we should gain freedom or the chain-gang,—a suit of dry clothes, a glass of New England rum and a mug of hot coffee were just the things to put 'where they would do the most good,' and were put accordingly. * * *

"About six o'clock next morning, however, the *Georgette* was lying about half of a mile to windward of us, with a man-of-war and vice-admiral's flag flying. We set the 'Stars and Stripes' as we passed, and held on our course. * * * At a quarter to eight o'clock the *Georgette* was so near that

I could see she had guns, an artillery force, and the water police on board.

"The men of our party were all assembled in the cabin with their rifles and revolvers ready. Of the watch not one was visible from the *Georgette* but the lookout and the man at the wheel. I now stepped down into the cabin and told our men that if the officials on board the *Georgette* were determined to fight for their re-capture they would, most probably, succeed, as they had the advantage of us in every way—more men, better armed, cannon, and a steamer with which they could sail round and round us. I also explained to them that while those of our party who had not been in prison could only suffer imprisonment, the men who had been imprisoned could be hanged in case any life was lost by their resistance. I added it was simply a matter of dying now or waiting to die in prison, if the officials on the *Georgette* fired into or boarded us. Their answer was 'We'll do whatever you say.' I then said, 'I'll hold out to the last,' and went on deck again.

"At 8 A. M. the *Georgette* steamed ahead and fired a shot across our bows. Captain Anthony then put a question to me, to which I replied, 'Hold on, and don't take any notice of the shot yet.'

"After a lapse of about three minutes, the artillery men having reloaded their field piece, and the steamer and the *Catalpa* sailing side by side within easy speaking distance, I said, 'Now ask him what does he want?' Captain Anthony stepped on the weather rail and raised his speaking trumpet; as he did so the *Georgette* hailed: 'Bark ahoy!' and the answer went back: 'What do you want?' 'Heave to,' came back from the *Georgette*. 'What for?' shouted our captain. After quite a pause the *Georgette* hailed: 'Have you any convict prisoners on board?' Answer: 'No prisoners here; no prisoners that I know of.'

The *Georgette* then hailed—'I telegraphed to your government; don't you know that you are amenable to British law in this Colony? You have six convict prisoners on board. I see some of them on deck now.'

"I remarked to the Captain: 'This fellow is lying and trying to bluff us; he can't send a message to Adelaide before Saturday next.' The *Georgette* next hailed: 'I give you fifteen minutes to consider, and you must take the consequences; I have the means to do it, and if you don't heave to I'll blow the mast out of you.'

"Captain Anthony shouted a reply pointing to his flag. 'That's the American flag; I am on the high seas; my flag protects me; if you fire on this ship you fire on the American flag.'

"The threat of firing on the flag highly incensed our first mate, who exclaimed, 'Damn him, let him sink us; we'll go down with the ship; I'll never start sheet or tack for him.' Smith now asked, 'What will you do if he attempts to board us?' I replied, 'Sink his boat when it comes alongside. You have a couple of good heavy grindstones; let us have them handy to heave over the side.' The Captain reminded Smith of some heavy logs of timber which were in the hold and bade him order the crew to pass them on deck; these logs were quickly passed up and laid on the main hatch ready for use. * * *

"Our fifteen minutes' grace and several other minutes had expired, and, as the *Georgette* steamed slowly across our stern, I expected a raking shot among the masts. She did not fire; and, as she ranked alongside again, I knew that the game of bluff was played out. The spokesman of the party on board the *Georgette*, whom I believed to be Colonel Harvest, called out: 'Won't you surrender to our government?' No reply. And again he called out—'I see three of those men on board now.' Our Captain replied—'You are mistaken, sir; the men you see are my ship's crew.'

"The *Georgette* hailed: 'Can I come on board?' To this Captain Anthony replied: 'No, sir; I am bound for sea and can't stop.'

"The *Georgette* still kept us company as if loath to part, until half-past nine A. M., when she slowly swung off, and without having the courtesy to bid us bon voyage, steamed back to Fremantle."

The remaining incidents of the voyage were written in the log of the good ship *Catalpa*. The rescued prisoners boarded her on April 18, 1876, and after a lapse of nearly four months they were landed safely at New York.

Later, a financial statement setting forth all monies raised for the expedition, and all the expenditures incurred, was duly submitted to the proper authorities and approved. Incidents connected with this fund and other matters relating to the Rescue subsequently became subjects of controversy; they received a lot of publication, so I need not repeat them here.

The plan for the rescue of those Irish prisoners in Western Australia was launched and carried through under difficult circumstances. In concluding this necessarily abbreviated account of it, it is sufficient to reiterate that ten years after their conviction for having joined the Fenian organization, those six former soldiers of the British army:

Martin J. Hogan
James Wilson
Thomas H. Hassett
Michael Harrington
Robert Cranston
Thomas Darragh

stepped ashore on American soil as free men. Thus by a combination of Irish skill and pluck and Yankee grit, the *Catalpa* expedition was crowned with success.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FENIANS AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

DOUGLAS HYDE MISTAKEN IN THEORY THAT JOHN O'LEARY REPRESENTED VIEWS OF MAJORITY—JOHN O'MAHONY AND MANY MINOR LEADERS ENTHUSIASTIC FOR REVIVAL OF OLD TONGUE—WOULD HAVE RESTORED IT HAD THEY WON—AN IRISH GOVERNMENT ONLY CAN COMPLETE WORK OF RESTORATION.

THIS chapter, it will be noted, in addition to treating of the deep interest taken by the Fenians in the propagation of the Irish language, also deals with the influence of the work of the Gaelic League (which was not established until 1893) on the Insurrection of 1916. It might, perhaps, more appropriately appear towards the end of this volume, but, as the subject matter does not come under any particular grouping of chapters, I will insert it here—in contact with the story of the Fenian period of 1865-67.

Douglas Hyde's admirable article on the work of the Gaelic League, which the *Gaelic American* reprinted on August 11, 1923, from the *Manchester Guardian Commercial*, was a most timely contribution to the history of present-day Ireland. It supplies authentic information that could hardly be given by any other man, except perhaps Eoin MacNeill. Coming from *An Craoibhin Aoibhin*, it was doubly welcome. Many of us thought that Dr. Hyde rather resented the large and important part played by members of the Gaelic League in the Revolutionary Movement which brought about present conditions, but his splendid article showed that we were mistaken. Not only did he not resent it, but he was evidently proud of it and said truly that the Gaelic League was the mother of Sinn Féin.

Very much of the information he gave was wholly unknown to the great mass of the Irish people. The historians of the future, having the written evidence of one of the founders of the Gaelic League and its President for the first 22 years of its existence, must record and give proper emphasis to the tremendous influence of that organization in leading up to the 1916 fight for Irish Independence.

There is one part of Douglas Hyde's article—that dealing with the neglect of the Irish language by previous National Move-

ments—in which, owing to lack of information, Dr. Hyde did not do justice to the Fenians. Here is what he says:

“The Young Irelanders of thirty years earlier, a national and popular body, never gave any sign of any desire to do anything for the language, with the exception of the chivalrous Davis, and he did not know it.

“The Fenians who succeeded them in the 'sixties never seemed to recognize in any official way that there was an Irish language at all. The most literary and in many ways the most striking of them, when he came back to live in Ireland after his exile, made a speech in Cork, widely circulated as a pamphlet, in which he advised his hearers not to bother about Irish. ‘I begin by a sort of negative advice,’ he said. ‘You are most of you not destined to be scholars, and so I should simply advise you—especially such of you as do not already know Irish—to leave all this alone.’ In this attitude he was faithfully followed by all his adherents until the language movement had become a power. I well remember the night upon which Arthur Griffith first acknowledged that he would give allegiance to it.”

John O'Leary is evidently the returned exile referred to as making the speech in Cork. O'Leary was highly respected by all the Fenians, as he deserved to be, but he did not represent the views of the majority, at least before the Rising of 1867, on the question of the language. Douglas Hyde knew John O'Leary very well in his later years—so well that O'Leary made him a Fenian, as he did with William Butler Yeats, Rolleston, Gregg, Charles Johnston, Oldham and other Trinity College students when the Young Ireland SOCIETY of which they were all members, was doing splendid work in Dublin in the 'EIGHTIES. I got this information from Charles Johnston (son of the famous Johnston of Ballykilbeg) during Douglas Hyde's trip to America for the Gaelic League. O'Leary had a hobby, like most college men of his time, that “culture” consisted mainly in knowledge of English literature, Latin and Greek, and he was not proficient in speaking languages. Although he had a thorough knowledge of French literature and had lived many years in Paris, he never learned to pronounce the language correctly and always spoke it, as he did English, with a strong Tipperary accent. The quotation from the Cork lecture represents his views exactly, but not those of any of the older Fenian leaders, nor of the great mass of the membership.

John O'Mahony, the founder of the Fenian Movement and its leader in America, was a fine Gaelic scholar, steeped to the lips in the lore of ancient Ireland, and his translation from the Irish of “Keating's History of Ireland”, with its valuable notes, culled from old manuscripts and traditions, is a monument to his scholarship. All who knew him were well aware that he looked forward to the restoration of Gaelic as one of the

certain results of the achievement of National Independence, and he expressed this hope in many of his speeches. The latter were never collected, but his translation of Keating is there to testify to his feeling, and the selection of the word "Fenian" as the name of the organization is indirect evidence of the same kind. The Fianna Eireann was his ideal of a National Army.

Many of the minor leaders in Ireland, especially in Connacht and Munster, and practically all the rank and file in the rural districts of those provinces, were fluent Gaelic speakers and strong for the restoration of the language. I can speak from personal knowledge of this, for I knew very many of the men and talked with them on the subject. O'Donovan Rossa not only spoke Irish fluently, but he had an extensive book knowledge of it. He was often a welcome visitor to the house of John O'Donovan in Buckingham Street, Dublin, and the two men had long talks on and in the old tongue. Many of the Fenian Centres in Connacht and Munster and some in Leinster and Ulster, were enthusiastic advocates of the restoration of the language, but it is, of course, true that no organized effort was made at that time to restore it, on account of incessant activities in the political field. Everything was subordinated to the work of organization.

The same was true of American Fenianism and it is certain that had the movement succeeded, the restoration of Irish would have been undertaken by the Republican Government at the very first opportunity. John O'Mahony would certainly have exercised great influence in that Government.

The decline of the language was very rapid during the last century. When my mother, who was born in 1812, just thirteen miles from Dublin on the high road to Naas, was a girl, all the middle aged and old people spoke Irish, but not as their everyday language, and she herself knew many phrases and hundreds of words. I was only one among many who wanted to learn the language and to see it revived. When only nine years of age I bought an Irish Primer. When fourteen, I invested in a lesson book and dictionary. I knew many Dublin men who had acquired a fair knowledge of Irish in the same way and through talking to Connachtmen on their way to England to reap the harvest, though the harvestmen were very reluctant to talk Irish, except among themselves. The idea had already become widespread that Irish was a badge of inferiority, and schoolboys in many parts of Connacht had to carry, hung from the button-holes of their jackets, small sticks on which their parents cut a notch for every word of Irish spoken in their hearing at home, and the schoolmaster gave them a slap for every notch.

I knew that Meath men who lived near enough to Dublin to bring loads into Smithfield Market used to line up their carts in front of Delahoyde's druggist establishment on Queen's Street and make their purchases there, because Albert Delahoyde, one of the sons, who was Treasurer of a Gaelic Class that I attended from 1858 to 1861, spoke Irish very well. Later he joined the little Papal Army, and still later was a lieutenant in the Austrian Army. It is a curious fact that the name is the same as Hyde, Delahoyde being the old Norman form.

That little Gaelic class was started by a few young men and boys who thought they were initiating a movement to revive the language, but many of them dropped away after a time because they got too busy in Fenianism. In the end they were unable to pay the rent of their quarters in Middle Abbey Street, where Martin A. O'Brennan, who kept an Academy on Bolton Street, was their teacher. He was the author of a convenient text book called "Irish Made Easy." A. M. Sullivan gave us the use of his editorial room in the *Nation* office. It was there I was sworn in a Fenian. We continued to meet there until T. D. Sullivan came in one evening with a set of resolutions which he got us, boys as we were, to put our names to, calling a meeting at the European Hotel, Bolton Street, to start the "National Petition" movement ("taking England at her word") which gave Fenianism its first real start in Dublin. Neither Alexander M. nor Timothy D. Sullivan, nor their brother Donal, who was Business Manager of the *Nation*, knew a word of Irish, although they were brought up in Bantry, then an Irish-speaking centre, yet they took great interest in the language and gave the revival a good start by publishing from week to week in the *Nation* Father Ulick Burke's "Easy Lessons in Irish."

I give these details to show that the DESIRE to revive the language was then widespread and that it only needed a Douglas Hyde, with his fine enthusiasm and great organizing capacity, to start a Gaelic League more than thirty years earlier. And Irish was still a living language, not only in Munster, Connacht and several counties of Ulster, but also in parts of Louth, Meath, Westmeath, Longford and Kilkenny, as well, so that the work of restoration would have been then much easier. It was, however, next to impossible at that time to get native speakers from Connacht and Kerry who helped us on pronunciation and by singing Gaelic songs, to even learn the alphabet.

It is, of course, quite true that men very actively engaged in a political movement, especially one of a revolutionary character, are too absorbed in their work to give much time to any-

thing else. The Fenians, owing to the American Civil War and the bitterness of the American people against England, were filled with the idea that military action alone, with assistance from America, would free Ireland. They consequently devoted all their attention to that line of work, but failed because of poor leadership and inadequate resources. But they certainly would not have brought military success any nearer in those few critical years by starting a movement to revive Gaelic, though such a movement initiated then would have brought results at a later period.

Important as has been the work of the Gaelic League and of Sinn Fein, neither, nor both combined, would have brought about the national reawakening without the military action of Easter Week in 1916. It may be said that the Gaelic League started Sinn Fein, but until the latter became *Sinn Fein agus An Lamh Laidir*, it had no chance. Its policy was not adapted to the character and temperament of the Irish people, who are only thoroughly aroused by action.

The Gaelic League prepared the ground for and made possible the later movements, but it required physical action to bring results. SOME of the physical force men, it is true, spoke lightly of the Language Movement in the early days of the Gaelic League, but in those days many Gaelic Leaguers talked arrant, flippant nonsense about physical force. They sneered at Fenianism and scoffed at the literature of Young Ireland because it was written in English. But that literature, written in the language of the enemy, was the inspiration of the Fenians, and, but for Fenianism, neither the Gaelic League nor Sinn Fein would have been possible. All of these movements served Ireland in their own way and all had their defects. And it must be remembered, after all, that it requires an Irish Government to complete the task of restoring the Irish language. If the men of 'Forty-Eight or the Fenians had been able to establish such a Government, there would have been no necessity for the Gaelic League.

PART VI.
CHAPTER XLI.
JOHN O'MAHONY.

EXERCISED A FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE ON THE FENIAN MOVEMENT,
BUT LACKED SOME OF THE ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP—
THE "INVASIONS" OF CANADA.

JOHN O'MAHONY, the leader of the American Fenians—"Head Centre" was the official title—was one of the most interesting characters in Irish history. He was an Irish gentleman of the old school, of splendid physique, well educated, and an accomplished Gaelic scholar. Descended from the Chief of the O'Mahony Clan and recognized as their Chief by the stalwart, fighting peasantry of the mountainous region on the Cork-Tipperary border, he was brought up without any association with "the Garrison", among whom he lived as a "gentleman farmer", with a very comfortable income. His standing among the people was aptly illustrated in a poem by his Secretary, Michael Cavanagh: "Hail to you; hail to you, Chief of the Comeraghs," and he himself, in a lecture in Cooper Institute, New York, some years before his death, described this status by saying that the head of his family "could always count on 2,000 men in his quarrel". That illustrates the Ireland of the Clans. They fought for the Chief whether he had the right or the wrong on his side—and recent events have shown that there is very much of that spirit in Ireland to-day.

O'Mahony was born at Clonkilla, a picturesque place on the banks of the Funcheon, near Mitchelstown, County Cork, in the year 1819.

In the early days of Fenianism, and even earlier, there were many stories current in Ireland regarding the great physical strength and prowess of O'Mahony and his immediate ancestors. The O'Mahony family were the popular champions against "The Garrison", and had many encounters with the latter. An article by Dr. Campion of Kilkenny, describing how O'Mahony's grandfather had horsewhipped the Earl of Kingston, the most powerful landlord in the neighborhood, for some insulting remarks, appeared in the *Celt* in 1857. John O'Mahony wrote a letter later correcting some of the details, but confirming the horsewhipping.



COLONEL JOHN O'MAHONY

The most widely spread of the stories was about O'Mahony's encounter with a "wicked" bull when a young man. He had a habit of vaulting over walls when strolling around and one day he landed in a corner where he found a bull of vicious reputation facing him, with no chance of getting away. The bull lowered his head to charge, but O'Mahony jumped on the angry beast's back, gripped him by the horns, belabored him with a stout stick and held his place on the bull's back while the animal charged wildly around the field until exhausted. Irish boys are very much influenced by stories of physical prowess, and this particular story gave many a boy the idea that O'Mahony was a hero.

On the outbreak of the abortive Rising in Tipperary, in '48, O'Mahony gathered about 2,000 men, all of fine physique, but with no training or organization and, with the exception of some fowling pieces, no arms. There had been no Young Ireland propaganda among them and there was probably no Confederate Club in the whole mountain district. The men—all Gaelic speakers—were simply following their Chief to fight the English. That spirit was in the marrow of their bones and needed no propaganda to make it flare up.

But the utter collapse of Smith O'Brien's attempt at Ballin-garry and John Blake Dillon's decision not to fight at Killenaule, rendered it absolutely useless for him to keep his men "out", so O'Mahony disbanded them and remained in hiding until he escaped to France. After a short stay in Paris, where he met James Stephens who had also escaped, he made his way to America.

When O'Mahony went "on his keeping", as they called it in those days (1848), he turned his property over to his brother-in-law, one of the Tipperary Mandevilles, and, as he had no professional training, he was dependent for a living on an occasional small remittance from his sister and some pitiful remuneration for literary work. His principal literary effort was a masterpiece—the translation from the Irish of Keating's History of Ireland. Competent judges have said that his notes are almost as valuable as the history itself, on account of his intimate knowledge of old manuscripts and the traditions of the people.

I had the privilege of seeing the manuscript from which O'Mahony made his translation. It belonged to a Corkman named Sheehan who was practicing law in New York, and at a dinner in his house in the mid-seventies he took great pride in showing it to Joseph I. C. Clarke, James J. O'Kelly and me. The transcript of Keating's work had been made by Sheehan's

grandfather, whom he described as "The Southern Captain Rock", and was very carefully done on vellum. There was not a flaw or an erasure in it.

During the Civil War O'Mahony organized a regiment of the New York National Guard (the Ninety-ninth) composed entirely of Fenians, and was appointed Colonel of it. That was how he got his military title. But Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick J. Downing, who had served in Meagher's Brigade, was the real commander of the regiment, as O'Mahony was too busy to give much attention to it. It did not do any fighting in the war, but was called out for duty to guard Confederate prisoners for many months at Elmira. Many men who afterwards became prominent served in the regiment. Charles Underwood O'Connell, who went to Ireland in 1865 and spent five years in British prisons, was a Captain; John F. Finerty was a sergeant, and Anthony MacOwen, for some years Coroner in the Bronx, also served in it. Several of the men went to Ireland in 1865 to take part in the projected insurrection.

O'Mahony knew the Irish Question theoretically better than any Irishman of his day, with the probable exception of Thomas Clarke Luby; he knew the kind of organization that was necessary to prepare the people for the struggle to win National Independence and the propaganda that would educate the people, but he lacked some of the essential qualities of leadership. He was very much of a dreamer and not a good judge of men. While he was very tolerant of differences of opinion and wished to gather around him the best minds of the Race, those with whom he surrounded himself were not all of the best quality. His associates may be described thus: clever men like P. J. Meehan of the *Irish American* (then the leading Irish paper in America, though Patrick Donohue's Boston *Pilot* had the largest circulation) who was not fully convinced of the possibility of an Independent Irish Republic; William R. Roberts, a successful dry-goods merchant, who was vain and shallow, but showy; the Scanlan brothers of Chicago; Henry C. McCarthy, a State Senator in Illinois and an able man; P. W. Dunne of Peoria, big-hearted and forceful, but impetuous; James Gibbons of Philadelphia; B. Doran Killian of New York, an able lawyer, and others—all men of standing in the communities in which they lived. But there was another class, who held no positions of trust in the organization, and who hovered around the Chief like flies over a sugar bowl, who flattered him, carried stories to him, professed unlimited personal loyalty to him (which most of them really felt) and exercised an influence over him that was not always good.

Most of these were honest fellows enough, though poor advisers, but the worst of the lot was known as "Red Jim" McDermott. Like Godfrey Massey (who turned informer as soon as he was arrested in 1867); Reynolds, the informer of 1798; Luttrell, at Limerick in 1691; and Corydon, who informed on McCafferty at Chester, McDermott was the illegitimate son of a married woman. His mother's husband was a coachman to an Orange attorney named O'Brien, who lived on Stephens Green, Dublin, and O'Brien was his real father. McDermott shamelessly boasted of this and blackmailed O'Brien during the greater part of his life. He was a handsome fellow, glib-tongued and ready-witted, but wholly without principle, moral sense or moral scruples. He had served in the Irish Papal Brigade in 1860 and returned to Ireland with the Cross of St. Sylvester on his breast, which Dick Fitzpatrick, a British army veteran who was his sergeant, told me he had done nothing whatever to deserve.

But that cross was his passport and credential in America. Although Stephens had warned O'Mahony against him when he left Dublin in 1863, O'Mahony made him an organizer within a few weeks of his landing. He became O'Mahony's evil genius and acquired a strange influence over him.

McDermott was really more responsible for the Split, which took place at the end of 1865, than any of the bigger men. He was constantly fomenting trouble by lying stories which he put in circulation or told "confidentially" to numbers of people, with the intention that they should be spread. Numerous complaints and demands for his dismissal were made to O'Mahony, but he stood by McDermott to the end—even after the Fenian Brotherhood had practically ceased to exist.

When in 1872 John O'Leary, who had been in exile in Paris, came to New York, there was a little conference held between O'Mahony and the recently released Fenian prisoners. At the close, O'Leary (the only man present who dared to hurt his feelings by such a question) said:

"Mr. O'Mahony, I want to ask you frankly, how is it that, although practically every man of standing in the movement distrusts this man McDermott, you insist on trusting him?"

O'Mahony, who was leaning his elbow on a tall mantelpiece (unconsciously displaying his splendid figure) leaned over and, solemnly shaking his head from side to side (a habit he had when talking emphatically), said:

"Well, *morally*, I admit that McDermott is a bad man, but *politically* (with great emphasis on the word) I have never been able to see anything wrong with him."

"But, Mr. O'Mahony," replied O'Leary promptly, "isn't it enough that he is a blackguard?"

O'Mahony remained silent, but looked very uncomfortable.

This was the real secret of O'Mahony's failure as a leader. Beginning with profound distrust of McDermott, and irritation at his influence over O'Mahony, the discontent among the other Fenian leaders grew until it finally included Doran Killian, the Secretary, who was a very able man, but self-assertive and with a most unconciliatory manner, and finally the explosion came at the New York Convention in 1865, when O'Mahony read a letter from Stephens—which he published a day or two later—in which, referring to the malcontents, Stephens used the expression: "Lash them from you like so many dogs."

The Split had been brewing for several months and there had been many public manifestations of it, but Stephens' ill-judged letter evoked such anger among O'Mahony's opponents that the breach was made irreparable. The C. O. I. R. (Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic, as Stephens was called) was angry and bitterly disappointed at the Split, coming just on the eve of the time set for the Rising in Ireland—it is at such times that Splits always come—and his feelings got the better of his judgment. Stephens depended entirely on America for the funds to arm the men in Ireland, neglecting the work of collecting at home, and those funds were now to be expended in an invasion of Canada. For quite some time the Roberts section of the Fenian Brotherhood had been planning such a project. The proposal had been opposed by O'Mahony from its inception, but, later, convinced that the Roberts wing was determined to carry it out, O'Mahony endeavored to forestall his opponents by launching in advance an unfortunate expedition against Campo Bello (an island off the Coast of Maine which was claimed and held by the English), and which failed. It was the idea of B. Doran Killian that he could precipitate trouble between England and the United States by seizing the land, but the English were "tipped off" (probably by "Red Jim") in time and sent a small force which got there in advance of the Fenians who were led by Bill Stephens (an Irish minister's son who had been sworn in by Edmund O'Donovan while a student in Trinity College, Dublin), and by Tom Williams, who had been Editor of the *Longford Register*. Thus, the money that remained under O'Mahony's control, which was badly wanted in Ireland, was spent to no purpose.

Immediately after the Campo Bello incident, the Roberts party devoted all their energies to preparation for the Cana-

dian raid which culminated in the fight at Ridgeway, under General John O'Neill, on June 2, 1866. And, of course, the protests which the O'Mahony wing had been making against wasting money on any such expedition were nullified by their own foolish endeavor.

Another futile attempt to invade Canadian territory, which was made in 1870, was on a larger scale, but was betrayed by Beach, the half-breed Gypsy spy, who masqueraded under the name of Le Caron and pretended to be a French sympathizer with Ireland. His information enabled the Canadians to forestall every move of the Fenians. That disastrous expedition broke up the "Canadian" wing of the Fenians. The O'Mahony wing lingered on for several years, but was unable to accomplish anything, and finally broke up when O'Mahony died. Its last effort was to send O'Mahony's remains to Ireland, but the committee which managed it in New York was composed of men of the Clan-na-Gael. Fully 20,000 men—in a city where he had died in poverty—marched behind the hearse en route to the steamer on which the body of the dead leader was conveyed to Ireland.

O'Mahony was given a great funeral, like Terence Bellew McManus in 1861, and later James Stephens, Charles Stewart Parnell and O'Donovan Rossa, but in New York he was practically starving for several months before his death. He was too proud to tell his dire needs and only a few faithful followers, who were all of humble means, knew his actual condition and helped him to the utmost of their ability. He lived in a single room in a tenement house, and when Dr. Denis Dowling Mulcahy (one of the Fenian leaders released from a British prison a few years previously) called to see him, he found him in bed in a cold room, with a grate, but no coal to make a fire. Mulcahy speedily remedied that defect and brought in medicine, but it was too late to save his life. Yet the English press and many of his own countrymen were telling at that very time how he was rolling in wealth from the "robbery of the poor Irish servant girls". But the fine funeral was supposed to compensate for all this. No matter how the Irish treat a leader when living—and the treatment is often very bad—they never fail to give him decent burial.

CHAPTER XLII.

JAMES STEPHENS, C. O. I. R.

A VERY ABLE ORGANIZER, WITH MUCH INFLUENCE OVER YOUNG MEN,
BUT NOT A GREAT MAN—VERY JEALOUS OF HIS AUTHORITY.

JAMES STEPHENS, the C. O. I. R. (Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic), head of the movement in Ireland, was a very clever man, but not in any sense a great one. He was not the founder of the movement, but he organized it and made it what it was. He had fine organizing ability and much influence over young men, but he lacked some qualities of leadership and when confronted by unforeseen difficulties, due to the Split in America, he was unable to cope with them and failed.

Stephens was born in the City of Kilkenny in 1824, and was a Civil Engineer by profession. He was only 24 when the failure of William Smith O'Brien's attempted insurrection in 1848 cut short his professional career. He escaped to France, where he remained about nine years.

In Chapter II, I described the circumstances of Stephens' return to Ireland in 1857, and the feelings of despair which prevailed among the Republicans whom Denieffe had assembled at a meeting in Dublin. Also, how Stephens by his optimism not alone held them together, but injected new life and progressiveness into the Movement.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1858, Stephens established the Irish Republican Brotherhood and soon merged into it the small revolutionary groups that were then in existence. The vesting of all authority in Stephens himself, which he insisted on, was the chief strength of the organization in its early stages, because it secured unity of direction. But, as we have seen, it proved to be its undoing when the real crisis came.

Stephens wrote the Oath, and beyond that there was no Constitution or law under which the organization was to be governed. It was as follows:

"I (name) do solemnly swear allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established; that I will take up arms at a moment's notice to defend its integrity and independence; that I will yield implicit obedience to the commands of my superior officers, and finally I take this oath in the spirit of a true soldier of liberty. So help me God."

There were several slight variations, different men depending on their memory, as the keeping of documents was forbidden, but that is the version that I got and on which I swore in several hundred men, and I believe it is absolutely correct. It was simplicity itself, and ensured blind and unquestioning obedience to Stephens' authority.

As the Movement began to make progress he remained mostly in Dublin, living in lodgings consisting of a sitting room and bedroom. Only a few men knew where to find him and they visited him frequently. The talks were always informal, Stephens throwing in a sentence or two occasionally. He always treated each guest to a bottle of porter, bringing it in himself and serving it to the visitor.

It was at one of these gatherings that I met him first in March, 1861, when I was about to start for France to enlist. He tried to dissuade me from going and advised me to go to America instead, offering to give me letters of introduction to John O'Mahony, Colonel Corcoran and Thomas Francis Meagher, but I had set my heart on becoming a Zouave (which no foreigner could do at that time), and like most other people, even in America, I believed that the Civil War would only last a few weeks or months. All young Irishmen at that time believed the French army to be the ideal one, and I wanted to get my training in it for the fight in Ireland. He failed to convince me and I was told after I had left that he said: "That young fellow is very stubborn." I was only a little over eighteen, and he probably never met anyone of that age who failed to be persuaded by him.

When he found I was bent on going to France and had already secured a letter of introduction from T. D. Sullivan to J. P. Leonard, who was correspondent of the *Nation* in Paris, and another to John Mitchel (then in Paris) from Denis Holland, editor of the *Irishman*, he gave up trying to change me and gave me advice about Paris that would be useful to me. John Mitchel's address on Holland's letter was in the Rue de l'Est, and I wanted to call on him first, so Stephens wrote for me on a slip of paper what I should say in asking my way. It was:

"Ayez la bonte m'indiquer la Rue de l'Est" (Have the goodness to show me the way to the Rue de l'Est).

But I found from experience that Frenchmen were not quite so formal in asking their way.

When I returned to Dublin a little over a year later, I was brought to see Stephens again and he tested me in French and

complimented me on my rapid acquisition of a working knowledge of the language. That was his way with young men and it was one of his methods of acquiring influence over them. Most of the young men who met him thought he was phenomenally able and he cultivated that belief by telling them stories about his accomplishments. Luby tells how he claimed to be the best fiddler among thirty-two. According to himself he was a great rifle shot, so if Dillon had not restrained him at Killenaule he would have killed the Captain of the Eighth Hussars at the barricade. As Mitchel put it: "one moment, and Ireland was in insurrection".

As the organization grew in Dublin, Stephens stopped receiving visitors at his own rooms, and instead paid for the lodgings of a few trusted men, and he held his receptions in their rooms. The chief of these was James Flood, whose brother Pat was one of the most active recruiters among the Dublin cork cutters. I was informed by a person who knew Pat, that he was still alive in 1916, and when the fight began, although over 80 years of age, he got up out of a sick bed and started for the Post Office. He broke down and was found lying helpless on the steps of a house near the Rotunda and taken home. "Well, thanks be to God, I lived to hear the shots fired for Ireland," the old man said.

At those informal gatherings previously mentioned, "The Captain" always talked glowingly of conditions in the country, but seldom went into details. His air of supreme confidence greatly impressed the men and they always went away satisfied. He led all to believe that the organization was very strong and rich in resources, and the general result of his talk was to create the belief that all the necessary arms would come from America. This discouraged the purchase of rifles, which could be made easily in England in the early 'sixties, as the Government put no restrictions whatever on their sale, believing that another Insurrection in Ireland was wholly out of the question. The men devoted all their energy to swearing in members and in many places to drilling them, mostly by ex-soldiers of the British army.

Stephens about 1863 married Miss Jane Hopper, with whose family he lived at that time. Her brothers, George, Charles and John, were all members of the organization, but were not very active and held no position in it. George kept a tailoring establishment in Dame Street, near the Parliament Street end of it, and Charles a cigar shop in Henry Street, and their shops were a sort of rendezvous for the members. Charles was the best of

the three and married Julia O'Kelly, sister of James J. O'Kelly. George was rather pompous in manner, and John, the youngest, was of little account.

Stephens' place of living was supposed to be a secret, but on a visit to Dublin, O'Kelly learned it from Charles Hopper and proposed to me (we were boyhood friends) to make a call on "The Captain". As I could see him any time I wanted, and knowing from previous talks with Stephens that O'Kelly was *persona non grata* with him, I did not like to go, but O'Kelly wanted to have a "showdown" on his position in London, so I went with him and introduced him to Stephens. He received O'Kelly coolly, but was cordial with me. The first question he asked of O'Kelly was: "How did you know where to find me?" O'Kelly replied evasively: "I suppose it was intuitively." Stephens did not treat him rudely, but his cold manner left no doubt of his dislike.

On my next visit to Dublin I saw Stephens at one of the regular meeting places, and he was very sarcastic about O'Kelly, saying he was "no good". I defended O'Kelly and pointed out his good work in London. Stephens did not deny it, but said: "Like him as a friend as much as you please, but don't believe in him as an Irishman. Notice his Cockney accent. That shows weakness. I spent ten years in Paris, but my Kilkenny accent is as good as ever. Give him up." I did not give him up, but appealed to other men for help, and O'Kelly was eventually recognized.

After the fight had been finally postponed on the night of Feb. 21, '66, Stephens remained in Mrs. Butler's house in Kildare St., up to the middle of March when he and Colonel Kelly started for the United States. They got into a rowboat off the coal quay and were taken down the river to a small sailing vessel which conveyed them to Scotland, where they landed in safety and went by train to one of the Southern English ports, undiscovered, and crossed over to France, whence they started for New York. Captain Nicholas Weldon, on whose vessel they were taken away from Dublin, later wrote a very interesting account of the trip, but it is too long for insertion here.

Before leaving Dublin, Stephens appointed Edward Duffy, who was out on bail, his deputy in Ireland. But he did not write a single letter or send any money to Duffy during the whole period of his absence in America, although he boasted at a Fenian picnic in Jones' Wood, New York, in May, 1866, that he was in communication with every county in Ireland and that

the Home Organization was in perfect condition. It was in that speech that Stephens said:

"The Irish flag—the flag of the Irish Republic—will float in an Irish breeze before New Year's Day, 1867."

His trip to America was a complete failure. He made speeches in several cities, in which he indulged in the same kind of boasting, showing that he had lost his head; he attended conferences to bring about reunion of the factions, but nothing resulted therefrom, although P. W. Dunne, one of the best of the Senate Party leaders, did his utmost to get the leaders of both wings to resign and to elect Stephens as leader of a reunited organization. He was willing to forgive Stephens for his letter to O'Mahony the previous year, but the objectionable expression used by Stephens left in others wounds which were too deep for healing.

Things drifted along aimlessly in America and many heated meetings were held until towards the close of 1866, when a conference of the refugees of the I. R. B. and many of the American officers who had been in Ireland was held in New York and presided over by Stephens, at which the decision was taken that the fight should be made early in 1867. Those present had no authority to make the decision, but they not only made it, but compelled Stephens to order the Rising. At the next meeting he was deposed as leader, and Colonel Kelly was elected in his place.

The "men of action" obtained control of the organization, the remnant of the funds, and of some thousands of rifles which were afterwards sent to Ireland on the *Erin's Hope*, and arrived too late to be of any use in the Rising. General Cluseret, who had been a Captain of the French army and had risen to the rank of General in the Union Army; General Vifcain, a Belgian; and General Farioli, a Belgian of Italian parentage, accompanied the Irish-American officers on that expedition.

Cluseret later wrote in *Frazer's Magazine* a satirical and somewhat cynical account of his experiences, in which he dwelt on the utter lack of preparation, the motive of the men being chiefly to "keep their word", and expressed a very unfavorable opinion of Stephens.

Stephens sailed for France, and after living in that country for many years he was expelled by Premier Ferry. His expulsion was a disgraceful proceeding that will forever leave a blot on Jules Ferry's name. There was no justification whatever for it, and it came about in this way: There was a man named Eugene Davis in Paris who occasionally wrote poetry in the

Irish papers. He was a "spoiled priest" and was never a member of the Fenian organization, but posed with the English correspondents as an authority on it. During the dynamite operations in the early 'eighties in London he constantly supplied them with fakes. The correspondent of the London *Standard* was a very gullible man and gave Davis £5 for reports of meetings that never took place. Davis wrote a fake about a meeting of dynamiters on an island in the Seine, at which he said that Stephens presided, the *Standard* published it, and the English Government at once demanded that the French Government expel Stephens from France. Jules Ferry complied with the demand without having a particle of evidence that any such meeting had been held, and the old man was escorted by police to the Swiss frontier while the blackguard who wrote the fake was allowed to remain in Paris to ply his miserable trade. It was a cruel blow to the poor old man, who had no sympathy with the dynamite performances and had then no connection with any kind of Irish movement.

Davis played a similar trick in the case of William Mackey Lomasney after he had been blown to atoms in an explosion at London Bridge. He wrote an "interview" with "The Little Captain", got £5 for it from the *Standard* correspondent and the paper published it. It was cabled to the New York *Herald* and published in full. Lomasney's wife, a devoted Irishwoman, was completely deceived by it, with very bad effects on her mind. She kept a little stationery store in Detroit and lived in a small room behind it and was getting a small pension from the Clann-na-Gael. I called on her one day, and she told me she was quite sure that William was alive and in prison. Feeling tired one day she lay down on the bed and while half asleep imagined she saw his figure standing inside the door,—he had no beard, and that showed that he must be in prison, as he always wore one. I told her the facts about his death and that of his brother and a man named Fleming who lost their lives with him. She told me I was mistaken, went to the drawer of a little table, took out a clipping from the *Herald* and showed it to me as proof that he was still alive. I told her all about Davis, but I wasted my breath. She knew nothing about newspapers or how easily the best of them are deceived by fakers and continued to believe up to her death that her husband was still living. The Irish movement has been always cursed by fellows like Davis hanging on the skirts of it who humbug the newspapers with stories that have no foundation at all,—to make a little money.

In the early 'eighties, I think it was, a Bordeaux wine house appointed Stephens its agent in New York, in the belief that

his popularity would bring trade, but the attempt proved a complete failure. He got plenty of newspaper notice and the office he opened was for a time crowded with visitors, but they were not the class of man who drink wine and they could give him no help to make sales. They were mostly old Fenians who still believed in him and they used the opportunity to make an attempt to restore him to the leadership. But that failed more miserably than the wine agency. Stephens' day was gone and after a few months he returned to Europe.

Stephens remained in Switzerland for some years, and then the English Government permitted him to return to Ireland. In his later days he wrote a series of articles for the *Freeman*, giving his Recollections of the movement, but there was little of any value in them. He was an admirable writer of short letters, but a very poor hand at long articles; he spread out too much and attempted style at which he did not succeed. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* paid him for these contributions, and that helped him to keep himself comfortable for a while. Finally, that paper collected a fund for him, which kept the wolf from the door until he died in Blackrock, County Dublin, April 29, 1901.

Stephens was not a good speaker, and that is a bad handicap to an Irish leader. He had a fairly good voice and in the earlier days of the movement occasionally indulged in singing. He could sing "The Marseillaise" pretty well, but his favorite song was James Clarence Mangan's translation of Koerner's "Hymn of Freedom":

"Yes, Freedom's war, though the deadly strife
Makes earth one charnel boneyard,
Though the last fond kiss to the child and wife
And the last firm grasp of the poinard.
We all have had too much of love,
Let us now try a spell of hatred."

I often heard a group of Dublin men chanting the chorus. O'Donovan Rossa, who did not sing, translated it into Irish, and gave me a copy of it in Chatham Prison, but I could not keep it.

As a successful organizer, Stephens holds a prominent place among those who in numerous generations endeavored to direct Ireland's efforts towards the achievement of national Independence. While his unfortunate decision against starting the fight in 1865 or early in 1866 prevented that final act which might then have brought to fruition his splendid work of the previous eight years, the blame for that must in large measure be attributed to the Split among the Fenian Brotherhood in Amer-

ica, and the failure of that organization to supply the arms on which Stephens so confidently relied.

At all events, the extent to which he propagated the principles of Fenianism made an indelible impress on the national consciousness of Ireland. During the third of a century after 1867, he lived to see other policies gradually advance to the political forefront in Ireland; he died 15 years before the national resurrection. In his declining years his existence was practically forgotten; yet, on his death, his fellow countrymen paid a striking tribute to his memory. It was not so imposing as those which marked the interment of Terence Bellew McManus in 1861 or of John O'Mahony in 1877. Yet it provided another reminder to the new generation of those ideals for which the Fenians stood; for which many of them laid down their lives or lingered long years in British dungeons and penal colonies, and for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien died on an English scaffold.

The last honor paid to Stephens was to place his remains side by side with those of some of his notable Fenian comrades of the '67 period, in the Patriots' Plot, Glasnevin.

CHAPTER XLIII.

JOHN O'LEARY.

LITERARY MAN AND CRITIC, RATHER THAN AN ACTIVE WORKER—HIS WORK MAINLY AS EDITOR OF THE "IRISH PEOPLE"—LATER BECAME HEAD OF THE REORGANIZED I. R. B.

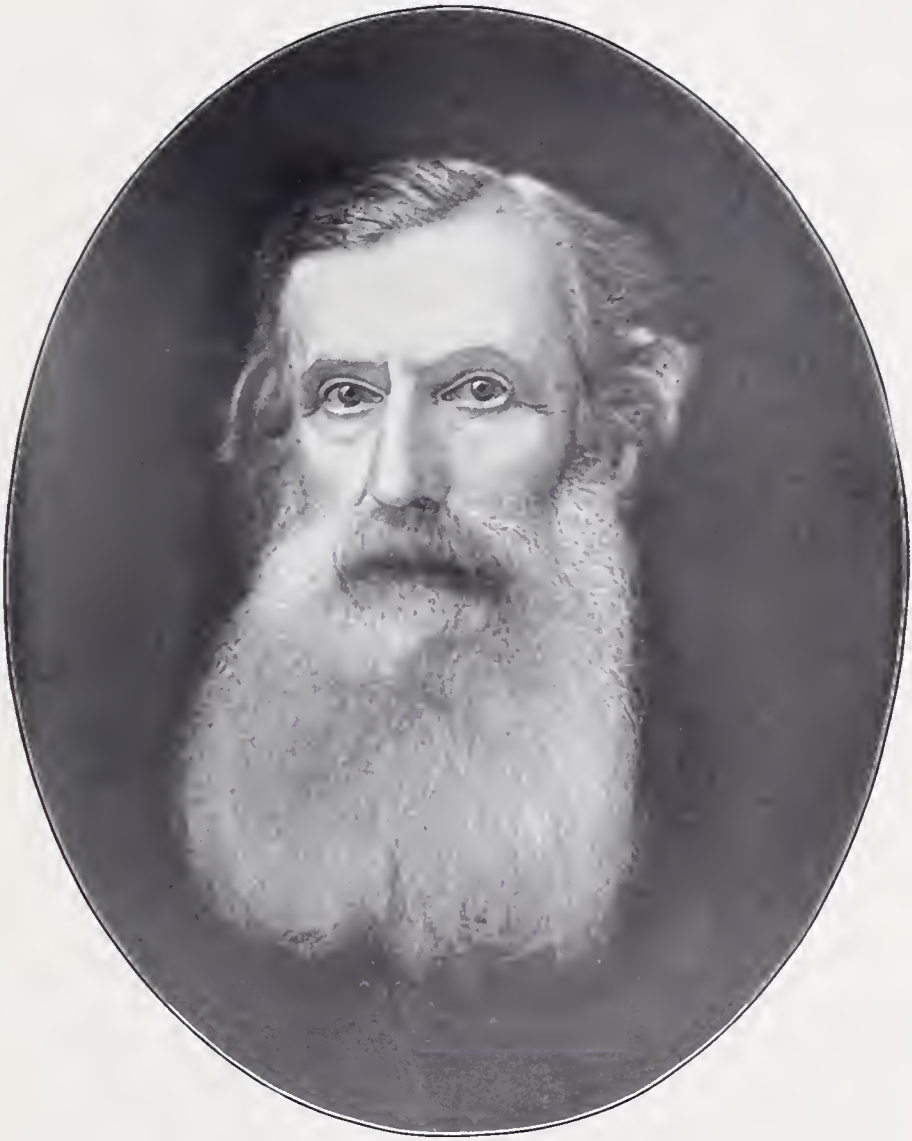
JOHN O'LEARY, one of the three most prominent men in the Fenian Movement in Ireland after James Stephens, was not an active worker in it and did not take the oath of membership. He was released from the obligation by James Stephens, who trusted in his honor. The men of the reorganized movement followed the example of Stephens—even to the extent of electing O'Leary Chairman of the Supreme Council. In both cases it was a tribute to his high character and many men outside the Organization who did not believe in its policy shared that estimate of him.

Born in the town of Tipperary in 1830, his father was a successful merchant who was able to give his children a good education and make ample provision for their future. He left each of them a small income which placed them beyond the necessity of working for a living. John's income when I met him in 1879 was £150 a year; his sister Ellen's £80, Edmund's and a younger sister's £50, and the others in similar proportions. The income was derived from house property in the town of Tipperary, and that had some influence on his attitude towards landlordism in the days of the Land League. When the organization needed money the family lent it £1,000 and never got it back.

He was first sent to Carlow College and from there to Trinity, where his graduation was prevented by his participation in the Young Ireland Movement, and after its failure he finished his education in the Queen's College in Galway.

I am not writing the Life of John O'Leary, but only the record of his connection with Fenianism and my personal experiences with him, and I must refer my readers to his own book, "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism", for the particulars of his career.

He was living in London when Stephens decided to start the *Irish People* and selected him as Editor. He came over to Dublin and lived there until the paper was suppressed on September 15,



JOHN O'LEARY

1865, and he was arrested and later tried and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. Lord John Russell, the author of the Treason-Felony Act, intended it to degrade John Mitchel and class all England's enemies in Ireland as ordinary criminals. That was the meaning of the second half of the term. Charles Underwood O'Connell, when brought before Governor Clifton of Portland Prison on some trivial charge, referred to himself as a political prisoner, and the Governor replied: "England has no political prisoners. You are a Treason-Felony convict." That was the spirit of the England of that day and it was illustrated by my first sight of John O'Leary in Portland Prison. I knew Thomas Clarke Luby very well, but had never met O'Leary, although I had seen him often going in and out of the *Irish People* office—always with a book in his hand. When I got to Portland about January, 1868, I was assigned to a cell on the second tier of the small building occupied by the Penal Class prisoners. As my door was opened early the following morning to empty my slops into a big bucket carried by two convicts I saw two other convicts on the ground floor on the other side of the building carrying a similar bucket, or tub, with a short pole inserted in the two handles. I had never seen O'Leary without his fine dark beard, but I recognized him and Luby at once as the carriers of the slop receptacle. They were moving from cell to cell, with a weary, but resigned look on their faces as some of the worst criminals in England emptied their cell pots into the bucket. That was England's way of treating refined and highly educated Irish gentlemen who opposed her rule in Ireland.

I was introduced to O'Leary by Luby on the following Sunday at exercise when the prisoners walked in pairs and were allowed to choose their own companions and change them at will. I was able to give them an account of all that had happened in the five months between their arrest and my own, and much that I had heard from other prisoners in Mountjoy who had come in later, and to exchange views on events and individuals.

But my intimate acquaintance with O'Leary began in 1879 in Paris, where he lived during his exile. I made Paris my headquarters and kept my trunks and papers there while making trips to Ireland and England. During my time in Paris I dined with him every day and passed several hours in his company, sometimes with J. P. Leonard, who was then a teacher of English at the Sorbonne, and sometimes with others, but usually we were by ourselves. We discussed the incidents and the men of the Movement fully and freely and I became very familiar with his views on everything. We differed strongly in regard to the Land Movement, but never quarrelled over it.

In many ways O'Leary was the most interesting man I had ever met. He had a thorough knowledge of French literature as well as English, and spoke the language with great ease, but could never pronounce the French "u" correctly and never tried. He lived in a large room in the Latin quarter in which there was space for little but books. There were books everywhere. Shelves covered a whole side of the room and they were all filled with books piled without any idea of regularity or classification. There were a lot of books on the floor under the shelves, a couple of tables were covered with them; they were piled on chairs, and there was no attempt at order anywhere. But O'Leary always knew where to find the book he wanted. They were all English and French and there were a lot of old magazines. It was the room of a bookworm who did little else than read.

His reading of newspapers was done mostly in the restaurants or cafes where he ate, and there he got them free. He never lived in a *pension* where meals were supplied, but always ate in a cheap restaurant. He lived very frugally. There was then in Paris a chain of Duval restaurants where one could get a good dinner of soup, one course of meat with vegetables and a pint of claret for 35 or 40 sous, and he ate his dinner mostly in them, but took breakfast in a cheaper one. His coffee he always took in a cafe where it was better and smoked his pipe and read his papers there.

He had no social life in Paris, though he knew a lot of men, both French and foreign, but he only met them in cafes. I never heard of him visiting a French family, and he only knew the French people through his reading and his occasional meetings with prominent men. He was a poor judge of French politics and his leanings were towards the Orleanists, not through sympathy with that branch of the Bourbons, but because he thought their politicians were more liberal. He was opposed to all kinds of extremists and was not either a Republican or an anti-Republican. He thought there was so little difference between a moderate Republic and a liberal limited Monarchy that it would not be worth while to change from one to the other. He was for a Republic in Ireland because it was the aim of the Fenian Movement and there was no King in sight. But he would have accepted Repeal of the Union if he could be sure that England would keep her hands off. He had no positive political opinions at all, except that he wanted Ireland to be free.

He and I visited the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles one day when there was an important debate going on and we heard several speeches of leading men. Marcere was then Minister of

the Interior and it was his department that was under fire. I told him when coming out that the debate foreshadowed the fall of the existing Government, and it fell in a few days, but O'Leary thought the debate was unimportant. Having been for some time in charge of the foreign desk on the New York *Herald* where I read the leading Paris papers, I was familiar with the political situation in France, but O'Leary was more concerned with French literature than French politics.

He had a hobby that no man was fit for leadership unless he had received a college education and he thought me prejudiced when I told him that some of the greatest men in history, especially in ancient and mediaeval times, were wholly illiterate. But, of course, I admitted the advantages of a college training. He put me through a sort of cross-examination as to my training and reading, and when I told him I had read Sallust in English, Schlegel's "Philosophy of History", Hallam's "Middle Ages", Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", Edmund Burke's speeches, Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" and his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century", all the English poets, and Robert Burns, Voltaire's "*Age de Louis Quatorze*", Madame de Staël's "*L'Allemagne*", Molière's Comedies, Racine, Boileau, some of Balzac's stories, practically all those of Alexandre Dumas, and a lot of French novels, Ranke's "Lives of the Popes", all of Sir Walter Scott's works, including his "Life of Napoleon", most of Dickens, all the Irish novels, and a long list of other books, he looked satisfied and said: "You have culture."

John O'Leary was unalterably opposed to Parliamentary agitation and to Nationalists entering the British Parliament, but was very tolerant of men who held a different opinion, provided they were not Fenians. In 1877, when Dr. Carroll of Philadelphia (who was then Chairman of the Executive of the Clan-na-Gael) went over as an Envoy to the Home Organization, he arranged a conference with Parnell in a London hotel. James J. O'Kelly was with Parnell, and he and O'Leary had a sharp difference of opinion over John O'Connor Power, of whom O'Kelly was an old friend. The difference prevented a formal agreement with Parnell, who was quite willing to come to an understanding with Dr. Carroll. O'Leary's voice was loud and resonant and in the heat of argument it became louder. The person in the next room scraped his feet loudly on the floor as a warning that the discussion was overheard, and Dr. Carroll was informed later that the occupant of the room was Mr. Gibson who afterwards became Lord Ashbourne. It was a friendly act. Gibson at the time was a British official in Ireland.

Early in 1879, Michael Davitt arranged an interview in Boulogne between Parnell and me, and in order to have a witness against probable misrepresentation I informed Davitt that I would ask Mr. O'Leary to come with me. He told Parnell of this and the latter brought Joe Biggar with him. We met them at the boat from Folkestone and our first talk was in a little park adjoining the quay. Almost the first words uttered by Parnell were:

"The last time I met O'Leary he 'started a hare' in the person of John O'Connor Power, and we were kept so busy chasing that hare that we had no time for anything else. Now I hope Mr. O'Leary won't start a hare this time."

He spoke in a half jocular tone and O'Leary smiled, but said nothing. But he did not start a hare. He was discussing abstract questions (mainly about religion) with Biggar, who had answered my statement that I was sorry he had turned Catholic, and I availed myself of the opportunity to give Parnell some information. Biggar asked sharply, "Why?" and I replied that he could be more useful as a Presbyterian. "Now," I said, "when young Protestants in Ulster showed a tendency towards Nationality their mothers would say to them: 'The next thing we'll know is that you've turned Papish like Joe Biggar.'"

"And what about my soul?" asked Biggar.

"Oh, I'd be willing to see you damned for the sake of Ireland," I said jocularly.

Biggar laughed and then he and O'Leary began a discussion of the Presbyterian doctrine of Predestination.

O'Leary had a personal liking for Parnell, and the interview paved the way for the full working agreement I made with Parnell in Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, on the Sunday before he went to Westport and told the Mayo farmers to "keep a firm grip of their holdings".

O'Leary and I returned to Paris by way of Arras. He wanted to see the Public Square there—La Place—because of the old stone buildings on it—some of them erected as early as the Thirteenth Century—and I myself wished to see the town which Owen Roe O'Neill had defended for the Spaniards in the historic siege against Henry IV. Owen Roe was honored by the gallant French for his great defense by being allowed to march his men out with arms in their hands and colors flying, between two lines of French soldiers presenting arms. Some of the officers under O'Neill afterwards fought at Benburb. Arras was then part of Flanders and under Spanish rule.

I also wished to see the battlefield of Bapaume, where my old commander, General Faidherrbe, defeated the Germans in 1871, thus saving Havre, through which the French received their American supplies. When I was in the Foreign Legion in 1861, Faidherrbe was a Colonel of Engineers and in command of the sub-division of Sidi-bal-Abbes. The son of a widow who kept a little *debit de tabac* in Lille, he was known to be a Republican and was kept by the Empire in Algeria and Senegal where he did some splendid engineering work. His signature was one of those on my discharge.

We were in time for a very good table d'hote, which cost only two francs, at a hotel near the railroad station, and then started out to see the mediaeval buildings on the Public Square, in which families were still living. O'Leary wore a billycock hat turned up at the sides, had a knapsack on his back, which he always carried during his walking expeditions, and carried a local guide book in his hand. He read for me the descriptions of the old houses and examined them critically. As we talked in English we soon attracted a crowd of boys. The English tourist, with his "strike me blind" tweed suit, is always a subject of fun for French boys, and the group of street gamins, growing larger as we slowly made our way, cried out in chorus: "Ainglishman; oh, yes; God damn, Ainglishman; oh, yes; God damn." As the volume of juvenile voices increased, I got tired of it and slipped back to the middle of the Square, but O'Leary paid no more attention to it than if so many flies were buzzing around him and placidly finished his examination.

We walked to Bapaume and I got a peasant (who happened to be an old soldier who took part in the battle) to show us the battlefield and then went to Beauvais, where there is a Cathedral that O'Leary wanted to see. He never missed a chance to see a Cathedral, but the one in Beauvais cannot compare with that of Amiens or the two in Rouen.

I have said that O'Leary did not know the French people, but he had learned on his walking trips that in any farmer's house one could get a cup of good coffee very cheap, so we went to the door of one and asked could we get a cup. "Certainly," said a tall old man, and he showed us to a seat at a table in the front room and in a few minutes brought us two bowls of *cafe au lait*, with a long roll of bread. We did not need the bread, but enjoyed the splendid coffee while O'Leary smoked his pipe and rested from the walk and I smoked a cigar. The cost of the coffee was only ten sous.

One of the stories O'Leary told me in Paris was illustrative of old times in Tipperary. A friend came to see his father and they

were having a glass of punch together. The friend, noticing that John was getting none, asked: "Why don't you give the boy a drink?" "Oh, he's too young," said his father, and the friend replied: "You'll rue the day that you didn't make that boy's head while he was young."

After my return to New York, O'Leary and I corresponded regularly. Shortly after Parnell's return to Ireland in 1880 O'Leary came to America as an Envoy, and we gave him an opportunity of seeing the men for himself. He had an idea that it was only the leaders who endorsed the Land League and that it would be an easy thing to wean the rank and file away from it. I gave him a chance of trying by getting a large reunion of the Clan-na-Gael called in New York to hear him. I introduced him to the men, many of whom were old members of the I. R. B. in Ireland and very largely farmers' sons. O'Leary was not a good speaker. He spoke slowly and hesitated often, but his sentences were as perfect as if he had written them.

He pleaded for the old Fenian policy of abstention from all Constitutional agitation and described the programme of the Land League as unsound and immoral. The men listened quietly, but his speech chilled them. There were several good speakers of the plain kind at the meeting and one after another they gave their views. Not one of them agreed with him and all favored the Land League as a means of preparing the way for a free Ireland. When they had all spoken I replied to him in a respectful manner, but pointed out the error of his contentions. I was vigorously applauded, and O'Leary stood up again and tried to refute some of my arguments, but he made no impression on the gathering. He had had no experience in debate and no talent for it, and his second speech amounted to a complaint that it was unfair to him to put him in such a disadvantageous position. The meeting then proceeded on the usual lines of Clan-na-Gael reunions, with songs and recitations, which pleased him greatly. But after that he made no attempt to convert our men from support of the Land League.

John O'Leary was placed on trial in Green Street Courthouse, immediately after Luby had been sentenced on November 27, 1865. He stepped proudly into the dock, looking scornfully at the Judges (Keogh and Fitzgerald) and was duly arraigned. He was then 35 years of age, and was a very striking figure, with a handsome face, fine eyes and wearing a full, dark beard. Conviction was a foregone conclusion, with partisan judges, promoted for service to the Government, and a packed jury.

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be imposed on him he said:

"I was not wholly unprepared for this verdict, because I felt that the government which could so safely pack the bench could not fail to make sure of its verdict."

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald: "We are willing to hear anything in reason from you, but we cannot allow language of that kind to be used."

Mr. O'Leary: "My friend, Mr. Luby, did not wish to touch on this matter from a natural fear, lest he should do any harm to the other political prisoners; but there can be but little fear of that now, for a jury has been found to convict me of this conspiracy upon the evidence. Mr. Luby admitted that he was technically guilty according to British law; but I say that it is only by the most torturing interpretation that these men could make out their case against me. With reference to this conspiracy there has been much misapprehension in Ireland, and serious misapprehension. Mr. Justice Keogh said in his charge against Mr. Luby that men would be always found ready, for money, or for some other motive, to place themselves at the disposal of the government; but I think the men who have been generally bought in this way, and who certainly made the best of the bargain, were agitators, and not rebels. I have to say one word in reference to the foul charge upon which that miserable man, Barry, had made me responsible."

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald: "We cannot allow that tone of observation."

Mr. O'Leary (continued): "That man has charged me—I need not defend myself or my friends from the charge. I shall merely denounce the moral assassin. Mr. Justice Keogh, the other day, spoke of revolutions, and administered a lecture to Mr. Luby. He spoke of cattle being driven away, and of houses being burned down, that men would be killed, and so on. I would like to know if all that does not apply to war, as well as to revolution? One word more, and I shall have done. I have been found guilty of treason, or of treason-felony. Treason is a foul crime. The poet Dante consigned traitors to, I believe, the ninth circle of hell; but what kind of traitors? Traitors against the king, against country, against friends and benefactors. England is not my country; I have betrayed no friend, no benefactor. Sidney and Emmet were legal traitors, Jeffreys was a loyal man, and so was Norbury. I leave the matter there."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

A MAN OF FINE LITERARY ABILITY AND DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF
IRISH INDEPENDENCE—SACRIFICED HIS PROSPECTS OF SUCCESS
IN LIFE IN ITS SERVICE—DETAILS OF PRISON LIFE OF THE IRISH
"CONVICTS".

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY, like his colleagues, John O'Leary and Charles J. Kickham, was a man of fine literary attainments and wide reading. A little older than they, he took part in the Young Ireland movement and was personally acquainted with all its leaders. His father was a Protestant minister and a Fellow of Trinity College, and all the avenues of advancement were open to him if he was loyal to the British Government. But he threw away all his chances of success in life by joining the 'Forty-Eight Movement. In this he was like all the Fenian leaders, whose spirit of self-sacrifice was their most conspicuous quality. He belonged to the most extreme section of the movement, and was a follower first of John Mitchel and later of James Fintan Lalor, with whose doctrines on the Land Question he was in full agreement.

Although his father was a Protestant minister, his mother was a Catholic—a very rare combination anywhere and unheard of until then in Ireland. And she was a militant Catholic at that, and in constant controversy with her husband's relatives, who, though not bigots, used to tease her on religion for amusement. Her son, Thomas, married a Presbyterian, Letitia Frazer, daughter of "Jean de Jean" Frazer, one of the minor poets of the old *Nation* and perhaps the most anti-English of them all. The intensity of his Nationalism may be judged by these lines:

"What hatred of perverted might
The cruel hand inspires
That robs the linnet's eye of light
To make it sing both day and night,
Yet so they robbed our sires.
Denial met our just demands
And hatred met our love,
Till now, by Heaven, for grasp of hands
We'll give them clash of battle brands
And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
Upon the coward's front
Who sheathes his own unbroken steel
Until for mercy tyrants kneel
Who forced us to the brunt."



THOMAS CLARKE LUBY

Frazer's sires came from the Scottish Highlands, not from the King's County, where he was born. They probably came to Ulster with James the First's Plantation and found their way down to Offaly. But the Frazers were Gaels.

The "clash of battle brands" which Frazer promised did not come in his time, nor in that of his children, and the tyrant was never compelled to "kneel for mercy". Our warrior poets are always a little too sanguine. But they keep the fighting spirit alive, all the same. Ireland had to wait until Easter Week, 1916, for the vindication of the fighting spirit of the race. That was fully accomplished when less than a thousand Irish Volunteers, including a company of the Citizen Army, armed only with rifles, revolvers and shot guns, defied a fully equipped English army which was reinforced to a total of 40,000 men,—and stood their ground for six days.

But as strongly as Frazer hated the English, just as ardently did he long for union among Irishmen of all creeds. He gave expression to that feeling in these words:

"Then let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother;
The everlasting Green for me
And we for one another."

There was a curious mixture of religions in the Luby family. Originally from Tipperary, the first of them who came to Dublin was a sizer in Trinity College, which was established by Queen Elizabeth to convert the Irish to Protestantism, and he became a Protestant in order to get his degree. When Thomas Clarke Luby was convicted of Treason-Felony, his mother (the Catholic wife of a Protestant minister) lived with her daughter-in-law (Thomas's Presbyterian wife), and taught Catholic doctrine to the children with the full consent of their mother Letitia. The religion of the boys became rather indefinite, as they grew up, and his younger son, Jack, slipped out one evening from a party at his father's house in 41st Street, New York, with a daughter of General Millen on his arm and was married to her by a Protestant minister in "The Little Church Around the Corner". And I heard Thomas Clarke Luby himself saying "Hail Marys" aloud in his cell in Portland. He would probably have embraced Catholicity but for the anti-National attitude of Cardinal Cullen and the majority of the Catholic bishops and priests during Fenian days.

Thomas Clarke Luby was born in Dublin on Jan. 15, 1822, and after receiving the customary academic training became a student of Trinity College, where he was graduated in due time. O'Connell's Repeal agitation was in full swing as he grew to

manhood and the *Nation* was established by Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon in October, 1842, when he was just twenty years old. He at once became a reader of the paper and drank in its teachings with avidity. If he had any touch of conservatism in his youthful mind it speedily disappeared under the spell of the writings of Davis and Duffy. He joined the Repeal Association, but never believed in O'Connell's peaceful methods and rejected his "No Drop of Blood" doctrine from the start. He listened to the debates in Conciliation Hall between the Young Irelanders and John O'Connell (son of the "Liberator") and his partisans, which led to the Secession; and his sympathies, like those of most of the younger men, were entirely with the opposition. Luby, in his *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, gives a very clear analysis of the whole situation.

The terrible Famine of 1847 forced the hand of the Young Irelanders and they rushed into a policy of Insurrection without the slightest military preparation. They were fine writers and some of them very eloquent speakers, but not one among them had either military training or an opportunity for acquiring it. Their writings and speeches had converted a large number of the young men to the gospel of force and their pride impelled them to an effort to make good their preaching.

But the people had no arms. A few of the members of the Confederate Clubs in Dublin had secured rifles, but not enough to face a company of British soldiers, and a few thousand here and there through the country were supplied with pikes. Although the British army had not yet been armed with the Enfield rifle and the old style muskets were of short range, they were more than a match for the pike. The pike had done splendid work in 1798, whenever the Rebels got to close quarters with the Britishers, but many of them were shot down before they could reach the enemy. Once they did, the stalwart United Irishmen in nearly every instance were able to make short work of the soldiers and yeomen.

An appeal to arms made to a disarmed people was little short of insanity, but it was made and the result was the fiasco at Ballingarry, and William Smith O'Brien, the Insurgent Leader, (a descendant of Brian Boru, Monarch of Ireland, who was one of the greatest warriors that Ireland ever produced), came to grief, was arrested, tried for Treason-Felony and sent to the Penal Colony of Van Dieman's Land. The imprisonment of nearly all the chief Young Irelanders (a few only escaping to America and only Duffy getting off with a short sentence) left Ireland leaderless, and the people, depressed and demoralized by the Famine, became an easy prey to the rotten Parliamentarians.

Ireland's military reputation was hopelessly damaged by the abject failure of the attempted insurrection, but the deprivation of political leadership when it was most needed was a greater calamity, from which Ireland did not recover for half a century. Had Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, John Martin, Thomas Francis Meagher and the other Young Ireland leaders and the host of young men of the Confederate Clubs who sought refuge in America been able to remain in the country, the treachery of Sadlier and Keogh would have been rendered impossible and Ireland would have been spared the dark days of the 'Fifties.

Luby would have gone to Tipperary and shared the fate of O'Brien if he knew of his plans. Like the other young men of the movement he was filled with chagrin at the miserable failure. He tells in his "Recollections" of an attempt made by himself and another young man named O'Reilly (who later became a General in the Turkish army under the name of O'Reilly Bey) to retrieve the failure by a stand-up fight in Dublin, but it ended in a futile cab drive in the Phoenix Park, without the firing of a single shot.

In the unfortunate quarrel between Gavan Duffy and John Mitchel which followed the Young Irelanders' Secession from Conciliation Hall, Luby was an ardent supporter of Mitchel. One Split follows another in all such cases, and, although Mitchel carried on a very effective Propaganda among the Northern Protestants and was making rapid headway, his arrest and deportation put an end to his work. But the effects of the break between Duffy and Mitchel remained, and the advanced National Movement was wrecked.

When Duffy came out of prison he restarted the *Nation*, but he was disheartened at the failure and all his old colleagues were gone, most of them being in prison and the rest in America, where they were struggling to make a living in a new country. All hope of an insurrection was gone, so he turned to Parliamentary agitation, was mainly instrumental in founding the Irish Tenant League and the policy of Independent Opposition in the British Parliament and was elected Member for New Ross. All these efforts failed through the support given to Sadlier, Keogh and O'Flaherty by the majority of the priests and nearly all the Bishops.

This support continued until Sadleir committed suicide and his dead body was found on Hampstead Heath with a phial containing the dregs of prussic acid lying beside it. Many at the time doubted the genuineness of the identification and insisted that the body was a "stiff" from a workhouse or a prison,

placed there with the connivance of the Government, but Sadleir was never seen again by anyone that knew him.

O'Flaherty absconded with the funds of the Revenue Department and made his way to America where, under the name of Stewart, he became manager of a New York theatre. He contributed a number of articles which showed fine literary ability to the *New York Sun*, then edited by Charles A. Dana, over the signature of "An Old Observer". He strongly backed the Home Rule agitation, as if trying to atone for his delinquency. I was introduced to him in the office of the theatre by George F. Williams, City Editor of the *Herald* (an Englishman) who didn't know his identity, but knew there was some mystery about him, and "Mr. Stewart" didn't suspect that I knew he was Edmund O'Flaherty. He looked what he was, the descendant of the Chief of the O'Flahertys—a man of splendid physique, with a large intellectual head, a strong handsome face, a long dark beard just beginning to get streaked with gray, and his manners were those of the old Irish gentleman. I often saw him afterwards, as he took his meals at restaurants which supplied a good table d'hôte for fifty cents. We never spoke again; my cold manner apparently made him suspect that I knew who he was.

Judge Keogh, partner in crime with Sadleir and O'Flaherty, and who sentenced most of the Fenians to penal servitude, also committed suicide by cutting his throat while drunk in a Belgian hotel. It was one of the few decent acts of his whole career.

On account of the havoc wrought by the treachery of Sadleir, Keogh and O'Flaherty, Duffy gave up in despair, turned the *Nation* over to John Cashel Hoey and went to Australia, where he later became Minister of Land and Works in the Colony of Victoria.

Commenting on the political corruption of Keogh, Sadleir, and others, and the support given such men by the bishops, Charles Gavan Duffy in his parting message to the Irish people, wrote: "*till all this was changed* there was no more hope for the Irish cause than for a corpse on the dissecting table". He has been quoted ever since without the opening qualifying clause (here printed in Italics) although he repeatedly pointed out the error. Luby, under the influence of his partisanship with Mitchel, classed Duffy as a "deserter", until later in life he changed his mind. In a speech commemorating John Mitchel's death, he snarled out Duffy's name, laying strong emphasis on the "Sir", the title conferred on him for his successful administration of his Ministerial office in Victoria. But when Duffy, then living in Nice, began to publish his splendid historical works

Luby relented and returned to his old respect and admiration for him. When his son, Jack, then a Lieutenant in the American Navy, called on Duffy, when his ship stopped at Nice for a few days and presented his father's congratulations on the great historical work he was doing, the old veteran was very much gratified. Duffy asked Jack Luby to convey to me a very high compliment on some short Fenian sketches I had written in the *Irish Nation* and a request that I should complete the story of the movement. Luby himself told me of it with evident pleasure at the funeral of William O'Donovan.

Shortly after 1848 Luby went to Australia to seek a living. He stayed only a little while in that country and returned to Ireland where he joined James Fintan Lalor's small revolutionary organization. Lalor had started a weekly paper called the *Tribune*, which preached the doctrines he advocated in 1848, and Luby became the sub-editor. But Lalor was in delicate health and when he died in 1853 the paper died with him. I was only eleven years old at the time and knew nothing of Lalor, but returning from Marlborough Street school I passed through Anglesea Street, where the office of the paper was situated, saw the crowd at the door and heard men bidding as high as half a crown for a copy of the last number of the paper. When I got home and told my father he said that Lalor was a great Irishman, most of whose ancestors were slaughtered at Mullaghmast. I did not understand the significance of that until I grew a few years older.

From the time that Stephens took hold of the movement Luby gave him active support and travelled a good deal with him on his organizing tours. I met him first shortly after my return from Algeria in 1862 and he took great interest in my trip. One day we met in the Long Lane as I was on my way to the Royal Dublin Society to attend Professor Pontet's French readings and he commended my zeal to perfect my knowledge of French. From that time on he never lost interest in me and frequently gave me good advice as to the books I should read. This gave me a strong affection for him, which continued unbroken to his death. His advice on reading was well worth taking, as he was a thoroughly well read man and a most competent judge of literature. He wrote more than any other member of the *Irish People* staff and his articles, although characterized by fine literary skill, were so plain and direct that the uneducated man could understand them as well as the person of culture, and therefore they made a greater impression than those of John O'Leary, who was a bit too philosophical and sometimes wrote over the heads of his readers. Luby wrote rap-

idly and easily, yet he wrote one very good article on the danger of "easy writing" becoming flippant.

Luby was a fine speaker. He began in a conversational way and in a low voice, as if he did not intend to say much, but gradually warmed up, raised his voice and became very eloquent and effective. I only heard him a few times in Dublin at small gatherings, mostly in the *Irish People* office, at which oratory was not called for. One of these was on the night of February 22, 1864, after the breaking up of the Rotunda meeting from which A. M. Sullivan was driven. He was exultant over the result and gloated over the rout of the "respectables" and interrupted Stephens two or three times while he was explaining that he didn't intend the meeting to end in a riot, but merely a protest made against Sullivan's "felon-setting". Stephens grew a little impatient and appealed vainly to Luby, saying: "Luby, Luby; hear me", but Luby paid little attention to his pleadings and insisted that the smashing up of the meeting would have a better effect on the country. While I agreed with Stephens, I found, to my surprise, when I got back to Naas, that Luby was right.

A short time before his arrest Luby, anticipating it, collected his papers and put them in two packages, one containing documents relating to the organization and the other the letters that passed between him and his wife before they were married. He marked two envelopes and put the papers in the wrong ones. The envelope containing the "Executive Document" and other organization papers he put in the open drawer of a table which he used as a desk supposing them to be the love letters, and the latter he secreted somewhere in the house. The detectives found the "Executive Document" in the wrongly marked envelope during their first search, and this gave the Crown lawyers all the evidence they required for the conviction of the three men named in it—Luby, O'Leary and Kickham. The powers which it conferred on them had never been exercised, as no emergency arose during the period while Stephens was absent in America. Kickham had never seen it, and probably did not know of its existence.

The "Executive Document" was as follows:

"I hereby empower Thomas Clarke Luby, John O'Leary and Charles J. Kickham a committee of organization, or executive, with the same supreme control over the home organization in England, Ireland and Scotland as that exercised by myself. I further empower them to appoint a committee of military inspection, and a committee of appeal and judgment, the functions of which committees will be made known to every member of them. Trusting to the patriotism and abilities of the executive, I fully endorse their

actions beforehand. I call on every man in our ranks to support and be guided by them in all that concerns the military brotherhood.

“J. Stephens.”

Luby was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude and took the sentence calmly. He was taken immediately to Mountjoy Prison, put into convict garb, his hair cut short and his beard shaved off. Until he was joined a few days later by John O’Leary, O’Donovan Rossa and Kickham, he took his exercise alone (an hour daily) in the ring surrounded by an iron railing in the prison yard.

As the number of convicted men grew they were all removed to Pentonville Prison, London. After about a year there they were sent to Portland. This practice was continued with all the men sentenced to penal servitude, which meant five years or more, those who got a lighter sentence being kept in the Irish prisons.

In the so-called “probation” prisons, in London, where the prisoners spent the first nine, ten or twelve months, the work was picking oakum—tearing old tar ropes to floss; or coir—an Indian grass out of which mats were made. The day’s work at oakum picking was three pounds; that of coir was twenty ounces; and both blistered the fingers very badly in the beginning, particularly the oakum. The delicate hands of Luby, O’Leary and Kickham suffered very badly, but failure to complete the allotted task was punished by twenty-four hours on bread and water—one pound of dry bread and two pints of water. A good natured warder (and there were many such) sometimes allowed the prisoner to get more water. When the prisoner was sentenced to more than three days’ bread and water he was put on “penal class” diet every fourth day—a pint of oatmeal porridge morning and evening, supposed to be made of milk and water, but no milk with it. The regular diet in the “probation” prisons (Pentonville and Millbank) was sixteen ounces of bread, three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, four ounces of beef “cooked in its own liquor”, and a pint of gruel, supposed to contain two ounces of oatmeal and a pound of potatoes (often half rotten) daily. On Sundays, the bread ration was 20 ozs., and 4 ozs. of cheese as an extra. In the “Public Works” prisons (Portland, Portsmouth, Chatham and Dartmoor) an ounce of meat and three ounces of bread were added. The big men like Rossa, Martin Hanley, Carey and Sergeant McCarthy, starved on this diet, and I was constantly hungry for four years, but otherwise in good health.

In all cases of "bread and water", the prisoner's mattress and bed clothes (except one blanket or rag) were removed from his cell and he had to sleep on the bare board bed, which was fastened to the floor. His shoes and suspenders were also taken away.

Neither Luby, O'Leary nor Kickham ever got this punishment; Rossa got it constantly and I got it occasionally. But the dark cell was the severest punishment.

The work was occasionally changed to tailoring—making convict uniforms, trousers, jackets, vests and drawers, which were handed in basted together, and the prisoner did the back stitching and hemming.

In Portland, the work was stone-cutting—making "knobblers" from Portland stone (which was soft) with a blunt pick. This work in the beginning caused very bad blisters on the hands. In Portsmouth, Chatham and Dartmoor the work was of various kinds, but all hard. This was England's way of taming the Fenians, but they all remained untamed to the last.

Neither Luby nor O'Leary was much of a success at making knobblers, and it was painful to look at them handling the pick. Stone cutting was, of course, utterly impossible for Kickham. I was glad to get the open air exercise after nearly two years' close confinement and it did me good. At exercise on Sundays the prisoners were allowed to talk, and I had many pleasant talks with Luby and O'Leary during my twelve weeks in Portland. Then I was sent back to the Penal Class in Millbank for participating in a strike. The English warders were down on the Americans, but made some allowance for the born Irishman. McClure, James O'Connor and Charles Underwood O'Connell, who had all struck, were sent back with me. Luby and O'Leary advised against the strike on the ground that we "couldn't fight England in her own prisons", but after McClure and myself had continued it in Millbank for a few months we won the strike for all concerned. The prison doctor (of course acting under orders) was the mediator and he was aided by some good natured lying by an Irish Cockney warder named Nash (a very decent fellow), but we didn't put our hands to work until we were restored to the regular prison diet and taken out of the Penal Class cells. The doctor's pretext for interfering was that 1868 was an abnormally hot year in England.

When some years later I told our experience to Luby in New York he admitted that, after all, it was possible to fight John Bull in his own prisons. John was breaking his own printed rules

(or Sir Joshua Jebb's) which were embodied in an Act of Parliament, and he did not want to face continual public exposures.

When Luby was released in January, 1871, on condition of not returning to the "United Kingdom" during the balance of his existence (the condition on which Gladstone liberated all the Fenian prisoners at that time), he went first to Belgium and then in a few months came to New York.

In New York he had no chance of employment on a daily paper. The Irish-American weeklies were out of the question; they were unable to pay a decent salary and were all out of harmony with his views. And as he was not a citizen, political employment was impossible, although at that time many non-citizens held minor political positions. Indeed about a week after the first batch of us landed we got a quiet intimation that President Grant was willing to give any of us who wanted it a clerkship in one of the Washington Departments at \$1,200 or \$1,500 a year, but none of us availed ourselves of the offer. Luby's delicate sense of honor convinced him that it would be entirely out of place for a man to seek political employment in a country of which he was not a citizen.

He eventually was engaged by a publisher named McMennamin at a small salary to write the "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen" and "The Life of Daniel O'Connell", which came out in parts and were sold by canvassers throughout the country.

Luby for some time would not join any Irish organization here. He had a theory that when a movement failed the ground ought to be let lie fallow until a new situation arose and then the people could form an organization suitable to the emergency. All his colleagues in New York disagreed with this view and believed there should be a permanent organization with a clear and definite purpose. The English Government, we argued, was a permanent organization with a fixed purpose and should be fought by a permanent organization having for its object the overthrow of English rule in Ireland and the restoration of Irish Independence, and ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might arise. He eventually yielded to our pleadings and joined the Clan-na-Gael, in which he took an active part for some years. He also consented to act as one of the Trustees of the "Skirmishing Fund" and wrote the address to the Irish people in America explaining the broadening of its aims and changing the name to the Irish National Fund. He never missed a meeting and was present at the one which accepted the plans for and decided to undertake the construction of the Holland submarine.

When John Mitchel died in 1875, we got up a memorial meeting for him in Madison Square Garden, at which Thomas Francis Bourke presided and Luby delivered the address. John W. Goff was District Officer for New York and I was Chairman of the Executive of the Clan-na-Gael. Goff tried to make a bargain with me by which I should preside and he deliver the oration. I refused because I was only a reporter on the *Herald* and Goff a cashier in one of the departments of A. T. Stewart's drygoods store, and it would look bad if two men in such humble positions and unknown to the public should be the chief figures at a demonstration in honor of the great Rebel, while there were so many men of prominence and ability in New York to perform the task. I pointed out this to Goff and told him the English press would use the opportunity to say that the Irish movement in America had reached a very low ebb when a reporter on a daily paper and a draper's assistant were its leaders in New York. (Some thirty years later John W. Goff became one of the most eminent judges on the Supreme Court Bench, New York.)

Luby and Bourke agreed with me that Richard O'Gorman, who was a great orator and very well known to the public, was the proper man to deliver the speech for his old colleague of 1848, but the local officers voted down my proposition because O'Gorman had taken no part in Irish affairs since his arrival in the country and was active only in American politics.

At the meeting of the officers of the District which arranged for the Mitchel meeting, Goff presided at the opening session and showed no opposition until John O'Connor was selected as Chairman of the committee and James Fitzgerald (later a Judge of the Supreme Court) Secretary. Then he left the chair, went to the centre of the hall and said: "Brothers, you have insulted your District Member and I don't propose to let you trample on me. I forbid the meeting." He requested Fitzgerald and me to walk out with him, but we both refused. He then inserted an advertisement in the *Herald*, signed with his official initials saying that the persons who were getting up the meeting had no authority, brought the receipt for the ad. to Billy Meighan, the City Editor, told him he was the chief officer of the Clan-na-Gael in the city and asked him to insert a news paragraph to the same effect. Meighan brought the ad. to me at the Foreign Desk (which I was occupying temporarily) and told me to do what I liked with it. I wrote a column and a half of an advance notice of the meeting, sent shorter notices to John C. Hennessy of the *Times*, Walter O'Dwyer of the *Tribune*, and John Gallagher of the *World*, and they were all inserted next day.

The Commemoration was a great success—the first successful Irish gathering in New York since the collapse of Fenianism. Bourke, who was one of the most eloquent men in the movement, made a splendid speech in opening the meeting, and Luby's address was a most eloquent tribute to John Mitchel. No other man in New York, not even the silver-tongued O'Gorman, could have done it half so well. We had only two speakers.

I go into these details to show the difficulties we had to contend with before the Clan-na-Gael was finally hammered into shape and made the efficient and disciplined organization which it later became.

During the next two or three years Luby rendered other conspicuous services, but when the Triangle got hold of the organization and adopted the dynamite policy, in spite of the opposition of the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. in Ireland, he resigned and took no further active part in the movement.

Luby died on Nov. 29, 1901, in Jersey City, where he had moved when his son, James, became Editor of the *Journal*, and was buried in Bay View Cemetery in that city. I was away from New York at the time and missed the funeral, which I regretted very much. I had been out of touch with the family for some time and didn't know that he was sick.

On June 10, 1911, the Clan-na-Gael, the Veterans of the I. R. Brotherhood and the Irish Volunteers of New York and New Jersey, decorated his grave and there was a great demonstration attended by thousands of people. I delivered the address and his son James represented the family. The cemetery was filled with people decorating the graves of relatives who had fought in the Civil War, and when I was done speaking a fashionably dressed lady came over to me and asked: "Are all these men Irish Catholics?" I told her that most of them were, and she said: "And they attend a ceremony in a Protestant cemetery." I told her that Luby was a Protestant, like Robert Emmet, William Smith O'Brien, Charles Stewart Parnell, Henry Grattan and many other Irish Leaders, and she expressed surprise and said: "I thought all the Irish Leaders were Catholics."

In spite of all proof to the contrary, this is still the prevailing opinion in America, and it seems impossible to eradicate it. Centuries of lying English Propaganda have fastened this belief in the minds of nearly the whole if not all the people of the world, and particularly the Americans, and it will take a long time to banish it. This Jersey City woman was a fine specimen of the average American.

Thomas Clarke Luby had the temperament of a boy to the last and he was as optimistic when he died as he was in 1848. He never despaired of the ultimate Independence of Ireland. His life was one long sacrifice, but he made it cheerfully and never for a moment regretted that he immolated himself on the altar of his country.

Luby's speech in the dock was as follows:

"Well, my lords and gentlemen, I don't think any person present here is surprised at the verdict found against me. I have been prepared for this verdict ever since I was arrested, although I thought it my duty to fight the British Government inch by inch. I felt I was sure to be found guilty, since the advisers of the Crown took what the Attorney-General was pleased the other day to call the 'merciful course.' I thought I might have a fair chance of escaping, so long as the capital charge was impending over me; but when they resolved on trying me under the Treason-Felony Act, I felt that I had not the smallest chance. I am somewhat embarrassed at the present moment as to what I should say under the circumstances. There are a great many things that I would wish to say; but knowing that there are other persons in the same situation with myself, and that I might allow myself to say something injudicious, which would peril their cases, I feel that my tongue is to a great degree tied. Notwithstanding, there are two or three points upon which I would say a few words. I have nothing to say to Judge Keogh's charge to the jury. He did not take up any of the topics that had been introduced to prejudice the case against me; for instance, he did not take this accusation of an intention to assassinate, attributed to my fellow prisoners and myself. The Solicitor-General in his reply to Mr. Butt, referred to those topics. Mr. Barry was the first person who advanced those charges. I thought they were partially given up by the Attorney-General in his opening statement, at least they were put forward to you in a very modified form; but the learned Solicitor-General, in his very virulent speech, put forward those charges in a most aggravated manner. He sought even to exaggerate upon Mr. Barry's original statement.

"Now, with respect to those charges—in justice to my character—I must say that in this court, there is not a man more incapable of anything like massacre or assassination than I am. I really believe that the gentlemen who have shown so much ability in prosecuting me, in the bottom of their hearts believe me incapable of an act of assassination or massacre. I don't see that there is the smallest amount of evidence to show that I ever entertained the notion of a massacre of landlords and priests. I forget whether the advisers of the Crown said I intended the massacre of the Protestant clergymen. Some of the writers of our enlightened press said that I did. Now, with respect to the charge of assassinating the landlords, the only thing that gives even the shadow of a color to that charge is the letter signed—alleged to be signed—by Mr. O'Keefe. Now, assuming—but by no means admitting, of course—that the letter was written by Mr. O'Keefe, let me make a statement about it. I know the facts that I am about to state are of no practical utility to me now, at least with respect to the

judges. I know that it is of no practical utility to me, because I cannot give evidence on my own behalf, but it may be of practical utility to others with whom I wish to stand well. I believe my words will carry conviction—and carry much more conviction than any words of the legal advisers of the Crown can—to more than 300,000 of the Irish race in Ireland, England and America. Well, I deny absolutely, that I ever entertained any idea of assassinating the landlords, and the letter of Mr. O’Keefe—assuming it to be his letter—is the only evidence on the subject. My acquaintance with Mr. O’Keefe was of the slightest nature. I did not even know of his existence when the *Irish People* was started. He came, after that paper was established a few months, to the office and offered some articles—some were rejected, some were inserted, and I call the attention of the legal advisers of the Crown to this fact, that amongst the papers which they got, those that were Mr. O’Keefe’s articles had many paragraphs scored out; in fact we put in no article of his without a great deal of what is technically called ‘cutting down’. Now, that letter of his to me was simply a private document. It contained the mere private views of the writer; and I pledge this to the court as a man of honor—and I believe in spite of the position in which I stand, amongst my countrymen I am believed to be a man of honor, and that if my life depended on it, I would not speak falsely about the thing—when I read that letter, and the first to whom I gave it was my wife, I remember we read it with fits of laughter at its ridiculous ideas. My wife, at the moment said—‘Had I not better burn the letter?’ ‘Oh, no,’ I said, looking upon it as a most ridiculous thing, and never dreaming for a moment that such a document would ever turn up against me, and produce the unpleasant consequences it has produced—I mean the imputation of assassination and massacre, which has given me a great deal more trouble than anything else in this case.

“That disposes—as far as I can at present dispose of it—of the charge of wishing to assassinate the landlords. As to the charge of desiring to assassinate the priests, I deny it as being the most monstrous thing in the world. Why, surely, every one who read the articles in the paper would see that the plain doctrine laid down there was—to reverence the priests so long as they confined themselves to their sacerdotal functions; but when the priest descended to the arena of politics he became no more than any other man, and would just be regarded as any other man. If he was a man of ability and honesty, of course he would get the respect that such men get in politics—if he was not a man of ability there would be no more thought of him than of a shoemaker, or any one else. This is the teaching of the *Irish People* with regard to the priests. I believe the *Irish People* has done a great deal of good, even amongst those who do not believe in its revolutionary doctrines. I believe the revolutionary doctrines of the *Irish People* are good, I believe nothing can ever save Ireland except Independence; and I believe that all other attempts to ameliorate the condition of Ireland are mere temporary expedients and make-shifts—”

Mr. Justice Keogh: “I am very reluctant to interrupt you, Mr. Luby.”

Mr. Luby: “Very well, my Lord, I will leave that. I believe in this way the *Irish People* has done an immensity of

good. It taught the people not to give up their right of private judgment in temporal matters to the clergy; that while they revered the clergy upon the altar, they should not give up their consciences in secular matters to the clergy. I believe that is good. Others may differ from me. No set of men I believe ever set themselves earnestly to any work, but they did good in some shape or form."

Judge Keogh: "I am most reluctant, Mr. Luby, to interrupt you, but do you think you should pursue this?"

Mr. Luby: "Very well, I will not. I think that disposes of those things. I don't care to say much about myself. It would be rather beneath me. Perhaps some persons who know me would say I should not have touched upon the assassination charge at all—that in fact I have rather shown weakness in attaching so much importance to it. But, with regard to the entire course of my life, and whether it be a mistaken course or not will be for every man's individual judgment to decide, this I know, that no man ever loved Ireland more than I have done—no man has given up his whole being to Ireland to the extent I have done. From the time I came to what has been called the years of discretion, my entire thought has been devoted to Ireland. I believe the course I pursued was right; others may take a different view. I believe the majority of my countrymen this minute, if, instead of my being tried before a petty jury, who, I suppose, are bound to find according to British law—if my guilt or innocence was to be tried by the higher standard of eternal right, and the case was put to all my countrymen—I believe this moment the majority of my countrymen would pronounce that I am not a criminal, but that I have deserved well of my country.

"When the proceedings of this trial go forth into the world, people will say the cause of Ireland is not to be despaired of, that Ireland is not yet a lost country—that as long as there are men in any country prepared to expose themselves to every difficulty and danger, in its service, prepared to brave captivity, even death itself, if need be, that country cannot be lost. With those words I conclude."

Luby was the first of the Fenian leaders to be placed on trial before the Special Commission, consisting of Judges Keogh and Fitzgerald. The evidence against the three consisted of the testimony of the informer, Pierce Nagle, and a Polish Jew named Schoelfeldt, who had purchased a Fenian Bond for \$5, with money given him by the British Consul in New York, and asked John O'Mahony to affix his signature to it, so that he might keep it as a souvenir. This enabled the latter to testify to O'Mahony's signature.

Schoelfeldt was on the ship with a Tipperary man coming to America who was entrusted with a letter to John O'Mahony, and he showed it to the Pole who told him he sympathized with Ireland's struggle for freedom. The Polish insurrection led by Langievicz (a former Lieutenant in the Prussian army) was then going on. All Ireland was in sympathy with it, and the Tipperary man foolishly thought that all Poles were to be trusted.

The Jew asked to be permitted to accompany him when he went to see the great Irishman and he was, and O'Mahony, suspecting nothing, complied with the fellow's request. That bond with O'Mahony's signature enabled the Government to prove the existence of an international conspiracy.

But the chief evidence against Luby, O'Leary and Kickham was the "Executive Document".

CHAPTER XLV.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THE FINEST INTELLECT OF THE FENIAN MOVEMENT—HAD GREAT LITERARY ABILITY AND A KEEN GRASP OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS—HIS STORIES AND SONGS AN INSPIRATION.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM was the finest intellect in the Fenian Movement, either in Ireland or America, although his defective sight and hearing prevented the demonstration of that fact in public. One would have to know him personally and to see his work in council to realize the superiority of his mind over those of his colleagues and contemporaries.

Kickham was born at Mullinahone, Co. Tipperary, near the foot of Slievenamon on the 9th of May, 1828. His mother's maiden name was O'Mahony and she was a cousin of John O'Mahony, the founder of the Fenian Movement. He came of a very well-to-do family and received the training of an Irish boy of his class up to fourteen years of age, when the accident happened which changed the whole course of his life. Boy-like, he was holding a flask of powder near a fire to dry it, and, as might be expected, it exploded, with the unfortunate result that he was rendered nearly blind and almost completely deaf. Though thus handicapped, he read extensively and studied hard and became better informed than any of his relatives and neighbors. The habit of introspection acquired in his solitude, in the opinion of John O'Leary, helped to develop his intellect and the remaining senses became more acute and efficient, as nature's compensation for the practical loss of sight and hearing.

Kickham had great literary ability and a wide knowledge of modern literature, although reading was a most difficult task for him. His stories depict life in Tipperary as completely as those of William Carleton, Gerald Griffin and John Banim do that of the sections of whose people they wrote, but there is a charm in Kickham that is entirely absent from the others. I exclude Lever, because he wrote chiefly for the English market and his heroes were mostly Anglo-Irishmen, to whom he gave old Irish names.

His principal stories are "Knocknagow"; "Sally Cavanagh, or the Untenanted Graves"; "For The Old Land", and "Tales of Tipperary" (a collection of short stories).



CHARLES J. KICKHAM

Kickham's notes on "Young Ireland" by Charles Gavan Duffy, have never been published in book form and his poems have not been collected.

"Patrick Sheehan" was a simple ballad telling the story of an Irish soldier wounded in the Crimean War, made blind, and left utterly unprovided for by the British Government. It at once caught the popular ear and was sung as a street ballad at fairs and markets and the Government was forced by the publicity to grant Sheehan a small pension.

Kickham was one of the four most prominent men in the old movement, and as Chairman of the Supreme Council for several years before he died was the unchallenged leader of the reorganized I. R. B. The personal affection for him of the rank and file, although they saw little of him (and conversation with him was nearly impossible), amounted almost to adoration. While his books were widely read, that would not account for his popularity, but his "Rory of the Hill", the finest of all the Rebel ballads, was sung more generally than any other Nationalist song except T. D. Sullivan's "God Save Ireland". There is sound philosophy, as well as political truth which is as plain to the peasant as to the scholar, in the lines:

"The poet and the orator the heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens that Wolfe Tone were
here to-day!
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength—her
truest strength—is still
The rough and ready roving boys like Rory of the
Hill."

The heart of the Irish people is always sound, no matter how leaders may err or how the rank and file may be misled for a time.

There is no finer story of Irish life than "Knocknagow". I quote the following brief but excellent note on its characters from a Memoir of Kickham, by R. J. Kelly:

"It is a very vigorous work of peasant portraiture, and its characters are well-known types. It shows what O'Leary said the writer possessed in a rare degree—thorough knowledge of the people and, with that thorough knowledge, thorough and sincere sympathy. No one who has once read it can soon forget Matt Donovan, the Thrasher, who excelled in all kinds of work as a farm labourer, and who never met his match at wielding a flail. 'He could turn a hand to anything, soleing a pair of brogues to roofing and thatching a barn'. Then there is Billy Heffernan, the flute-player, always lonely on his way to Clonmel but a king in his humble cottage and on the bog. Phil Lahy, trusted so much to a little nourishment and Columkille's prophecies. Nellie Donovan, stoutest and airiest of peasant girls; the racy Wattle-toes; poor Norah Lahy, an angel in the shadow of death;

Mary Kearney, one of Nature's ladies; the heart-heavy, true-souled priest, who yet to the world's view had a proud walk, Father Matt Hannigan, and Hugh Kearney, the young farmer—all these stand out in its pages never to be forgotten. The times they depict, when landlord exaction and tenant wrongs led to heartless evictions, as so touchingly described, are happily now things of the past; but while the Anner flows beside Kickham's grave these men and these times can never be forgotten. Then how beautifully and simply the story closes. These are the last words: 'It is very pleasant', returned Mary, 'Thank God there are happy homes in Tipperary still'. But she added as she turned round and looked along the two low whitish walls that reached from 'the Cross' to Matt Donovan's: 'But Knocknagow is gone.'

No sweeter bit of Irish verse was written in English than:

"She lived beside the Anner
At the foot of Slievenamon,"

telling the pathetic story of an Irish emigrant girl. Its only rival is Lady Dufferin's "Irish Emigrant's Lament".

Kickham's ability is not to be measured by his writings, although they give him a high place. He displayed knowledge of men that was remarkable on account of the paucity of his information about them and his inability to see and hear them, but his estimates of their character and ability were all correct. It was the same with public events and foreign affairs. His reading of newspapers was necessarily limited, but his capacity for grasping the meaning of events from short despatches and editorial comment was wonderful. He was a perfect master of Irish politics, was quite familiar with the general trend of European affairs, knew England thoroughly and had a better understanding of America than many men who read newspapers extensively. Yet his reading had to be done with his spectacles lifted up to his forehead, his hand shading his eyes, and the book, paper or letter held within a couple of inches of them. Conversation with him for many years had to be carried on by the aid of an ear trumpet, and for a long time before he died by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet. Yet the man so handicapped was able to preside at important council meetings and to contribute a goodly share to the discussions.

The size and shape of a man's head is not always a safe guide to his ability, but Kickham's head enclosed a very efficient brain. It was so large that his hat went down over the top of my ears, while the same size fitted O'Donovan Rossa, Thomas Francis Bourke, Ricard O'Sullivan Burke and myself, and each of us had larger than the average sized Irish head. Dr. George Sigerson, who had a fine mind, had precisely the same kind of massive head as Kickham.

Elisee Reclus in his great work on Physical Geography says that the skulls of the Bohemians (who are fairly representative of all the Slavs) indicated greater natural brain power than those of the Teutons and that it was the better education and training of the Germans which gave them their superiority. The Slav head is very like the Celtic. A German barber in the Foreign Legion once said that the heads of the Irishmen were like a "*brosse a Tripoli*"—the long brush with which the brass buttons of the blue tunic then worn by the French infantry, when inserted in a button stick, were cleaned—and he found those of many Bavarians and Rhine Prussians the same. That was because of the strong Celtic strain in their blood. If he had had experience with Piedmontese (who are Cisalpine Gauls) and the Galician Spaniards (who are purer Celtic than the Irish) he would have made a similar remark.

Kickham was deeply interested in national affairs from his young manhood and was the real leader in Tipperary, but I believe it was not until 1860 that he joined the I. R. B. In 1863 Stephens put him on the editorial staff of the *Irish People*.

One of Kickham's few appearances at public meetings was at an open air gathering on Slievenamon. A group of well meaning, but irresponsible men, of whom John F. Finerty (then only twenty years of age) was one and Father Horan of Toomevara another, had been holding public meetings, at which fiery speeches were made, but no resolutions passed, and they attracted the attention of the English Government to such an extent that Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant, undertook to reply to them at a cattle show at Callan, County Kilkenny. The Viceroy's speech was characteristic of the man and the time, and he used a phrase that has become historic because it revealed the settled policy of the Government. He said there were "two voices" in Ireland, one speaking in wild and violent accents from the top of Slievenamon and the other at peaceful gatherings like the cattle show at which he was speaking. Ireland, he said, was "destined by Providence to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds". This disclosed the purpose of the Government in the great Clearances then going on, of replacing human beings by cattle for the English market. The man who had been caught, with another English aristocrat, in the Sultan's harem in Constantinople and had the traditional punishment inflicted on him, undertook to be the interpreter of the will of Providence. Napoleon once said that God was on the side of the heavy artillery, but England always claimed to be doing the Lord's work in carrying out her Imperialist policy and imposing her will on other peoples.

Stephens ordered the useless public meetings stopped and sent Kickham to Tipperary to preside at one already called and announce that it would be the last. He did the work as well and tactfully as if he had been in the habit of presiding at meetings all his life and no further gatherings were held.

In 1863, Kickham visited the United States. Some people hold that he was sent here by Stephens as an official Envoy to the Fenian Brotherhood. Others claim that his visit was on private business, and that while here he was invited to attend the Convention which the Fenian Brotherhood held in Chicago while a great fair was in progress in that city to raise funds for the organization. At all events, he made a fine impression on the Fenian leaders in America, and accomplished good results while in this country. The Scanlan brothers with Henry C. McCarthy, were then the leading men in Chicago, P. W. Dunne not yet having moved there from Peoria. Michael Scanlan, the Poet Laureate of American Fenianism, had a hobby for giving his children old Irish names and a son was born to him during the fair, who is now (1928) one of the leading judges in Chicago. Kickham became his Godfather and he was christened Kickham Scanlan. He is a credit to the name he bears, a man of high character and great ability, who, when nominated for the Bench by the Republicans, ran away ahead of his ticket and secured many Democratic votes. He is fearless and resolute in fighting corruption in public life and has the public confidence to an unusual degree. He is a tall, slim man, with finely chiselled features, typical of the best intellect of the race.

Under the heading "Leaves from a Journal", Kickman wrote an account of his trip, dealing only with the public part of it, and giving his impressions of America, but saying nothing of his negotiations with the American Fenian leaders. It was published in the *Irish People* and made very interesting reading.

From the time of his return from America in 1864, until his arrest with James Stephens on November 11, 1865, Kickham's life was uneventful. He wrote articles in the *Irish People*, lived quietly and attended no meetings. There were no meetings of any importance during that period anyhow.

Kickham was placed on trial before the Special Commission, consisting of Judges Keogh and Fitzgerald, in Green Street Court-house, Dublin, on January 5, 1866. At the opening his defence was conducted by counsel; but on the judges' refusal to have Thomas Clarke Luby produced as a witness, he declared the trial was a mockery and refused to have any further legal assistance.

At his trial there was practically no evidence against him except the production of the "Executive Document", and Pierce Nagle's testimony about his membership in the organization. O'Donovan Rossa's sensational attacks on Judge Keogh were really intended to give Kickham time to prepare his defence, as he was to be tried after Rossa. Keogh sentenced Kickham to fifteen years' penal servitude, mainly in revenge for the articles he wrote in the *Irish People* concerning the "hanging judge" for sentencing the two McCormack brothers to death on the charge of killing a Tipperary landlord (whom they had not killed), on wholly insufficient and mainly perjured evidence which a packed jury accepted as true. Kickham addressed the jury in his own defense.

The following is a newspaper account of the trial, in which I have made a few slight verbal changes:

"He began by saying that a person unaccustomed as he was to public speaking could hardly get out his ideas at all without preparation, and he had no time. However, he made no objection to go on. No prisoner, he continued, had ever been treated more unfairly than he was. Not only had he to bear his share of calumny, but from the commencement of the Commission, in every speech made by the counsel for the Crown, his name was dragged in, and not alone that, but even judges on the bench did it. He could not but feel a little surprised when one of the judges read out the names from the 'Executive Document'—Luby, O'Leary and Kickham—and said he shuddered at the crimes these judges would commit if they had the power. He could not help thinking that his Lordship should have recollected that there was one of these men who was not yet tried, and who might be innocent of even knowing the existence of this document. So that he considered he had been tried and found guilty five times in that Courthouse, and he did not know how many times in Cork.

"He would now go through the articles in the indictment, but would not read them all. The first article was one headed '82 and '29'. If they took the trouble of reading through that article, they would be at a loss to see why it was that so long an article, with so little treason in it, should have the place of honor. They might not agree with the writer, but, nevertheless, what he said was true, that it would have been well for Ireland that the claims of the loyal Volunteers of '82 had been refused, for the result would have been complete Independence. And let them look back upon the history of this country—not a gleam of sunshine, the sufferings of the people, and the Exodus. What

Irishman could look upon the eighty-four years which had passed and would not say: 'In God's name, give us our country to ourselves, and let us see what we can do with it.'

"There was not much Treason in that. Perhaps it was in the '29 part of the article the Treason was. The purport of that portion was, that if the English Government refused Emancipation, the Roman Catholics would have taken up arms, and that the liberal Protestants would have joined them. The Duke of Wellington said the same thing, and he must say that a Bishop in America was so oblivious of his allegiance as to organize forty thousand armed Fenians, to send them to Ireland, if the Government refused Emancipation.

"There was one good thing that the Fenians did. He said that concessions to Ireland had been always the result of Fenianism in some shape or other. The English Government, however, while making concessions, always expected to get something in return; and, he believed, they had never been disappointed. Not only had they stipulated upon getting prompt payment, but, also, they got a large instalment in advance. And here he could not help referring to the publication of Sir John Gray's affidavit, which he stated he withheld, afraid it would injure the prisoners on their trial, and yet that very affidavit was published on the eve of his trial.

"To return to the article '82 and '29', he repeated, they would find very little Treason in it. Why, then, had it been placed on the front of the indictment? That was done for a passage in it referring to Roman Catholic judges, and Roman Catholic placemen, in which it was said: 'The Catholic judge will prove as iniquitous a tool of tyranny, as the most bigoted Orange partisan would be.' It would not do for the Attorney-General to select articles in which one of the judges was mentioned by name in the severest language. That would be going too far. Judge Keogh said he had never seen a copy of the *Irish People*, and Kickham believed that if his Lordship had seen these articles, he would have tried to avoid sitting in judgment on the men who were accused of being the writers of them.

"But the Attorney-General knew of them, and he believed that the articles he alluded to had been placed in the front for the purpose of prejudicing Roman Catholic judges against the prisoners they would have to try; and the Special Commission was appointed—if that was the word—for the sole purpose of enabling them to select the judges, and that it was the best mode of following up the attempt to put down the organization, by trampling on the law, and then following that up by trampling

on the law of morality and decency. If it were necessary to interrupt him, Mr. Lawless would communicate their Lordships' wishes to him.

"Justice Keogh: 'Not at all. Proceed.'

"The prisoner went on to say that the jury might be told that all this was beside the question. But he denied this. He emphasized that English rule in Ireland was on trial. The Government admitted the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy, both in Ireland and America; but this only showed that the treatment by England of Ireland had been judged and condemned.

"After a number of observations of an exculpatory character, he quoted Thomas Davis:

"The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men,
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.'

"The man who wrote those lines did his best to make the Irish people a military people. A few years before his death his friends observed in his library a number of military books, such as those found in the office of the *Irish People*, and he would say, 'These are what Irishmen want—this is what they should learn.' His statue, by Hogan, is now in Mount Jerome. The whole Nation mourned his death, and all creeds and classes gathered round his grave. Thomas Davis saw the peasants' cabins pulled down by the landlords, and witnessed the suffering of the people, and he wrote:

"God of justice!" I sighed, "send Your spirit down
"On these lords so cruel and proud,
"And soften their hearts and relax their frown,
"Or else," I cried aloud—
"Vouchsafe Thy strength to the peasant's hand
"To drive them at length from off the land!"

"The prisoner concluded by saying, 'What did the *Irish People* say worse than that? I have done no more than he has done; sentence me to a felon's doom if you choose.' "

After his conviction Kickham was sent, with O'Leary, Luby, Rossa and others to Pentonville Prison in London, and after nine months there they were transferred to Portland, where the work was stonecutting. Kickham was wholly unfitted for hard labor, and in a little while was sent to the invalid prison at Woking, where the work was lighter, but still too hard for a man in his condition. He remained in Woking until his release, with several others, in March, 1869, and came out broken in health.

After the election of O'Donovan Rossa as a Member of Parliament for Tipperary in 1869 had been annulled by the British, there was a difference of opinion among the Nationalists of that County as to the advisability of letting their protest rest there or putting up another candidate. Finally Kickham was nominated. While he polled more votes than Rossa, the West British candidate, Heron, considerably increased his poll of the previous November, and defeated Kickham by a margin of four votes, the poll being 1668 to 1664. Manhood suffrage was unknown in Ireland in those days. A debt was incurred for the expenses of the two elections, and the money to pay it was raised later in America.

The women of Tipperary made a beautiful green silk flag for the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York and T. P. O'Connor of Laffana was sent out to present it. A committee was formed in New York and it organized a great demonstration at Bellevue Garden, at which General George B. McClellan, former Commander of the Army of the Potomac, presented the flag to the Regiment. "Little Mac" was the idol of the old soldiers and a great throng crowded the park to witness the presentation. Colonel James Cavanagh received it on behalf of the Sixty-ninth, and enough money was collected to pay the Tipperary debt. Though the Regiment carried a green flag, in addition to the Stars and Stripes, in all its battles during the Civil War, this green flag from Tipperary has never been used in public by the Sixty-ninth, but has been kept in the regimental armory.

Kickham, after release, lived for a time in Mullinahone and then moved to Dublin, where he made his home, first with his brother Alexander, and then with James O'Connor, his fellow-prisoner, who later became Member of Parliament for West Wicklow. In Blackrock he was knocked down by a jaunting car while crossing the street and the injuries which he sustained shortened his life.

Some time during this period I received the only letter I ever got from him, which showed the keen interest he took in current literature. He asked me to get him a cheap copy of George Eliot's "Adam Bede", as he had heard that American publishers were in the habit of getting out cheap, paper covered editions (pirated, of course), of the latest English books. I couldn't get one and I heard he was greatly disappointed.

Before Kickham became Chairman of the Supreme Council of the reorganized I. R. B., James F. X. O'Brien, who was afterwards a Member of Parliament, filled that office for some time. I don't know the date of Kickham's selection, but he was Chair-

man in 1878, when I sent the cablegram to Parnell offering him the support of the American organization (meaning the Clan-na-Gael) on certain conditions. I sent it to Kickham asking him to give it to Parnell. Kickham forwarded it without comment, as he did not want to be held responsible for its contents. When I went over in December of that year a meeting of the Supreme Council was held in Paris to discuss that and a proposition to assist in the importation of arms into Ireland. Both proposals were backed up by the Executive of the Clan-na-Gael, as well as by John Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick A. Collins (later American Consul-General in London), Robert Dwyer Joyce and other prominent men whom I had consulted. The letter I wrote in support of the "New Departure" in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* had been partially copied in the *Irishman*, with a running comment, written by Richard Pigott himself, and containing vicious misrepresentations and insinuations intended to show that the proposition was an abandonment of the Fenian programme and desertion to Constitutional Agitation. This was the version read by most of the members of the I. R. B. and I found to my great surprise that it was the only one that Kickham had seen.

I went over largely because Davitt had asked the Executive to send me, as he feared opposition by the I. R. B. John O'Leary, although not a member of the Council, was then residing in Paris and was invited to attend. There was a very exhaustive discussion, because all the members except two had read only Pigott's garbled version of the proposition and looked on the "New Departure" as an abandonment of physical force and the substitution for it of constitutional agitation. I succeeded in convincing them of their error, but during the discussion there were some sharp clashes between Davitt and Dr. Mark Ryan, who at this writing (August, 1928) is the only survivor, except myself, of that meeting. Although a resident of London, he represented the Province of Connacht on the Council, while Davitt was the representative for the North of England. Dr. Ryan fancied he saw the hand of John O'Connor Power in the suggested change of policy and whenever he mentioned Power's name Davitt, who was in an irritable mood, replied impatiently. The proceedings had to be conveyed to Kickham by the deaf and dumb alphabet by John O'Connor, Secretary of the Council, and at one point Kickham, not clearly understanding what was going on, lost patience and said something that deeply offended Davitt, who in a burst of indignation stood up and announced that he would withdraw from the meeting. He did so and I accompanied him. We were both stopping at the Hotel des Missions Etrangères in the

Rue du Bac, where the Irish Papal Brigade had stayed on their way back from Italy, and the meeting was held in a small hotel near O'Leary's lodgings in the Latin Quarter.

All along the route Davitt cried like a child and remained in a state of semi-collapse during the rest of the evening. John O'Leary had succeeded in appeasing Kickham before they went to bed, and came over to our hotel next morning to induce us to go back and resume the discussion. We did, and a working agreement was reached on the basis of approval of that part of the proposition aimed at securing control of the local public bodies and leaving the members of the I. R. B. free to take part in Parliamentary elections, provided they did not enter Parliament themselves. Kickham was in strong sympathy with the Land Movement, but opposed to interference in it by the organization.

The members of the organization in country towns and rural districts, after the Land League was actually organized a little later, interpreted the permission rather freely and became the backbone and the driving force in the Land Movement thereafter.

Kickham remained a few days in Paris after the meeting and I saw a good deal of him. John O'Connor had to accompany him everywhere and interpret for him on his fingers. I learned the deaf and dumb alphabet very quickly and was able to talk to him freely, but O'Leary was very slow and had to spell out the words as he went along. This made Kickham a little impatient and he said one day to O'Leary: "You pretend to be a great friend of mine, yet you don't think it worth while to learn to talk to me, while this man learned to do so in one day." But O'Leary was doing his best, though he never mastered the art of "talking on the fingers". When Kickham closed his left hand the circuit was shut off and the person talking to him had to wait till he opened it again.

When he was returning with O'Connor to Ireland, O'Leary and I accompanied them as far as Dieppe. Kickham was a sufferer from dyspepsia and when his stomach was out of order the world was coming to an end. The journey upset him like a sea voyage, and he wanted to get out at the second or third station where the train stopped, but O'Leary, who had a hobby for looking at Cathedrals, persuaded him, with some difficulty, to wait till we got to Amiens, where we had to stay for the night.

Next morning when we went to the Cathedral there was a great crowd of children there for their first communion, dressed beautifully as only French mothers know how to deck them out.

Though Kickham because of his poor sight could not fully appreciate the beauty of the spectacle, he turned to me and said, in a voice heard by the whole congregation: "If this man" (pointing to O'Leary) "keeps looking at Cathedrals and witnesses many scenes like this the grace of God will strike him some time or other." Every head in the church was turned towards the man who had spoken so loud in English, but Kickham was unconscious of the fact.

At Rouen we had to get out again and there are two Cathedrals there. At that of St. Ouere an Irish priest named McCartan was the Pastor. We visited that first and by the time we reached the other it was night. The moon was bright and there was a most beautiful effect of silvery light and shade on the turrets. Kickham remarked to me that the men who built those beautiful churches must have had wonderful faith, and as we turned to leave the narrow street I found that O'Leary and O'Connor were nowhere in sight, and I was in a most embarrassing fix. I didn't know the name of the hotel or the street it was on and all my money was in my valise. All the hotels in Rouen were exactly alike, the entrance being an archway leading to an interior courtyard. I stood waiting, hoping that O'Leary and O'Connor would miss us and return, but they thought we had seen them go and would follow them. I had great difficulty in finding the hotel, but we eventually got there, with Kickham in a state of nervous excitement.

I didn't like to tell him of my ignorance of the name of the hotel and the street, hoping I would find them some way and he kept asking me where we were. As he spoke in a loud voice and I had to answer on his fingers a crowd of boys gathered around us, thinking I was a dummy, and said mocking things about us. He saw the boys dimly and it excited him. He had an ulster overcoat on that nearly swept the ground and a faded green umbrella under his arm. The sidewalk was so narrow that three could not walk abreast on it and when he stopped repeatedly to ask me a question he would turn round and block the way of anyone who was passing. But he didn't know it. The boys became so annoying that I had to show them I was not dumb by ordering them off in rough Algerian French and at last they got out of our way. I stumbled on the hotel by sheer luck at last and brought him up to our rooms.

He was very angry at O'Leary for "deserting" us, but it was really O'Connor's fault. Kickham was called "the gentle Charles", but the volley of reproaches he poured out on O'Leary would show that the title did not always fit him.

We stayed in Rouen that night and accompanied Kickham to Dieppe next morning. O'Connor and he took the boat there and crossed to England. He got safely home and traveled no more. The trip to Paris had shaken him up badly and all future meetings had to be in Ireland. They were held in his rooms in his brother's house in Camden Street, Dublin, and were confined mostly to the Executive of the Supreme Council.

Kickham was a devout Catholic, but the Parish Priest of Mullinahone refused him absolution unless he would give up the Fenian oath. He refused and went to Thurles to appeal to Archbishop Croke against the action of his Pastor. I don't know how long before his death the incident occurred, but the story of what took place was told me by T. P. O'Connor of Laffana, who was an intimate friend of Kickham and accompanied him as interpreter. He had to tell Kickham on his fingers what the Archbishop said and Kickham would speak his own replies. He had been nine years without being able to go to confession and it grieved him very much. What prompted him to make the appeal to Dr. Croke was a letter the Archbishop wrote to the *Freeman's Journal* in 1877 enclosing a check for £10 for a fund that was being raised for Michael Davitt and other Fenian prisoners just released, in which he used the words "for the men whom the Czar has released from British dungeons."

After a lengthy talk on the merits of the physical force policy and the Church's attitude towards the Fenians, in which Kickham stoutly maintained the right of the Irish people to use physical force and to be the proper judge of the time to use it, and Dr. Croke insisting on the inability of Ireland to cope with the overwhelming strength of England, he at last yielded and gave Kickham an order to the priest to hear his confession without insisting on the oath question. He went to his first communion in nine years at the church of Clonoulty, the parish in which O'Connor's residence was situated. He wrote a letter to his niece, Miss Annie Cleary (who later became Mrs. White), expressing his joy at being allowed to receive the sacraments once more.

I had had the same argument with Dr. Croke when he was returning to Ireland via New York, in 1875, ostensibly for his health, but in reality, Father Eugene Sheehy told me, in anticipation of the death of Bishop Keane of Cloyne. His uncle, a Parish Priest in that Diocese, was the first in Ireland to say a Mass for the Manchester Martyrs in 1867. Archbishop Croke's letter to the *Freeman* in 1877, giving credit to the Czar for the release of the Fenian prisoners, showed that he retained his old

nationalist spirit, which encouraged Kickham to appeal to him. He had said to me in our interview in Sweeny's Hotel in presence of Father Sheehy and a Father O'Leary (a former Professor in St. Colman's College, Fermoy, when Dr. Croke was President) that he had "more respect for the Fenians than for any men in Ireland, but that he never believed they had a ghost of a chance for success."

When Kickham died in 1882, there was a great funeral procession in Dublin which the *Freeman* said exceeded in numbers that which followed the remains of John O'Mahony, the American Fenian Leader, to Glasnevin in 1877 (the largest seen in Dublin since the great demonstration for Terence Bellew McManus in 1861), and the processionists included all parties. The I. R. B. was then 35,000 strong and the members came from all over Ireland and from England and Scotland to pay their last tribute of respect to the Chairman of the Supreme Council. John Ryan of London, head of the Organization in Southern England; John Torley of Duntocher, leader in Scotland; Dr. Mark Ryan, then living in Brighton, Member for Connacht; Robert Johnson of Belfast, Representative of Ulster, and every Member of the Council, as well as practically all the County Centres in Ireland, marched in the procession. John Dillon, Timothy Healy, Thomas Sexton and other Members of Parliament rode in carriages. The line of march was from Blackrock, where he died in the house of James O'Connor, to the Kingsbridge Terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railroad, where the coffin was put on a train for Thurles. It was intended to have him lie in state in the Cathedral there, but it was closed, the Pastor saying that in the absence of Archbishop Croke he could not take the responsibility of allowing the body in. From Thurles it was taken to Mullinahone, where there was an immense crowd from all parts of Tipperary and the neighboring counties.

The newspaper report of the funeral says:

"Finding the church of his native town closed against him and none of the priests present, the friends of the deceased waited some time, after which Mr. Alexander Kickham, standing at the head of the grave, said: 'Friends, place the remains in the grave and cover it with the earth of his kindred. The man that lies there was pure and stainless and a thousand priests could do no more for him.' (sensation.)

"A young clergyman present having read the *De Profundis* over the dead, the grave was covered in and wreaths of immortelles placed above it."

Alexander Kickham was his brother. John Torley of Duntocher then introduced John Daly of Limerick, who delivered a short funeral oration, in which he said:

“Surely in some distant time when Irishmen visit the shrines of their illustrious dead this lonely Tipperary grave will not be forgotten, for here reposes in death Ireland’s purest, bravest and best loved son.”

Thus ended the career of Charles J. Kickham, the finest intellect of the Fenian Movement and the truest Irishman that ever Tipperary produced.

CHAPTER XLVI.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

THE MOST TYPICAL OF ALL THE FENIANS—HIS LIFE WAS ONE LONG
RECORD OF SACRIFICE AND SUFFERING.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA's career was an epitome of the history of Fenianism. He was the very incarnation of its spirit. He typified more than any other Irishman of modern times the unrelenting hostility to English rule and the implacable determination to get rid of it which were the chief characteristics of the Fenian Movement, as they were of the United Irishmen and of John Mitchel. Mitchel and the United Irishmen were the prophets of Fenianism and no Fenian worshipped more devoutly at their shrines than O'Donovan Rossa.

The Fenians came after a period of place-hunting and petty-fogging politics till then unparalleled in Ireland, which had been rendered half "respectable" by the performances of the previous ten years. The worst mistakes of Fenianism—and it made many—were caused by the reaction from the slavish policies of the corrupt Parliamentarians of the early 'fifties of the nineteenth century. In rejecting these they discarded many weapons and agencies which would have helped them to prepare the way for the final appeal to arms without which their goal of an Independent Ireland could not be reached. They saw clearly that in National Independence lay Ireland's only hope of preserving the race and enabling it to live, thrive and prosper on its own soil—that nothing short of that would prevent England from carrying out her settled policy of stifling Ireland's growth and removing all possibility of a commercial and industrial rival between Britain and the Atlantic Ocean. They saw the goal distinctly and fully realized that there was only one means of reaching it.

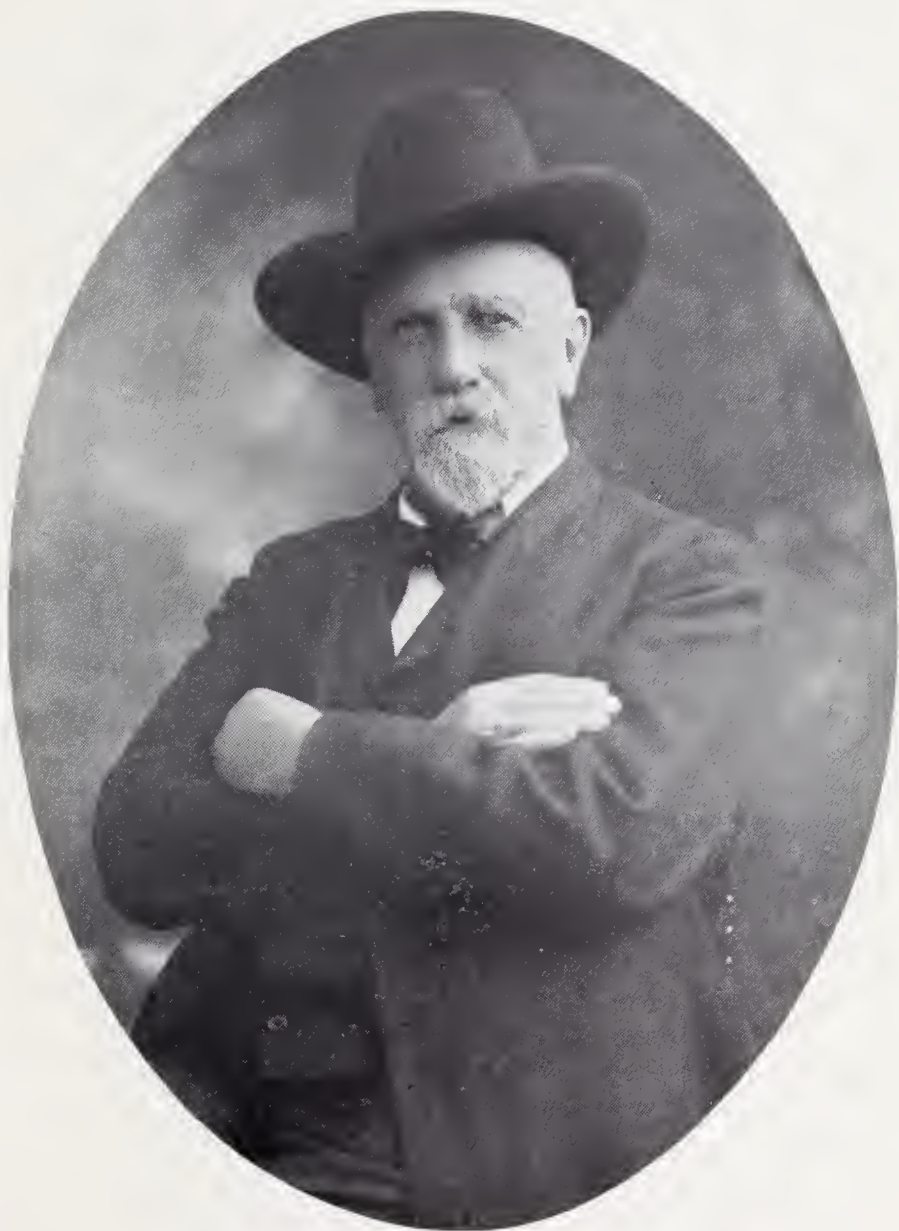
In striking contrast to the politicians whose paltry constitutional methods they swept aside, the Fenians were self-sacrificing men. They had their share of human frailties, but their worst enemies do not deny that they immolated themselves on the altar of their country. The opportunity to die for Ireland did not come to many of them, but they went by the hundred to the prison cell with heads erect and defiance on their lips, and by the thousand to exile, privation and suffering without a

murmur. That is why the movement which missed the chance to show heroism on the battlefield and had no military victories to its account has exercised such a profound influence on the Irish people and why its spirit still lives.

In the exercise of this predominant Fenian quality of self-sacrifice O'Donovan Rossa was the most typical Fenian of them all. He began to sacrifice himself, his family and his interests at the very inception of the movement, and he continued it to his last conscious hour. Often the sacrifice was wholly unnecessary, even unwise, but Rossa believed it was called for and never hesitated or counted the cost. So many thousands of his countrymen knew this that at all times during his long career he had more personal friends and admirers than any Irishman of his time. They did not all agree with the particular course he took, but they recognized his downright sincerity and admired his outspoken expression of his views. If he made a mistake they readily condoned it, and this was true of thousands of men who were not Nationalists at all, as well as of those whose aims were the same as his.

And as the Irish loved him, so the English hated and feared him. To them he was the personification of Irish hostility to English rule, the most implacable foe they had in the wide world. When an English woman shot him in the streets of New York, a cry of joy went up from the whole English race at home and abroad. The English newspapers all printed articles expressing approval of the attempted assassination and saying that he had "got a dose of his own medicine." Every Englishman in America justified the act in conversation with his neighbors and could not understand why any right-thinking man could condemn it. They made it plain that in English eyes assassination is only wrong when the victim is an Englishman, or a friend of England, but is all right when one of England's enemies is struck down. We, Nationalist Irishmen, who know English history were aware of this fact all along, but the world is slow to believe it because England has the world's ear and largely controls the world's output of news.

A well-known Irishman was then living in Colorado among a colony of English ranchmen, men of the "best" class, sane on everything else, but morbid on the question of Rossa's activities. There was not one among them who did not express approval of the attempt to kill Rossa and wonder that any man of decent instincts could condemn it. They are a strange race, who can never understand any point of view but their own and think everything is right that serves English interests.



JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA

They employed Joseph Choate, who became Ambassador to England and later one of the leading Anglo-Americans in the country and a shining light among the Pilgrims, to defend the woman who fired the shot, and he got insanity experts to prove that she was crazy. British interests required this miscarriage of justice and Mr. Choate had sufficient influence to bring it about. So the woman was sent to an insane asylum and after a few months quietly released.

As early as 1856 the young men of Ireland had begun to shake off the lethargy that followed the failure of 1848 and the betrayal by the Parliamentary leaders. Small groups of Nationalists began to organize in various parts of the country. One of these organizations was the Phoenix Society of Skibbereen, of which O'Donovan Rossa was the moving spirit. In May, 1858, Stephens arrived at Skibbereen on his tour to spread the I. R. B., which had been established in Dublin the previous March. Rossa was sworn in and soon practically the whole membership had become Fenians. It was because they all originally belonged to the Phoenix Society, which was a public organization, that Fenianism at that time was generally known as the "Phoenix Movement", but its real name then, as later, was the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

As mentioned in Chapter II, Rossa and some of his comrades were arrested in December, 1858, and released the following July. Coming out of prison, he found his business broken up and his family evicted from their home. He kept a shop in which he sold general merchandise, and he had to reorganize the business under difficulties. Before his arrest he had many of the gentry for customers; after his release they all deserted him and their example was followed by the shoneens. A system of terrorism was organized, in which Bishop O'Hea, a bitter anti-Nationalist, took a leading part, with the object of frightening away his customers, and the boycott had a large measure of success. The constant persecution eventually broke up his business and he had to come to New York in 1863.

He returned to Ireland the same year and on the starting of the *Irish People* as the organ of the movement in the following November, Stephens appointed him Business Manager of the paper. From then until the paper was suppressed and the plant seized on September 15, 1865, Rossa was the most active man in the movement in Ireland. He travelled constantly for the organization in Ireland, England and Scotland, and made one more trip to America. He swore in more members than any ten men in the movement and had a wider personal knowledge of the membership than even Stephens himself.

During a trip through Connacht with Edward Duffy in 1864, they called on George Henry Moore, at Moore Hall, County Mayo, and had a conference with him about the organization. Moore had been a Member of Parliament, but at that time was in retirement. Moore fully approved of the plan of organization and they could have sworn him in there and then, but on account of his great ability, and his importance as a public man, they preferred to have Stephens, the head of the movement, do so himself, so they arranged a plan of bringing the two men together. Rossa was to write Moore, who was very much interested in horse racing, to say that the horses of which he had been speaking to him would be in Dublin on a certain date. This meant that Stephens would be in town, and was ready to see Moore.

Promptly on the day named in the letter George Henry Moore went up to Dublin and had an interview with Stephens, but nothing came of it. The reason was that Stephens made a proposition to Moore which he knew he would reject—that he should go to America to make public speeches for the Fenians. Moore told friends some years later that he knew Stephens made the proposition fully realizing that he must reject it, and that he made up his mind that the Chief Organizer did not want him.

An effort was made some years ago to misrepresent a portion of what took place during the interview between George H. Moore and Rossa and Duffy. Moore told them he had a project in his mind for organizing Volunteers, who could assemble at the chapel yards after Mass every Sunday and go target shooting. It was said that Moore's purpose was the defence of the British Empire. The direct contrary was the case. He intended those men as the nucleus of an Irish army to throw off the yoke of England and win Irish National Independence. He spoke explicitly and left no room for misunderstanding. His visitors came to him as envoys of an organization that sought Total Separation and intended to set up an Irish Republic, and he expressed approval of that programme.

This interview with Moore brought other good results, however. He had entered Parliament again and when the Fenian prisoners were being persecuted and some of them done to death, Moore became their champion and exposed the horrors of their treatment on the floor of the House of Commons.

Many years later in New York, James J. O'Kelly, who had been a member of the Supreme Council of the reorganized I. R. B. before coming to America, told me that the Council consulted Moore on all important questions and that he was practically a member of the Council.

O'Donovan Rossa's was the most spectacular of all the Fenian trials. From beginning to end the prisoner's course was a defiance of the British Government, a merciless exposure of its utterly unfair methods in conducting political trials and of the rottenness of its judicial system in Ireland. He made no legal defense, rejected the advice of the lawyers, and brought on himself a heavier sentence than he would otherwise have received. But he accomplished his purpose.

He held up to public odium as a perjured scoundrel and political renegade the judge appointed to try him, showed that he had a personal grievance against the men whose fate he was to decide and that he had been placed on the bench as a reward for betraying the Irish people. And by making all this a matter of court procedure he secured its publication in every daily paper in Ireland and Great Britain. It was the best and most effective piece of propagandist work from beginning to end of the Fenian movement. And it was, besides, an act of self-sacrifice, for Rossa prolonged the agony to give Charles J. Kickham, who was almost wholly deaf and blind, and whose trial was to follow his, time to prepare his defense.

The other trials were remarkable enough. The defense was conducted by Isaac Butt, the leading lawyer in Ireland, who was assisted by other able men, several of whom later found their way to the Bench. The trials were characterized by displays of eloquence seldom surpassed, by able arguments on law and procedure that were wholly wasted, because the juries in all cases were carefully packed, and by dignified and spirited demeanor on the part of the men in the dock. This was especially true of John O'Leary and Thomas Clarke Luby, two scholarly men of university training, and of Charles J. Kickham, whose dignified speeches from the dock did honor to themselves and to the Fenian movement. But Rossa's trial caught the popular imagination more than all the others and made him the idol of the people. From that point of view, it performed a splendid service to Fenianism, which was then fighting for its life, by arousing popular sympathy and the militant spirit of the race.

The scandal of appointing William Keogh as one of the two judges who formed the Special Commission to try the first batch of Fenian prisoners was characteristic of the British Government's methods in Ireland. Promotion to the Bench was the reward for political services, not of legal ability or character. All the judges in Ireland at that time had been appointed for that reason, but Keogh's was the most scandalous that any Government had ever made. He was an able lawyer, but utterly lacking in principle and character. Even in non-political cases

he lacked judicial poise and his utterances from the bench were those of an advocate on either side—generally against the prisoner—rather than the impartial words of a man holding the scales of justice. An unscrupulous and reckless demagogue, he first attracted the attention of the Government at popular meetings by violence of speech which was intended to show that he was a man worth purchasing. The worst of these was delivered at Athlone during the days of the Tenant League, which was a plain incitement to the shooting of landlords. He reminded the people that the coming nights would be long and dark and the moon invisible. Without saying that landlord shooting would therefore be made easier, that was his plain meaning and the whole country so understood it.

The *Irish People*, of which O'Leary, Kickham and Luby were editors, and Rossa, the business manager, had made a special feature of exposing the rottenness of the whole Parliamentary system and had mercilessly attacked Keogh as its worst exemplar. In no other civilized country in the world would a man who had such a cause of animosity against the conductors of a newspaper be selected to try them on a serious charge; or would their lives be placed at his mercy. Yet the British Government appointed William Keogh, whose dishonesty, corruption and demagogism had been held up to public contempt by the *Irish People*, as the judge to conduct the trials of the staff of the *Irish People* who had thus treated him. And when a protest was made against the manifest injustice and unfairness of such a scandalous proceeding, the action was defended by every leading organ of public opinion in England. English justice is for Englishmen only.

Luby and O'Leary had been tried, packed juries had convicted them and Keogh's violent partisanship had been so undisguised in the course of the trials that it was made plain that the Government was determined to secure a verdict of guilty no matter what the evidence might be. The sentence of each of them was twenty years' penal servitude, and the scoundrel on the Bench had the impudence to lecture the refined gentlemen whom English law had placed in his power on the heinousness of their offence against society. They had replied with dignity and courage and had treated his insolence with quiet contempt.

Rossa was enraged at Keogh's impudence and determined to handle him without gloves, at whatever cost to himself. As Mr. Butt and the other lawyers were debarred by the rules and the etiquette of the courts from adopting the methods which Rossa proposed to use, he decided to defend himself and to face the

lion in his own den. He put Keogh through the severest ordeal of his whole life, made him listen while he read article after article from the *Irish People* denouncing his treachery and dishonesty, drove him to exhibitions of anger which he tried in vain to conceal, disregarded his decisions and admonitions and forced the newspapers of Ireland, England and Scotland to print his black and dishonorable record, the full particulars of which had been forgotten by many of those who had previously known them and were until then unknown to the majority of the people of England. No judge in any country in the world had ever been so humiliated and disgraced and no court proceedings had ever before supplied the Irish people with such amusement. The splendid demeanor of O'Leary and Luby had evoked the people's admiration, but Rossa's action appealed to their fighting spirit.

The effect on Keogh was to make him lose his head and to become intemperate in his interruptions of the prisoner and in passing sentence. His denial that he was in any way affected by Rossa's treatment of him was laughable, and the prisoner's defiant interruption, "Go on, Norbury", made his florid face turn scarlet with rage. And he "got square" with Rossa by inflicting on him the highest penalty the law allowed him to impose for "Treason-Felony",—penal servitude *for life*.

Rossa left the dock with a light step and a defiant look that won the admiration even of the Orange jury that had found him guilty, as they freely admitted outside the court. Keogh drank deep that night, as he always did when irritated, and all Ireland laughed at him next day.

But the canting, hypocritical English papers, complimented the ermined renegade on the "calmness" and "dignity" he displayed "under extreme provocation", and described Rossa as a vulgar buffoon. They could only see in his action an ebullition of passion by a "barbarous Irish peasant". The English can't understand self-sacrifice, and the idea that O'Donovan Rossa had immolated himself to accomplish good for his country or to serve the cause in which he believed, was beyond their comprehension.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa was born in Rosscarbery, County Cork, on Sept. 11, 1831, and claimed to be descended from the Chief of the Clan. There were three separate branches of the Clan, called respectively O'Donovan Dubh, O'Donovan Buidhe and O'Donovan Rossa, all offshoots of the original Sept which had grown so numerous that they separated eventually and became independent of each other. John O'Donovan, the great

Irish scholar, came of one of these groups, but his immediate ancestors moved to Kilkenny and remained in that county, which at the time of his birth was Irish speaking, as all the Leinster counties were up to the very walls of Dublin. There was hardly a word of English spoken in Rosscarbery when Rossa was a boy, but he learned it at school. I believe it was his father who taught him to read and write Irish, but, whoever taught him, he did both well.

He was apprenticed to a grocer on leaving school and in early manhood was started in business for himself in Skibbereen. He married a Kerry girl named Eager by an arrangement between the parents, according to the custom of the time. She bore him four children, all boys, Denis, John, Jeremiah and Conn.

When his first wife died, Rossa married a Miss Buckley, a tall, handsome girl, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, much against the wishes of her family, who desired to get her a husband of her own class, but the girl was very much in love with Rossa and insisted on marrying the man of her own choice. She was a fluent Irish speaker and she and Rossa always conversed in the old tongue. He had one son by her, who was reared by the Buckleys, because at the time Rossa was in constant trouble and the boy's mother died two or three years after the marriage. The boy died early also.

Rossa's third marriage to Mary Jane Irwin of Clonakilty is so fully described in his "Prison Life" that I need not dwell on it here. Like her predecessor, she was a convent reared girl, very handsome, and she became a very accomplished woman. I met the newly married couple a few weeks after their marriage in 1864 in Abbey Street, Dublin, and was introduced to her by James O'Connor (then the bookkeeper in the *Irish People* office) as he, Dan Downing of Skibbereen and I were taking a walk. O'Connor had told me of the wedding in a short letter a few days previously, in which he said: "Isn't he the devil's clip to tackle the third?"

While Rossa was not what is generally known as a "lady's man", he was always very popular with women. One day as we were darning stockings in Chatham Prison, Ric. Burke was bantering him on the subject and he explained, "half joke and whole earnest", that the reason of his success was that he had a "*ball searc*" (a beauty spot) which made him irresistible. Then he opened his shirt and showed us a tiny pink spot, "no bigger than a flea bite", as one of the men put it, and told us that it was born with him. He said that Cuchulain and Diarmuid O'Duibhne had the same mark and that there was an old tradi-

tion in Ireland that any man born with the "*ball searc*" had all the beautiful women falling in love with him.

Rossa was a poor hand at the job of darning. The convicts in Chatham were engaged at that time in constructing a new dock and they usually got a lot of mud on their stockings. English woollens often have a mixture of cotton, and such are different from the soft Irish woollens. The washing was very badly done and left a lot of dirty dust in the stockings which got up into our noses and was very offensive. John McClure and Harry Mulleda darned as neatly as any woman, but Rossa was left-handed and pulled the thread taut, so that if the stocking was very "holey" it was hard to see how any human foot could get into it after Rossa was through his darning. We were allowed to talk while at work and had two very decent Englishmen, named respectively Marshall and Andrews, for warders. Marshall was a Cockney who had served in the Tenth Hussars and for some years had been valet to the Duke of Marlborough, while his wife, a Welsh woman, was maid to the Duchess, who was Chief Lady in Waiting to Queen Victoria and had to accompany the Court when it moved to the Isle of Wight or Balmoral. We became very familiar with him and he told us some very interesting stories about her Majesty. He always called Rossa "Jerry" and was very frank. He was Chief Warder in Portland when Tom Clarke and Jack Daly were there, and Tom told me that he looked as if he'd like to be friendly, but dared not, as there was a very bitter prejudice against the "dynamite prisoners". He was put in charge of us after the cruel treatment of Rossa had ceased, following George Henry Moore's exposures in the House of Commons.

As the then Governor of Chatham was still alive when Rossa's "*Prison Life*" was written, there were many things which he could not reveal without injury to living men. One of these concerned the Governor and Lord Aberdeen (then Mr. Bruce) the Home Secretary. Mr. Moore having a specific statement of the facts in a letter from Rossa (smuggled out by a Highland Scotch warder named Wallace, a former member of the Life Guards), asked Bruce about Rossa being handcuffed with his hands behind his back, and the Home Secretary solemnly denied it and said that such a thing was not possible in an English prison. This was shifting the responsibility on the Governor who privately resented it. He ordered Rossa brought to his office, and then told the warder to leave. This latter was an exceptional proceeding; as a general rule an interview with the Governor meant a "trial" for some breach of discipline, and the warder remained on close guard over his man. When the Gov-

ernor had Rossa alone, he showed him a letter from the Home Secretary, not written to the Board of Prison Directors, but to the Governor himself (a wholly unusual thing), giving him categorical orders to inflict the punishment, which was a breach of the prison rules. There were no typewriters in those days and it was in Bruce's own handwriting. Bruce "lied like a gentleman" for his country, as Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, did to save Lady Mordaunt.

The punishment was inflicted on Rossa for breaking the small pane of glass in the cell door with the wooden dish in which he had received his porridge,—“to let in air”. Of course, it was a foolish act, as many of Rossa's other acts were, but he was like the Irishman who “couldn't keep doing nothing”, full of nervous energy which impelled him to constant physical and mental activity. But as soon as Gladstone, after Moore's exposures, ordered the relaxation of the persecution, Rossa became the mildest and most orderly of all the Fenian prisoners. He wanted only to be treated as a human being.

When we arrived in New York after being released and deported in January, 1871, Rossa showed the same restless energy, as if trying to pull up for lost time. He started a passage ticket agency, with an office in a building on Broadway opposite the City Hall, he wrote a weekly letter to the *Dublin Irishman*, he undertook the editorship of a weekly American paper called the *Era*, which was going down and the owner wanted to use Rossa's name to build it up again; and he went on a lecture tour describing his treatment in prison. Then when the elections came in 1872 he ran for the State Senate, in opposition to the corrupt Democratic Boss, William M. Tweed, against the advice of nearly all his friends, who believed he had no chance of winning. But he knew better than his friends and counted on the Corkmen, whose families, reinforced by Kerry men, formed the bulk of the population on the Lower East Side of New York at that time, especially the old Fourth and Seventh Wards, which made up the Senatorial District.

He had the endorsement of no political party, had no platform, and ran entirely on his record as an Irishman appealing to the race to support him. His theory was that there was no difference between the parties except that between the “ins” and the “outs”. He made an exhaustive personal canvass, and we all helped him as well as we could, although fully convinced he would be beaten. Tweed was declared elected by 4,000 majority, but many years later Mike Whalen (father of Grover A. Whalen), a Tammany worker in the District, admitted to us that Rossa won by a majority of 350, but was counted out. The

Republicans supported him, in order to beat Tweed, but they were a negligible quantity in the downtown wards of New York and their workers at the polls were bought by Tweed's Machine.

Soon after Rossa started in business on Broadway, Mike Heffernan (a cousin of Kickham), who was a reporter on the *Tribune*, brought Horace Greeley to see him, and the editor was very much disappointed. Greeley knew John Mitchel and Richard O'Gorman, but Rossa was a man of a wholly different type from the Young Ireland leaders. When Greeley came out of the office he asked if Rossa was the leader of the Fenians and Heffernan replied that he was not, but was probably the most representative of them all. "Well," said Greeley, "I don't wonder they failed." In answer to Greeley's questions about the economic effect of English rule, Rossa said in substance that the English were foreign tyrants who had no right to rule Ireland. That was enough for Rossa and it ought to have been enough for Greeley, who was of remote Irish descent. He was beaten himself when he ran for President in the following year and his humiliating defeat broke his heart and ended his career.

Rossa soon gave up the office on Broadway and went into the hotel business. He was inveigled into it by the landlord of the Northern Hotel at the corner of Cortlandt and West Streets, opposite the Ferry, which was then the chief way of getting to Jersey City and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. He thought Rossa's name would bring trade, but the hotel was too small and too near the Ferry to be a paying concern and too far downtown for Irish meetings, though some were held there. He gave it up in 1875 and took another at Chatham Square and Mott Street, which was bigger, but not large enough to pay, besides being in an undesirable location.

Failing there also (though he did not become bankrupt) he started the *United Irishman*, which was the queerest Irish paper ever published. It was a purely personal organ, giving his own views on everything and his Reminiscences and occasionally commenting on the news. It was supported entirely by subscriptions, which he called the "rent" and among the "tenants" were men of all sorts of opinions who liked Rossa personally and wanted to help him out. Most of them paid him \$5 a year, but Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet made his subscription \$100. The doctor was a very kind hearted man and said that Rossa had suffered so much for Ireland that he deserved to be supported in his old age.

The prevailing opinion that Rossa was a hot tempered man of violent tendencies is all wrong. He was a man of even tem-

per and quiet manners who seldom got ruffled and never swore. Rossa's only approach to swearing was his use of the word "Christopher" when a little bit aroused. I never knew him to hit a man but once, and that was his landlord in the Northern Hotel, who used a vile epithet when speaking to him. Rossa was left-handed, and his *kithogue* dealt a severe blow.

Rossa had never played a game of poker until we were placed on board the Cunard Steamship *Cuba* on our release from prison in 1871. Then he learned the game and on our arrival in New York he had £7 in his pocket as the result of his playing with old hands at the game. John McClure, Charles Underwood O'Connell, Harry Mulleda and myself accompanied Rossa on that voyage, and we became known as "The Cuba Five".

Rossa started an organization which he called the "United Irishmen" at a Convention held in Philadelphia, of about 150 men, most of whom were members of the Clan-na-Gael, with some ex-members who had been expelled, and others who could not get into the Clan. "Red Jim" McDermott was among those present. A clash soon came with the Clan-na-Gael, because the affairs of the Clan were the principal subject of discussion at the meetings. After a Clan committee interviewed M. Shishkin, the Russian Minister in Washington, in 1877, during the Russo-Turkish War, the new organization sent a committee to tell him that the Clan did not represent the Irish Revolutionists, but that *they* did. Rossa's committee got no farther than the Secretary of the Legation, who later told an official of an arms manufacturing company about it and said that the two rival delegations convinced the Russians that there was "neither head, tail nor middle" to the Irish movement and that it could not be taken seriously.

It was these incidents which led to the personal quarrel between Rossa and me, made me lose my temper and say hard things about him which I have ever since regretted. He sent "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien to me to ask me to call on him in his last illness, which I did, in company with Colonel Ric. Burke. He recognized me at once, lifted his enfeebled hand to mine and said: "John, I'm sorry we ever quarrelled." I could say nothing but: "So am I, Rossa."

He had not seen Colonel Burke for many years, as Burke lived in Chicago, and the Colonel was very much changed in appearance, having become very stout and grown a long beard. Rossa gazed up at him intently and asked his wife: "Who is this man?" Burke, who was the joker of the little group of prisoners in Chatham, said: "What, you old scalawag, don't you know Ric. Burke?"



THE "CUBA FIVE"

"I know Ric. Burke, but I don't know you," replied Rossa.

"What," said Burke, "don't you remember 'Kick zie bucket'?"

"Ah," said Rossa, "I remember 'Kick zie bucket';" and then looking at Burke, with a strained expression on his face he said: "Yes, I remember 'Kick zie bucket'; you're Ric. Burke."

"Kick zie bucket" was one of the Colonel's funny stories in Chatham which Rossa got him to tell over and over again: A Frenchman in New York called on a newly made widow to condole with her. He began this way: "Madame, I am very moosh rotten zat zie husban' 'ave kick zie bucket," and the story ended there. But Rossa remembered it on his deathbed.

There were a few Fenians still living who joined the movement in America, but while all were old men, Rossa was at the time of his death the oldest of them all. And he was the last of the original Fenians of Ireland. The only man of any prominence in the movement whose entrance into it antedated Rossa's was Joseph Denieffe, who died many years ago in Chicago.

Rossa died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Staten Island, on June 29, 1915, after an illness of more than two years. He had been taken to the hospital a few weeks previously after his devoted wife had broken down nursing him at their home fronting the harbor. He was a strongly built man about 5 feet 11 in height, and the work of lifting him in the bed would be a hard task for a strong male nurse, but his wife insisted on doing it herself until it became impossible.

There was a great funeral on Staten Island before the body was taken to Ireland for final interment in Glasnevin. A High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, West New Brighton, by Very Rev. Monsignor Charles A. Cassidy, P. R., who preached a beautiful sermon, in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the dead. The body was placed in the receiving vault in St. Peter's Cemetery on July 3 and lay there until July 17, when it was shipped to Ireland on the American Line steamship *St. Paul*.

There was an attempt at a contest for control of the funeral made by two expelled members of the Clan-na-Gael, who had neither the money to pay the expenses nor the connection with Ireland to ensure the proper reception of the remains there, but Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa quickly, but politely decided the matter when they called on her and made the proposition, and gave charge of everything to the Clan-na-Gael. The two men had had a quarrel with Tom Clarke when he was living in Brooklyn and called him a "traitor". There is nothing too absurd for an

Irish factionist to do. Tom had spent nearly sixteen years in English prisons for Ireland while these men were doing nothing.

A cablegram from Tom to me asked the Clan to send the body to Ireland and telegrams from the members of the Executive throughout the country authorized me to take charge. I kept my grip on the arrangements, doing nothing without the consent of Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, until the body was placed on board the steamer, accompanied by his wife and daughter Eileen (now Mrs. McGowan) on July 17.

On the arrival of the *St. Paul* in Cobh the body was received by a committee of the I. R. B. and taken to Dublin.

Unlike his predecessor (Cardinal Cullen), Archbishop Walsh was a Nationalist, and there was a High Mass at the Cathedral in Marlborough Street. The remains then lay in state in the City Hall, where many thousands of people from all parts of Ireland viewed them. There was a constant stream of visitors and there were many touching scenes as old friends gave vent to their sorrow. Irish Volunteers mounted guard.

The funeral took place on Sunday, August 1st, and was the most imposing demonstration ever held in Ireland, exceeding even the great McManus funeral in 1861. Thousands of uniformed Irish Volunteers marched behind the bier and the civilian procession was several miles long, while a dense mass of people lined the sidewalks all the way from the City Hall to Glasnevin Cemetery. Padraic Pearse delivered the funeral oration at the graveside; it was a historic speech.

The military display marked the wonderful progress of the National Movement since the funeral of Terence Bellew McManus, and the *Irish Times* noted the fact by estimating the number of trained men in line who were fit for service (*for England*) at the front in France. The Irish Tory mind is a curious compound of absurdities and seems incapable of thinking straight.

The demonstration was a great success from every point of view. It was splendidly managed, perfect order and discipline prevailed from start to finish and it had a great effect on the country. It was the most significant demonstration against English Rule that had taken place before Easter Week, 1916, and it had considerable effect in preparing the way for it. If the unconquerable Rebel could look down on the memorable scene it would console him for all his sufferings and sacrifices and he would say with John Banim:

"Thou art not conquered yet, dear land;
Thou art not conquered yet."

CHAPTER XLVII.

JAMES J. O'KELLY.

HIS SPECTACULAR CAREER AS BLACKSMITH, FRENCH LEGIONNAIRE, FENIAN, JOURNALIST, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT—HIS ESPOUSAL OF ENGLAND'S CAUSE IN THE WORLD WAR A SAD FINALE.

JAMES J. O'KELLY played a very important role in the Fenian movement, but his work was chiefly in England. Sworn in by James O'Callaghan at an Irish class meeting in A. M. Sullivan's editorial room in the *Nation* office in Dublin, he moved to London towards the close of 1861. He found a small organization there headed by Peter Maughan, after he had started to organize with the assistance of James Clancy and Joseph I. C. Clarke (then a very young man), and before long became head of the movement there.

No man in the movement had a more spectacular career, and it was as varied in his occupations as in the organization. His father, whose parents came from Roscommon, kept a blacksmith's shop and draymaking establishment in Peterson's Lane, Dublin, and was the owner of the Cumberland cottages in a small street near the Westland Row railroad station. He wanted to make James (his eldest son) a blacksmith, but his mother, whose brother, John Lawlor, was a prominent sculptor in London, wished him to become an artist and sent him to his uncle in London when very young and he remained there two years. This gave him a sort of an English accent which he never entirely lost. His father insisted on taking him back to Dublin and set him to work in the forge. Michael Lawlor, his first cousin, was also a sculptor and moved to London early in 1861.

O'Kelly's father was a man of great physical strength and one of his feats was to cut in two, with one slash of a sabre, an iron bar hung by a wire from the ceiling. The only other man I knew to be able to do that was Martin Hogan of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. O'Kelly's father was an O'Connellite, while all the Lawlors were Young Irelanders; those of the latter family who remained in Dublin being cabinet-makers.

O'Kelly worked (very unwillingly) as a blacksmith until his father died in 1861, when he sold the property and moved to London, where he worked at sculpture in his uncle's studio, but

did not remain long enough to master the profession. While he kept the forge running he made several pikes, and I was his helper. I also helped a little at shoeing wheels. It was good exercise. Michael Lawlor was an all-round athlete and he, O'Kelly and I spent many hours on Sundays heaving stones and wrestling in the Phoenix Park.

When I started for France in March, 1861, to join the Zouaves, James O'Kelly was one of those who saw me off on the London steamer, and my first visit in London was to the Lawlors. Looking for the house I saw a characteristic specimen of the O'Kellys. There was a group of boys playing in the street and I asked them my way, but before I could get an answer a fight started between two of the boys, and one of them, a stocky little fellow in a green frock, went fiercely at the other and with one thump made his nose bleed. The nose bleeding chap started crying and gave up the fight. Then one of the other boys pointed to the victor in the fight and said: "'E'll show you." The little fellow stepped up to me and walked silently by my side till we came to the house, when he said: "That's it, sir," and went back to his playmates. I was talking to his grandmother (a fine old Queens County woman) who kept house for her son, when the little chap came in, and the old woman said to him: "Ah, there you are, late for your dinner as usual. What have you been doing? Up to some mischief, of course." It was Aloysius O'Kelly, James's youngest brother, the only one alive at the present writing (December, 1927).

O'Kelly's two other brothers, Charles and Stephen, were also artists. Their mother, a splendid and very intellectual woman, was in bad health when her husband died and had to keep Stephen away from school (Julia, her only daughter, had been married to Charles Hopper), and I volunteered to act as Stephen's tutor. Mrs. O'Kelly gladly accepted the offer and I became a favorite with her. My eldest sister, Brigid, also visited her frequently and gave her all the help she could. That cemented the friendship between James O'Kelly and me and influenced our relationship for the rest of our lives.

In 1863 O'Kelly was elected Captain of the London Irish Volunteers, but his uncle refused to give him the £7 necessary to buy a uniform, so he started for Paris and enlisted in the Foreign Legion, although I had told him during a visit he paid to Naas a little earlier, what he would have to face in Algeria and that the regiment would probably be sent to Mexico to help in making an Austrian Archduke Emperor of a country that was then a Republic. I knew that Napoleon the Third's Mexican adventure

was most unpopular in the French army, but at that earlier date O'Kelly had no intention of leaving London.

He took part in several battles and met my two friends, Frank McAlevy (from Scarva, County Down) and Patrick Moriarty. Moriarty was a seasoned veteran of the Crimean War, from the Alma to Inkermann and of the Austro-Italian War of 1859. He was in MacMahon's headlong charge on the Austrian right flank at Magenta and was severely wounded in the chest by the fragment of an Austrian shell at Solferino, for which he was given the *Medaille Militaire* (awarded only for wounds and bravery in action) and had, besides, the English Crimean medal with three clasps (the Alma, Inkermann and Balaklava), and the regular Italian war medal. He was also in several local campaigns in Algeria with the Arabs and Kabilep. He was the most fearless man I ever met and a splendid soldier in every way, but he was incorrigible for breaches of discipline. I heard he was killed at Gravelotte.

McAlevy had become a sergeant, but returned to Scarva after his four years' service had expired. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he returned to France and joined the *Franc-tireurs*. He was a crack shot with the rifle and within a few days he picked off a Prussian Captain, then a Major and next a Colonel and was promoted to a Lieutenancy. O'Kelly met him again in France and had him slated for Captain in the Irish Brigade he was authorized to organize, but Paris surrendered while he was recruiting in Ireland and O'Kelly's hopes of rivalling the glorious deeds of the O'Briens, the Dillons and the Lallys were dashed.

When Stephens made the announcement in 1864, "We'll fight next year", I wrote to O'Kelly and told him. The French were faring badly at the hands of Juarez, Miliano and the guerillas, so my letter chased him over half of Mexico and took six months to reach him. He took the first chance of deserting and made for the northern frontier on foot. He had only money enough to buy a cheap suit of clothes and was not many days out when he was captured by a band of guerillas. He still wore the military shirt, so he was easily recognized as a French soldier. He had picked up a little Spanish and explained to his captors that he was a deserter. They invited him to join them, but he told them he wanted to get to Ireland to fight the English. They knew nothing of Ireland or England and that excuse made no appeal to them. He was exhausted and fell asleep on the floor of the hut into which they had taken him. He was awakened by loud talk and found that they were discussing cutting his

throat. There was an old woman present, the mother of some of them, and she was pleading for his life while he pretended to be still asleep. She opened his shirt and stroked his white breast, saying his poor mother would be grieving for her dear boy, and her appeal at last won. That night she helped him to escape and told him the road to take. He got to Matamoros, half dead, starving and in rags, and from there worked his passage on a coasting vessel to Galveston. There he wrote to his uncle, John Lawlor, and asked him to send him, to the Poste Restante in Baltimore, the price of his passage home. He had secured passage as a deck hand to Baltimore and in a few days after his arrival there received \$75 from his uncle, which enabled him to get to London, where the old artist received him as the prodigal son.

He was just in time for a meeting to discuss the projected Rising in 1867 and voted against it, arguing that it was madness on account of the utter lack of arms. He took no part in the Rising, but set about reorganizing London at once. Soon after his arrival Michael Breslin was sent over by the Roberts (Senate) Wing of the Fenian Brotherhood in America and a Provisional Supreme Council was started, with a skeleton organization based on the plan of the United Irishmen, with Provincial, County and Parish representation that redeemed the chief fault of the old movement, with its One Man Leadership. Joseph I. C. Clarke and James Clancy gave him considerable help, but O'Kelly was the chief driving force in the reorganized movement. Clancy had during O'Kelly's absence enlisted in the Royal Engineers in order to get a military training, but deserted when he learned of the projected insurrection. He went about London pretty freely and a Scotland Yard detective, who recognized him from the description sent out by the military authorities, attempted to arrest him. Clancy shot the detective; before he could get away a uniformed policeman ran up and knocked him down by a blow of his club on the head, and he was arrested. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life for attempted murder and there was no mention of Fenianism in the indictment. On that account O'Kelly and I had a hard task in later years to get his name put on the list of political prisoners when Isaac Butt, George Henry Moore and John Nolan were leading the agitation for Amnesty. The Fenians were classed by the Government as "Treason-Felony" prisoners, but O'Kelly eventually succeeded, through Isaac Butt, in securing Clancy's recognition as a Fenian and he was released after ten years. T. P. O'Connor got him a job on an English weekly paper, he married the sister of the editor, came to New York, and after a brilliant career on

the *Herald* and as correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, he was my chief assistant on the *Gaelic American* at the time of his death many years ago.

Almost simultaneously with the reorganization in London a convention met in Manchester representing a much larger number of old members, including many from Ireland, and a reorganization was effected. The chief factors in this movement were Colonel Thomas J. Kelly and Ric. Burke and it was this section which a few months later carried out the Rescue of Kelly and Deasy in Manchester. There was some friction between the men in London and those in Manchester, especially between James O'Kelly and Burke, but the Rescue and the subsequent arrest of Burke left the Manchester Wing without leaders and an amalgamation was before long effected which lasted till Easter Week, 1916.

O'Kelly's first experience in journalism was as London correspondent of the Dublin *Irishman*. John F. O'Donnell, the poet, was London correspondent before O'Kelly, but Pigott failed to pay the salary of either regularly because he was always in financial straits.

In 1870, O'Kelly visited me in Chatham Prison. He had a project to rescue us, with inside help, and wanted to get a look at the prison. He managed to convey the news to me in veiled language and I was able to tell him that we had a hint that Gladstone intended to release us and that the attempt would not be worth the risk. After returning to London he got confirmation of that and the thing was dropped. But before leaving me he asked me to tell Ric. Burke that all differences were forgotten. This gratified Ric. very much and was good news for us all.

Some time after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War O'Kelly went to Paris and offered to organize an Irish Brigade, but found he was forestalled by an adventurer whom nobody knew named McAdaras. McAdaras called on Palikao, the Minister of War, and told him he represented the then Lord Mayor of Dublin, P. J. Smyth, A. M. Sullivan and the others who were organizing the Ambulance Corps, of which the French knew through the newspapers. He asked Palikao to obtain an audience for him with the Empress Eugenie, so that he could obtain from her an autograph letter authorizing the formation of an Irish Brigade. The French disasters had begun and they were grasping at any straw to get help. Palikao (General Montauban) introduced him to the Empress and she gave him the letter. Eugenie was very popular in Ireland, and her letter was the

introduction of McAdaras to the men he claimed to represent. He returned to Paris with letters from them and the French appointed him a General. As he was lame from wounds received in India, where he told them he had been an officer in the British army, and was unfit for active service, he was appointed Inspector of Camps, with the pay of a General. O'Kelly accounted for his own departure from the Legion by telling them that he had been captured by Mexican Guerillas. They accepted his explanation, appointed him a Colonel and authorized him to go to Ireland to recruit the Brigade.

The first definite information received by any Irishman about McAdaras came to Dr. Constantine J. MacGuire, who had gone to France as second in command of the Irish Ambulance Corps and was then a surgeon in the French Army. He had an appointment with McAdaras in a cafe and while waiting for him found the Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, an ex-Captain of cavalry in the British army, whom he knew, sitting at a table. He sat down beside him and while they were chatting the door opened and McAdaras limped in. As soon as he saw the Captain he turned on his heel and went out again. The Captain stood up and glared after him and MacGuire said: "I see you know my friend, General McAdaras."

"General be damned," replied the Englishman; "that fellow was sergeant-major of my troop and he's the damndest scoundrel from here to hell."

McAdaras had a great facility for picking up a smattering of foreign languages, but what he knew of them he spoke glibly and he was eking out a living by acting as interpreter for American tourists who spoke only English, until he played the successful confidence game on the French Minister of War.

After the close of the war, McAdaras for several years posed as the representative of the Irish Revolutionists, which he was not, and his title of General in the French army enabled him to deceive the Russians and other foreigners. He came to America and married an American widow in St. Louis, who had \$400,000 and took her carriage across on his trips to Europe. He was the most successful of all the fakers who traded on the Irish Movement, but he never got into it.

The surrender of Paris and the opening of peace negotiations ended the Irish Brigade project and O'Kelly returned to Paris only to find that his pay had already been drawn and spent by McAdaras, so he went back to London and had to borrow the money to come to New York a few weeks after the arrival of the released Fenians. When he called to see me he was in a

sorry plight. His clothes were fairly good, but he had not a clean shirt or the money to buy one. My shirts fitted him, so I gave him one and a little money. In two days Joe Clarke got him a job as a reporter "on space" on the *Herald*. The week after he started work (July 12) the so-called "Orange riots" occurred, and Mike Kelly, the City Editor, assigned him to the job. There was no real riot. The Orangemen decided to hold a parade and got a permit to march up Broadway. The Hibernians protested and some of them made threats, so "handsome Johnny" Hoffman, the Governor, decided to ride at the head of the procession "to vindicate the right of public meeting" and so gave a fictitious importance to what would have otherwise been a very small incident. There was a large crowd in the street to see the Irish scrimmage (that didn't come off) and the National Guard was turned out. Some fellow on the roof of a house fired a pistol shot in the air which, of course, hit nobody, and Jim Fisk's Ninth Regiment, which was lined up on Broadway in front of that particular house, immediately levelled their rifles and, without orders, fired on the crowd, broke ranks and fell back in disorder to the sidewalk. Pat Lennon, the man who commanded the Fenians at Stepside and Glencullen and who had served as a Lieutenant in a New York cavalry regiment in the last two years of the Civil War, happened to be standing by and told me that evening that the Ninth men were in panic and that three men with revolvers could have routed the whole cowardly pack. One company of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, N. Y. National Guard, also fired in panic and without orders, and a number of men, women and children were killed and wounded.

That was the only "riot" there was, but the newspapers next day and for several days after were filled with sensational reports of the "riot" that hadn't taken place. It was a great week for the "space" men, and O'Kelly cleaned up \$106—\$8 a column of nonpareil. Both the Ninth and the Eighty-fourth Regiments went out of existence soon after and Jim Fisk was shot a year or two later by Ed. Stokes in a quarrel over a woman named Josie Mansfield.

One of O'Kelly's earliest feats on the *Herald* was on the occasion of the escape of Henri Rochefort from New Caledonia. He was sent by Bennett to meet the famous Frenchman in Chicago and found him on the station platform surrounded by a group of reporters (including John F. Finerty, then on the staff of the *Chicago Times*) trying to interview him. None of them spoke French and Rochefort knew no English, so there was no chance of getting the interview. O'Kelly elbowed his way to Rochefort and told him in French that if he gave an exclusive interview

to the *Herald* the paper would give him all the space he wanted and print every word of it. Rochefort accepted the offer and O'Kelly called a cab, as the other newspaper men vainly protested, and took him to a hotel, where he gave orders that nobody be allowed to see him, as he was taking a bath. The two took the next train for New York and O'Kelly interviewed him all the way, wiring the copy to the *Herald* in instalments as the train sped eastward. He tipped the conductor, who stopped the train at 125th Street long enough to permit the two of them to alight. O'Kelly then drove Rochefort to the old Grand Central Hotel, where he gave similar orders. The other reporters (including myself) were waiting at the Grand Central Station, as the train was not due to stop at 125th Street, and all had to return to their various offices disappointed. In the *Herald* office every man who knew French was on the job translating the portion of the statement that had come by wire when about nine o'clock Rochefort and O'Kelly walked in. The Frenchman started at once to correct the proofs and the paper went to press about half past two (the usual time) with two pages, one in French, the other in English, in which Rochefort got square with all his enemies, from Thiers down, in the spiciest way. It was a great "scoop", and the other papers were only able to report that Rochefort had arrived in New York and fill up with sketches of him. This was typical of New York journalism at the time.

O'Kelly rose rapidly on the *Herald*. He had superabundant energy and was a tireless worker. Tom Connery, the Managing Editor, quickly realized his merit and made him Dramatic Critic and soon after he took the job of Art Editor, filling both positions at the same time and receiving \$50 a week—at that period a very good salary. He also made some money by dealing in paintings, which he kept on exhibition at Goupil's Art Gallery on Fifth Avenue.

In 1873, O'Kelly was sent by the New York *Herald* at his own request to Cuba to get into the Insurgent lines and report on conditions there, with a view to arousing the sympathy of the American people with the cause of Cuban Independence. The *Herald* at that time made a feature of foreign news and its despatches were sent to the papers all over the country by their New York correspondents. On the day of his departure I spent several hours with him and as I bade him good-bye we drank a toast "*A Cuba Libre*" in a glass of Burgundy.

The Insurgent leaders were informed by their friends in New York of his mission and he was received with open arms by their agents in Havana. He had letters of introduction to Ceballos, the Spanish Governor General, and asked him for a permit to

enter the Rebel lines, which request was politely, but haughtily refused. That did not increase the vigilance of the Spaniards, and as the Rebels had a perfect system for eluding the Spanish outposts, he was safely smuggled in during the night.

He had acquired a good smattering of Spanish during his stay with the Foreign Legion in Mexico, but he asked James Gordon Bennett to allow him to take "General" Millen along because the latter had spent ten years in Mexico and knew Spanish well. It was an unfortunate choice, for Millen started to undermine O'Kelly with the Cubans from the start and when he got back to New York after having done nothing of the slightest value took the credit with the Cubans for all O'Kelly's work, although he got his job as a *Herald* reporter on O'Kelly's recommendation.

During his stay with the Cubans, O'Kelly saw several skirmishes and found that the Insurgents were wasting ammunition. They were armed with Remington rifles and machetes and always fought at close quarters. Arms of precision were of little use in such fighting. He pointed out this to the leaders and recommended them to use muskets or fowling pieces loaded with slugs, which would put the Spanish soldiers *hors de combat*, and that was as good as killing them for the moment. They adopted his advice and the change proved to be beneficial. They put more Spaniards out of action, firing from cover, and won more fights than the costly Remingtons had enabled them to do. O'Kelly was a born soldier and very practical.

The Rebels conveyed for O'Kelly brief notes to Millen in Havana, and he sent them to the papers as his own, changing the wording a little and got credit for them. I don't remember how long O'Kelly remained within the Rebel lines, but when he was coming out he was caught, tried by courtmartial and sentenced to be shot. This made a great sensation, but as he had not been long enough in America to become a citizen, the Spaniards paid no heed to the protests from Washington. He was still a British subject and the English Anti-Slavery Society did some effective work by pressure on the Government in his behalf. This secured a stay in the execution and gave Emilio Castelar, then President of the short-lived Spanish Republic, time to order Ceballos to send him to Spain as a prisoner. This saved his life. Castelar was a great friend of Ireland and would have given a large measure of Autonomy to Cuba if he dared. He intended to save O'Kelly, but he had to keep up appearances, for the army was all-powerful in Spain and would have resented O'Kelly's liberation, so he was sent to the fortress of Santander and confined there for several weeks.

General Sickles was then American Minister to Spain and secured O'Kelly's release in his custody and on his parole. I got several letters from O'Kelly from Santander and some after his release. Pi y Margal, who had written a book on Ireland and was a strong sympathizer with Ireland's aspirations for Freedom, was Minister of the Interior in the Republican Cabinet and sent word by a private messenger to O'Kelly to surrender his parole and go to Gibraltar at once, as General Lopez-Dominguez, the Captain-General of Madrid, would overthrow the Republic next day and would certainly have him shot if he remained in Spain.

O'Kelly, without telling General Sickles of the reason, informed him of his intention to surrender his parole and asked him to accompany him to the Ministry of the Interior and he did so, protesting the while against O'Kelly's folly as he stumped beside him on his wooden leg over the short distance. He assured him that he was certain of securing his release in a short time if he only left the case in his hands and O'Kelly could not tell him of the confidential information he had received from Pi y Margal. When O'Kelly surrendered his parole the Minister said, "All right, senor; kindly leave your address with me and you will hear from me later."

O'Kelly had his valise packed and took the next train for Gibraltar. On his arrival there next day he picked up a paper and read the report of the overthrow of the Republic by Lopez-Dominguez, who had the whole garrison at his back. He remained at Gibraltar for several days waiting for a steamer to take him to England, and put his leisure time to good use.

He found the two regiments of the garrison had many men who had taken the Fenian oath and were still true to it. He inspected the fortress and decided that it could be easily taken by surprise from the land side. There was a short flight of stairs, hewn out of the rock, which was used by smugglers, with a very small guard house at the top, providing only for a corporal's guard, and there was only one sentry on duty at a time. The soldiers were bribed by the smugglers and let everyone in and out without question. Only one man could use the steps at a time, and O'Kelly made up his mind that a handful of men speaking English could easily make their way up unsuspected, overpower the guard and cover the entry of a large body if the Spanish Government would permit their secret concentration.

As mentioned elsewhere, O'Kelly met Dr. William Carroll in 1877. He told Carroll of his experience in Gibraltar and suggested that they call on Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish

Premier and Leader of the Conservative Party, and lay before him a plan which O'Kelly had thought out for the capture of the fortress by a body of Irishmen selected from the I. R. B. and some ex-soldiers of the United States Army to be supplied by the Clan-na-Gael, the latter to include artillery men. Of course, the plan could only be carried out with the connivance of the Spanish Government, which should have a body of troops ready to occupy the fortress after the Irishmen had captured it by a night attack.

Dr. Carroll and O'Kelly went to Madrid, obtained an audience with the Premier and laid the plan before him. O'Kelly knew enough Spanish (supplemented by some French, which Canovas understood fairly well) to make himself understood and explained his plans in detail. Dr. Carroll, who had been a Surgeon-Major in the Union Army in the Civil War, was a fine, handsome man of imposing appearance, and made a very good impression on the Spanish Premier.

Canovas thanked the two Irishmen cordially for their offer, and in regard to O'Kelly's proposal said in substance:

"There is nothing dearer to the heart of every Spaniard than the recovery of Gibraltar, but its capture would be useless to us, for the British fleet could destroy our sea coast cities and compel us to surrender it. It could only be restored to Spain in the event of England's defeat in a great war."

From the post of Dramatic Critic and Art Editor of the *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett sent O'Kelly to Brazil to accompany the Emperor, Dom Pedro (who afterwards abdicated) on his projected visit to the United States. Dom Pedro, who was a big-hearted, generous man, made him and his wife, a sister of Joseph I. C. Clarke, his guests during their stay; and he came to New York on the same steamer. He managed the Emperor's tour of the United States from first to last and saved him from much trouble and annoyance, especially from reporters seeking interviews. The feelings of the disappointed newspapermen may be judged from an incident in San Francisco. The reporters boarded the train at Vallejo or Sacramento, but O'Kelly refused to let them have a word with the Emperor. The *Chronicle* man (an Irish-American) got square by inserting in the paper next day as his only report, the following "personal":

"Mr. James J. O'Kelly of the New York *Herald* arrived in San Francisco yesterday, accompanied by the Emperor of Brazil."

When Dom Pedro returned to Brazil, O'Kelly resumed work on the *Herald* but soon made up his mind to return to London, in

1880. Before starting he offered to re-establish the Arms Bureau there, for connection with which Michael Davitt and an Englishman named Wilson had been sentenced to penal servitude, and the offer was accepted by the Executive of the Clan-na-Gael, subject to the approval of the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. Assuming that the plan would be accepted, as O'Kelly had managed the bureau with great success up to Davitt's conviction, he was given \$10,000 out of the National (or Skirmishing) Fund to start the work, but, owing to the opposition of John O'Leary, who disliked O'Kelly on account of his support of John O'Connor Power, the Supreme Council refused to accept O'Kelly and he returned the money without deducting a penny for his expenses.

O'Kelly's attempt to effect an understanding with Parnell in 1877, need not be repeated here. Had it succeeded, the co-operation of the I. R. B. with Parnell would have been effected then, and the "New Departure" of 1879 would have been unnecessary. Such co-operation was in the minds of many old Fenians before I started the move.

O'Kelly had a great stroke of luck on the voyage to England in 1880. The *Arizona* of the Williams and Guion Line, on which he was a passenger, struck a half-sunken iceberg a few days out from New York. Her prow was shaved off, but she was saved by the forward bulkhead remaining intact and she was able to steam into Halifax for repairs. O'Kelly wired the story of the vessel's narrow escape from destruction to the *Herald*, and as it was a "scoop" he received a handsome remuneration from the paper, which much more than paid his expenses over. In a few weeks after his arrival in Liverpool, Parliament was dissolved and he ran for North Roscommon against The O'Connor Don and won in the most spectacular election contest of that year. The result of the election paved the way for Parnell's leadership, and O'Kelly remained as Member for North Roscommon until his death.

It was generally believed that he was Parnell's chief adviser during his Parliamentary career. Be that as it may, he was very close to Parnell and in his confidence. From the very beginning he believed that Parnell was the best man for Leader and he stood by him to the last. During the bitter fight in Committee Room 15 he made a strong defense of the Chief and characterized as folly the surrender of the majority to English dictation. At the request of the old Fenians in Chicago, where I was at the time, I sent him a cable saying that if Parnell yielded to English clamor it would break the movement in America and do irreparable harm to the Irish Cause. My prophecy was fulfilled, the American Land League went to pieces, and it was only

when William O'Brien founded the United Irish League that a new organization was established here.

When the Split came after the fight in Committee Room XV, Parnell sent O'Kelly to America at the head of a delegation consisting of William Redmond, "Long John" O'Connor and young Harrison (a grandnephew of Henry Joy McCracken) to plead his cause and cabled me to meet them in New York and advise them. I did so and told O'Kelly the Land League was broken and that some new organization was necessary. He said that was too big a job and that they would have to do the best they could with the material at hand. I told him it was rotten and he would fail. He had no knowledge of Irish organizations in America and did not realize the power and evil influence exercised by Alexander Sullivan, so he persisted and was deceived, humbugged and cheated, and the delegation, after wasting several weeks in America in fruitless negotiations with men who never intended to help them, returned disheartened to Ireland. The only money they received was about \$3,500, the proceeds of a meeting in New York.

I gave a full account of their experience in America in a series of articles in the *Gaelic American*, but it is too long for insertion here.

During England's war with the Mahdi, the London *Daily News* sent O'Kelly to Egypt as correspondent, and he managed to get into communication with the Rebel Chief through the Egyptian Nationalist leaders. Knowing the military situation he made up his mind that 20,000 rifles in the hands of the Mahdi's men would enable them to turn the tide of battle and he wrote me, through John Boyle O'Reilly, asking that the Clan-na-Gael supply them. He said he would send a cipher cable from Suakim when his plans were completed. As the "Triangle" was in power at the time—it was some time between 1881 and 1884—all I could do was to send his letter and cablegram to Alexander Sullivan, who was then Chairman of the Executive, and practically dictator, advising that the proposition be complied with. I knew there was sufficient money in the Treasury, as all the funds of the Clubs had been sent in and a Special Call had realized \$87,000 more.

Sullivan acknowledged receipt of my letter, but did not say what he would do. I did not mind this, as I thought it was only necessary reticence, but nothing whatever was done and a fine opportunity of striking a blow at England was missed. Instead, a lot of money was wasted on a more or less futile dynamite campaign of terrorism and the greater part of the funds was lost by Sullivan in gambling on the Chicago Board of Trade.

In 1888, Parnell sent O'Kelly to ask me to postpone the trial of the charges which Luke Dillon and I had brought against the Triangle (Sullivan, Boland and Feely) until after the trial before the Parnell Commission had ended, lest the evidence might prejudice the defense. Patrick Egan had written to Parnell telling him that my object in making the charges was "to get down in black and white, evidence that would help the *Times*". I handed to O'Kelly a printed copy of the charges, which did not contain a word about the £20,000 which Egan had given to Sullivan in Paris, but were concerned only with Clan-na-Gael funds. O'Kelly assured me that Parnell did not believe Egan's statement, but was afraid that something about this transaction might get into the evidence and be used against him by the *Times*. I have been subject to this kind of throat-cutting for nearly half a century, and always at the hands of men who were themselves dishonest.

During the World War, O'Kelly's old sympathy with France and his bad treatment by a Supreme Council that had gone out of existence, put him on the side of the Allies and made him blind to the fact that England's enemy was necessarily Ireland's friend, and he died during the war espousing England's cause. It was a sad ending to all his splendid work for Ireland. I had been out of touch with my boyhood friend for many years. The last I heard of him was in a published communication between himself and the renegade "Long John" O'Connor replete with fulsome eulogy of the gallantry of the English at Ypres which utterly disgusted me. O'Kelly and I had never before been on opposite sides.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

COLONEL RICARD O'SULLIVAN BURKE.

RECORD IN THE CIVIL WAR, SERVICES TO FENIANISM, AND CONDUCT IN PRISON, PROVED HIM A REMARKABLE MAN—SUCCESS OF THE RESCUE AT MANCHESTER UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE CROWNING INCIDENT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

COLONEL RICARD O'SULLIVAN BURKE was by long odds the most remarkable man the Fenian movement produced, and also one of the ablest. The story of his life is in large part the history of Fenianism and reads more like romance than a record of actual facts.

He was the youngest son of Denis and Margaret Burke, and was born at Keneagh, near Dunmanway, County Cork, on January 24, 1838. His father was a civil engineer.

When a boy he was tutored at the local National School, the master of which was a Carlow man named Murphy, who later became master of the Model School in School Street, Dublin, which I attended for several years. Murphy was a dyed-in-the-wool West Briton, and after his two former pupils had been sent to prison for Fenianism he expressed bitter regret at his misfortune in having put two such rebels through his hands.

Young Burke from early boyhood showed military tastes and when the Crimean War broke out, in 1853, although he was only fifteen years of age, he and a number of other boys attempted to join the British army to get to the war. English propaganda at that time made a feature of Russian tyranny in Poland and for a time it was very effective in Ireland. Many young fellows enlisted in the hope that they would have a hand in freeing the Poles. The fact that the French were fighting side by side with the English also had some influence in Ireland, but Poland was not freed, nor was her name even mentioned in the terms of peace. Although he was a tall, well developed boy, his youth prevented his being accepted as a recruit. But he was determined to be a soldier, so he joined the Cork militia, where they did not raise the age question.

When the militia regiment was disbanded at the close of the war, in 1856, he was ashamed to go home, on account of the disgrace attending service in the militia, which was mainly composed of corner boys, tinkers, and other wastrels, so he went to

sea. Before long his superior intelligence won him promotion and he became supercargo of a sailing vessel. He "followed the sea" for several years and travelled practically around the world. He visited nearly all the Mediterranean ports, went to Japan, Peru, Chili, Argentina, Mexico, and the United States. He spent about a year in Paris, where he picked up a fair knowledge of French. He also studied art in Paris.

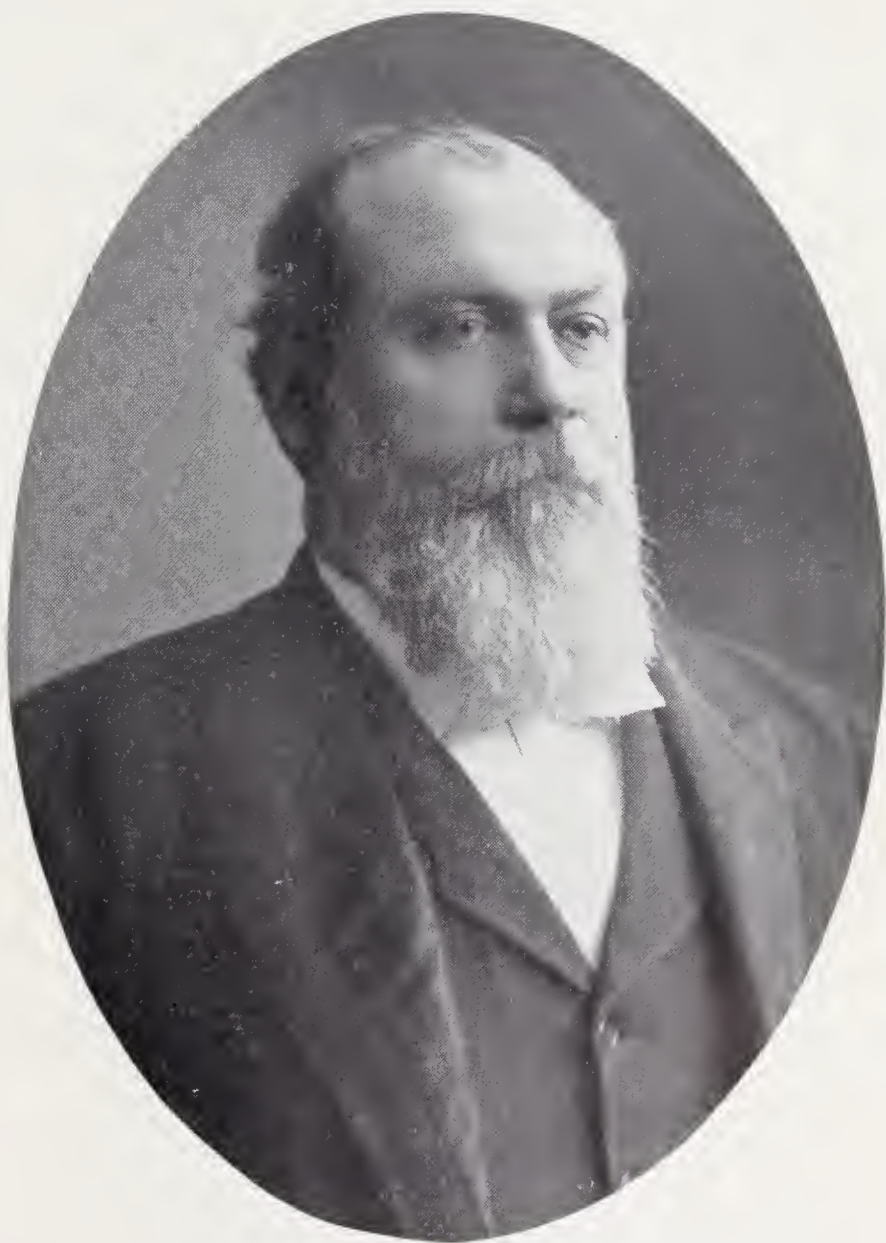
He reached New York for the second time a little before the outbreak of the Civil War and at once made up his mind to enlist in the Federal Army. His sympathies were strongly with the cause of the Union and he was opposed to human slavery. This threw him naturally into the Republican Party and he remained in it to the end, although he was never a politician. He enlisted in the Fifteenth New York Light Infantry, under Colonel John McLeod Murphy.

Burke, who was then twenty-three, was appointed color-bearer of the Fifteenth just before the Battle of Bull Run, in which he took an active part. After Bull Run the regiment was sent back to Washington to undergo training as an engineer unit. On account of his inherited talent and some experience with his father, Burke made rapid progress in the Engineering School and became very proficient.

Early in 1862 he took part in the siege of Yorktown. He also fought at the Battle of Gloucester, and participated in the fierce fighting of the Seven Day Battle, from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, and at the Battle of Franklin's Crossing.

In 1863 he was appointed a First Lieutenant. He was a hard worker and most ardent student, and in the intervals between battles devoted much time to the study of the science of war. In 1864 he served through the Battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Bathesto Church, and many others. In the same year he was assigned to the staff of the Chief Engineer at General Grant's Headquarters at City Point. A little later the siege of Petersburg took place and he was in charge of fifteen miles of earthworks in front of the city. The Confederates were forced to evacuate the city and this led to the fall of Richmond and later to the surrender of Lee at Appomatox.

In May, 1865, he was made a Captain, in order to take command of the company assigned him at Burke's Station, Va. The rank of Colonel by brevet was conferred on him just before he was mustered out of the service at Fort Barry, Va., on June 13, 1865. He had gone through the whole war, from Bull Run to Appomatox, without a scratch, but on the day of the mustering out the men of his company went on a joyous drunk and were



COLONEL RICARD O'S. BURKE

firing off their rifles indiscriminately, when a bullet grazed his hand, inflicting a slight wound.

He joined the Fenian Brotherhood in New York before his regiment left for Washington, and helped to organize it in the Army of the Potomac at the front. The Federal Generals were in sympathy with this work and the Government threw no obstacles in its way. The organization in the army was grouped in separate units and Burke was at the head of one of them.

After having been mustered out Colonel Burke went to New York and reported to John O'Mahony, then Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, for service in Ireland whenever called upon, and, while waiting for orders, secured work as bookkeeper in a publishing house. In a few months the orders came and he proceeded to Dublin, where he reported to Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, then acting as Chief of Staff for James Stephens, the Chief Executive of the I. R. B. Kelly recommended him to Stephens as the best man to act as agent of the organization in England for the purchase of arms. He proceeded to England at once and made contracts in a very skillful way for the delivery of arms, but lack of money, caused by the American Split, prevented the filling of most of the contracts. The various consignments actually delivered amounted in all to 2,000 Enfield rifles and they were stored safely in Liverpool.

Matters being almost stagnant in Ireland in 1866, awaiting news from Stephens in America, Burke returned to New York in the Summer of that year, and was one of those who attended the Conference in the Fall, at which it was decided to return to Ireland and fight early in 1867.

During the whole Winter American officers and refugees of the I. R. B. kept going in small groups to Ireland, but the number was by no means as large as in 1865. The plans for the Rising were made hastily at meetings of small groups and then submitted to a meeting of Irish Centres in Dublin, which was very representative, but could not be called a Convention of the I. R. B. The gathering was called mainly to give instructions to the men, rather than to formulate plans, which were made chiefly by General Halpin, Colonel Kelly and Colonel Burke.

Colonel Burke's assignment to take charge of Waterford in the Rising, the boarding by him of the *Erin's Hope* off the Irish Coast, his participation in the I. R. B. Convention at Manchester in the late summer of 1867, the successful carrying out of his plans for the "Manchester Rescue", and his arrest and detention at Clerkenwell Prison, have already been dealt with.

Ric Burke was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude on the charge of purchasing arms for the Fenians in England. There was no evidence to show any connection with the Clerkenwell explosion, but the Government's belief that he had planned it, influenced their whole treatment of him thereafter. He was in Chatham Prison in 1869, when the prison doctor made an attempt to kill him by poison, but he discovered it in time, foiled it by pretending insanity which compelled the Government to remove him to the Invalid Prison at Woking and later to Broadmoor Convict Lunatic Asylum. His fellow-prisoners in Chatham at the time were O'Donovan Rossa, General William G. Halpin, Charles Underwood O'Connell, Captain John McClure, Harry S. Mulleda and myself. John Warren and Augustine E. Costello had been released a few months previously.

Burke soon realized the symptoms caused by the medicine the doctor had given him, emptied his stomach one day and got the prison chaplain, Father O'Sullivan (a cousin of Alexander M. and T. D. Sullivan) to take the contents outside and have it analyzed by a chemist, without letting him know where the stuff came from. The chemist's analysis showed conclusively the presence of a small dose of poison, and Father O'Sullivan so reported to Burke. It was evidently the intention to do the job by slow degrees. Burke at once began his efforts to foil the attempt by shamming insanity, even keeping up the pretence with his Fenian comrades, fearing lest an indiscreet word might spoil his scheme. Most of them thought at the time that his belief that he was being poisoned was an evidence of actual insanity, but they were all fully convinced of the facts later on, when after his release he was able to explain everything.

He presented a pitiable spectacle at that time. His once stalwart form became shrunk, the skin of his face was yellow and full of freckles, and his legs below the knees, which were exposed by the knickerbocker trousers, were reduced to merely skin and bone. He was taken away from the others while at exercise in the prison yard, and the look on his face was inexpressibly sad. It was as much as to say: "Good bye for ever, boys." Up to then he had been the life of the party, which worked at darning stockings in the same room and were allowed to talk all day. He was always the most cheerful and optimistic of the lot, and constantly regaled them with humorous stories.

He went through a terrible ordeal at Woking and Broadmoor, and was little more than a skeleton when finally released in 1872. After his release he went to the home of one of his brothers at Coachford, County Cork, where he spent practically his whole

time in the open air, fishing and fowling, until his health was completely restored.

The animus of the prison officials against Burke is clearly revealed in the evidence given by Dr. Burns before the Royal Commission which inquired into the treatment of the Fenian prisoners, the report of which is printed in a Blue Book. The Commission consisted of the Earl of Devon, Chairman; a Mr. Broderick, who was then a leader writer on the *Times* and was later Secretary of State for War; Dr. Greenhow, an eminent London physician, and Dr. Lyons of Cork, an Irish Whig, but who was good-natured and fair. The Commission sat in Chatham, Portland and Woking, where the Fenians were incarcerated at that time (in 1869), and Dr. Burns repeated his testimony in substance several times. He said on each occasion that "Burke was the cleverest of all the Fenians, but his cleverness was that of a devil". He varied it a little sometimes by using the word "devilish" or "demoniac".

Burns was a handsome little Scotchman who had been a surgeon in the navy. His face had a nice expression, but he was cold-blooded and heartless, and treated every sick Fenian as if he was "malingering", except in the case of myself, and I never asked him for anything but a dose of castor oil.

Burke returned to America in 1874 and spent most of his time for a while lecturing in the Eastern States. Subsequently, he was appointed a clerk in the War Department, Adjutant-General Drum being an old friend of his. He joined the Clan-na-Gael in Washington and remained a member until his death. He was one of the Reception Committee which welcomed Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon in Washington when they came to America in 1880 to collect money to relieve the distress in Ireland and to finance the Land League, and he was one of those who secured the hearing for Parnell before the House of Representatives.

For several years his activities were confined to the Clan-na-Gael and he was a delegate to several Conventions of the organization. He "took the stump" for Garfield in 1880 and made an extensive tour of the country for James G. Blaine in 1884. It was during the Garfield campaign that he met his wife in Fort Wayne, Ind., eloped with her and married her in Washington. He was then over forty-five and she only twenty.

About this time he left Washington and went to Mexico to build railroads. As engineer in the employ of the Mexican National Construction Company, he built the railroad from Laredo, via Monterey, to Mexico City. Returning to the United

States he lectured for a while in Colorado, and was then appointed Assistant City Engineer in Omaha, Neb. Leaving Omaha he went to Chicago in 1884.

The father of Richard Croker (the famous Tammany leader), a County Cork blacksmith, was veterinary sergeant in Burke's company, and had some knowledge of his people in Ireland. He was a very liberal Irish Protestant, a relative of the famous Crofton Croker, and, while not a Fenian, was in sympathy with the movement. Some time after Burke had moved to Chicago he happened to meet the younger Croker who in the course of conversation asked him what he was doing. Burke answered that he was Map Clerk in the County Clerk's office in Chicago, and Croker said: "Don't waste your time in a petty job like that. Come to New York and I'll give you a position worthy of your talents. New York is going to be the greatest city in the world and for many years there will be great construction work requiring able engineers. I'm sure from what my father told me of your ability that you'll make good, so you'll be fixed for life." Ric thanked him cordially, but declined the offer. Croker was noted for standing by old personal and family friends, but Burke was also staunchly loyal to his. And, as Michael Ryan, County Clerk of Cook County, Illinois, had sent for him to Omaha and had given him congenial employment, he made up his mind to stay where he was.

In Chicago, Burke became Assistant City Engineer and was responsible for much of the construction work on the Drainage Canal which takes the sewage of that city to the Mississippi. He was next appointed Assistant Harbor Engineer, and held that position when stricken with his last illness.

His wonderful vitality was shown by the fact that he lived for five and a half years after getting a stroke of paralysis. He had to lie in bed all of that time, helpless, though he could move one arm and foot a little, and his mind was clear to the end. His wife nursed him all the time, with the help of her daughter, Nellie, but it was a severe ordeal for her and she was near collapse when the end came on May 11, 1922. There was a touching scene as the coffin, bearing the mortal remains of Colonel Burke, draped with the two flags for which he had fought—the Stars and Stripes and the Green, White and Orange Tricolor of Ireland—was borne to the hearse from his home. He was buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Chicago.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THOMAS FRANCIS BOURKE.

ONE OF THE FINEST CHARACTERS IN THE MOVEMENT—COMMANDED THE FENIANS IN TIPPERARY IN 1867—HIS SPEECH FROM THE DOCK COMPARED WITH THAT OF ROBERT EMMET.

THOMAS FRANCIS BOURKE was one of the finest characters in the Fenian Movement at either side of the Atlantic. Of a most lovable disposition, generous and good natured, he had no enemies. Although he could fight for his opinions when necessary, his manner, even in the hottest debate, was conciliatory and he was essentially a peacemaker and promoter of harmony.

Born in Fethard, County Tipperary ("the city of Fethard", he always jokingly called it, because it was a walled town) on December 10, 1840, the family moved to America when he was a child, and he was brought up partly in New York, partly in Boston and partly in Toronto, Ont., but his accent remained Irish up to his death—not a Tipperary accent, but a distinctly Irish one. That is an index of character, but in his case it was mainly due to his father, who always corrected his children when they mispronounced a word or gave it a Yankee "twang".

His father was a housepainter, and all his sons, except one, Edward, the youngest, who became a public school teacher in New York, were brought up to the same trade. The father joined the Fenian Brotherhood in America soon after its formation, and his three sons, James, Thomas F. and Edward, all followed his example. Thomas was working in the South when the Civil War broke out in 1861, and, like most men at that time, Americans as well as Irishmen, took sides with the State of which he was a citizen. The doctrine of States Rights was then predominant in America and only a few native Americans and Irishmen who found themselves in the South moved North to join the Union Army. Nobody at that time on either side believed the war would last long and the same belief prevailed in Europe, because such a large proportion of the officers of the Regular Army joined the Confederacy. The great majority of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Regular Army were Irishmen, but every man of them remained true to the Union and some of them endured much hardship in making their way North to take their place in the ranks, the sergeants rejecting tempting offers of promotion.

Tom Bourke was working in New Orleans when Fort Sumter was fired on and, although lame from a hurt received in a fall from a scaffolding, joined the Confederate Army there. Bourke was only a little over twenty and, as he admitted later, was not capable of doing much thinking, else he would not have taken that step.

In later years, I met an old Irishman (a member of the Clann-na-Gael) in New Orleans who told me he voted against Secession and gave me his reasons:

"Do you see that flag?" he said, pointing to the Union Jack flying from the mast of an English steamer. "Well, that flag would be floating from the masthead of every ship in every Southern port if the Confederacy won, and I saw it as clearly then as I see it now. We have no industries down here and the whole trade of the South would be controlled by England. That was why the English wanted Secession."

Although Bourke could do no marching he took part in the fighting around New Orleans when Banks and Butler landed some Northern forces there, but did not see much service. But he "smelt powder" and conducted himself with the proverbial gallantry of his race and country.

At the close of the war he returned to the North and went to live with his family in New York. He became a member of the Wolfe Tone Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood (then the largest branch of the organization in the city) in June, 1865, and at once became very active in the work, which was then at its height. He was one of the three best orators in the movement, the other two being William J. Hynes (who later became one of the leading lawyers in Chicago) and John F. Finerty. Bourke was much in demand as a speaker, and John O'Mahony soon appointed him an organizer.

When the Split came Hynes and Finerty went with the Senate Party (then called "the Party of Action", because it was for "fighting England in Canada, the nearest spot where she could be got at"), but Bourke stood by O'Mahony, whose policy, though ill managed, was to make the fight in Ireland. Bourke contended that every dollar collected was subscribed for a fight in Ireland and that diverting the funds anywhere else was a breach of faith with the Men at Home. That was also the contention in Ireland, and the difference of opinion was fatal. The original cause of the quarrel was O'Mahony's management of the organization, but the divergence of policy soon made the Split unhealable.

While the contest was bitter, the Fenian Split was almost entirely free from the abuse and accusations of treachery and

dishonesty which have characterized subsequent divisions in Irish organizations. Even the "Manhattan Committee", which, after an investigation of the funds, denounced the expenditures as grossly extravagant, made no charges of personal dishonesty. Nowadays every man who dares to differ from a self-constituted leader is denounced as a "traitor to Ireland", his character is smirched and he is held up to public odium and contempt.

It was the English who started the cry of "robbing the poor servant girls", which was picked up later by Irish opponents of Fenianism and was kept up for more than a generation. The Irish servant girls contributed a fairly good portion of the Fenian funds, as they did of every other Irish fund, but their contributions to their families in Ireland to enable them to pay the rackrents imposed by the Anglo-Irish landlords, were many times greater than what they gave to Fenianism. The talk about "robbing the poor servant girls" came mostly from those who were robbing their families in Ireland of the hard earned savings sent from America. The Irish servant girls also subscribed heavily for the building of Catholic churches in Ireland. Tom Bourke's biting sarcasm on this subject was very eloquent and interesting.

But Bourke's speeches were all eloquent and interesting. He was one of the most eloquent speakers I ever listened to. His choice of words was excellent and he could speak without the slightest preparation because his mind was full of the subject. He never prepared a speech and yet his arguments were as finished as if he had spent much time in studying what he should say.

He was very effective in debate, quoting the statements made by the other side with great accuracy without taking any notes, and demolishing them. Had he become a lawyer as Hynes, Patrick A. Collins, John E. Fitzgerald and other Fenian organizers did, he would have become most effective before a jury. But he was in prison in England while they were studying law. When told he ought to study law after his arrival in New York, he replied that it was too late, although he was then only thirty-one. He had no personal ambition and declined to take office in any organization, although his popularity would have secured his election.

A typical instance of this was in the Clan-na-Gael Convention in Baltimore in 1874, where the Rescue of the Fenian soldiers in Australia was decided on. There was a hard fight before the decision was reached and the opposition was led by a big Tipperary man named Tim Hanley, who had been a Colonel of Cavalry in the Federal Army in the Civil War and had served in the

English Army in the Crimea. I had gone there with the plan for the Rescue in my head and the letters from the soldiers in my pocket, but with no thought of seeking office. When the election of officers came Bourke stepped across the floor and said to me: "John, you have got to take the Chairmanship to see this thing through. The other fellows are going to run Finerty and he is not fit for a job like this. We want a man with executive ability to manage it, and you are the man for the job."

I told him I didn't want it, that he himself was the man for Chairman, and that I would attend to the details under the direction of the Executive. He replied that he would take no office, but would nominate me. He did so in a short speech, citing my work with the British Army and my personal knowledge of the men as qualifications. I was elected by a big majority. But Finerty was not there and did not know they were setting him up for the office.

John Savage in his "Fenian Heroes and Martyrs" quotes a statement from Thomas Francis Bourke before he went to Ireland for the Rising, in which he admitted that there was no hope of success, but that those who had been promising a fight in Ireland were bound in honor to carry out their pledges. Savage does not say where the statement was made, but the implication is that it was in a public speech, which was very improbable. But I know that this was the frame of mind he was in, as was also true of nearly every man who went to Ireland for the fight and of most of those in Ireland who decided on it.

He started for Ireland towards the end of 1866 and soon attracted the attention of the police. He was arrested, but his debilitated appearance seemed to confirm his statement that he had gone over for his health, and after a few days he was released, so that he was able to get into communication with the leaders and make himself known to the men in Tipperary, who were very glad to learn that their Commander was to be a "Tip."

He was made prisoner in the Rising and placed on trial in Green Street Courthouse in Dublin. Bourke's eloquent speech in the dock attracted universal attention and Lord Naas (then Chief Secretary for Ireland), who was assassinated in India some years later when he succeeded his father as Earl of Mayo, visited him in his cell to ask him how he came to spell his name Bourke. That is the way the Earls of Mayo spelled their family name while the other Fenians who bore the name—Colonel Ricard O'Sullivan Burke and Colonel Denis F.—spelled it Burke, which is the usual way in Ireland. Tom told Lord Naas that his family had spelled it that way for generations. He could joke even at the foot of the

gallows and said banteringly to the Chief Secretary: "We may be thirty-first cousins, my lord, but the relationship is no closer than that."

Every man of the name in Ireland, no matter how he spells it, is, of course, a descendant of the original Norman-French De Burgo. The De Burgos settled in Connacht and became two separate Irish Clans, the Clanricardes calling themselves MacWilliam Uachter (Upper), and the Mayos, Mac William Iochtar (Lower). Sometimes they fought for Ireland, and Thomas Davis emphasizes the fact in his "West's Asleep" in the lines:

"And glory guards Clanricarde's grave.
Sing, oh, they died their land to save
By Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave."

Although the title is a Connacht one, the chief property of the Earls of Mayo is in Kildare, and the family mansion is at Palmers-town, two miles on the Dublin side of Naas, from which the eldest son takes his title. I was born on the estate, like my mother and several generations of her family, although the Dunnes, like the Devos (or O'Deevys) were originally from Leix.

The Lord Mayo of my childhood was a granduncle of the Chief Secretary who visited Tom Bourke, but his wife, an English druggist's daughter, bore him no children, and the heir to the title and estates was a nephew, and father of the Lord Naas who called on the man under sentence of death in his cell.

His granduncle (who talked with a snuffle, owing to a defect of the palate) was a most kindly man and, although an officer of yeomanry, saved several lives, in 1798, including John Dunne, a granduncle of mine, who had just got home after the Battle of Rathsallagh, and was already asleep in bed in the house in which I was born. His wife had barely time to put his dirty clothes and leggings, muddy and stained with blood, into a box (there were no trunks in those days) and go out to feed the cows, with his bloodstained shoes on her own feet, when the Yeomen came in, with young Bourke (who had no title then) at their head. He snuffled out, with evident pleasure: "Ah, didn't I tell you that Johnny Dunne was all right?" There was some argument about hanging Dunne on his own dunghill, which was the custom in such cases, but the future Lord Mayo eventually had his way. Yet the night before, the man he saved was in the bloodiest fight in Kildare in the whole Rebellion, where the Rebels ambushed and wiped out a troop of the Black Horse Cavalry who had been burning houses and outraging women on their march to Naas from Maynooth. Also, Mayo threatened to commit suicide if they hanged Tyrell, a former sergeant of the Volunteers, who was his

constant companion in his fowling expeditions, and Tyrell was spared.

There were several cases like that in 'Ninety-eight. Robert Johnson of Belfast, who was from Ballymena, told me in 1879 that the grandfather of Sir George White, who commanded the English at Ladysmith in the Boer War, saved the lives of many United Irishmen in Antrim after the Rebellion.

Thomas Francis Bourke's trial began on April 24 and ended May 1st, 1867. His counsel were Isaac Butt, Dowse and O'Loughlen.

His speech before sentence was pronounced on him, said to compare favorably with that of Robert Emmet, was as follows:

"My Lords:—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering the question—what I have to say why sentence should not be passed upon me? But I may with your permission review a little of the evidence that has been brought against me. The first evidence that I would speak of is that of Sub-Inspector Kelly, who had a conversation with me in Clonmel. He states that he asked me either how was my friend, or what about my friend, Mr. Stephens, and that I made answer and said, that he was the most idolized man that ever had been, or that ever would be in America. Here, standing on the brink of my grave, and in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, I brand that as being the foulest perjury that ever man gave utterance to. In any conversation that occurred, the name of Stephens was not mentioned. I shall pass from that, and then touch on the evidence of Brett. He states that I assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in the fort, and that I stood with him in the wagon or cart. This is also false. I was not in the fort at the time; I was not there when the bread was distributed. I came in afterwards. Both of these assertions have been made and submitted to the men in whose hands my life rested, as evidence made on oath by these men—made solely and purely for the purpose of giving my body to an untimely grave. There are many points, my lords, that have been sworn to here to prove my complicity in a great many acts it has been alleged I took part in. It is not my desire now, my lords, to give utterance to one word against the verdict which has been pronounced upon me. But fully conscious of my honor as a man, which has never been impugned, fully conscious that I can go into my grave with a name and character unsullied, I can only say that these parties, actuated by a desire, either of their aggrandizement, or to save their paltry, miserable lives, have pandered to the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice, and my life shall pay the forfeit. Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that I would not do again, nothing for which I should feel the blush of shame mantling my brow; my conduct and career, both here as a private citizen, and in America—if you like—as a soldier, are before you; and even in this, my hour of trial, I feel the consciousness of having lived an honest man, and I will die proudly, believing that if I have given my life to give liberty and freedom

to the land of my birth, I have done only that which every Irishman and every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of liberty should do. I, my lords, shall scarcely—I feel I should not at all—mention the name of Massey. I feel I should not pollute my lips with the name of that traitor, whose illegitimacy has been proven here—a man whose name even is not known, and who I deny, point blank, ever wore the star of a colonel in the Confederate army. Him I shall let rest. I shall pass him, wishing him, in the words of the poet:—

“‘May the grass wither from his feet;
The woods deny him shelter; earth a home;
The dust a grave; the sun his light;
And Heaven its God.’

“Let Massey remember from this day forth that he carries with him, as my able and eloquent counsel, Mr. Dowse, has stated, a serpent that will gnaw at his conscience, will carry about him in his breast a living hell from which he can never be separated. I, my lords, have no desire for the name of a martyr; I seek not the death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion for the land of my birth shall be tested on the scaffold, I am willing there to die in defence of the right of men to free government—the right of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of thralldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom—an enemy to the power that holds my native land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often been admitted that the oppressed have a right to throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English statesmen, that I do not deem it necessary to advert to the fact in a British court of justice. Ireland’s children are not, never were, and never will be, willing or submissive slaves; and so long as England’s flag covers one inch of Irish soil, just so long will they believe it to be a divine right to conspire, imagine, and devise means to hurl it from power, and to erect in its stead the God-like structure of self-government. I shall now, my lords, before I go any further, perform one important duty to my learned, talented, and eloquent counsel. I offer them that which is poor enough, the thanks, the sincere and heartfelt thanks of an honest man. I offer them, too, in the name of America, the thanks of the Irish people. I know that I am here without a relative—without a friend—in fact 3,000 miles away from my family. But I know that I am not forgotten there. The great and generous Irish heart of America to-day feels for me—to-day sympathizes with and does not forget the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—aye, defiantly—proudly, conscious of no wrong—in defence of American principles—in defence of liberty. To Messrs. Butt, Dowse, O’Loughlen, and all the counsel for the prisoners, for some of whom I believe Mr. Curran will appear, and my very able solicitor, Mr. Lawless, I return individually and collectively, my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

“I shall now, my lords, as no doubt you will suggest to me, think of the propriety of turning my attention to the world beyond the grave. I shall now look only to that home where sorrows are at an end, where joy is eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may yet dawn on this poor, down-trodden country. It is my hope, it is my prayer, and the last words that I shall utter will be a prayer to God for forgiveness, and a prayer for poor old Ireland. Now, my

lords, in relation to the other man, Corydon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps before I go to Corydon, I should say much has been spoken on that table of Colonel Kelly, and of the meetings held at his lodgings in London. I desire to state, I never knew where Colonel Kelly's lodgings were. I never knew where he lived in London, till I heard the informer, Massey, announce it on the table. I never attended a meeting at Colonel Kelly's; and the hundred other statements that have been made about him, I now solemnly declare on my honor as a man—as a dying man, these statements have been totally unfounded and false from beginning to end. In relation to the small paper that was introduced here, and brought against me as evidence, as having been found on my person in connection with that oath, I desire to say that that paper was not found on my person. I knew no person whose name was on that paper. O'Beirne, of Dublin, or those other delegates you heard of, I never saw or met. That paper has been put in there for some purpose. I can swear positively it is not in my handwriting. I can also swear I never saw it; yet it is used as evidence against me. Is this justice? Is this right? Is it manly? I am willing if I have transgressed the laws to suffer the penalty, but I object to this system of trumping up a case to take away the life of a human being. True, I ask for no mercy. I feel that, with my present emaciated frame, and somewhat shattered constitution, it is better that my life should be brought to an end than that I should drag out a miserable existence in the prison dens of Portland. Thus it is, my lords, I accept the verdict. Of course my acceptance of it is unnecessary, but I am satisfied with it. And now I shall close. True, it is, there are many feelings that actuate me at this moment. In fact, these few disconnected remarks can give no idea of what I desire to state to the court. I have ties to bind me to life and society as strong as any man in this court can have, I have a family I love as much as any man in this court loves his family. But I can remember the blessing I received from an aged mother's lips as I left her the last time. She, speaking as the Spartan mother did, said—"Go, my boy, return either with your shield, or upon it." This reconciles me—this gives me heart. I submit to my doom; and I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I hope also, that inasmuch as He has for seven hundred years preserved Ireland, notwithstanding all the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a separate and distinct nationality, He will also assist her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her beauty and majesty, the sister of Columbia, the peer of any nation in the world."

Bourke wrote the following letter to the priest who had been his confessor at Clonmel:

"Kilmainham Gaol, 4th, Month of Mary.

"Dear Rev. Father:— * * *

"I am perfectly calm and resigned, with my thoughts firmly centred with hope in the goodness and mercy of that kind Redeemer, whose precious blood was shed for my salvation; as also in the mediation and intercession of His Blessed Mother, who is my Star of Hope and Consolation. I know, dear father, I need not ask you to be remembered in your prayers, for I feel that in your supplication to the Throne of Mercy I have not been forgotten. * * * I

have only one thought which causes me much sorrow, and that is that my good and loving mother will break down under the weight of her affliction, and, oh, God, I who loved her more than the life which animates the hand that writes, to be the cause of it. This thought unmans and prostrates me. I wrote to her at the beginning of my trial, and told her how I thought it would terminate, and spoke a long and last farewell. I have not written since; it would break my heart to attempt it; but I would ask you, as an especial favor, that you would write to her and tell her I am happy and reconciled to the will of God, Who has given me this opportunity of saving my immortal soul. I hope to hear from you before I leave this world.

"Good-bye, father, and that God may bless you in your ministry, is the prayer of an obedient child of the Church.

"THOMAS F. BOURKE."

As in the case of all the other men sentenced to death for their part in the Rising of 1867, Bourke's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life and he was released and deported in January, 1871. He arrived in New York with eight others on the Cunard steamship *Russia* about the middle of that month and joined the "Cuba Five", who had got here a week earlier, in Sweeney's Hotel. A little later there was a big parade in our honor and we were greeted by committees from every city in the East and from Chicago, who presented us with addresses of welcome and some of them with money to enable us to make a new start in life. Tammany Hall (then controlled by Boss Tweed, who was fighting for his political life) collected \$22,000 for us, but about half of it was spent on the parade, and Sweeney's hotel bill for the six weeks we were there was \$6,000. But we got the rest of it.

After spending a couple of days with his mother in Greenpoint, Bourke was our spokesman in replying to the addresses of welcome, and his little speeches were most happy. Among the delegations was a Colored one headed by a man who was later appointed Minister to Liberia (whose name I forget) and in his speech of welcome he used the phrase, "You and your co-patriarchs", but Bourke's complimentary reply made the Colored gentleman happy. We were invited to Washington (which then had a City Council) and were the guests of the city for a week. During our stay there President Grant expressed a wish to see us and he received us on the steps of the White House. Bourke was introduced to the President by the Chairman of the Reception Committee and the rest of us by Bourke. He was quite self-possessed and at his ease, while the President seemed a little embarrassed, but he really was not. As everybody knows, the great soldier was a man of few words, but his feeling towards us was shown in his telegram to Tom Murphy, then Collector of the Port of New York, instructing him to take the "Cuba Five"

off the vessel down the Bay and bring us ashore on the Revenue Cutter. But we did not believe the telegram was genuine and declined the invitation with thanks. We made a bad mistake, because the Revenue Cutter was a Government vessel and if she took us ashore it would have been a slap in the face to England. Grant was very partial to the Irish. He appointed Tom Murphy Collector of the Port; Pat Jones, Postmaster; and Jack Gleason, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of New York,—the best offices he had in his gift in New York.

As Bourke introduced each of us he made a little speech and as Grant shook hands with us he merely said: "Glad to see you." The motion of his arm was like a pump handle. But the fact that he received Fenian prisoners just deported from England was resented bitterly by the English press.

Tom Bourke made some fine speeches for Rossa in his campaign for State Senator against Tweed. In 1872 we ran Bourke for Sheriff, but he was beaten because the Machine resented his support of Rossa against the Boss. However, he was soon after appointed a Deputy Sheriff and later Clerk of Supply and Repairs in the Department of Public Works, an office he held until his death.

He remained active in the Clan-na-Gael all the time and attended two or three Conventions. He was a member of the Reception Committee for Parnell and John Dillon and was a favorite speaker at Land League meetings. Soon after our arrival in America, he and Thomas Clarke Luby went together on a lecturing tour which extended as far West as Nevada, and their meetings were very successful and did much to revive the Fenian Spirit.

I was away from New York and in financial straits when Bourke died on November 10, 1889, and did not know of his death until my return. He was buried in Calvary Cemetery, not far from where Michael Doheny lies. Ireland lost one of her finest sons by the death of Thomas Francis Bourke; no truer Irishman ever lived.

CHAPTER L.

THE O'DONOVAN BROTHERS.

SONS OF THE GREAT GAELIC SCHOLAR, SEVERAL OF THEM WERE ACTIVE FENIANS—EDMUND, FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT, HEADED A CIRCLE CONSISTING LARGELY OF TRINITY COLLEGE STUDENTS.

THE three elder sons of John O'Donovan, the great Gaelic scholar, were all sworn in by O'Donovan Rossa during his visits to their father's house and were all active members of the organization. The young O'Donovans were proficient linguists, but none of them knew Irish. The old man, Rossa told me, had thought of training one of them to become his successor, but did not live long enough to carry out his intention. John and Edmund knew Arabic, as well as Latin, Greek, French and Spanish, while a younger son, Richard, who still survives, also acquired a good knowledge of several languages, and was later employed for many years by a Liverpool Insurance Company as a translator and foreign correspondent. The eldest son, John, started the work in old Trinity, but Edmund, next to him in age, became the Centre and had between 80 and 100 students enrolled.

John immigrated to New York after the failure of the Rising of 1867, and was here when the Fenian exiles landed in 1871. I met him often in Rossa's office. He retained his friendship for the man who swore him in, to the last. He became Professor of Latin and Greek in La Salle Catholic College in St. Louis, and was accidentally drowned in the year 1873 (through getting cramps as a result of a spring which made the water cold) while swimming with a party of students in a small lake near the college. An old member of the Order, Brother Maurice, who witnessed the accident, still survives at St. Thomas R. C. School at Scranton, Pa.

None of the O'Donovan boys ever married except Richard, whom I met in Dublin in 1879. I had never known him in the old times, as he was then too young to take any active part in politics, but I knew John and Edmund very well and spent a night in their house, 36 Upper Buckingham Street, Dublin, in 1864. Edmund was a great authority on rifle shooting and had a fine collection of rifles in the library. He spent most of the night showing them to me and explaining their mechanism. He wrote a small descriptive handbook on the rifle, which Stephens got Con O'Mahony to circulate among the men. Stephens sent Edmund, John and William, with other emissaries, through the country

to teach the men to make Enfield rifle cartridges. A great stock of ammunition was made under their teaching, but there were very few rifles outside of Dublin and Clare. The Enfield was then the English Army rifle, and the same ammunition fitted the American Springfield.

Edmund started the organization in Clare by swearing in John Clune. O'Donovan, Sr., had married a Clarewoman of remote English descent whose brother had a farm there, where the boys sometimes spent their vacations. Eugene O'Curry, the other great Gaelic scholar, married her sister, and his son John was one of the earliest recruits for Edmund's Circle. John died in Argentina in 1911. The late Senor William Bulfin, a magnificent type of Irishman, the author of *Rambles in Eirinn*, editor of the *Southern Cross* in Buenos Aires, and the leading man of the Irish race in Argentina, told me that young O'Curry fell in with the English Colony there and in his latter days ceased to take any active interest in Irish politics. I knew John O'Curry very well in Dublin while we were both "on the run" in 1865. He was fairly brilliant, like his cousins, but impressed me as being unenergetic and partly apathetic. In later life, he suffered a good deal from neurasthenia.

Edmund O'Donovan was born in Dublin, September 13, 1844. He was educated at home by his father and by tutors until, in 1857, he became a pupil of Belvedere College, the Jesuit school in Great Denmark Street. His special aptitudes were for Natural Philosophy and Military Engineering. The latter study presumably he followed on his own account. He was interested in painting and heraldry. His father made use of him as an amanuensis. He assisted his father when the latter was engaged on the Brehon Laws. This work was carried on in Trinity College.

Sir Thomas Larcom, the Under-Secretary for Ireland, although an Englishman, was a warm personal friend of the elder O'Donovan, who when dying relied upon him to act as guardian of his sons, who were all very young at the time. Larcom was placed in a very embarrassing position by the frequent arrests of Edmund. He was first arrested on February 23, 1866, two days after the meeting in Mrs. Butler's house at which the fight was postponed, and Larcom procured his release after a few days in Mountjoy and tried to exact a promise from him that he would give up his connection with the movement, but this, of course, Edmund refused to do. When he was arrested a second time Larcom stormed a lot and vowed he would leave him to his fate, but relented and secured his release again. Edmund was arrested a third time, in Limerick, where he was tried and convicted for having arms in a proclaimed district, and spent

six months in the County Jail. After protesting that this time he would leave him to rot in prison, Larcom again relented and continued to use his influence in his favor. Larcom, in spite of the severity of his action against the Fenians, was really a kind hearted man and his friendship for John O'Donovan, Sr., was both strong and lasting.

After Edmund was brought into the exercise ring in Mountjoy on that February 23rd, we could only exchange glances. We never saw one another again. He was then in his twenty-second year. A little before that I had met him at a casual gathering and he was carrying about with him an unloaded Colt's revolver. General Halpin asked him what use it would be to him and he replied: "The average Dublin policeman has no wish to die for England and when he comes to arrest you and you point the revolver at him and say 'Begone' he will think twice before laying hands on you." That was his philosophy. As a matter of fact several Dublin policemen were Fenians and most of them sympathized with the movement. Michael Breslin, who knew nearly all of them through his position as Clerk in the Superintendent's office, told me that practically the whole Dublin police force would have joined us if we had gained an initial success.

Shortly after the failure of the '67 Rising, Edmund went to France. John Augustus O'Shea gives this picture of him in "Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent" (p. 78):

"Our Irish Colony (in Paris) was strengthened about this period (1867) by the arrival of a sprightly young fellow who has since annexed a niche in history, Edmund O'Donovan. He was an ardent partisan of what are known as extreme Irish national politics, and had it forced upon him that it was more convenient to live out of British territory than within it. To Paris he came, partly because his brother, William, was there before him, and partly for the facilities it afforded for self-education. A gay but purposeful stripling he was, well read, quick of perception and brimming with virility. What a springy step he had, and what a peculiarly earnest emphatic voice, as he delivered his views, on what he had seen, in language vivid and well chosen, broken by frequent short pauses.

"There was a wild glare in his eyes now and then, as he worked himself to animation, and he was ready of gesture as a Neapolitan. His marked attainments were not of the ordinary University character. He was not given to embroidering his discourse with quotations from the classics. I may almost venture to say that he cared more for Mangan and Davis than for Juvenal or Ovid; anyhow he was fond of singing 'Clare's Dragoons' and kindred lyrics, and the bent of his mind lay more towards the use of arms than the use of globes. In chemistry and military engineering he was an adept, and bought and borrowed all the treatises he could find on the subjects; he knew heraldry, medicine, could sketch, shoot, lecture, botanize, quote Milton, handle conic

sections, sleep on a table, and was master of many other minor accomplishments.

"The study of Arabic was Edmund's passion while in Rue de Fossés St. Victor. He used to absolutely take the grammar to bed with him. This strenuous application stood him in good stead in after years. The gift of concentrativeness—to employ a long word—was inherited from his father, and was common to the family."

During the famous Longford election in 1868, when Bishop Woodlock tried to defeat John Martin (Mitchel's brother-in-law) and elect a Whig candidate, a son of Colonel Greville-Nugent (who was a Captain in the Guards and utterly without any recommendation to public favor), there was a combination of all shades of Nationalists in favor of Martin, but the Bishop lined up practically all the priests on the side of the Guardsman, and it was one of the hottest election contests in Irish history. The real leader of the Greville-Nugent party was not the Bishop, but Father Reynolds, President of St. Mel's College, who was an able man but singularly lacking in patriotic feeling. There was much violence and open intimidation during the campaign, and the Nationalists trooped in from all the neighboring counties and from Dublin to aid the veteran of 1848. Alex. M. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, P. J. Smyth, "Amnesty John" Nolan, John and William Dillon, sons of John B. Dillon (one of the founders of the *Nation*), James O'Kelly, Edmund O'Donovan, and many others representing different shades of National opinion, were among the speakers for Martin and all Nationalist Ireland was united for the first time in many years. There were pitched battles in the streets of the town, the Greville-Nugent mobs being led by priests and the Martin fighters chiefly by Edmund O'Donovan, James O'Kelly and John Nolan. The Fenians were the backbone of the Martin forces, and, though heavily outnumbered, were the victors in most of the fighting. But in the polling they were badly beaten and the little snip of a Guardsman (whose only distinction was as a female impersonator in amateur theatricals) was declared elected over "Honest John" Martin, the veteran of 1848, who was universally respected. Colonel Greville-Nugent was reported to have boasted that if he gave a site for a Catholic church, or otherwise subsidized the clerical party, he could "put up his horse for the county and the priests would elect him."

It was a contest between intelligence and ignorance, and ignorance won. The type of men who supported Greville-Nugent (under compulsion) was shown by a story told by A. M. Sullivan in his report in the *Nation*. An illiterate voter who was drunk, when asked to declare his vote, forgot Greville-Nugent's name, scratched his head and said: "I vote for Father Rinnels and the

clergy." Greville-Nugent's victory was short-lived. He was unseated on petition on charges of intimidation.

One of the incidents of the Longford election was typical of the time. A nephew of Bishop Woodlock named Higgins was Curate in a country parish where the Pastor, a very old and bed-ridden man, was a strong Nationalist. The Curate was a supporter of Martin, and with the Pastor's full approval announced from the altar on the Sunday before election that he would lead the parishioners from the chapel yard to the polling place to vote for Martin. He called on those who owned vehicles of any kind to bring them, so that they could carry old and feeble voters into the town on election day. They did so and marched into the town with Father Higgins at their head. He assembled them in front of the Bishop's house and standing under one of the front windows made a vigorous speech for Martin. The Bishop called him in and informed him that unless he made a public retraction of that speech he would suspend him. They had a hot argument and Father Higgins, losing his temper, told his uncle that he would "see him damned first", and he was suspended, as was, of course, inevitable after such a display of civic independence and disregard of Episcopal authority. He told me the story himself in New York, where I knew him well, some years later. He secured employment from William O'Brien on *United Ireland*, but strong pressure was brought to bear and Mr. O'Brien had to drop him. He went to Liverpool and Father Nugent gave him a job on the *Catholic Times*, but the same thing occurred again, and this time the suspended priest betook himself to London, where John Morley gave him work on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But the effects of his uncle's resentment still pursued him and John Morley too had to part with him.

My recollection of the Longford election is very vivid because I read the reports of it at the time in papers smuggled into Chatham Prison, and a man remembers what he reads in prison better because his mind is concentrated on it and he dwells on it after reading it until it becomes rooted in his memory. Besides, I met in America several men who took an active part in it and the unfortunate priest gave me many inside details. All of them gave high praise to Edmund O'Donovan and James O'Kelly for their prowess in the fighting. Edmund was a very mild mannered man whom nobody who didn't know him well would suspect of being a fighter, but his courage was dauntless and he was also endowed with great penetration and all-round ingenuity.

The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 found him in Paris. He joined the Regiment Etranger (Foreign Legion) in which he was given the rank of sous-Lieutenant. At one period he was wounded and taken prisoner. In May, 1871, he returned to Ireland, where he lived for many months in his mother's home in Clare.

Regular journalism claimed him from this time forth. His career in that profession was brief but very brilliant. In 1873 we find him in Spain, as Special Correspondent for the *Free-man's Journal* during the Carlist rising. Before long he became a contributor to the *London Standard*, the *Times*, and later the *Daily News*. For this last mentioned paper he acted as Special Correspondent during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877.

Dr. Mark Ryan, late of London, now (August, 1928) residing in Dublin, aged 83, says, in a recent letter, that "Edmund O'Donovan received a special cheque of £1,000 as a present from the *Daily News* for his brilliant service to that paper."

At the urgent request of Sir John Robinson of the *Daily News* he started, in November, 1879, for Merv, a collection of Turcoman settlements forming an oasis in Central Asia. His feat in reaching his destination on horseback rivalled those of McGahan and O'Kelly. The history of his exploits on that expedition is set forth in two substantial volumes entitled "The Merv Oasis", published in 1882. His brother William told me that Edmund wrote it in an extremely short space of time, working day and night, with a wet towel around his head to enable him to remain awake.

Edmund's end was tragic. He is supposed to have started from Hicks Pasha's camp to enter the Arab lines in the Soudan and interview the Mahdi, and was never heard of again. Sir Garnet Wolseley had a great admiration for him and told the *Daily News* people that he made exhaustive efforts to trace him by examining Arab prisoners, but could never get a word of genuine information about him. Opinions varied as to whether he was shot when trying to enter the Mahdi's lines or whether he actually succeeded in joining him and was afterwards killed in battle by the Anglo-Egyptian forces who overthrew the Mahdi's Empire. There were many circumstances which seemed to support the latter theory. He spoke Arabic very well and his sympathies, at least in his earlier years, were entirely with England's enemies. The mystery of his disappearance will probably never be cleared up. All that is definitely known of his fate is that a blood-stained mackintosh bearing his name was found by Father

Ohrwalder, an Austrian missionary, on or near the site of the final battle of El Obeid in the Soudan.

His brother William, who knew Edmund probably better than any other man, believed to the last that he had succeeded in joining the Mahdi and might have been killed fighting the English. And he told me laughingly that he would not be surprised if Edmund turned up later as an Arab Chief. He hated England intensely and would stop at nothing that would help to destroy the Empire.

WILLIAM was only a mere boy (about twenty years old) when John Mitchel (having been released by President Johnson, at the request of a Fenian Committee, from Fort Lafayette where he had been detained as a Federal prisoner because of an attack on the Government) was sent to Paris as Financial Agent of the American Fenians in 1865. Then, Stephens ordered young O'Donovan to Paris, on account of his proficiency in French, to act as interpreter for the messengers sent with money for Ireland. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa was the chief of these messengers, and she brought the money to Dublin in English bank-notes or sovereigns. William got to know Paris very well during his trips and, after the failure of the Rising, the *Irish Times*, although a Tory paper, made him its correspondent there. He remained in Paris many years and was there during the Siege and the Commune, and his letters were very interesting when he could get them out. If he had put his Recollections in book form they would have furnished much curious information from a historical point of view, but he had no ambition to write a book. Some of his stories about the Communists when they were besieged by the Regular French Army under MacMahon were very amusing. There was one leader among them, a vainglorious fellow named Bergeret, who, when the Communards were about to make a grand sortie, issued a flamboyant General Order which gave full information beforehand to the Government of what the Parisian Army was going to do. He always concluded with: "*Bergeret lui-meme marchera a la tete de colonne*"—"Bergeret himself will march at the head of the column." He took himself very seriously as a great military leader, but he never achieved a success. O'Donovan always called him "Bergeret lui-meme". He had a theory that the majority of them were not really Communists at heart or by conviction, but were unbalanced by the hardships of the Siege, when the general privations were so great that rats, mice and cats were a luxury. Some doctors were of the same opinion.

The *Irish Times* sent him to Spain during one of the Carlist insurrections and he had a most interesting experience among

the Basques. All horses and vehicles having been commandeered by the contending parties, he had to make his journeys on foot, his trunk being carried by a stalwart Basque woman on her head. The women were not in the least afraid of travelling alone with a man, but were strictly virtuous and well able to take care of themselves.

He discarded the theory long prevalent in Ireland that the Basques were Celts. He found them a hempen-haired people whose language had no affinity with any Celtic dialect. The Gascons, whom Thomas Davis thought to be Celts, are a mixture of Basques and Gauls. It is now believed that, amongst the inhabitants of the Peninsula, the Galicians and the Portuguese are those in whom the Celtic strain is predominant. The only known affinities of the Basques are with the Laplanders.

John Augustus O'Shea writes of William:

"He knew German, not as the waiter or dragoman knows it in its colloquialisms, but as the scholar familiar with the beauties of Goethe and Schiller, and competent to appreciate them. He was a linguist by race, and earned a competence by concocting a spicy epitome of Paris gossip every day."

After his Spanish experience William O'Donovan returned to Dublin and became an editorial writer on the *Irish Times*. It is one of the anomalies of daily journalism in every country (including America), that the editorials are largely written by men who don't agree with the policy of the paper, but write to order. While William O'Donovan, a Fenian, was writing Tory editorials in the *Irish Times*, Jack Adams, an Atheist, was doing the Catholic articles in the *Freeman's Journal*, the owner of which, Sir John Gray, was a Protestant, although his son, Edmund Dwyer Gray, became a Catholic and married an English Catholic woman. O'Donovan and Adams used to meet at supper in the Ship Tavern in Abbey Street and have a good laugh over their articles, of which they didn't believe a word.

When Pigott's *Flag of Ireland* (the cheap edition of the *Irishman*) was taken over by Parnell and named *United Ireland*, with William O'Brien as Editor, William O'Donovan joined its staff. On the suppression of the paper he came to New York and I at once made him my chief assistant on the *Irish Nation*. He knew the Irish Question thoroughly, was a most competent and painstaking journalist, and I could always go away and leave the paper in his hands, sure that what I wanted would be done, except on the rare occasions when he went on a spree. Then he would disappear and a wire from John J. Breslin, who was Business Manager, would bring me back. His habits were

entirely French and he lived in a cheap *pension* kept by an Alsatian, in the French Quarter. He remained a Fenian to the last, but was a strong supporter of Parnell.

William O'Donovan died suddenly, his body was taken to the Morgue and we had some difficulty in finding it. We buried him in Calvary Cemetery and O'Donovan Rossa, Thomas Clarke Luby, John Breslin and I were the pall bearers. John Reid, a Scottish-American, the Managing Editor of the *Times*, who was a personal friend of mine, gave me two columns in the paper for an article on him and the O'Donovan family.

I didn't know Henry, the youngest but one of the O'Donovan brothers. He studied medicine in Dublin, but never qualified as a doctor. After some years spent as an unqualified assistant in England, he died at York in 1905.

Edmund was by long odds the chief intellectual contribution of the O'Donovan family to the Fenian movement, but they were all sincerely devoted to it.

The only survivors of the family at this writing (August, 1928) are Richard and Daniel, both of advanced age and now living in retirement in North Wales. They both entertain the same congenital feeling for the Old Country, and deem themselves happy in having lived to see Ireland make such long strides towards her destined goal of National Independence.

CHAPTER LI.

MY OWN RECORD AND ANTECEDENTS.

INHERITED MY NATIONALIST OPINIONS FROM SEVERAL GENERATIONS OF WORKERS FOR IRELAND—THE CLAN ONE OF THE “SEVEN SEPTS OF LEIX” MASSACRED AT THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST—FATHER A REPEAL WARDEN UNDER O’CONNELL AND SECRETARY OF A YOUNG IRELAND CLUB IN 1848—HAD TO WORK HARD FROM BOYHOOD—SPENT A YEAR IN THE FOREIGN LEGION AND * * * *

ALTHOUGH my position in the Fenian Movement during the 'Sixties was of a subordinate character, the work assigned me was of sufficient importance that I suppose I may without presumption class myself among its personalities. Others have given me a higher place than I ever claimed for myself; even so, I have been subjected to more misrepresentation than any Irishman of my time. This must serve as my apology for devoting so much space to myself.

One of the pet theories about me among certain people is that I am not Irish, but French. This theory has a distinguished sponsor in George Bernard Shaw, who once honored me with a sarcastic article, the occasion of which I don't recall, in which he said he had been for some time a clerk in an Irish land office and had never met the name. Mr. Shaw is a great dramatist and an unusually clever man, but he is not an authority on Irish names.

The name is “as Irish as the pigs in Connemara” and is to be found scattered all over Southern Kildare, Leix and other Counties of Leinster. With all due respect to Mr. Shaw, it is “kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian”—nor French. It is to be found in the “Annals of the Four Masters” and in footnotes in “Hardiman's Minstrelsy”, and is not likely to die out, though I am an old bachelor of 86.

Father O'Hanlon in his “History of the Queen's County” says the ancestors of the Seven Septs of Leix, who were massacred at Mullaghmast, came down from Ulster in the early days of the Christian Era, but before St. Patrick's time, to aid the Prince of Leix in a fight with a neighboring Chief, on a promise of a tract of land; that the Prince broke his word and that they turned on him and defeated him and took their pick of the land in Leix. The Seven Septs of Leix consisted of the O'Mores, the Leinster O'Kellys, the O'Lalors, the O'Devoy's (or O'Deeyv's),

the MacEvoys, the O'Dowlings and O'Dorans. Father O'Hanlon's book contains a map of Leix in which the territory each Clan occupied is marked. The O'Mores were the paramount Chiefs of the Seven Septs. The district of the O'Devoys was named Tuatha Fiodhbhuidhe, and is near the present site of Maryborough. Father O'Hanlon further says that antiquarians claim that in all cases where there was a grouping of seven clans with one paramount chief they were of Pictish origin, so that if his theory be correct, my ancestors were in Ireland before the Milesians. Cuchulain was a Pict, and that effectually disposes of the Milesian claim of superiority.

Even if I were of French origin it would make no difference. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the chosen military leader of the United Irishmen, was a descendant of one of the Anglo-Norman adventurers who came over with Strongbow to conquer Ireland, and all the other leaders of the United Irishmen, except John Keogh, were of English or Scotch descent. The first Emmet came to Ireland as a captain of cavalry in Cromwell's army, and was a Puritan bigot. An ancestor of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the real father of modern Irish Nationalism, came to Ireland in the army of William of Orange, and there are many more such instances of men of foreign descent (including English) who have served Ireland faithfully. But I can establish my claim to be of the old Gaelic stock.

The attitude of Irish Nationalists is well expressed by Thomas Davis in these lines:

"We do not hate, we never cursed,
Or spoke a foeman's word,
Against a man in Ireland nursed,
Howe'er we thought he erred.
So start not, Irish born man,
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan—
We've hearts and hands for you."

The Massacre of Mullaghmast, in County Kildare, took place in 1577 and was conducted by Sir Francis Cosby, with the full sanction of Sir Henry Sydney, the Lord Deputy, who gave his word of honor that if the men of the Seven Septs came unarmed to a banquet to discuss terms of permanent peace they would be perfectly safe. They came without any arms except for the swords which all men of position carried at that time, and for a long time afterwards, and as 400 of them were in the banquet chamber of the Rath they were butchered in cold blood by Cosby's soldiers. But, they didn't all go in. One of the Chiefs, who was a marvellous swordsman, cut his way out and gave warning to those of the clansmen who had not yet entered the death trap, and they escaped.

The Seven Septs had successfully resisted all England's efforts to conquer them, including the destruction of their luxuriant crops of grain. It was Sydney who decided on the more effective method, just described, of getting rid of them.

This was a typical instance of England's persistent policy, pursued relentlessly in one form or another, from the first invasion in the Twelfth Century to Lloyd George's Reign of Terror in 1920-21.

Richard Dalton Williams (one of the Young Irelanders) in his poem "The Rath of Mullaghmast" gave excellent advice which should govern the attitude of Nationalist Ireland in all negotiations with "perfidious Albion". I quote only two stanzas:

"False Sydney! knighthood's stain,
The trusting brave in vain—
Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare.
Flow'r of Offlay and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace—
Fools to meet a faithless race
Save with true swords bare."

* * * *

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

It was to commemorate the Massacre, as well as to demand Repeal of the Union, that Daniel O'Connell held his great "Monster Meeting" at Mullaghmast in 1843. My father and uncles were present at it. They went in a cart, lined with straw, and as there were seven of them, there was no room to spare, so they tried to leave my grandfather at home and locked him in a room. But when they got several miles away they found to their astonishment the old man trudging sturdily along the road ahead of them, so they had to take him up. He wanted to see the old scenes and the old neighbors, got out through a back window, and had actually started on the journey before they left home.

After the Massacre, the disinherited Clansmen were scattered over the adjoining districts and my ancestors were given land on the estate of the Duke of Leinster in the parish of Athy, County Kildare. In the latter part of the Eighteenth Century there were twenty-three families of the name (eighteen of them closely related) in the parish, but there is not one now. The last of them (not related) was at Courtwood.

My paternal great-grandfather (who did not speak a word of English until he was twenty-five years old—he lived to be 102) held two farms, 235 acres in all, from the Duke of Leinster at a place called The Heath. It was in making out the leases that the name got changed. The Gaelic speaking tenant pronounced it correctly and the English-speaking agent who did the writing spelled it as best he could.

My great-grandmother lived to be 104, and I saw her when she was 102, when moving from Daars to the home of a married daughter at Newtown Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, where she died in the early 'fifties of the last century.

In those days in Ireland a groom was not considered a servant, but a sort of equerry, and my grandfather, John Devoy, who was born in 1780, became groom to the Duke of Leinster after a due apprenticeship. While a boy he remembered often seeing Lord Edward Fitzgerald on his visits to Carton, the family seat. The older servants, who were all United Irishmen, and the old neighbors told him that Thomas Moore while writing the "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" was for a time a guest at Carton, and was induced to tone down the book to suit the "moderate" views of the family. My grandmother, Mary Brennan, although the daughter of a prosperous farmer, at Daars, was maid to Lady Cecilia Fitzgerald (Lord Edward's favorite sister), and eloped with my grandfather when a young girl, throwing her bundle of clothes out through a window and going out through a back door. She was a handsome little woman, although her mother, whose maiden name was Jane Rourke, was tall and stately.

My grandfather after his marriage became groom to Lord Leitrim and spent some time in London. Later, he lived on the Leitrim estate at Killadoon, County Kildare, where my father and his eldest brother were born. He taught the Lord Leitrim who was killed in Donegal how to ride a horse. A little known fact about that Lord Leitrim is that in his early days he was a sort of a Nationalist. The family name is Clements, and in 1847 while he was Colonel Clements and the Arms Act was under discussion he walked into the House of Commons in full uniform with his sword at his side and made a short speech in which he said that "sooner than vote for that Bill he would break his sword across his knee and resign from Her Majesty's service."

When my father was a very young boy, my grandfather moved to Kill where he started as a small farmer, just outside the village. Five other sons and two daughters (my uncles and aunts)

were born there. Bringing up a family of nine on eight acres of land was a hard problem, but the boys were hard and skillful workers and supplemented farming by road making and small contract work. They were all "good scholars", as the phrase went in those days, and their uncle who kept the turnpike gate in Kill, was a contractor on a larger scale. He had constructed a large section of the Grand Canal and was able to help them.

That uncle had commanded a party of Rebels in 1798 and warned the Kildare men against accepting the invitation to deliver up their arms at the Curragh Rath on a promise of immunity. He reminded them of Mullaghmast and England's continuous treachery, but his pleadings were all in vain. He refused to go with them.

The deluded men, trusting to the honor of an English "soldier and gentleman", delivered up their arms, according to their agreement with General Dundas, and were immediately ridden down and sabred to death by the Eighteenth Hussars and Lord Jocelyn's yeomanry with the aid of the infantry.

The Massacre at the "Gibbet Rath" took place on June 3, 1798, shortly after the outbreak of the Insurrection. The explanation made as to how it occurred was that General Dundas, who agreed to grant immunity to the Rebels, sent General Gosford to receive the arms, but that Major-General Sir James Duff was on the march from Limerick to Dublin with a force of infantry, cavalry and artillery, and arrived on the Curragh as the Insurgents were delivering up their arms; that one of the Rebels whose gun was loaded fired it off so that it might be empty when he handed it in, and that General Duff then ordered the charge, pretending to believe that the shot was a signal for an attack. This was a shallow pretense, as, when the massacre began, the arms had already been turned in. The number of men slaughtered was 350.

Madden gives this version in his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen". There were 2,000 men at the parley with General Dundas, but only 350 turned up at the surrender.

The Eighteenth Hussars were Irish and were composed mainly of Orangemen. In 1821 the regiment mutinied on the Curragh and was disbanded. There were no railroads in those days and the men could not pay their fare on the mail coaches, so they had to make their way to their homes on foot. As they walked along the roads they were attacked fiercely by the relatives of the men who had been butchered by that regiment in 1798, although 23 years after the event there could not possibly have been a man in the regiment who belonged to it at the time of the

Massacre. One of them was killed at Thonavore, a dark spot overhung with trees just outside Johnstown, as he walked towards Dublin. I knew one of the two men who did the killing, and my last act before going "on the run" in September, 1865, was to bring the aged veteran of 1798 some tobacco in the Poor-house at Naas, as all his relatives were dead.

My father took an active part in the Catholic Emancipation and the Anti-Tithe Movements and in Father Mathew's great Temperance Movement. Although he had never been a drinker he brought 3,000 men to take the pledge from Father Mathew in Naas. It was a wonderful crusade and the Irish people have good reason to be proud of the fact that the greatest Temperance Movement in the world's history took place in Ireland and was led by an Irish Catholic Priest.

My father at 26 married Elizabeth Dunne, a neighbor's daughter, four years his junior, and started housekeeping with half an acre of land (part of the Dunne farm of 32 acres) which they got rent free, in the thatched cottage in which she was born, and where I was born on September 3, 1842, just as the Repeal Agitation was nearing a crisis. He was the Repeal Warden for the District (the Barony of South Salt) and devoted all his spare time (and much of his working time, as well) to the collection of the "Repeal Rent"—a shilling a year from each man, for which each got a receipt from Thomas Matthew Ray, the Secretary of Conciliation Hall, in the form of a Repeal Card. The money was delivered to Ray by Edward, the youngest of my father's six brothers, who was thus enabled to make the acquaintance of Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy and other notable men.

The distance to Dublin (12 miles) was easily walked and, as the "caravan" cost a shilling each way, he spared the expense, and the trip was a delight to him. Inspired by the example of Davis, my uncle later wrote some rather good poetry in the *Nation* of the Sullivans.

To judge from the manner in which my father utilized his half acre, he would have been a thrifty farmer had he enough land to till. In addition to the corner allotted to cabbage, there were cherry trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and in front, rosebushes, laurels and hollies, boxwood borders to the flower beds and beds of luscious strawberries half way round the house. There was a neatly cropped privet hedge in front, with two laburnums intertwining their branches over the narrow wooden gate. Otherwise the little house where I spent the first seven years of my life was much the same as the ordinary Irish

cottage. Inside, my father had constructed partitions to provide small rooms for a steadily growing family. He was a very handy man, a good cobbler who mended all our shoes and made all the tables, chairs and stools himself.

My earliest recollection of that little house is seeing a crowd of men in corduroy kneebreeches, with pipes in their mouths, sitting around the fire while my father read the *Nation* for them—every word of it—and hearing them every now and then exclaim: "Bloody wars!" That was the common expression at the time. He was the only man in the neighborhood who got the *Nation* and was a good reader.

I was sent to the National School in Kill when I was six. My eldest brother, who died of the cholera in Dublin when he was fourteen, was the smartest boy in the school. He could demonstrate the 45th problem in Euclid with his back to the blackboard, and my uncles had similar reputations, so that Dowling, the schoolmaster, was surprised at finding that I couldn't learn the alphabet. He sent for my father one day, and after a long consultation put me on a seat nearer to the alphabet card. In a few minutes I was able to call out all the letters, and thus the discovery was made that I had short sight. After that I made rapid progress, but at that time giving spectacles to a little boy or girl was never thought of. If I had got them then and been coaxed to wear them perhaps I shouldn't have so much difficulty in writing this after three operations (two major and one minor) for cataracts.

My father, though a "good scholar", writing a good hand, was obliged to support his family by any kind of labor, and at one time he was employed at breaking stones for road construction. He also worked as a navvy in the construction of the Great Southern and Western Railroad, but was beginning as a contractor in a small way when an incident typical of the time blasted his hopes. He had put in a bid for the drainage of Lord Mayo's demesne, and on the same evening was sending in his report as Repeal Warden. He addressed the two envelopes before enclosing the papers and put them in the wrong envelopes. The Lord Mayo of that day (grand uncle of the Governor-General of India who was later assassinated) was a good natured, kindly old man, who had saved several lives in 'Ninety-eight, but his wife was a hard headed Englishwoman and attended to all the business. She was a country town druggist's daughter, and was not received in Society because, though an Earl's wife, she was not of "gentle blood". How times have changed! She was a spitfire in temper, and when she found the Repeal Warden's Report, instead of the drainage bid, she

flew into a rage and tore it up. She was an intelligent woman in other respects, but stupidly insisted that the Repeal Report was sent to her for the purpose of insulting her. It seems she didn't know that my father was Repeal Warden until then. He got the drainage bid back from Conciliation Hall in a day or two and the staff had a good laugh over it, but it was no laughing matter for my father, for it ended his chances of making a decent living in Kildare. The Famine was drawing to an end, but his little potato crop was all rotten and there was depression on every side, so he had to decide to move into Dublin.

In Dublin, he had to take the first job he could get, and it was driving a coal cart for a well-to-do brother-in-law who kept a dairy and a coal yard on Summerhill. The coal porters at that time were called "O'Connell's Police" and they were a rough lot. They jeered him as a "bloody Young Irishman" and made his life miserable during the few weeks he was among them. He was a very sensitive man, and was greatly relieved when his youngest brother, who had become gate clerk in Watkins' Brewery on Ardee Street, procured him a job as drayman. The Watkins brothers were very decent Englishmen who had come to Ireland as agents for a hop firm in Kent, and after half a century in Dublin had lost all their prejudices, if they ever had any. They took a liking to my uncle and made him Brewer after serving an apprenticeship. My father succeeded him as gate clerk, and had been Managing Clerk for several years before his death in 1880.

For a few years my father had some time in the evenings to devote to the education of his children and he put us through our school tasks for the next day. Sunday evenings he devoted to religious instruction, and he never failed to read for us one of Father Gahan's sermons. From the time my eldest brother died in 1849, my father said the Rosary every night. Later when he had to sleep in the brewery, my mother said it until I grew old enough to take her place. My next oldest brother, Michael, who died in New Mexico in 1914, was apprenticed to a grocer in Glasthule, County Dublin, beyond Kingstown, and later became clerk in Watkins' ale and beer brewery in Bray. My father was a deeply religious man and added a number of extemporary prayers to the Rosary, and then we had to say "our own prayers." As the houses we lived in all had earthen floors in the kitchens, there were welts on my knees from constant kneeling. He piled it on too much and made me tired, which is a mistake with a healthy boy. One Mass on a Sunday was not enough for him. He often said to me: "I wouldn't thank a young fellow like you to hear two or three

Masses every Sunday." Sunday was the day that a group of us devoted to taking long walks in the country and to hearing the fine singing of patriotic songs by two brothers named Woods, who had splendid voices and could render the best songs of the *Nation*, under the Canal bridges, often with a group of other boys for an audience. So, instead of the extra Masses, we sometimes did not stay for the finish of one Mass lest we should be late for our appointments.

After getting to Dublin in 1849, I was sent to O'Connell's School in Richmond Street, the first of the Christian Brothers' schools to be started in the city. It was the only one then, but St. Laurence O'Toole's School was started as soon as the Church was built. The Principal of O'Connell's School was Mr. Grace, who figures largely in the history of the Irish Christian Brothers, and the only other Brother I remember was a tall, handsome Englishman named Clifford, with curly blond hair. I remember him particularly because he gave me an apple, fresh plucked from a tree in the garden, as a prize for answering in the Catechism. My proficiency was due to my father's teaching at home. Some time later when I was about nine I got scarlatina and was attended by Father Cooper, another Englishman and a very kindly man, from the Cathedral. He put me through an examination in the Catechism and turning to my mother said: "It's not the Catechism he knows, but Theology." So my first experiences with Englishmen were very pleasant.

During the four years we lived in Summerhill I attended Catechism in the Cathedral in Marlborough Street and went to my First Communion with a large batch of boys from Marlborough Street Model School. I was confirmed there by Archbishop Murray, Cardinal Cullen's predecessor. He was a very amiable, kindly man, but in politics he was a Whig, and, as I say in another place, O'Connell called him so, but he never denounced anyone on account of difference of opinion. I can still, seventy-seven years later, feel the tap of his finger on my cheek. After our First Communion we got a breakfast of rolls and coffee in a room behind the altar. It was my second cup of coffee. The first one I got was at Pat Carroll's in Rathcoole as we were moving into Dublin in 1849 on carts supplied by Jimmy Dunne, my first cousin. I took it with a penny roll, sitting straddled on the end of a form, set slantingly out from the fireplace. In 1924 I went into the place, then kept by Pat Carroll's grandson, and there was a form in the very same place and at the same slant. Pat Carroll's sister was the mother of Jimmy Dunne, and his other sister married my father's eldest brother, Michael, who was already living in Dublin. Pat Car-

roll's father, Andy Carroll, a tall, handsome man, whom I remember very well, as his farm was next to that of the Dunnes, fought in 'Ninety-eight, but that was true of the male members of the families from Naas to Kill and further on towards Dublin. An old man of splendid physique named Nick Doyle, over six feet tall, wearing an old-fashioned cothamore, drab colored, with a big cape across the shoulders, who lived next door to us on the Dublin side, had used a scythe fastened straight on the handle with great effect in 'Ninety-eight, and he kept it, rolled up in oiled flannel, in the thatch of the house. He had two sons, both splendid men, in the 'Forty-eight Movement, who were killed in the American Civil War, one on each side of the fighting. Nick could never be persuaded to go to any of O'Connell's meetings, called him "an ould blathermskite", and always wound up the argument by saying: "It'll come to my way yit." He was illiterate, but had a strong intellectual head and finely chiselled features.

Later, when we moved over to the Liberty, on account of my father's employment in Watkins' Brewery, I attended Catechism in Arran Quay Church of which Father Yore was Pastor, because my father's cousin was Secretary of the Confraternity and had charge of the Catechism class. Father Grimley, who later became Bishop of Cape Town, but who was then a Curate, really managed the Parish, as Father Yore was a very old man. There was a fine library attached to the church, filled with first class Irish books which could be borrowed by payment of a penny a week. It was through that library that I first became acquainted with the writings of Archbishop MacHale, then called Bishop of Marona, if I remember rightly. He was Coadjutor for another Bishop when he wrote a series of controversial letters which were in book form in the Arran Quay Church Library. He was probably then the most popular man in all Ireland and he did more for the restoration of the Irish Language than any man of his time. He translated Moore's *Melodies* and Homer's *Iliad* into Irish.

When I was about nine or ten years of age I was subject to a "lightness in the head" which prevented me from reading or writing or going to school for three days, and my mother gave me a note to explain my absence. Sheehy, the Superintendent of Marlborough Street Model School, was a big Cork man. He announced one day that he would take no more "absent tickets", as the boys called such notes when they wanted to take a swim at the Wharf or to have some fun in the Phoenix Park, and that the mothers must come to give a personal explanation. My mother could not do that, as the walk from Newmarket, where

we then lived, to Marlborough Street was too long; and when I appeared one day after one of the attacks Sheehy undertook to slap me and I refused to hold out my hand. He proceeded to beat me with a cane, although it was against the rules of the school, and I gripped him by the thigh and pushed him, and kicked him in the shins, which made a great sensation in the school. He dismissed me from the school for this.

A few days previously he had hit me a hard blow on the head with a little slab of a slate, saying, "Sing, Sir-r!" because I had refused to sing "God Save the Queen." The blow sent a hundred stars into my head and hurt me badly. I vowed that when I grew big enough I would lick him, but he died before I was able.

After my adventure with Sheehy, I was sent for a while to a private school, at a cost of 8 pence a week (as distinguished from the penny a week of the National and Christian Brothers' Schools), kept by a man named Donnelly, in a street running parallel to Aldborough Barracks, which fronts on the South Circular Road. He was one of the last of the old "Paddy Byrne" type of teacher, who made a specialty of handwriting and the multiplication table. His idea was evidently to prepare boys for commercial employment, and he arranged contests in totting up figures. He had a name of his own for every sum, and he called compound multiplication "short accounts." That was the only benefit I derived from the few months I spent in his school, but I found it very useful in after life. He didn't divide his school into classes; the whole school was one class, and there was consequently much noise and disorder, which he would allow to go on for a while and then take a strong leather strap and proceed to wallop the boys indiscriminately. That speedily brought order of a kind. In after years I was reminded of him by an article written by Thomas Francis Meagher in his *Irish News* in New York after his arrival in America, in which he described a Tipperary schoolmaster who concluded a description of his school by saying: "I whipped me byes all round each day to make them Spartans."

Then I was sent to the Model School in School Street, which was the second one in Ireland, where I finished my schooling. The teacher there was a Carlow man named Murphy, who had previously taught the Model School in Dunmanway, County Cork, the last school attended by Colonel Ric. Burke. After our conviction for Fenianism, Murphy, who was an arrant Loyalist, expressed keen regret that he had had the misfortune to put two such Rebels through his hands as Ric. Burke and John Devoy. Most of the "National Teachers" were good Nationalists,

but we had among them several of the Murphy type. I had an argument with him one day about John Mitchel. He never hesitated to introduce politics, and he made a statement to the whole school in which he quoted John Mitchel as saying "that he wished he had a plantation of fine fat niggers." The quotation happened to be correct, but I didn't believe it and contradicted him without hesitation. Murphy said he had read it in the *London Times* and that it was true. I answered that the *London Times* was the bitter enemy of the Irish people and was always lying about them. That explanation went with the boys, and they applauded all round the schoolroom.

Before I was many months in School Street I was appointed a Monitor at 10 shillings a month. That was the first money I ever earned, although I had got premiums of 6 pence, 8 pence, 10 pence and a shilling for answering at examinations—for which I made little preparation. When I got my first 10 shillings, being only fourteen at the time, I ran all the way home, handed the money to my mother, and then, before I had recovered my breath, asked her to give me 2 shillings of it. She held the money in her hand and asked me what I wanted the 2 shillings for. I told her I wanted to buy John O'Daly's "Self-Instruction in Irish" and Edward Walsh's "Irish Songs With English Metrical Translations." She gave me the money at once, and then I ran all the way to John O'Daly's bookshop in Anglesea Street and bought the two books after a long talk with O'Daly himself. I had previously, when I was nine, picked up an Irish Primer in a shop on Bachelor's Walk for a penny, which enabled me to learn the alphabet. That was my first step in the study of Irish, which unfortunately I have never been able to finish. I remained two years and a half as a Monitor in School Street.

One day nearly all the boys in a class were wrong in a sum in algebra; Murphy lost his temper and ordered us, whether right or wrong, to blot our sums off our slates; did the problem himself on the blackboard and ordered us to copy it. There were two Protestant brothers named Faulds (descendants, they told me, of a German family planted in Ireland by George II), who were good fellows and great friends of mine and sat next to me. They were bright enough, but were hopeless idlers. Instead of copying the sum from the blackboard, they continued playing a game of "odd and even" with marbles in their laps under the desk, so when Murphy came around behind us to examine our slates and found their sums still wrong he wrung their ears vigorously. The Faulds boys resisted with their elbows, which increased his temper. My sum was exactly the same

as his on the blackboard, so I hadn't changed it, but the ill tempered man had got into the habit of wringing ears and proceeded to wring mine. I protested vehemently and pointed out that my sum was precisely the same as his own. His only answer was, "Do what I tell you, sir," and a further vicious twist at my ear. I gave him a vigorous drive with my elbow and picked up a slate—one of the little slabs similar to that with which Sheehy had given me the knock on the head in Marlborough Street for refusing to sing "God Save the Queen."

Murphy saw what was coming and stepped out into the aisle. I let fly and the slate missed his ear by about an inch. He put me standing inside the fire screen and sent for my father, who lived near by, to complain of my misconduct, and the old man, without hearing my explanation, read me a solemn lecture.

One of my younger brothers, James, was a kind of prodigy who insisted on reading books beyond his years. He read every book that our eldest living brother took out of the fine library of the Mechanics' Institute and all those that I got from that of the Catholic Young Men's Society, doing his reading surreptitiously on the roof of the old building in Newmarket in which we lived at the time—the remains of one of the old mansions of the pre-Union period—which commanded a fine view of the beautiful country around Dublin. He had read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Hallam's "Middle Ages" before he was twelve, but neglected his school tasks.

One day when he was hopelessly behind in his tasks Murphy gave him a savage beating, using one stick of the broken frame of a school roll which had some stumps of nails in it. When the boy came home from school he said nothing, but went into his bedroom, took off all his clothes except his trousers and shoes and stepped out backwards, saying, "Do you see that?" His back was one hideous mass of cuts and bruises. I was seventeen and had left school, but I made up my mind that I would go at once to Murphy's house and give him a wallop. But I counted without Mrs. Murphy. She was a School Organizer who earned £100 a year—a good salary for that time—and a most kindly woman—as kindly as her husband was cross and peevish. They lived on Heytsbury Street, near us. She answered my ring and saw at once there was something serious up. She managed to draw my story and my intention out of me. A kindly woman can do anything in reason with an Irish boy.

After hearing my story she said: "He was awfully wrong, but leave him to me, John." All my anger evaporated and I had to yield. That was my last experience with Murphy.

After I left Murphy's school I got a job in the office of an Englishman named Fitch who sold hops to Watkins' Brewery. While there the National Petition Movement was started by T. D. Sullivan and I joined it. As related in another chapter the National Petition was the real beginning of Fenianism in Dublin. My father, who had had a sad experience from neglecting his own interests for those of the Repeal and Young Ireland Movements, told me I was making a mistake in throwing myself too early into the National Movement, and that my first duty was to finish my education. He was right. I ruined my future chances in life by throwing myself too early into it. But he insisted, and we had a hot argument, in the course of which he told me if I didn't stop attending the meetings in Jervis Street he would come over some evening and kick me out. The poor man didn't intend to do so, but I thought I would be disgraced forever if such a thing happened, and I determined to run away and join the Zouaves. No foreigner can join any French regiment but the Foreign Legion, but I thought that letters from prominent Irishmen would enable me to do so, and I procured a letter of introduction from Denis Holland to John Mitchel, and one from T. D. Sullivan to J. P. Leonard, a professor in the Sorbonne, who was Paris correspondent of the *Nation*, in the hope that they would enable me to become a Zouave. I was seen off by a group of young fellows, many of whom became afterwards prominent in the Fenian movement, including James J. O'Kelly. Through T. D. Sullivan I got a free ticket by the long sea route from Dublin to London around the English coast. That saved me just £1, but, as the ticket was first class, the cost of the food in the cabin really made it heavier than had I gone *via* Holyhead or Liverpool. I was then in my nineteenth year.

I was delayed in London waiting for money from my eldest brother, which he sent me by weekly instalments. On receipt of £2 I took the boat train for Boulogne, and stopped at the Hotel De New York, a little hostelry kept by a French woman who had been a cook in London and spoke English very well. I found I could not enlist in Boulogne. French red tape made it possible to enlist only in the Capital of a Department, and I had to wait till I got more money to go to where I could enlist. During part of that time I starved. My good French hostess thought I was taking my meals in the restaurant, and she charged them up to me, but I had to wait till I got some money from home to get a square meal. I visited the site of Napoleon's camp, where he had placed the army with which he intended to invade England—it happened about the time when they were having their dinner in Dublin—and as I hadn't eaten anything for two

days I couldn't help crying, but it didn't alter my determination to enlist. The interpreter in the hotel had brought me the day before to the door of the English Consul's office, and advised me to go in and ask him for help, which I know now I could have got, but I couldn't think of doing it.

Instead of stopping at the nearest Capital of a Department I went straight to Paris, thinking that my letters of introduction would enable me to become a Zouave. In Paris I went to the Hotel des Missions Etrangeres because the members of the Irish Papal Brigade had stopped there on their way back from Italy a few years previous.

I couldn't find John Mitchel because he had moved after my introducer had written his letter. His then address was in the Rue St. Nicolas, Choisy-le-roi. I thought that Choisy-le-roi was the name of a section of Paris instead of a suburb, and I wore out the gutta-percha soles of my shoes walking from one part of Paris to the other, and found five Rues St. Nicolas, one of them ending at the Place de la Bastille.

I finally found the address of J. P. Leonard and presented my letter from T. D. Sullivan. Mr. Leonard gave tuitions in English, and one of his pupils came up while I was waiting for my ring to be answered, and he displayed his proficiency in English by asking me: "Aff you rung de clock?"

Mr. Leonard told me it was useless to try to become a Zouave; that French law was against admitting foreigners into the French army except through the Foreign Legion, but that he would do his best. The next day he took me around to the Ministry of War, where I found one of the officers to be a big stout German Major, who had risen from a private in the Foreign Legion. There I enlisted in the Legion on May 2, 1861.

The French system of sending recruits to join the regiments at that time was peculiar. The French soldier was then entitled to travel on the railroads at one-third of the fare, so they calculated the number of *etapes* (days' march) of the destination of the recruit and gave him his subsistence on the way. Marseilles, the port of debarkation for Africa, is 28 days' march from Paris, so I was entitled to 28 francs to pay my way there. But instead of giving it to me in a lump sum, they divided the journey into a certain number of *etapes* and gave the recruit the money to take him to the nearest one. I had a very interesting tour of Central France. I stopped first at Melun, the birthplace of Lamartine, the poet. Macon was another stop, as was Lyons, and Avignon. It took me four days to reach Marseilles. If I had known enough to buy a through ticket to Marseilles in Paris I

could have got there for less than half the money, but not knowing French I was ignorant of the conditions.

At Lyons I had a very pleasant experience. The railroad station was then at the point of junction of the Rhone and the Saone, a beautiful spot. A few paces from the stationhouse I met a Sergeant Major of infantry, with an account book under his arm, and I asked him my way to the office of the Sous-Intendant, to whom I had to report and get my route paper *visaed*. Unlike the ordinary French infantry man, he was a tall fellow, and he told me the office was closed. When he saw the blank look on my face he asked me how much money I had, and not being able to answer him readily in French (though I was picking it up very fast) I took the short cut by pulling out my little purse and showed the contents to him. He shook his head and said: "That won't take you far *en Afrique*." The French never say "Algeria." Then he looked at me and asked "What countryman are you?" I told him I was an Irishman, and he smiled at once. He proved to be the Frenchman that knew most about Ireland that I met during my whole experience in France and Algeria. He said: "Come with me and I will see if I can't get you a bed in the barrack. I have only to leave this book in an office and then I am free." I thanked him as well as I could in my smattering of French, and went with him. In the barrack he took me to a room occupied by himself and a sergeant. There were two military beds, a table, two chairs and an American stove in the room, and on the stove was a pot of coffee. Dinner was finished, but he took me over to the canteen where there were two great big French girls that looked like Irishwomen. He got them to lift out of a big boiler some soup meat and a lot of soup vegetables, and added to it a great chunk of military bread, on which I had a fine feed, which I needed badly, while he was flirting with the two girls. When the meal was finished we went back to his room in the barrack, and he gave me a fine cup of coffee. Himself and his roommate then started a game of cards and invited me to take part, but I had never played cards and declined. While they were at the game the Lieutenant of the guard dropped in. He and the Sergeant Major were from the same place, but the Sergeant Major was the more intelligent of the two, although the Lieutenant had gone through the Military School of St. Cyr. In the course of their talk the Sergeant Major told the Lieutenant that I was Irish and going to join the Legion, and they then got into an argument about Ireland and England. The Lieutenant knew nothing whatever about Ireland, and I heard him say: "*La meme gouvernement; la meme reine; la meme langue*" (The same gov-

ernment; the same queen; the same language). Then he shrugged his shoulders. The language was a conclusive argument. The Sergeant Major in reply gave me the first long sentence I had ever heard in French, which showed he had intimate knowledge of Ireland. He thumped his hand on the table and said: "*L'Irlande, par sa position géographique, par race, par religion et surtout par la volonté de son peuple est une nation*" (Ireland, by its geographical position, by race, by religion and above all by the will of its people, is a nation). The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders again and gave it up. Then they invited the Lieutenant to join in the game of cards—a thing which is against the regulations of every army in the world, including the American. He hesitated a bit, but they pressed him, and he finally concluded by taking off his gold collar, his sword, his shako, threw them on the bed and sat down with the two men and joined in the game.

Next morning the Sergeant Major said to me: "We won't mind eating breakfast here; I will see if I can't get a breakfast in town." So we started and went to the military barrack where he was a clerk, and there he met a number of fellows he knew,—all soldiers,—and among them was an old sergeant with his breast covered with medals—the Crimean, the Italian, the *Medaille Militaire* (given for wounds and gallantry in action), and the Cross of the Legion of Honor—every decoration that the French army could offer. He was a sturdy, athletically built man, and very genial. They bantered each other for a while, and then tossed a franc to decide who would pay for the breakfast. The Sergeant Major won the toss, and he took us into a restaurant where we had a breakfast of sheep's feet with a bottle of white wine, black coffee and cigars. So I have a most pleasant memory of Lyons—the pleasantest of my whole experience in France. I then proceeded to Marseilles.

[NOTE. To lend a personal and intimate touch of the author, the following pages of his manuscript are reproduced.]

When a man enlists in the French Army he must have a certificate of birth, but there was no certification of births in Ireland at that time. Certificate of baptism, they told me, was the only substitute for it, so my enlistment had to wait till my cousin, Jimmy D'onnor, got one from Father Hayden in Killybegs who had baptized me himself. The French are great sticklers for technicalities, and after my return to Ireland I wrote to the War Office in Paris asking for the return of the certificate and got the following typical reply:

Il Tous les papiers de votre engagement aux troupes de la guerre doivent y rester comme pièces à l'appui de l'acte de l'engagement.

D'ailleurs vous pouvez vous procurer les doubles des pièces dont il s'agit.

and returning. ^{and returning. Burlington} ~~proceed~~
 I recruits for French regiments ^{to} proceed
 to join their regiments individually with-
 out any non-commissioned officer in
 charge and make their way as best they
 can. Those whose route papers indicate
 a certain town to stop at get out together
 and immediately proceed to procure food I
 was greatly impressed by my experience of
 them, especially by their good manners. Every
 French peasant is a gentleman, they treated
 in groups into the grocery shops, for they
 were too ^(or had not enough money) frugal to go to restaurants, and
 the procedure was always the same.
 As each man stepped in he raised his
 cap politely and said; "Bon jour, madame"
 and the grocery woman answered with equal
 politeness; "Bon jour, messieurs". They
 have the manners of the drawing room in
 the shop.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The foregoing two pages of manuscript constitute the last writings of John Devoy. God called him away before he could finish this special chapter about which, a few weeks prior to his death on September 29, 1928, in a letter addressed to the members of the Clan-na-Gael, he wrote:

"As there is much about myself in the course of the present narrative, I had intended originally to leave myself out in the sketches of the Personalities, but several friends whose opinion I highly value insisted that I should include my autobiography, so I am adding that, prefaced with some particulars about the Devoy Clan (which was one of the Seven Septs of Leix almost annihilated in the massacre at the Rath of Mullaghmast), and about my immediate relatives who played a part in the Rebellion of 1798, the Emancipation struggle, the Anti-Tithe, the Repeal and the Young Ireland movements."

Happily, the recital of the chief incidents of Devoy's subsequent connection with Fenianism in Ireland had already been interwoven by him in the other chapters of these "Recollections".

The translation of the reply from the French War Office, quoted on page 389:

"Tous les papiers de votre engagement au Ministère de la Guerre doivent y rester comme pièces à l'appui de l'acte de l'engagement. D'ailleurs vous pouvez vous procurer les doubles des pièces dont il s'agit."

is as follows:

"All the papers regarding your enlistment at the War Department have to remain there being documents in connection with your enlistment. However you can obtain copies of the documents in question."

PART VII.

CHAPTER LII.

REORGANIZED FENIANISM, 1871-1916.

**TOM CLARKE RETURNED TO IRELAND—I. R. B. UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP
ASSUMED NEW LIFE AND VIGOR—LETTERS FROM CLARKE ON
POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS.**

REORGANIZED Fenianism in Ireland suffered many vicissitudes and at times had a hard struggle for existence. It was at some periods very strong, and at others dwindled to small proportions, but it always remained a force to be reckoned with. From 1871 to 1916 it was maintained almost entirely by moral and material support from the Clan-na-Gael. Envoys from the I. R. B. attended every Convention of the Clan-na-Gael and went back to carry on the work. When I went over as Envoy in 1879 I inspected the organization in every province of Ireland, and in England and Scotland, and found a compact body of 35,000 men, which continued to grow during the Land League agitation. Later the numbers fell off considerably, mainly through the manipulation of the Parliamentary leaders who overthrew Parnell (of whom T. P. O'Connor was the most successful), until finally it was reduced to a mere skeleton.

Tom Clarke who, because of his activities with Gallagher and others in 1883, spent over fifteen years in English convict prisons, came back to New York after his release and resumed membership in the Clan. On his return to Ireland in 1907, the I. R. B., inspired by his resoluteness and singleness of purpose, began to assume new life and vigor and became an active force. Its leaders were capable men, and its rank and file were of superior intelligence and force of character. The repeated statements of the Parliamentary leaders that Fenianism was a spent force were ridiculously untrue, and even William O'Brien, who always meant to be fair, was deceived by appearances and by informants with whom the wish was father to the thought.

The supplies of money from the Clan-na-Gael in America were largely increased from the time that Clarke returned, and sums never less than £1,000 at a time reached the Supreme Council of the I. R. B.

From the beginning of the Irish Volunteer movement in 1913, notwithstanding the fact that many non-organization men were



THOMAS J. CLARKE

high in its councils, the I. R. B. controlled it and gave it the majority of its leaders and martyrs in 1916.

John Redmond's attempt to make the Irish Volunteers an annex of the Parliamentary Party was followed by the starting of a rival Volunteer Fund in America, collected through the *Irish World*, and the Clan-na-Gael's fund was bitterly denounced as a "factionist" movement. The *Irish World* attacked it as "unauthorized"—meaning that John Redmond had not given his permission. Yet our fund, amounting only to about \$50,000, supplemented by the Clan-na-Gael's remittances to the I. R. B., making in all fully \$100,000, supplied the men of Easter Week with the means of striking their historic blow. Excepting money collected in Ireland and England, not a dollar came to them from any outside source. It was a small amount with which to start an insurrection, but it was larger than any sum ever previously received by an Irish insurrectionary movement.

The Redmond Volunteer Fund in America amounted only to about \$5,000, but the campaign for its collection obstructed the Clan-na-Gael's work and lowered the amount that otherwise would have been sent in. Very little of our Fund for the Irish Volunteers came from any but Clan members.

Robert Ford sent the money he had collected to Redmond, but after Redmond's speech at Woodenbridge, he as long as he lived, supported the Sinn Fein policy in the *Irish World*. His change of front and his personal support of the Friends of Irish Freedom, of whose National Council he was a member, did much to promote unity among the Irish in America, and his death was a serious loss.

The Irish Volunteer Fund reached Ireland through various channels. Some went by members of the Organization who visited there. The first \$5,000 was cabled MacNeill. Other sums were taken by Tom Ashe, Diarmuid Lynch, Dr. McCartan and John Kenny in 1914. But, the largest portion of the Clan-na-Gael money was carried by Tommy O'Connor, who held a position on one of the White Star steamers which enabled him to make regular and frequent crossings.

On each trip O'Connor went from Liverpool to Dublin, and delivered the money to Sean MacDermott. Sean would make a note of the amount in his small, neat handwriting on a slip of paper, without any signature, and this would be handed to me as a receipt on O'Connor's next trip to New York.

Several men coming to settle in America were the bearers of communications of more or less importance, but some had only

short notes of introduction. Among the latter was James Larkin. All of them had considerable information to give, some of it very valuable; in other cases it did not amount to much, and Larkin's was utterly unreliable. Probably the best of the new arrivals was a young clerical student named Liam O'Donnell, who was highly recommended by Tom Clarke. He finished his studies and was ordained to the priesthood in America.

Tom Clarke's letters to me during that period (I have not been able to find all of them) threw an interesting light on the situation in Ireland and the hopes which the men who were executed in 1916 based on that situation.

The following letter from Clarke (who usually signed himself "T. James" when communicating with me) gave a fuller sketch of the progress of the Volunteer movement than any of the others:

"May 14, 1914.

"Dear Uncle:

"I know with what interest you follow things in the old country and how you hanker after reliable information regarding conditions, so I am going to try and give you a 'line' upon the situation here at present writing.

"The country is electrified with the volunteering business—never in my recollection have I known in any former movement anything to compare with the spontaneous rush that is being made all over to get into the movement and start drill and get hold of a rifle. John Redmond & Co. were panic-stricken at what was happening, and when too late for themselves privately opened negotiations with the leading members of the Irish Volunteer Provisional Committee. These members didn't rise to the bait and still the volunteering went on at a gallop.

"The Home Rule Bill will pass as it stands, but an amending bill, re Exclusion, will be introduced as a result of an understanding between the Government and the Opposition (Redmond & Co. quite ignored in this). We have known of this for some weeks, so there were more pour parlers between the Irish Volunteer people and Redmond, Devlin & Co., to consider what should be done in face of this new development. I believe a programme was mapped out by the I. V. people and has been approved of by the other people, with the result that a 'private and confidential' circular has been issued by the National Secretary of the A. O. H. to all the divisions directing all the members to join the Volunteers—join the companies that are already formed and form committees to start new companies and regiments where they don't already exist, and emphasizing the necessity of sinking all minor points and joining hands in this work with all creeds and classes of the people who are working in the movement. This circular was only sent out this week, but I saw a copy of it, and upon my word one would think it was written by an ultra Sinn Féiner.

"In the same way a circular has been issued to the U. I. L. branches—also 'private and confidential' and on much the same lines as the other, as far as my information goes,

and I get this information from a variety of sources, including a reliable 'big pot' of the U. I. L. with whom I am rather intimate.

"Volunteering is going on at a rapid rate in Ulster (I mean Irish Volunteering). I know this from an old friend up there named Carrick from whom I hear often; and the strange thing about it is that in some sections the Carsonites regard the Irish Volunteers with a friendly face, and in fact some of the influential ones in conversation with prominent Volunteer men say that if it comes to a scrap between them (Carsonites) and the English they know that the Irish Volunteers would fight with them and not against them. That is an extraordinary change in the attitude of the one-time Orangeman, when he even allows himself to entertain the thought of himself and the papists fighting together in any circumstance. However, seeing with what lightning-like rapidity things are developing in various directions, one needn't be surprised at anything now.

"And the change that has come over the young men of the country who are volunteering! Erect, heads up in the air, the glint in the eye, and then the talent and ability that had been latent and is now being discovered! Young fellows who had been regarded as something like wastrels now changed to energetic soldiers and absorbed in the work and taking pride that at last they feel they can do something for their country that will count. 'Tis good to be alive in Ireland these times.

"Larkin's people for some time past have been making war on the Irish Volunteers. I think this is largely inspired by a disgruntled fellow named O'Casey. By this attitude they have antagonized the sympathy of all sections of the country and none more so than the advanced section. Liberty Hall is now a negligible quantity here.

"I'd like you would let me know as soon as you can if Cousin Ric will be able to pay a visit to us. If he can't we shall want some time to negotiate employment of another man to fill the position. But from a business point of view, no one could fill the position just now like him.

"The family are well and in real good health and business is splendid.

"Goodbye. Trusting you keep strong and in good health, with all sorts of kind wishes to old friends.

"T. JAMES."

"May 15, 1914.

"P. S.—Since finishing my letter last night I was talking to a lady belonging to the Lady Volunteer Committee. She attended the weekly meeting last night and seemed delighted with the atmosphere of the place and the way things are progressing. Among the interesting items are the following: The London Ladies' Sub-Committee (Mrs. Stopford Green, chairwoman) has collected £500; the Ladies' Com. here nearly the same amount.

"It has been officially decided that all monies collected by the Lady Vol. Committees will be turned over to the Provisional (Men's) Committee with the expressed stipulation that this will only be used for the purchase of arms.

"From different parts of the country communications came in to the Ladies' Committee expressing a desire to co-operate and asking for instructions.

"Two Limerick ladies were present to get information, etc., in order to start a committee in that city. Those ladies, by the way, are nieces of the old Rebel, John Daly. Another married sister was with them who is a member of the Dublin Committee.

"In connection with the discussion to adopt a badge for the Lady Volunteers, she submitted a combination bow badge—orange and green on the wings with white in the centre. Having explained the symbolical meaning of the badge as indicating one of the basic principles of their organization, this badge was adopted unanimously. She and Mrs. Bradley were appointed as a sub-committee to devise a scheme of organization to start an Irish Volunteer Boys' movement, this boys' movement to rest upon the same principles as the I. V. organization."

The "married sister" referred to in the above postscript was Tom's wife; the "two Limerick ladies" were his sisters-in-law.

All of Tom Clarke's other letters were brief, hastily written notes, but they were remarkably clear. When communicating with us in America, Tom always addressed me as "Uncle", and wrote as though himself and his "uncle" were merely interested onlookers with respect to political developments. We had a very fair idea of the situation in Ireland, through the reports of Envoys who attended the Clan-na-Gael Conventions and who, besides, gave us much first-hand information individually in personal conversations. This was invaluable, coming from men who themselves were members of the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. and had a thorough knowledge of Irish affairs. Sean MacDermott was the Envoy in 1912, and Diarmuid Lynch in 1914. The latter attended our Convention in Atlantic City, where a committee was appointed to draft and publish an address to our people in America pointing out that Ireland's interests would be best served by taking sides with Germany against England in the war which had just broken out.

CHAPTER LIII.

FOREIGN MILITARY AID FOR IRELAND.

THE IRISH REPEATEDLY SOUGHT OUTSIDE AID IN THE CENTURIES-OLD EFFORT TO OVERTHROW THE ENGLISH INVADERS—SCOTCH, SPANISH AND FRENCH PRECEDENTS FOR APPEAL TO GERMANY IN 1916.

EVER since the English invaders, under Fitz Stephen, landed in Ireland (1169), the Irish people endeavored to overthrow the domination of England and sought the aid of England's enemies. The first help they got was from their kindred in Scotland. In many minor fights Gaelic Scotsmen had fought side by side with their Irish cousins, but the most notable effort of that kind was the invasion of Ireland by Robert Bruce's brother, Edward, soon after the Battle of Bannockburn (1314) and his subsequent coronation as King of Ireland. A strong Irish contingent, sent by Donal O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, had helped Bruce to win that glorious victory, and he reciprocated by sending his brother, with a small army (6,000 men) to Ireland. Later (1317), Robert Bruce came over himself and many defeats were inflicted on the English and the Anglo-Irish Barons. Robert Bruce returned to Scotland and the English sent an army of 30,000 men, under De Bermingham. Edward Bruce rashly disdained the wise advice of Donal O'Neill to retire to Ulster and draw the English on. With his small force he faced De Bermingham's overwhelmingly superior army and was defeated and killed at the Battle of Faughart, near Dundalk, in 1318. De Bermingham cut off Bruce's head and sent it as a trophy to the English King, Edward II. That ended the war for the time being.

At various times thereafter Spain aided the Irish in their struggle for complete Independence, and the last battle of a virtually independent Ireland was fought in an effort by Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell to relieve a small Spanish force beleaguered in Kinsale in 1603.

During the Insurrection begun in 1641, the Pope gave some help to Ireland, and Spain sent Owen Roe O'Neill, one of the great Generals of the age, and a number of Irish officers to command and train the Irish army. France sent a small army to aid King James II after the English Revolution of 1688, when a strong section of the Irish, led by Sarsfield, wanted to make James King of Ireland.

During the wars following the French Revolution, through the efforts of Wolfe Tone, France sent three different expeditions to Ireland. Hoche, next to Napoleon, the greatest General of the Revolution, commanded the most formidable of these in 1796, but his fleet was scattered by a great storm. Grouchy (the man who later failed at Waterloo) was second in command, and reached Bantry Bay with 8,000 men and several thousand stand of arms, but the Admiral refused to give him boats to effect a landing and the expedition had to return to France. Had that expedition landed, the English having only a few hundred men in all Munster, Ireland in all probability would have again become an Independent Nation, the advance of the British Empire would have been frustrated, and the history of the world would have taken a different course.

The Dutch Republic had another expedition ready to sail, but in a naval battle outside the Texel, Holland's fleet was badly beaten. The storm that scattered the French fleet, and the English victory over the Dutch, ended all hope of foreign aid. The United Irishmen, in 1798, armed only with pikes and shotguns, had to face desperate odds, and were overwhelmed by the British army after thousands of casualties had been inflicted on the latter.

Robert Emmet, when preparing for his insurrection of 1803, also sought French help and spent some time in France in the effort. He very probably saw Napoleon himself, who was then First Consul. Napoleon had a large army encamped on the heights above Boulogne-sur-mer, and the English fleet was keeping a close watch, but there would have been little difficulty in a small force slipping through and getting to Ireland from Brest or some other point further west. Napoleon's army was intended for England, and if he succeeded in effecting a landing would have been able to overwhelm the British army. But the Corsican had other plans in mind, and the big army was moved elsewhere. Later, in St. Helena, he admitted to Dr. O'Meara that if he had gone to Ireland, instead of to Egypt, he would have defeated England. In those days the fate of the British Empire was hanging by a thread.

The Irish were obliged to seek foreign aid because of the practical impossibility of getting arms in their own country. During the Crimean War (1853 to 1856) an effort was made in America to secure help from Russia, but Ireland was hopelessly dispirited from the effects of the great Famine of 1847, and the exodus which followed it; there was no organization whatever, and Russia could do nothing under the circumstances. But

the idea of securing foreign aid persisted and became a tradition among the Irish people.

Daniel O'Connell, in spite of his opposition to force and his reiterated statement (varied somewhat in different speeches) that "no amount of human liberty is worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood", gave equal prominence to the axiom that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Of course, he meant an opportunity to exact concessions by peaceful means, but the Irish people interpreted the words literally and applied the maxim both to peaceful (or semi-peaceful) agitation and armed insurrection.

The Fenians (1865-67) hoped for American help; the resentment against England which then prevailed in the Northern States on account of the British Government's treacherous aid to the Confederacy during the Civil War, gave good reason for the hope.

The United Irishmen of 1798 and the Fenians in 1865-67 aimed to separate Ireland from England by armed force. Their principles and policy were continued by reorganized Fenianism in Ireland and by the Clan-na-Gael in America from its inception. England was under no illusions as to our objects and sought by every means in her power to break us up. She kept an army of spies to pry into our work, and dangled "concessions" of one kind or another (all falling short of Ireland's inherent and inalienable right to Nationhood) before the eyes of the Irish people, to wean them from their hostility, but the ideal of complete Independence lived on and was insuppressible.

In 1877, while the Russo-Turkish war was going on, it seemed for a time that England was about to intervene. England did intervene to the extent of sending a division of her fleet to the Princes' Islands and another division to Gallipoli to hold the Dardanelles for the purpose of barring the Russian army from Constantinople, which they effectually did. The Russians had captured Adrianople and were at San Stefano, a few miles from the Turkish Capital, but they got no further. The Grand Duke Nicholas telegraphed to the Czar (his brother) that he could take Constantinople, with the loss of 7,000 men, but he got no answer, and he took that as a negative. Peace negotiations then began and resulted in the Treaty of San Stefano, which ended the war.

The Clan-na-Gael Executive, before the crisis of the war came, appointed a committee, consisting of Dr. William Carroll of Philadelphia (then Chairman of the body), James Reynolds of New Haven, Rev. George W. Pepper, an Ohio Methodist Min-

ister, who was a veteran of 1848 in Ireland and a member of the Clan, General F. F. Miller, and myself, to wait on M. Shishkin, the Russian Minister to the United States. We were introduced to him by Senator Conover of Florida, who was a member of the organization, and his introduction was a guarantee to M. Shishkin of our right to speak for it.

We presented him with a Memorial written by Jerome J. Collins (who later perished on the *Jeanette* Polar expedition), which stated very ably why it was to Russia's interest to help Ireland. M. Shishkin forwarded the Memorial to St. Petersburg, but informed us that his Government was not likely to take action on it, because it believed that Ireland only wanted Land Reform and some concessions on education, and did not desire Separation.

This belief, he said, was based on the fact that every city in Ireland welcomed every representative of British Royalty who visited the country, and that there was no public demand for anything more than a limited measure of Self-Government. This statement was the real cause of what was called the "New Departure" urging the Fenians in Ireland to take part in public affairs, obtain control of the Parliamentary representation and of the local public bodies—which later resulted in the formation of the Land League.

M. Shishkin spoke English very poorly, but was fluent in French, and I acted as interpreter. He had been Consul-General to Servia and later became Minister to Greece. While in Belgrade he had received several delegations of Slavs, both Turkish and Austrian, and based his advice to us on the Russian answers to their appeals for help. But, he said, if Russia and England went to war (which he did not think probable), his Government would seriously consider the question of giving military aid to Ireland. He then arranged that all future communications should reach him through Senator Conover. The Peace Treaty of San Stefano made any further appeal to Russia useless.

Towards the close of the last century and at the beginning of the present, the relations between France and England were often somewhat strained, owing to French resentment over Disraeli's tricky action in securing control of the Suez Canal. During the Boer War they were particularly bad. After the Union of the two sections of the Clan-na-Gael at the Atlantic City Convention of 1900, where Judge O'Neill Ryan was elected Chairman of the Executive, we provided for the possibility of war by laying Ireland's case before the French and Russian Ambassadors in Washington, through Judge Ryan. Jules Cambon

then represented France in Washington; his brother, Paul, was Ambassador to England, and Count Cassini was the Russian Ambassador in America.

Bearing these facts in mind and knowing that England for several years had been making combinations for the destruction of Germany, her greatest commercial and industrial rival, we felt that Ireland's opportunity was certain to arrive in our day.

King Edward VII had been "swinging around the circle" of the European Capitals, and the English newspapers were boasting that he had "forged a ring of iron around Germany"—though it remained for the Soviet Government after the World War, to reveal the whole war plot by publishing the diplomatic correspondence between the Foreign Offices of London, Paris and St. Petersburg, which proved conclusively that the three Powers had already determined on war and were only waiting for such an opportunity as developed in 1914 from the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria at Serajevo, in Bosnia. That assassination was approved, or excused by editorials in the leading English papers and in the pro-British press of New York, just as the attempt of an English woman to kill O'Donovan Rossa had been condoned many years before. That is the proverbial English attitude. But the assassination of one of England's enemies, actual or potential, is only a venial sin, if not a wholly justifiable act.

The Clan-na-Gael leaders realized in advance that war was coming, but regretted that it should take place while Ireland was practically unarmed. They had done their utmost to help to arm the Irish Volunteers, but the supply was wholly inadequate to justify an attempt at insurrection without help from outside. When the war broke out, the Clan therefore sought German help, as our forefathers had sought Scottish, Spanish and French assistance, and as the living organization had tried to provide for French and Russian aid in case of war.

The Supreme Council of the I. R. B. in Ireland had determined that when the war offered an opportunity they would seize it and strike a blow for Freedom, and we were in constant communication with them, through Tom Clarke, who availed himself of every chance of sending me a letter by hand. They were greatly encouraged by the progress of the Volunteer movement; and the fine turnout at the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa, whose body we had sent to Ireland in 1915 for interment in Glasnevin, filled them with high hopes, as it did us in America.

Centuries of oppression and injustice and a more or less continuous attempt to exterminate the race fully justified the Irish people in seeking the overthrow of English rule by any means in their power and obtaining help from England's enemies. England had been attempting to cut Ireland's throat for seven centuries, so that the English complaint that Ireland "stabbed England in the back" during the World War was utter nonsense. If the weapon were long and sharp enough to reach England's heart, either through the back or the chest, Ireland would have been entirely justified in giving the death blow.

CHAPTER LIV.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH VON BERNSTORFF.

AMBASSADOR TOLD WE DID NOT WANT AND WOULD NOT ACCEPT MONEY
—SOUGHT ONLY MILITARY AID FROM GERMANY—ADDRESS TO THE
KAISER.

Soon after the outbreak of the World War, a special committee of the Clan-na-Gael presented Ireland's case to the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff.

Our interview with him took place during a reception at The German Club on Fifty-ninth Street, New York. Among those present on that occasion were Captain von Papen, Military Attache; Wolff von Igel (von Papen's assistant); Herr Dernburg, George von Skal and others connected with the German Embassy. Any appearance of secrecy was studiously avoided; the door to the hallway was kept open.

Our spokesman told the Ambassador that our friends in Ireland intended to use the opportunity presented by the war to make an effort to overthrow English rule in Ireland and set up an Independent Government; that they had not an adequate supply of arms, had no trained officers, and wanted Germany to supply the arms and a sufficient number of capable officers to make a good start, but that we wanted no money. We needed military help only. This was stated with clearness and emphasis.

The point was stressed that a rebellion in Ireland would necessarily divert a large part of the British army from the fighting front on the Continent and that therefore it would be to Germany's interest to help Ireland in her fight for freedom.

Count Bernstorff listened attentively and with evident sympathy, asked many questions, so as to be sure he fully understood our position, and he promised to send our application to Berlin.

Whether or not there was a British spy or Wilson Secret Service man in the room (and I think it highly improbable at that stage—August, 1914) did not matter much, as the Ambassador's staff hovered so closely around, but with apparent carelessness, that not even any of the prominent Germans present could possibly hear a word. They certainly did not try to do so and kept at a respectful distance while the conversation was going on.

We took our departure and went to work at once to prepare for the arduous work before us. The Home Organization was informed at the earliest possible moment, through Tom Clarke, of what had occurred, and we were empowered to do the best we could and keep the Supreme Council informed of our progress as far as it could be done with safety.

Supplementing the German Embassy's wireless to Berlin, several copies of a written statement were sent there by hand. One or more of these copies went by the Embassy's own messengers; another was taken by Michael Francis Doyle of Philadelphia to Holland, where he was sent by the State Department to provide for the return to their homes of American citizens who were left stranded by the war; while two more were carried by John Kenny.

Kenny left New York for Germany on August 21, 1914. His passport was for Switzerland, and the benefit of his health was given as the ostensible purpose of the trip. He carried credentials from the German Embassy at Washington, and on arrival at Rome (via Naples) he delivered to von Flotow, the German Ambassador there, one copy of the statement which he bore. Von Flotow furnished him with a special passport which facilitated his entry into Germany and his arrival at Berlin. There he delivered his message to von Beulow personally. Then, a favorable opportunity having presented itself, he proceeded to Ireland and confided to Tom Clarke the particulars of his visit to Berlin.

Meantime, Sir Roger Casement had prepared an Address to the Kaiser. Though we of the Clan-na-Gael would have worded some portions of it differently, we accepted it as written, which was as follows:

"NEW YORK, August 25, 1914.

"To

"His Imperial Majesty,

"The German Emperor.

"Sire:

"The undersigned, representing many millions of the people of this country, either of Irish birth or Irish descent, desire very respectfully to place before Your Majesty what we believe to be the view of the vast majority of Irishmen not only in the United States but throughout the world.

"In the first place, we seek to give voice to the feeling of Irishmen in America. That feeling is chiefly one of sympathy and admiration for the heroic people of Germany, assailed at all points by an unnatural league of enmity, having only one thing in common, a hatred of German prosperity and efficiency. We feel that the German people are in truth fighting for European civilization at its best and certainly in its less selfish form. We recognize that Germany

did not seek this war, but that it was forced upon her by those jealous of her military security, envious of her industrial and commercial capacity, and aiming at her integrity as a Great World Power that was capable, if peace were maintained, of outdistancing the competition of all her rivals.

"Since peace was essential to the fullest German development, and since in the realm of peaceful rivalry Germany could not be overcome, those who were jealous of her growing prosperity and were themselves incapable of matching it by peaceful means, determined to destroy by war what they could not meet by peace. This we believe to be the reason, and the sole reason, for the present combination of armaments against Germany. For this reason we assert that Germany is fighting the battle of European civilization at its best against European civilization at its worst.

"We wholeheartedly hope for the success of the German people in this unequal struggle forced upon them. Just as they have overcome by peaceful means the competition of their trading rivals, so we pray they may now overcome by armed manhood the unfair combination those rivals have substituted for lawful effort.

"This said on behalf of our countrymen in America, we would bring before Your Majesty the condition of our countrymen in Ireland, and draw Your Majesty's attention to the part that Ireland necessarily, if not openly, must play in this conflict and in every conflict where sea-power is at stake.

"The British claim to control the seas of the world, rests chiefly on an unnamed factor. That factor is Ireland. It is by the sole possession of Ireland that Great Britain has been able for two centuries to maintain an unchallengeable mastery of the seas and by this agency to convert a small trading community into the wholly arbitrary judges of war and peace for all mankind.

"If Europe would be free at home, she must be free at sea. If Europe would have peace within her borders she must deprive Great Britain of the means to provoke or precipitate war whenever, as in the present case, it may suit the interests of that power to substitute war for peace.

"There cannot be peace in Europe until Great Britain's claim to the mastery of the seas, that great highway of the Nations, has been finally disposed of.

"We are profoundly convinced that so long as Great Britain is allowed to control, exploit and misappropriate Ireland and all Irish resources—whether of men, material wealth, or strategic position—she will dominate the seas. Thus the freedom of Ireland becomes of paramount, nay, of vital importance to the larger question of the freeing of the seas.

"Hoping as we do that Germany will win this war so unrighteously forced upon her by a combination of assailants, each lacking the courage to act alone, we earnestly commend to Your Majesty's attention this fundamental fact that to restore the equilibrium of sea power so grievously injured by Great Britain, to the detriment of the whole world since the Napoleonic wars, Ireland must be freed from British control.

"While the fortune of war may not bring German troops to Ireland, the hearts of thousands of Irishmen go out to the German shores today. Thousands of Irishmen are prepared

to do their part to aid the German cause, for they recognize that it is their own.

"Should God grant victory to the German people in this struggle of brave men to keep the freedom they have so dearly won, we hope that Ireland may be permitted to contribute something to the triumph of that good cause. We beg Your Majesty to reflect that a defeated Great Britain, still retaining Ireland, is really a victorious Great Britain.

"We beg Your Majesty to reflect that an Ireland freed by German victory over Britain becomes the sure gage of a free ocean for all who traverse the seas.

"On these grounds alone, did not natural sympathy and admiration for a people fighting against such heavy odds lead us to address Your Majesty, we should hope for a German triumph over an enemy who is also our enemy. We pray for that triumph for Germany; and we pray with it Your Majesty may have power, wisdom and strength of purpose to impose a lasting peace upon the seas by effecting the independence of Ireland and securing its recognition as a fixed condition of the terms of final settlement between the great maritime Powers."

The signatories included all the members of the Clan-na-Gael Executive. My own signature was the first.

The following month Casement wrote another statement, the first intimation of which I received from him in a letter dated Brooklyn, September 18, the opening paragraph of which read: "I had intended sending this out to press today, but J. Quinn and Bourke Cockran strongly deprecate my doing so. They say it will do harm—not good! What do you think?"

We were more than surprised that Sir Roger had, without saying a word to any of us, taken Bourke Cockran and John Quinn into his confidence by consulting them on this matter. They were both honorable men, but neither of them was in agreement with our policy. After Easter Week, Bourke Cockran came around to our side and did splendid service. Mr. Quinn took sides with the Allies long before the United States went into the war, and after that became strongly hostile to our attitude.

While a highly intellectual man, Casement was very emotional and as trustful as a child. He was also obsessed with the idea that he was a better judge than any of us, at either side of the Atlantic, of what ought to be done (though he was too polite and good natured to say so), and he never hesitated to act on his own responsibility, fully believing that his decisions were in the best interests of Ireland's Cause. This created many difficulties and embarrassments for us.

After the interview with Count von Bernstorff our communication with the Germans was conducted chiefly through Captain von Papen, the Military Attache.

CHAPTER LV.

CASEMENT AND THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

JOHN REDMOND'S ATTEMPT TO DOMINATE THE VOLUNTEERS—PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE'S SUBMISSION NEARLY PARALYZED PREPARATIONS FOR THE EASTER WEEK RISING—CASEMENT AND HOBSON SHOWED WEAKNESS.

ROGER CASEMENT is one of the most tragic figures in Irish history. After a life spent in the service of England (although always at heart an Irish Nationalist), he retired from Government employment on account of broken health, the result of hardships endured in the tropics, and became free to devote himself to the Cause of Irish Freedom.

Long absence from Ireland had rendered him somewhat unfamiliar with conditions in his native land, but no man of his generation knew better than he the evil results of English rule, or had a better grasp of the general policy by which it could be brought to an end. Practical politics he did not understand, but the end to which the practical politician, the statesman and the soldier should devote their efforts he understood most thoroughly. He was an idealist, absolutely without personal ambition, ready to sacrifice his interests and his life for the cause he had at heart, but was too sensitive about the consequences to others of his actions.

I first saw Casement's name in the newspapers when he was British Consul in the Congo. Knowing nothing of him at the time, I assumed that he was an Englishman and that while the atrocities he charged against the Belgians might in large measure be true—for I saw enough of the Belgians during my short stay in Algeria with the Foreign Legion to estimate possibilities—I took it for granted that his revelations were simply English propaganda to justify a projected move to oust Belgium (or King Leopold) from that territory. My first personal knowledge of him was acquired through a letter he wrote me from South America just before he went into the Putumayo to expose even worse horrors than those of the Congo—and neither of these exposures was made, as I later learned, in the interests of British policy, but to serve humanity. His letter to me enclosed two subscriptions for the *Gaelic American*, one for himself and the other for either his mother or his sister in

Ireland. After this I occasionally got small, but always very interesting, items of news from him for publication, with brief suggestions as to their bearing on the Irish Question.

As his address was a British Consulate, I concluded he must be a young scion of an Irish Loyalist family newly converted to Nationalism. I was disabused of this mistake by learning from himself in New York that his father, although the Colonel of an English cavalry regiment, was a Fenian in principle. There was nothing extraordinary to me in this,—as may be inferred from my experiences with that army in the 'sixties. I also learned from P. M. Haverty, the publisher of John Mitchel's works, who was Quartermaster of the Sixty-ninth in the Civil War, that when a boy in McGlashan and Gill's bookshop in Dublin in 1848 he had heard General O'Donnell (father of the future Marchioness of Queensbury and descendant of Ball Dearg O'Donnell of Righ Shemus's time) swearing at the Young Ireland leaders, not for their disloyalty to the Queen, but because "there was not a damned man among them had ever smelled powder"—and winding up by adding that "if they really meant fight he would join them tomorrow."

I need not dwell on Casement's activities after his return to Ireland further than to say that he joined the Gaelic League, did much to relieve the acute distress then prevailing in the West, made a nearly successful effort to have German Transatlantic steamers call at Queenstown to offset the Cunard Line's withdrawal, and thus connect Ireland directly with the outside world. But his most notable work in Ireland was in the Volunteer movement, and in this he made a bad mistake in conjunction with other well-meaning men by surrendering the control of it to the Parliamentary Party.

In 1912, the Unionists of Ulster through a "Solemn League and Covenant" pledged their opposition to the Asquith Home Rule Bill then under discussion in the House of Commons, and determined "to refuse to recognize its authority". Early in 1913, Sir Edward Carson organized the Ulster Volunteers and to some extent armed them. The Asquith Government showed its dissatisfaction at this quasi military display, but permitted it to proceed; the Ulster Volunteers continued with every evidence of determination to prevent the functioning of the Home Rule Bill with respect to the North-Eastern Counties, should it become law. In other words, Carson and his volunteers made good their right to publicly drill and carry arms—a situation such as had not existed in Ireland since the time of Grattan's Volunteers—and



SIR ROGER CASEMENT

herein lay the genesis of the Irish Volunteer Movement of our day.

Men in Dublin imbued with the principles of Irish nationality, though of different political affiliations, recognized that if the English government permitted Carson's volunteers to drill and carry arms openly, it could not estop Irish Nationalists from following Ulster's example. Thus it happened that the Irish Volunteers were inaugurated on the 25th of November, 1913. Their avowed object was "to secure and maintain the rights and the liberties common to all the people of Ireland, without distinction of creed, class or politics".

While the leaders of the I. R. B. were largely instrumental in bringing about the formation of the Irish Volunteers, they wisely decided that the Provisional Executive Committee of the organization should contain a large percentage of men who were not then in accord with the "extreme" policy. The former held their own interpretation as to what constituted "the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland", and without emphasizing that interpretation they contented themselves for the moment with the opportunity to militarily organize and drill the young manhood of Ireland.

The Irish Parliamentary Party and the Redmondite press practically ignored the establishment of the Irish Volunteers, but during the ensuing months Volunteers enlisted by tens of thousands. Then, in the opinion of Redmond, they had become a force of potential danger to England and he decided on steps whereby he might secure control of the organization in the interests of the British Government. He demanded that twenty-five nominees of his should be permitted seats on the Executive Committee of the Volunteers; otherwise he threatened to set up an independent Executive to which those Volunteers who agreed in the main with his parliamentary policy would give allegiance. In other words, he threatened to split the Volunteer Movement in Ireland unless he was permitted to dominate it, and eventually a majority of the original Provisional Committee did succumb to his impertinent demand on June 16, 1914. This is the surrender, Casement's participation in which I condemned.

Tom Clarke had written me putting the chief blame for the surrender on Bulmer Hobson. Hobson, who was then Dublin correspondent of the *Gaelic American*, had written for publication an article defending the expediency of the surrender, and a private letter informing me that Casement was coming to America to collect funds for the Volunteers. Casement came by way of Canada, and wrote me the following letter from Montreal.

"Montreal, Canada, 14 July, 1914.

"Private.

"Dear Mr. Devoy:

"Our mutual friend Hobson has probably told you of my journey across. I hope to be in New York by end of this week at latest and shall call on you on arrival.

I shall probably stay a night or two in some hotel—probably the Belmont, as I see it is near the station—until I can get a private apartment somewhere.

"It is possible you may not be in New York now—as I see by the papers there is great heat there and thousands are leaving the city.

"There are things to discuss with you, and one or two more, of interest, and I propose staying a few weeks in U. S. A., with New York my headquarters. I don't mind heat very much.

"Looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you very soon,

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"ROGER CASEMENT."

Casement arrived in New York on July 20, 1914, put up at the Belmont Hotel and telephoned me that he was there. I went to see him that evening and we had a long talk. I told him the prospect of his helping us much in collecting funds for the Volunteers was very poor, on account of his voting for the surrender to Redmond, and that our men blamed Bulmer Hobson very much for his vote. He defended the surrender as unavoidable and told me we in America did not understand the situation which made it necessary. I answered that it did not require intimate local knowledge to enable one to understand the surrender; that it was a human proposition, a contest between men and principles that could be judged accurately whether the action was taken in Ireland, America or in any other part of the world; that it was an act of weakness that must produce bad results and that it was already cutting down the collection of money in America. I told him that many of us knew John Redmond well and regarded him as a weak man, although a brilliant speaker; that he was really acting for the Liberal Ministry, who would compel him to use his control of the Volunteers to demoralize the movement and sap its vitality. The evils they wished to avoid by the surrender, I told him, would all overtake them; that worse would follow as a result of the first false step; that the Irish people respected men of firmness and decision of character, perhaps more than any other people in Europe, and that the bold course would have been also the safe one.

Casement listened attentively to all I said and then in a calm and very friendly manner undertook to persuade me that I was mistaken. As he wrote me a letter on the following day

giving his version of the incidents of the surrender, I give it here, instead of endeavoring to describe his arguments. It gives many details which throw a very interesting light on the situation in Ireland at that time. The letter follows:

"Hotel Belmont, 21 July, 1914.

"Dear Mr. Devoy:

"I think of going to Philadelphia to stay with McGarrity either tomorrow evening or Thursday morning.

"I was sorry to find from your remark last night that you held that Hobson had deceived you—or the others who differed from our (the majority's) standpoint over the Redmond affair. That is not so. I hope I made it clear to you that there was no deception or indeed even keeping anything back from them.

"Here, again, are the dates—to show you how unjust is that suspicion, or statement, if it has been made as a statement.

"On Monday, 8th June, I left Eoin MacNeill at Dundalk—he for Dublin, I to go to Belfast. It was that night he was 'interviewed' by Redmond, Dillon and Devlin at the Gresham and got their ultimatum for an Inner or Governing Committee of five, himself to be the chairman. It was that same night I, in Belfast, decided that to save the Provisional Committee the linking of it up with the Volunteers in each county by an elected County Delegate, would take the place of our (abortive) undertaking to hold a Convention at a date as soon as possible after 10 June where company delegates would cease to be eligible. Only some 200 companies or less had affiliated, and as there were probably 800 to 1,000 actually in existence, a Convention of a minority to make law for a majority not represented would have done nothing to disarm the criticism already gathering, or to unify our organization.

"Tuesday, 9 June, I came up specially to Dublin, lodged my motion for discussing that proposal, and got a special meeting called for the following Friday (12 June) to discuss and deal with it. Wednesday, 10 June, appeared Redmond's first letter in the Irish press pointing out that the P. Committee was 'non-representative', etc., and calling for the 25 nominees.

"Owing to this the meeting that would have been held on Friday, 12th, to discuss my motion was called at once, as an emergency meeting for that night, Wednesday, 10th.

"At that meeting—a very large one, 22 present—my proposal was accepted and the *inclosed manifesto* issued to the press.

"We hoped that, as our proposal was a more democratic, a more representative and a more acceptable one for all Volunteers, that we should have met the charges brought against us as being only a Dublin body and that we had cut the ground from under the feet of our critics.

"On Saturday, 13 June, appeared Redmond's second and more truculent letter.

"I came up from Belfast on Sunday, 14 June, ill and worried, and that night thought with MacNeill that resignation was probably our only dignified course.

"On Monday, 15 June, while in bed at Buswell's Hotel, Col. Moore and Hobson were with me at 10 a. m. to noon, and we

practically decided that so far as we four were concerned (MacNeill having agreed over night) resignation was the course. Whatever we did threatened calamity. While they were with me Tom Clarke and Sean MacDermott came to urge me to fight Redmond, and I refused. They left me, and I held to the opinion throughout the day that resignation was the least of the evils, and I began drafting my view of the statement to be issued as the result of our meeting the next (Tuesday, 16 June) night when the Provisional Committee would have to deal finally with Redmond's demands.

"On Tuesday morning (16 June) Hobson came to me (I was still in bed) and pointed out the dangers of that course (resignation), the impending resignations in the Committee, and put forward his suggestion that we should accept, under compulsion, R.'s demand—and go on with our work of trying to get rifles and arming only such corps as we trusted.

"I agreed, and sent him to MacNeill with a message to say I agreed and that I wanted MacNeill to come down to my hotel. Col. Moore called and he, too, agreed—and then at about 4 p. m. MacNeill came and he, I and Hobson discussed the final form of the manifesto I had been preparing in bed.

"It was taken off to be typed only between 5 and 6 p. m., and the meeting of the P. Committee was at 8.

"You will see from this that there was no deception on Hobson's part and no concealment either. It was simply a question of time—and of change of plan, too, at the eleventh hour.

"You are quite wrong in thinking that Hobson deceived you. Here are his last words to me in the last letter I got from him at Belfast just before I sailed. You are 'the old man' and 'the other' is J. McGarrity.

" 'Dublin, 30 June, 1914.

" 'You might explain my action to the old man and the other in Philadelphia over the whole business. They will both understand our difficulty. . . . I would suggest that you keep in closest touch with the old man when you arrive. He and the chairman of the committee are safe guides—the two best men in the country.

" 'There will be plenty who will want to "capture" you because your name might help them politically, but our two friends will always give you the true facts of any such attempts. They know the country and conditions and you will meet many who will promise much and do very little. We will have a difficult time enough here, I think, but will pull through well, I am confident.'

"That is not the letter or opinion of a man conscious of having broken faith with you.

"The whole truth is simply that *something* had to be done, and done at once, and that of all the evils before us we chose the one we thought, and I firmly believe, was the least of the evils threatening the Volunteer cause.

"I have no doubt at all that if we can get rifles and ammunition into Ireland the question of 'control' will show itself to be a purely academic term.

"Had we had a raging faction fight with Dillon, Devlin, etc., the difficulty of getting arms would have been far greater, the original status and aim of the Volunteers would have been wholly lost sight of, and when the dust and dirt

of the hideous scuffle had subsided Ireland would have emerged disgusted and ashamed—and with no Volunteers in existence. As it is we have kept the Volunteer body intact—and if we can get guns into the hands of, say, a dozen chosen corps it will revolutionize the mind of the whole country and vitalize the organization and make every *man* in Ireland realize that the function of a Volunteer is not to ‘form fours’ and pass ‘resolutions’ of confidence in R. & Co., but to have a gun and learn to shoot straight.

“I would sooner see 20,000 American rifles and 10,000,000 cartridges landed in Ireland today than learn you (or anyone else) had cabled \$1,000,000. It is not American dollars, but Irish-American manhood, courage and skill we want to help an unarmed and enjailed people get rifles into their hands.

“This said—I think you should amend your judgment on Hobson. It pained and startled me last night to hear you express that view, but I was too tired to go into all this explanation then.

“Hobson has heaps of faults, but he is not guilty of deceiving you or the Irish here.

“Moreover, Redmond had again and again said that he could get money and give money to the Volunteer cause, and H. was justified in thinking that one result of our action would be financial solvency.

“We had accomplished much and on the slenderest resources, and were, I suppose, the poorest body of ‘Governors’ a great national movement ever had, and we were threatened with difficulties on every hand. The *only* thought influencing Hobson was that that swayed me—to save the Volunteers from disruption and Ireland from a disgraceful faction fight in which all original issues would have gone by the board.

“Yours very faithfully,

“ROGER CASEMENT.”

The letter was shown to the Revolutionary Directory and other men active in the movement, and while they were not convinced by it that yielding control of the Volunteers to John Redmond was justifiable, all were impressed by the downright sincerity of the man, and it was decided to utilize his services in collecting funds for the purchase of arms. So he remained in America for a few months addressing meetings and conferring with friends. He spent the time alternately between New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The *Gaelic American* could not, however, publish any further articles from our Dublin correspondent, Hobson. I so informed him on July 3, and pointed out the ill effects of the surrender on our work in America for the Volunteers.

I regretted the necessity for this action as Hobson had made many sacrifices and had done good work both in Ireland and America for the Cause, and the paltry sum he received as remuneration for his articles to the *Gaelic American* was, as he stated in his reply, his “sole remaining source of income”.

The O'Rahilly who also voted to submit to Redmond's ultimatum, wrote me on June 25 acknowledging advices from the Bank for the money we cabled to MacNeill, and set forth the alternatives, as he viewed them, with which the Provisional Committee of the Volunteers was confronted immediately before the surrender.

These men soon realized the grievousness of their error. Some seven weeks later Redmond, in the House of Commons, said: "There are in Ireland two large bodies of Volunteers, one of them sprang into existence in the South. I say to the Government they may tomorrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland and the coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons." On September 19, addressing a Volunteer meeting at Woodenbridge, County Wicklow, Redmond went much further and said to the assembled men: "I say to you therefore your duty is two-fold * * * go on drilling and make yourselves efficient for the work, and then account yourselves as men, not only in Ireland itself, but *wherever the firing-line extends in defense of right, of freedom and religion in this war.*" (Italics are mine.) Thus Redmond consummated his treason to the Irish Volunteers and to Ireland.

There was then but one course open to the original Committee. On September 24, 1914, they issued a proclamation that thenceforth Redmond's nominees ceased to belong to the governing body of the Volunteers. Thereafter, the "Irish Volunteers" continued under the jurisdiction of the original Provisional Committee, and the men who adhered to Redmond continued to function (for a time) under the title "National Volunteers". Thus the misfortunes which Casement, Hobson and the others hoped to avert by surrendering to Redmond in June, materialized in September, and with added force because of that surrender.

We here became convinced at an early date that the submission had been made with the best intentions, but nothing could better demonstrate the fallacy of the arguments on which it was based than the following letter which The O'Rahilly sent by John Kenny, on the occasion of the latter's special mission to Ireland after his return here from Germany:

"40 Herbert Park, Dublin,
"November 10, 1914.

"J. Devoy, Esq.

"A Chara:

"Thanks exceedingly for your cheerful message. Things are going well.

* * * * *

"The other (Redmond's) imitation Volunteers are going to pieces every day, and a good job, too. They were a source

of weakness, really not being sincere and being mostly fools. The best of them will join us yet. We escaped well from a most insidious and well designed plot to break and bankrupt the movement. During the few weeks they were co-operating with us they secured over £7,000 of funds that should have been ours, and they piled up expenses and debts in a way to break a bank.

"Redmond got hold of £6,000. Dillon got and held £230. L. T. Kettle secured £230, and the various nominees voted that about £500 worth of our Howth guns, paid for with your money, should be divided among themselves on the pretext of *defending Ulster*. To show how sincere they were in this object, they never asked for a single cartridge to do the defending with.

"Having got the guns out of our hands, and prevented us from selling them to our own men and so raising more money, their work was done.

"Their star performer in this looting work has already been paid by the British Government £1,500 a year as a new crown solicitor.

"In the policy of misspending this Committee money they opened three Dublin offices in place of one, and their last action before we kicked them out was to establish *another* Dublin Board with separate control and expenditure.

"Office expenses were incurred regardless of the hereafter, and £500 a year was allocated to paying railway fares for the Inspector General's shoneen officers around Ireland.

"We have ended all this and are now devoting every penny to the *ONLY* WORK of importance which is going ahead well.

"We can invest every penny that we get in the *really necessary things*, and we are doing it.

"When conscription comes, as it will, you will hear from us. Meanwhile we want all we can get to strengthen the hands of our real men.

"Mise do chara,

"UA RATHGHAILLE."

During the ensuing year the Irish Volunteers—the Sinn Fein Volunteers, as their opponents called them—had an uphill struggle against the forces of Redmondism, but the work of organization and arming went steadily on. They were "heard from" to splendid effect in Easter Week, 1916,—among them being The O'Rahilly himself who was killed while leading his men in action.

CHAPTER LVI.

CASEMENT GOES TO GERMANY.

CLAN-NA-GAEL EXECUTIVE ACCEDED TO PLAN—MISSION FINANCED BY OUR ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA—CASEMENT PERSONALLY SELECTED CHRISTENSEN TO ACCOMPANY HIM.

IN addition to his work for the Irish Volunteer Fund, Casement wrote a good deal during his short stay in America. His article on "Ireland, Germany and Freedom of the Seas" (written years earlier), was published first in the *Gaelic American* (September, 1914) and then reproduced in pamphlet form and widely distributed. It pointed out very ably the enormous advantage to England of her control of the seas, which is based on her possession of Ireland and enables her to become "a law unto herself" in regard to international trade and to dictate the terms on which other nations are permitted to carry on commerce. It enables her to blockade the coasts of Europe, to patrol the ocean highways of commerce and to shut off food and other supplies at will. All this was clearly demonstrated in her conduct of the war with Germany, and it placed the United States in a position of dependence which to a large extent paralyzed American commerce with Europe.

There was nothing new in this citation of these facts. Irish Nationalists had always understood the situation and had occasionally pointed it out, but Casement was the first to call the attention of the world to it at a time when it was in a receptive mood. But, owing to the determination of President Wilson to aid England in the war, even to the serious disadvantage of his own country, Casement's warnings were wasted on America. The Department of State at Washington continued to play into England's hands and left American commerce with neutral countries like Holland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark subject to England's dictation.

Casement's article had a great effect on Irish-Americans, and since then our leaders have made strong protests against England's continued mastery of the seas (with the consent of the United States) a foremost plank in their policy.

During his stay in America the Bachelors' Walk massacre by the Scottish Borderers on the evening of their futile attempt to stop the Howth gun-running took place, and the Philadelphia

Clan-na-Gael held a meeting of protest on Sunday, August 2, 1914. There was a procession, and a public meeting in a hall where Casement was the principal speaker. In the procession he and I were placed in the same open carriage and the reporters, who were out in force, took a snapshot of us. Casement tried to hide his face, but was not quick enough to evade the photographer, and the result was that copies of the picture were put in circulation. This made his features very familiar to a portion of the public and caused him to fear that it would lessen his chances of escaping detection by the English in case he wanted to go on any mission unknown to them. He was evidently, even then, thinking of going to Germany, although he had not mentioned it up to that time.

When he first broached the project, I discouraged him for several reasons. While I recognized his intimate knowledge of foreign affairs, I had doubts of his temperamental fitness to deal with the Germans in the conditions then existing. However, the standing he had acquired by the wide publicity given to his exposures of the Congo and Putumayo atrocities would help us in negotiations. I strongly doubted the possibility of his getting through the close scrutiny of the English naval officers who examined every ship bound for any country through which access to Germany could be had. His tall figure, striking features and very dark hair made him very conspicuous, and he had never had any experience in disguising himself such as many of us had in Fenian days, and some younger men in more recent times, and I did not think it possible that he could succeed. However, he had set his heart on going, so the Clan-na-Gael Executive, after discussing the matter fully, decided to sanction the trip and pay his expenses. He was in such a hurry to go that there was hardly time to consult the Supreme Council in Ireland, but we had been given a free hand in matters of emergency, and when we reported to the S. C. our action was approved, reluctantly, I believe, by some.

Casement was very frugal in his expenditures. Even so, on one occasion when we visited him at the St. George Hotel, a very quiet place on Brooklyn Heights, we realized that his personal funds must have been low, and gave him \$1,000. This sum was from the Clan-na-Gael treasury in connection with his travels for the Volunteer Fund, all the expenses in the raising of which were paid by the organization.

He had to be provided with introductions and instructions as to how to get in touch with the German Government, beginning with his arrival in Norway, if he succeeded in getting there,

so I introduced him to George von Skal. The latter brought him to Count von Bernstorff, who happened to be in New York, and the arrangements were made directly between himself and the Ambassador, nobody else being present, so far as I know.

The arrangements with von Bernstorff having been concluded, Casement's personal preparations had to be made by himself and we had to keep clear of him, so as to avoid giving warning to the English spies whom we knew to be watching our movements and supposed to be on his trail. Their work was very inefficient and later events proved that they gained no inkling of his going, though they missed him after he had gone and made inquiries at the hotel. When he was ready to take the Norwegian steamer a small group of us met him at the house of a friend, a few nights before he left, with every assurance that we had not been tracked. On October 13, 1914, we handed Casement \$2,500 in gold as the initial payment towards his expenses to Germany.

During our discussion, owing to my deafness, I missed one very important statement. That was Casement's announcement that he had decided to take with him as a servant or companion a Norwegian sailor named Christensen whose acquaintance he had recently made, but of whose character and antecedents he knew absolutely nothing, and of whom he had never heard before. Those present at the consultation, after questioning Casement, accepted his judgment and were convinced that Christensen's knowledge of English and German and his Norwegian nationality would be a great help to Casement, who did not know German. I heard enough of the talk to understand that he proposed to take a Norwegian along, but missed the fact that the acquaintance between the two was only of a few weeks' duration. Had I understood that, I would have objected strongly to Christensen's going as Sir Roger's companion. The thorough knowledge of the man's character, which I later acquired through a visit of some weeks he had made in New York while Casement was in Germany, made me deeply regret that he had been thus allowed to become a participant in our activities.

When the arrangements for Casement's departure had been completed to the last detail and he was about to leave the St. George Hotel for another one, after changing his clothes and personal appearance, he wrote me the following farewell letter and sent it to me by messenger:

"New York, 15 Oct., 1914.

"My Dear Old Friend:

"I cannot go without a farewell word and grip of the heart. Without you there would be nothing, and if success come, or even a greater hope for the future, it will be due to

you and your life of unceasing devotion to the most unselfish cause on earth.

"May God keep you safe and well to see the first fruits of all your years of suffering and waiting and working. I shall not forget you. I am only sorry now I did not talk much louder that last evening for you to hear our final words.

"But, please God, we meet again—and meantime we work and plan.

"Goodbye and *au revoir* where we both hope that meeting may be.

"I leave in an hour; am still unshaved, but going to try it now, and wash my face with buttermilk to get a 'fair complexion'.

"Always in faith and hope and affection,

"Your devoted

"ROGER CASEMENT."

Everyone going abroad had to have a passport and was obliged to give a reason satisfactory to the State Department for his going, but Casement was a British subject, so a passport was out of the question and he had to go without one. An American gentleman, taking him by a roundabout route, saw him safely on board the steamer and slipped ashore unnoticed. This man and three Irishmen were the only people who knew of Casement's departure.

At Stornaway the vessel was taken into the harbor by a British cruiser for examination of passengers and cargo. When Christensen returned from Europe to New York on orders from Casement he told me that when the naval officers came into the cabin Casement made a bluff which threw them off their guard and not alone saved himself from a personal search, but six German officers as well. He was engaged in a game of cards, some or all of the Germans being in the party, when the naval officers came in. The Englishmen were all young fellows and very courteous in manner, but before they could begin their search, Casement, according to Christensen, assumed an air of indignation and a good imitation of an American accent, and said in a loud voice, with an oath which I never heard him use: "This is an outrage. Can't an American gentleman travel on a transatlantic steamer without being treated as a thief by these damned Englishmen?" The young officers seemed taken aback by the unexpected outburst and withdrew without making a search. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, nor of any other told by Christensen, but give it for what it may be worth.

After Casement's departure from New York we were in a state of doubt and uncertainty until the arrival of the steamer at Christiania was reported in the *Herald's* ship news, and the

absence of any report of his capture encouraged us. We were without definite information as to his safety until Kuno Meyer arrived in New York from Germany with a letter from him. A group of us met Professor Meyer on the evening of his arrival, towards the end of November (1914), and heard the interesting story he had to tell.

Casement's letter was devoted mainly to the attempt of Findlay, the British Minister to Norway, to capture him by a violation of Norwegian neutrality. We, in the U. S. were greatly surprised to learn that he had only funds enough to keep him till about the end of the year. Christensen had tapped his pocketbook pretty heavily running back and forth between Berlin and Christiania, with the alleged purpose of getting written proof of Findlay's guilt. He certainly did get it in Findlay's own handwriting on the official letter-head of the Legation. It established Findlay's guilt beyond all doubt, but left open the question as to who began the negotiations. The German officials believed it was Christensen. Kuno Meyer was half inclined to share their opinion, as I came to do wholly after my experience with the man in New York. But that does not remove the stain on Findlay's honor.

Within a few days after my own meeting with Kuno Meyer we sent Casement \$1,000. I handed the amount in bills to Captain von Papen, the German Military Attache, and he at once wirelessly the order to Berlin.

The hope of the Clan-na-Gael in acceding to Sir Roger Casement's wish to proceed to Berlin was that he would be able to convince the German Government of the importance of giving military help to Ireland when the opportunity offered, and that if he succeeded in getting any prisoners of war of Irish nationality to join an Irish contingent to fight for Ireland in Ireland, the Germans would maintain, feed and clothe the men.

It never occurred to us that we would be expected to send money to Germany for that purpose, and Casement's notion early in 1915 that we should do so was a complete surprise to us. It was our view that any military help whatever Germany might give Ireland in her fight for independence would be considered by the German Government as an integral part of its warfare against the British Empire, and in furtherance of the policy to smash England's control of the seas.

The Clan-na-Gael was an organization with but limited resources, and the Volunteer Fund was raised specially for the support of the men *in Ireland*. The vast majority of our members were not men of much means. They paid six dollars a year dues, but they contributed to the Volunteer Fund "till it hurt",

and other occasional special funds taxed the majority to the utmost. Casement's notion that we could obtain money from rich Irishmen in America was of course a delusion. With a few notable exceptions, moneyed Irishmen and Irish-Americans were unfortunately not then interested in the freedom of their motherland, though it is true that five or six years later, the latent race pride of a larger number of them was re-enkindled by the magnificent sacrifices of the young men and women in Ireland and by the marvelous progress of the movement in America after the Race Convention in Philadelphia, and as a result more of them opened their purse strings. Even then, the percentage was a miserably small one.

The idea of starting a revolution in Ireland after the outbreak of the World War with but a few thousand pounds in the hands of the I. R. B. and Volunteers, was regarded by even the most sanguine of our countrymen as quixotic, but revolutions don't go by the rules of logic and reasoning. If they did there would never be a revolution in any country in the world. A man who had been a member of the Provisional Committee of the Volunteers, on arrival in New York shortly after the Rising (in which he took no part and who was not an idealist) told me that the leaders had "no sense of proportion" when they thought they could smash the British Empire with a few thousand men armed only with rifles, and not having enough to arm all their men at that. I agreed with him that his statement would be true if England was not then fighting the greatest military power in the world.

As the recruiting of Irish prisoners of war in Germany was but a minor incident in our view of the general situation, we were not desirous that Casement should expend too much money on that particular scheme, the fact being that we did not have it to spend as we were sending every dollar we could collect to Ireland. The remittance which we sent to him after our talk with Kuno Meyer should, we felt, carry him for a considerable period, and on April 10, 1915, we handed another \$1,000 to Von Papen which was duly forwarded.

Early in 1915, however, Casement's funds were exhausted—the Findlay fight cost him £300—and a number of German civilians raised a sum of money for him. He expressed his personal feelings with regard to that in a letter he wrote me under date of April 6, as follows:

"I don't like taking this German fund and in any event it is for the general cause* and I personally cannot touch

*This could only have reference to the recruiting of Irish prisoners of war. J. D.

it—yet for the moment I am forced to use some of it on my personal needs, as all my other money came to an end three weeks ago—owing chiefly to the Findlay outlay.”

Over the remaining months of 1915 we forwarded to Casement five remittances of \$1,000 each. The receipts for the various sums mentioned above were reproduced in the *Gaelic American* of October 11, 1924. I dislike to dwell at such length on these money matters, but because of certain statements that have been made in the meantime I deem it well to give the foregoing details. I repeat that Casement with regard to expenditures on himself was one of the most economical of men, and he was the soul of honor.

CHAPTER LVII.

ENGLISH PLOT TO MURDER CASEMENT.

THE BRITISH MINISTER TO NORWAY OFFERED £5,000 BRIBE TO CHRISTENSEN—CASEMENT ACCUSED FINDLAY AND SIR EDWARD GREY—FLUNG BACK AT ENGLAND THE DISTINCTIONS SHE HAD PREVIOUSLY CONFERRED ON HIM.

THE story of the dastardly attempt of M. de C. Findlay, the British Minister to Norway, to get Sir Roger Casement kidnapped and murdered, was published at the time throughout Europe except in that favored portion called "the British Isles".

Whether Christensen was approached and tempted by Findlay (as Casement believed), or, whether Christensen concocted the scheme himself for his own gain (as I, among others, came to believe), does not matter much. Findlay entered into the project, promised the reward for the crime and put the promise in writing (but omitted therefrom his suggestion of murder which Casement cites) on the official paper of his Legation, which is reproduced on page 424.

The details of the plot are given in the letter sent to Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, by Sir Roger Casement. I first found the letter in a German paper published in Rio de Janeiro, sent by some unknown friend, and was having it translated into English when the *New York American's* version was published. Both translations were compared and some obvious errors corrected, but not having the original copy, the re-translation was given instead, as it was the only means then available of placing the facts before the Irish people in America. In both translations the original text suffered.

When the copy of the original was received from Sir Roger, several weeks later, I was making frequent journeys out of town and was engaged in very important work. Consequently, I was unable to give the matter immediate personal attention, and the authentic letter was not published in the *Gaelic American* until July 10, 1915, as follows:

"Berlin, 1st February, 1915.

"The Right Honorable

"Sir E. Grey, Bart, K.G., M.P.,

"London.

"Sir—I observe that some discussion has taken place in the House of Lords on the subject of the pension I voluntarily

British Legation.
Christiania.
Norway.

On behalf of The British Government I promised that if through information given by Adler Christensen, Sir Roger Casement be captured either with or without his companions, the said Adler Christensen is to receive from the British Government the sum of £5000 to be paid as he may desire.

Adler Christensen is also to enjoy personal immunity & to be given a passage to the United States should he desire it.

H. del. F. Mollay
H. B. de. Minister

ceased to draw when I set out to learn what might be the intentions of the German Government in regard to Ireland.

"In the course of that discussion I understand Lord Crewe observed that 'Sir Roger Casement's action merited a sensible punishment'.

"The question raised thus as to my action and your publicly suggested punishment of it I propose discussing here and now, since the final proof of the actual punishment you sought in secret to inflict upon me is, at length, in my possession.

"It is true I was aware of your intentions from the first day I set foot in Norway three months ago; but it has taken time to compel your agent there to furnish the written proof of the conspiracy then set on foot against me by His Majesty's Government.

"Let me first briefly define my action before proceeding to contrast it with your own.

"The question between the British Government and myself has never been, as you are fully aware, a matter of a pension, of a reward, or a decoration.

"I served the British Government faithfully and loyally as long as it was possible for me to do so, and when it became impossible, I resigned. When later, it became impossible for me to use the pension assigned me by law I voluntarily abandoned that income as I had previously resigned the post from which it was derived, and as I now proceed to divest myself of the honors and distinctions that at various times have been conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government.

"I came to Europe from the United States last October in order to make sure that whatever might be the course of this war, my own country, Ireland, should suffer from it the minimum of harm.

"The view I held was made sufficiently clear in an open letter I wrote on the 17th of September last in New York, and sent to Ireland for public distribution among my countrymen. I append a printed copy of that letter. It defines my personal standpoint clearly enough and expresses the views I held, and hold, on an Irishman's duty to his country in this crisis of world affairs. Soon after writing that letter I set out for Europe.

"To save Ireland from some of the calamities of war was worth the loss to myself of pension and honors and was even worth the commission of an act of technical 'treason'.

"I decided to take all the risks and to accept all the penalties the law might attach to my action. I did not, however, bargain for risks and penalties that lay outside the law as far as my own action lay outside the field of moral turpitude.

"In other words, while I reckoned with British law and legal penalties and accepted the sacrifice of income, position and reputation as prices I must pay, I did not reckon with the British Government.

"I was prepared to face charges in a court of law; I was not prepared to meet waylaying, kidnapping, suborning of dependents or 'knocking on the head'. In fine, all the expedients your representative in a neutral country invoked when he became aware of my presence there.

"For the criminal conspiracy that Mr. M. de C. Findlay, H.B.M. Minister to the Court of Norway entered into on the

30th of October last, in the British Legation at Christiania, with the Norwegian subject, my dependent, Eivind Adler Christensen, involved all these things and more. It involved not merely a lawless attack upon myself for which the British Minister promised my follower the sum of £5,000, but it involved a breach of international law as well as of common law, for which the British Minister in Norway promised this Norwegian subject full immunity.

"On the 29th of October last year I landed at Christiania, coming from America.

"Within a few hours of my landing the man I had engaged and in whom I reposed trust was accosted by one of the secret service agents of the British Minister and carried off, in a private motor car, to the British Legation, where the first attempt was made on his honor to induce him to be false to me.

"Your agent in the Legation that afternoon professed ignorance of who I was and sought, as he put it, merely to find out my identity and movements.

"Failing in this the first attempt to obtain satisfaction, Adler Christensen was assailed the next day, the 30th of October, by a fresh agent and received an invitation to again visit the British Legation 'where he would hear something good'.

"This, the second interview, held in the early forenoon, was with the Minister himself.

"Mr. Findlay came quickly to the point. The ignorance, assumed or actual, of the previous day, as to my identity, was now discarded. He confessed that he knew me, but that he did not know where I was going to, what I intended doing, or what might be the specific end I had in view.

"It was enough for him that I was an Irish Nationalist.

"He admitted that the British Government had no evidence of anything wrong done or contemplated by me that empowered them either morally or lawfully to interfere with my movements. But he was bent on doing so. Therefore, he baldly invoked lawless methods, and suggested to my dependent that were I to 'disappear' it would be 'a very good thing for whoever brought it about'.

"He was careful to point out that nothing could happen to the perpetrator of the crime, since my presence in Christiania was known only to the British Government and that Government would screen and provide for those responsible for my 'disappearance'.

"He indicated, quite plainly, the methods to be employed, by assuring Adler Christensen, that whoever *'knocked him on the head'* need not do any work for the rest of his life', and proceeded to apply the moral by asking Christensen, 'I suppose you would not mind having an easy time of it for the rest of your days?'

"My faithful follower concealed the anger he felt at this suggestion and continued the conversation in order to become more fully aware of the plot that might be devised against my safety. He pointed out that I had not only been very kind to him but that I 'trusted him implicitly'.

"It was on this 'implicit trust' Mr. Findlay then proceeded to build the whole framework of his conspiracy against my life, my liberty, the public law of Norway and the happiness of the young man he sought to tempt by monstrous bribes

to the commission of a dastardly crime against his admitted benefactor.

"If I could be intercepted, cut off, 'disappear', no one would know and no question could be asked, since there was no Government save the British Government knew of my presence in Norway and there was no authority I could appeal to for help, while that Government would shield the individual implicated and provide handsomely for his future. Such, in Mr. Findlay's words (recorded by me) was the proposition put by His Majesty's Minister before the young man who had been enticed for this purpose into the British Legation.

"That this man was faithful to me and the law of his country was a triumph of Norwegian integrity over the ignoble inducement proffered him by the richest and most powerful Government in the world to be false to both.

"Having thus outlined his project, Mr. Findlay invited Christensen to 'think the matter over and return at 3 o'clock, if you are disposed to go on with it'.

"He handed him in Norwegian paper money twenty-five *kroner* 'just to pay your taxi-cab fares', and dismissed him.

"Feeling a not unnatural interest in these proposals as to how I should be disposed of, I instructed the man it was thus sought to bribe to return to the British Legation at 3 o'clock and to seemingly fall in with the wishes of your Envoy extraordinary.

"I advised him, however, for the sake of appearance to 'sell me dear' and to secure the promise of a very respectable sum for so very disreputable an act.

"Christensen, who has been a sailor and naturally has seen some strange company, assured me he was perfectly at home with His Majesty's Representative.

"He returned to the Legation at 3 o'clock and remained closeted with Mr. Findlay until nearly 5 P. M. The full record of their conversation will be laid before you, and others, in due course.

"My follower pretended to fall in with the British Minister's projects, only stipulating for a good sum to be paid in return for his treachery. Mr. Findlay promised on his 'word of honor' (such was the quaint phraseology employed to guarantee this transaction), that Christensen should receive £5,000 sterling whenever he could deliver me into the hands of the British authorities.

"If in the course of this kidnapping process I should come to harm or personal injury be done me, then no question would be asked and full immunity guaranteed the kidnapper.

"My follower pointed out that as I was leaving that evening for Copenhagen, having already booked my compartment in the mail train, he would not have any immediate chance of executing the commission.

"Mr. Findlay agreed that it would be necessary to defer the attempt until some favorable opportunity offered of decoying me down to the coast 'anywhere on the Skaggerrack or North Sea', where British warships might be in waiting to seize me.

"He entrusted my dependent with the further commission of purloining my correspondence with my supposed associates in America and Ireland, particularly in Ireland, so

that they, too, might participate in the 'sensible punishment' being devised for me.

"He ordained a system of secret correspondence with himself Christensen should employ, and wrote out the confidential address in Christiania to which he was to communicate the results of his efforts to purloin my papers and to report on my plans.

"This address in Christiania was written down by Mr. Findlay on a half sheet of Legation note paper in printed characters. This precaution was adopted he said 'so as to prevent the handwriting being traced'.

"This document, along with one hundred crowns in Norwegian paper money given by Mr. Findlay as an earnest of more to follow was at once brought to me with an account of the proceedings.

"As I was clearly in a position of some danger, I changed my plans and instead of proceeding to Copenhagen as I had intended doing, I decided to alter my procedure and route.

"It was, then, with this secret knowledge of the full extent of the crime plotted by your Representative in Norway against me that I left Christiania on the 30th of October.

"The rest of the story need not take so long in the telling.

"You are fully aware of most of the details, as you were in constant touch with your agent both by cable and despatch.

"You are also aware of the declaration of the Imperial German Government, issued on November 20 last in reply to the enquiry I addressed to them.

"The British Government, both by press reports and by direct agents had charged Germany, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, with the commission of atrocious crimes in Belgium and had warned the Irish people that their fate would be the same, did Germany win this war.

"Your Government sought to frighten Irishmen into a predatory raid upon a people who had never injured them and to persuade them by false charges that this was their duty.

"I sought not only a guarantee of German goodwill to Ireland, but to relieve my countrymen from the apprehensions this campaign of calumny was designed to provoke and so far as was possible to dissuade them from embarking in an immoral conflict against a people who had never wronged Ireland. That Declaration of the German Government, issued as I know in all sincerity, is the justification for my 'treason'. The justification of the conspiracy of the British Government and its Minister at Christiania begun before I had set foot on German soil in a country where I had a perfect right to be and conducted by means of the lowest forms of attempted bribery and corruption I leave you, sir, to discover.

"You will not discover it in the many interviews Mr. Findlay had, during the months of November and December last, at his own seeking, with my faithful follower. The correspondence between them in the cypher the Minister had arranged tells its own story.

"These interviews furnished matter that in due course I shall make public. What passed between your agent and mine on these occasions you are fully aware of, and you were the directing power throughout the whole proceeding.

"Your object, as Mr. Findlay frankly avowed to the man he thought he had bought, was to take my life with public indignity—mine was to expose your design and to do so through the very agent you had yourselves singled out for the purpose and had sought to corrupt to an act of singular infamy.

"On one occasion in response to my follower's pretended dissatisfaction with the amount offered for betraying me you authorized your agent to increase the sum to £10,000. I have a full record of the conversations held and of the pledges proffered in your name.

"On two occasions, during these prolonged bargainings your Minister gave Adler Christensen gifts of 'earnest money'. Once it was five hundred crowns in Norwegian currency; the next time a similar sum, partly in Norwegian money and partly in English gold. On one of these occasions, to be precise on the 7th of December last, Mr. Findlay handed Adler Christensen the key of the back entrance of the British Legation, so that he might go and come unobserved and at all hours.

"I propose returning this key in person to the donor and along with it the various sums so anxiously bestowed upon my follower.

"The stories told Mr. Findlay at these interviews should not have deceived a school boy. All the pretended evidence of my plans and intentions Adler Christensen produced, the bogus letters, fictitious maps and charts and other incitements to Mr. Findlay's appetite for the incredible were part of my necessary plan of self defence to lay bare the conspiracy you were engaged in and to secure that convincing proof of it I now hold.

"It was not until the 3rd ultimo that Mr. Findlay committed himself to give my protector the duly signed and formal pledge of reward and immunity, in the name of the British Government, for the crime he was being instigated to commit, that is now in my possession.

"I transmit you herewith a photograph of this document.

"At a date compatible with my own security against the clandestine guarantees and immunities of the British Minister in Norway I shall proceed to lay before the legitimate authorities in that country the original document and the evidence in my possession that throws light on the proceeding of His Majesty's Government.

"To that Government, through you, sir, I now beg to return the insignia of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Coronation Medal of His Majesty King George V., and any other medal, honor or distinction conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government, of which it is possible for me to divest myself.

"I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"ROGER CASEMENT."

Neither Grey nor Findlay has ever made any denial of the damning facts, for the very good reason that there were enough authentic specimens of Findlay's handwriting available to prove the authenticity of the document reproduced in this chapter.

Casement was very much upset on reading the versions of his letter to Grey as published here in March. He sent a long communication, dated April 9, 1915, to the *New York American* requesting publication of the original text which he enclosed, and another to me dated April 16 on the same subject. I, of course, was only too happy to have the correct text for the *Gaelic American*, but it was out of the question to expect a New York daily paper to publish a document the subject matter of which it had covered some two months earlier, and which at the later date had lost its "news value". This, Casement did not understand, and he seemed not to appreciate the fact that the *American* in the first instance had done him and his friends here a great service in giving such wide publicity to the English murder plot.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CASEMENT PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL IN GERMANY.

SECURED ARMS AND AMMUNITION BUT NO REGULAR GERMAN MILITARY FORCES FOR IRELAND—NEGOTIATED GERMAN-IRISH TREATY—FAILED TO ORGANIZE IRISH PRISONERS OF WAR INTO EFFECTIVE MILITARY UNIT.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT was so upset by Findlay's attempt to kidnap and murder him that he lost for a time his sense of proportion when the greatest war in history was going on. In his judgment Findlay's action was a major event which he wanted the whole world to know all about and he devoted his attention to the task of informing the world, while the main purpose of his mission to Germany received for the moment scant attention. He knew so little of the American press at the time, and so over-rated the influence of the Irish over it, that he was grievously disappointed when his revelation of the plot was not featured in this country as a great sensation.

The *New York American* was the only paper which gave it space. The other New York newspapers, having already openly taken sides with England in the war, and being engaged in the work of forcing the United States into it as an ally of England—at the same time abusing those of us in America who kept up the fight for Irish independence, as pro-Germans,—either took no notice of the incident or sneered at it as "German propaganda". In Ireland, not a word pertaining to the Findlay-Casement matter was allowed to pass the English censor.

Casement's letters came by German couriers who traveled by way of neutral countries and always had to face the risk of capture or having their despatches seized or stolen. He wrote in the plainest terms on large sheets of foolscap. And the letters were enclosed in a very large envelope, often rendered more bulky by the enclosure of copious newspaper clippings and sometimes documents which made it very hard to conceal them. He often wrote to others besides me, but in all cases the letters were delivered to me by the German Embassy officials and I sent them to their destination by hand.

Casement's mission to Germany had three main objects:

First, to secure German military help for Ireland when the opportunity offered.

Second, to educate German public opinion on the Irish situation, so that the people would stand behind their Government when it took action in favor of Ireland.

Third, to organize, if possible, Irish prisoners of war into a military unit to take part in the fight for Irish freedom.

Casement did his best in all these things, but did the first ineffectively, succeeded admirably in the second, and failed badly in the third.

After Casement's arrival in Germany he spent considerable time in negotiating a formal Treaty between Germany and himself (as Representative of Ireland) which contained some provisions that we in America did not approve of and which we were certain the men in Ireland would not ratify. The Treaty never was ratified by any Irish body, but Casement regarded it as a crowning triumph of his efforts.

The Treaty was printed in German and English in parallel columns, and was so reproduced in the *Gaelic American*. It was intended for wide circulation in the United States, which Casement thought we could easily secure, but it was impossible to get any daily paper to publish it. He could not understand this, and when I advised him that the daily papers had all been captured and treated us as badly as the English did, it seemed to him that it was due to lack of proper effort on our part.

I quote hereunder the version of the Treaty in English, as a historical curiosity which had no influence whatever on the course of events. I preface it with a copy of Casement's letter on the subject addressed to Zimmermann, the German Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of the communication from Zimmermann accepting Casement's proposal and transmitting to him copy of the Treaty on behalf of the German Imperial Government:

"Berlin, 23 December, 1914.

"To the Under-Secretary of State
for Foreign Affairs,
Berlin.

"Dear Mr. Under-Secretary:

"Following upon the interview I had the honour to have with you soon after my arrival in Berlin, the Imperial German Government issued a Declaration defining its attitude towards the Irish People which offered me convincing proof of the goodwill of Germany towards Ireland.

"In that declaration the Imperial Government announced that it desired for the Irish people only their national prosperity and national freedom. I now learn that the Irish

soldiers, prisoners of war in Germany, are being quartered in a separate camp and are being treated with as much kindness as is possible to show men circumstanced as they are.

"Fully aware of the importance to my country of the Declaration issued by the German Government and very sensible, as I am, of the kind treatment accorded to my countrymen now in Germany, I have had under consideration the possibility of taking active advantage of these manifestations of goodwill to Ireland. With the end in view of aiding the cause of Irish nationality, I have now the honour to submit to the Imperial German Government a proposal for the embodiment of an Irish Brigade, pledged to fight in that cause alone, to be formed of such Irishmen, now prisoners of war in Germany, as may be willing to enroll themselves in such a corps.

"I venture to transmit herewith a statement covering the conditions under which, in my opinion, such a Brigade might possibly be formed, and I would beg that this suggestion may have the earnest consideration of the Imperial German Government.

"I have the honour to be, Dear Mr. Under-Secretary, with the highest respect,

"Your very obedient servant,

"ROGER CASEMENT."

"Auswartiges Amt.

"Berlin, December 28th, 1914.

"The Honorable
Sir Roger Casement,
Eden Hotel,
Kurfurstendamm,
Berlin.

"Dear Sir Roger:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd inst., in which you submitted to the Imperial German Government a proposal for the formation of an Irish Brigade, pledged to fight in the cause of Irish nationality alone and to be formed of such Irishmen, now prisoners of war in Germany, as may be willing to enroll themselves in such a corps.

"In reply I have the honor to inform you that the Imperial German Government agrees to your Proposal and accepts the conditions under which the Brigade might possibly be formed, as laid down in the statement annexed to your letter of the 23rd inst. and enclosed herewith.

"I have the honor to be, Dear Sir Roger,

"Your obedient servant,

"ZIMMERMANN

"Under Secretary of State for
Foreign Affairs."

THE TREATY.

"ARTICLE 1.

"With a view to securing the national freedom of Ireland, with the moral and material assistance of the German Imperial Government, an Irish Brigade shall be formed from among the Irish soldiers, or other natives of Ireland, now prisoners of war in Germany.

"ARTICLE 2.

"The object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight solely in the cause of Ireland, and under no circumstances shall it be employed or directed to any German end.

"ARTICLE 3.

"The Irish Brigade shall be formed and shall fight under the Irish flag alone. The men shall wear a special, distinctively Irish uniform.

"As soon as Irishmen can be got for the purpose, either from Ireland or the United States, the Brigade shall have only Irish Officers. Until such time as Irish Officers can be secured German Officers will be appointed with the approval of Sir Roger Casement, to have disciplinary control of the men.

"But no military operation shall be ordered or conducted by the German officers of the Brigade during such time as the men are under their control.

"ARTICLE 4.

"The Irish Brigade shall be clothed, fed and efficiently equipped with arms and munitions by the Imperial German Government on the clear understanding that these are furnished as a free gift to aid the cause of Irish Independence.

"ARTICLE 5.

"It is distinctly understood and is hereby formally declared by the Parties to this agreement that the Irish Brigade shall consist only of Volunteers in the cause of Irish national freedom, and as such no member of the Irish Brigade shall receive pay or monetary reward of any kind from the Imperial German Government during the period he shall bear arms in the Brigade.

"ARTICLE 6.

"The Imperial German Government undertakes, in certain circumstances, to send the Irish Brigade to Ireland with efficient military support and with an ample supply of arms and ammunition to equip the Irish National Volunteers in Ireland who may be willing to join them in the attempt to recover Irish national freedom by force of arms.

"The 'certain circumstances' hereby understood are the following:

"In the event of a German naval victory affording the means of reaching the coast of Ireland, the Imperial German Government pledges itself to despatch the Irish Brigade and a supporting body of German officers and men, in German transports, to attempt a landing on the Irish coast.

"ARTICLE 7.

"The opportunity to land in Ireland can only arise if the fortune of war should grant the German Navy a victory that would open, with reasonable prospect of success, the sea-route to Ireland. Should the German Navy not succeed in this effort the Irish Brigade shall be employed in Germany, or elsewhere, solely in such a way as Sir Roger Casement may approve as being in strict conformity with Article 2.

"In this event it might be possible to employ the Irish Brigade to assist the Egyptian People to recover their freedom by driving the British out of Egypt. Short of directly fighting to free Ireland from British rule a blow struck at the British invaders of Egypt, to aid Egyptian national freedom, is a blow struck for a kindred cause to that of Ireland.

"ARTICLE 8.

"In the event of the Irish Brigade volunteering for this service the Imperial German Government undertakes to make arrangements with the Austro-Hungarian Government for its transport through that Empire to Constantinople, and to provide with the Turkish Government for the recognition and acceptance of the Irish Brigade as a Volunteer Corps attached to the Turkish Army in the effort to expel the British from Egypt.

"ARTICLE 9.

"In the event of the war coming to an end without the object of the Irish Brigade having been effected, namely, its landing in Ireland, the Imperial German Government undertakes to send each member of the Brigade who may so desire it, to the United States of America, with the necessary means to land in that country in conformity with the United States Immigration Laws.

"ARTICLE 10.

"In the event of the Irish Brigade landing in Ireland, and military operations in that country resulting in the overthrow of British authority and the erection of a native Irish Government, the Imperial German Government will give the Irish Government so established its fullest moral support, and both by public recognition and by general goodwill will contribute, with all sincerity, to the establishment of an independent Government in Ireland."

The Treaty bore the seal of the Imperial German Government. The publication of the document was withheld by Casement for several months. It was eventually released by him when in his opinion the opportune moment had arrived.

With respect to the clauses setting forth that under certain circumstances the "brigade" might be sent to fight in Egypt, we in America strongly objected to any such proposal, and our friends in Dublin were unalterably opposed to it. There was but one place for these men to fight, and that was in Ireland.

Having had considerable experience in organizing Irish soldiers of the British army during the Fenian movement, I felt that it was possible to do something in that line during the

World War if the work was undertaken properly, even though there was a great deterioration in the quality and spirit of the Irishmen who joined the British army then from those who went into it in Fenian days. But Casement tackled the work in the wrong way. Instead of approaching the men individually, he had them all assembled at a meeting at which he delivered an address that went over their heads. The good and the bad, the Orangeman and the Catholic, the half decent fellow and the blackguard, were all there to listen to his high patriotic sentiments, and what was still worse, old Reserve men—whose wives were receiving subsistence money from the British Government and who naturally would think of the interests of their families before and above all else—were present.

To step out of the ranks and volunteer for service against England under such circumstances required a degree of moral courage that is rare among Irishmen of that class, and the wonder is that even fifty of them were bold enough to do so.

Casement soon realized his mistake, but it was too late. He first tried to remedy it by asking for a priest to act as a chaplain, and Rome granted the request. But Rome had to be neutral in war, and the Vatican, even if inclined to do so, could not afford to offend England. So two chaplains were sent to him, one of whom lectured the men on their duty to keep their oaths as soldiers, while the other in a half-hearted way talked a little about Irish patriotism. This got Casement nowhere, so he asked us to send him a priest from America.

Our first effort was a failure. We recommended a Pennsylvania priest of our acquaintance who agreed to undertake the task. But, because of developments at the last moment before the ship sailed it was deemed best not to send him. Then a Father Nicholson, who was stationed somewhere in Pennsylvania, was selected. He was all right from every point of view and helped Casement to the best of his ability, but the harm had already been done by the public meeting attempt and only a few more recruits were obtained for the "brigade".

In his letter to me, dated April 6, 1915, Casement reported progress towards the organization of his "brigade", the men of which he referred to as the "Poor Brothers", and outlined some of the difficulties with which he had to contend, as follows:

"With regard to the 'Poor Brothers' things are improving, and to-day I got fairly good news. There is a chance of a move there—but nothing can be said openly yet. The day I cable 'publish text' you will know that the men have responded and that the Treaty of Alliance and recognition may be proclaimed. The first need is officers. Something must

be done to have these available, for as you see from the Treaty no *active* operations can be undertaken until our own Nationality is in command. That was an essential condition—one without which I could not have got the assent to my conditions. My chief difficulty has been being single handed: I needed, and need, others to work below me and do the things I cannot do. The work of recruiting *has* to be done by others. The difficulties are enormous. *Fr. N.* has done all he could, but there are limitations on him that you can understand. To-day, however, I begin to see some hope, and *some* of the dejection I have experienced for so long is breaking up. I cannot tell you in a letter all the difficulties that have been put in the way—not purposely, but through the difference of temperament existing and the military necessities of this country and of the war.

“So far as Ireland is concerned, everything, almost, depends on this effort. If *this* cannot be done, nothing is done. The view here (in official circles) is that we must show some spirit of patriotism and sincere belief in our cause to get help from this country. If *we* do nothing, they say, how can they do anything. If Irishmen themselves care so little for Ireland that they will risk nothing, what proof is there that there is *any* National Cause at all in Ireland on which Germany can count.”

It will be noted that Casement developed the idea that his mission was the really important part of the movement. We in America were convinced that our most essential task was to furnish, to the utmost, means whereby the men in Ireland could arm and equip themselves. As to the measure of risk which Irishmen were taking, and were ready to assume to a greater extent, the answer was to be found in the activities of the I. R. B. and the Volunteers in Ireland in the teeth of the British Government, and in a lesser though not unimportant degree, the manner in which the men of the Clan-na-Gael not alone financed the men at home but stood up to all the pro-British propaganda in this country and to the antagonism of the Wilson Administration, which became more and more venomous as the war proceeded.

The Republicans in Ireland proved later that they were prepared to risk *EVERYTHING*, but the time at which they were to make their great endeavor was a matter on which they themselves were the sole arbiters.

At that period, Sir Roger was also laboring under the disappointment of not having received replies from us to certain letters (which never reached us), as well as from the fact that John Quinn had declined to begin an action against the *New York World* for statements which it published about Casement. And, he was far from satisfied with the then progress of the war from the German viewpoint. The following is an extract from his letter dated April 14, 1915:

"Things are going better with the Poor Brothers, and I think we may soon be able to start that part of the campaign.

"That now may not prove the difficulty. The chief difficulty I see is in the military situation itself. This, to my mind, precludes all possibility or hope of military aid of the kind pledged in *Article 6*. Therefore there is no hope of the expedition coming off, and all we can now hope for would be the moral effect of the formation of the thing and the public announcement of it. *Urbi et orbi*. That would be great. It would hurt the enemy much; wound his prestige; impair his military efficiency and seriously hinder his recruiting. It would equally cheer and uplift our own people all over the world—and unify them, I think. It lifts the National Cause to a higher level, and shows, at any rate, that it was (or is) only the fortune of war that prevented the full realization of the promises. Other things may come, things possibly of military value to our cause, but the *great expedition* cannot come. That I see clearly. The war may end in many ways—no man can say—but it will leave the Sea Serpent still coiled safely on the waves. She can only be cut up later on. Meantime we shall have struck a *blow* and not *talked*. It will be an act in Irish history. Something done, and the future may yet see its fruit. It will have a deep effect on the *national mind*, and will uplift the spirit of our countrymen."

Casement was most desirous to obtain a commander for the little batch of Irish soldiers. He wrote to me time after time to get him an Irish-American officer, whose rank should not be less than that of Colonel. I told him this was impossible; that American officers, and especially West Point graduates, had a very high sense of their own dignity, and that to ask them to take command of a body of fifty and odd men—and "deserters" at that—would be taken as an insult. Besides, we were convinced that President Wilson intended from the start to enter the War on the side of "The Allies", and that all retired officers would be subject to orders to rejoin the army. Casement, however, could not be brought to recognize these realities.

When Robert Monteith, an officer in the Irish Volunteers, who had previously served some ten years in the British army as sergeant of artillery, was selected by the men in Dublin to command the little Irish contingent in Germany, Casement wrote me that he would do for the time being, but repeatedly expressed the hope that we would find a man of high rank who could meet the German officers as an equal. He sent Christensen back to New York to accompany Monteith on the trip.

The arrangements for the voyage were necessarily made by Christensen. His method was to travel as a first class passenger and smuggle Monteith over in the cabin with the connivance of the steward who, of course, was to be paid for his services. Besides the price of the tickets I gave Christensen money enough to provide for any unforeseen emergency, but when he came back,

he put in claims for extra expenses, based on things which Monteith told me, on his return to the United States after the War, were simply inventions. However, the outstanding feature of the venture was that he got Monteith landed successfully and put him into communication with Casement.

When Casement commenced the formation of his "brigade", the English propagandist machine began to operate immediately. The Redmondite and Tory papers in Dublin vied with one another as to which of them could tell the most lies about it. All the stories were substantially the same, though they differed in detail according to the imaginative powers of the relator. They all represented Sir Roger Casement as offering bribes of "German money" to the men to volunteer to fight for Germany; that these offers had been rejected with scorn by these gallant Irish soldiers of England, who were "cruelly persecuted, starved, put into unhealthy, vermin-infested dens", and otherwise maltreated. The "Prussian Guards"—who were at the front doing their full share of the fighting—were represented as having been in charge of the prisoners and having had a hard time to keep the indignant Irishmen from tearing Sir Roger Casement to pieces.

These yarns were cabled to America and flaunted in the faces of Irish readers here as proof that Ireland was united as one man behind England in the war, and that John Redmond was a hundred times more popular with the Irish people than Daniel O'Connell ever was. The constant repetition and reiteration of these stories was enough to convince any man who knows Ireland that England felt uneasy concerning the loyalty of her Irish soldiers. She was afraid lest any large proportion of the Irish prisoners in Germany should join the "brigade", and still more fearful that the news of such might reach the Irish soldiers on the English front in France and Flanders and wake them up to the fact that some of their fellow countrymen at home and abroad were talking of the rights of their own small nation and exploding the hypocrisy of England fighting for "poor little Belgium".

As in the case of the men who joined Casement's "brigade", every man in Ireland and America who took Ireland's side, was charged by the press with being in receipt of "German gold". The real fact in the situation was that English money had purchased the support of a large part of the American press, and the reptile editors in this country vied with their English contemporaries in vilification of Irishmen who had spent their lives in efforts to prepare the Irish people for just such an opportunity as the war presented.

In an effort to counteract the calumnies widely circulated about themselves, the non-commissioned officers of Co. A of the "brigade",—who had simply followed the examples set them by Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Thomas Russell in 1798, and of John Boyle O'Reilly, Charles McCarthy and other Irish soldiers of the British army in the early days of Fenianism,—issued a statement under date of September 24, 1915, from which I quote this excerpt:

"In this, too, we are only doing what many other soldiers of the 'small nationalities' are doing or are being asked to do by the Allied Governments of England, Russia, France and Italy.

"The Russian Government, notably, made repeated attempts to recruit an 'Italian Legion'. The Czar at an early stage of the war proclaimed in a manifesto his intention of giving 'freedom to all Austro-Hungarian prisoners of Italian blood' *and of sending them to Italy* where they might be free to fight for 'their motherland', despite the fact that they were subjects of the Austrian Emperor, born on Austrian soil and sworn soldiers of his Imperial Army, and that at that date Italy was a neutral country and ostensibly an ally of Austria even.

"If the Emperor of Russia can do this with honor and pride, how much more honorable and fitting was it that we, native born Irishmen, should gladly grasp the chance to be sent to our motherland to fight there for her freedom and betterment against a country that has never ceased to injure her.

"So, too, we have seen and read of the attempts to form a 'Czech Legion', a 'Polish Legion', and quite recently we see in the newspapers a statement from the Paris *Temps* of September 20, that the Russian Government has formed two hundred Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war 'of Servian origin' into a corps to fight for Servia.

"In the official report of the Russian General Staff, recording that day's operations in the field, the General Staff announces that at an engagement near Kromenez '*of two hundred Austrians taken prisoners here, forty came over as volunteers into our trenches*'.

"At the present moment there are some twelve regiments of Bohemians, with special uniforms given by the Czar, in the Russian Army, fighting against the Austrian army to which they belonged.

"If these things be loyal and right for the Allied Sovereigns to do, and to enroll soldiers of the Austrian or German armies in corps pledged to fight against Austria and Germany, then how much more right is it for Irishmen to volunteer to fight for Ireland and for that cause alone?

"No bribe, no reward, no money has been offered us. We have only been asked would we give ourselves to Ireland in a wholly righteous, honorable and unselfish effort, and we have answered yes. We trust by God's help to be able to strike a blow for the freedom of our country, and we know that in that hope we stand with all that is best and most unselfish in the history of our country and the past of our race."

Casement sent the statement to me in the hope that I could secure its publication, but, because of the attitude of the press in this country, which I have already described, it never saw the light in any American daily. It was published in the *Gaelic American* and thus reached our own people.

On one occasion, Casement when repeating his request for officers, wrote: "I am told there are men of the Irish Volunteers in New York who could come, and two or three would be very useful". We informed him that we had already been making preparations to send a number across. They were mostly men of the Irish Volunteers in this City, all members of the Clan-na-Gael, very intelligent fellows, thoroughly grounded in the principles of the organization, and all born in Ireland.

Christensen once more journeyed here from Germany to arrange for their conveyance thither. I intended to reproduce in a separate chapter the story of how this fellow double-crossed us in our endeavor to send the first batch of them via a Norwegian port, but, suffice it to say, he proved himself a trickster and a fraud, with the result that we were compelled to abandon the project and to summarily dismiss him. Had Christensen acted honestly, we could have dispatched at least fifty dependable and partially trained men whose presence among the prisoners of war enrolled by Casement in Germany would have improved their morale, and would in all probability have been the means of inducing a far larger number of Irish soldiers of the British Army—who were then prisoners of war—to join the "brigade".

As events transpired at Tralee Bay in 1916, it made no difference. But, had fortune favored an expedition such as that of the *Aud*, and had it thus been possible to augment the Irish Republican forces in Easter Week with even one hundred of those Irishmen who had fought under England's banner on the Western Front, the effect on the people of Ireland itself would have been great at that period. Furthermore, no one can now appraise the far-reaching influence which such a circumstance would have had on the morale of the immense number of Irishmen of nationalist tendencies who unfortunately were then fighting England's battles on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere.

CHAPTER LIX.

"BUTTING IN" ON THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

UNALTERABLE DECISION OF THE I. R. B. AND THE CLAN NOT TO ACCEPT MONEY FROM GERMANY PROVED WISE AS WELL AS RIGHT—
PET SCHEMES OF UNAUTHORIZED MEN ENDANGERED OUR POSITION.

HAD the Clan-na-Gael not stipulated at the very outset that no German money would be received and that we wanted only military assistance, misfortune would have dogged our footsteps at every turn, and some Irishmen would have undoubtedly faced a firing squad or have had to undergo long terms of imprisonment. The documentary evidence would have assuredly been kept and just as surely seized by the Secret Service and used remorselessly to crush the Irish Republican organizations, which was the darling object of the Wilson Administration. We were not long in securing evidence that our stipulation to accept no money was our best safeguard.

The strong individuality of the Irishman is his best quality, but it often turns out to be his most dangerous one. He is always inclined to "butt in," convinced that he could do things better than those entrusted with the task. Old members of the Clan-na-Gael were mostly free from this defect of a fine national quality. They were like soldiers, trained in habits of discipline and respect for authority, and they had confidence that the Executive would properly take care of the interests of the organization and the Cause. There were some exceptions, but these were mostly comparatively new members. But the Clan-na-Gael was only a very small part of the Irish population of the United States, and large numbers who belonged to no organization were keenly alive to the opportunity presented to Ireland by the war and were anxious to "do something."

Among those who "butted in" were some men who might be expected to know better. Letters from Irishmen, offering all sorts of suggestions, began to reach the German Ambassador, and they were all referred to me. Some of these were undoubtedly from British spies and were transparently dishonest, but others were from men I knew. I will deal only with a few of the latter.

The first application for money to reach the Germans was from a New Yorker, who had an exaggerated idea of his own importance. It was for a considerable sum, with which he proposed to start a paper friendly to them.

Then came a suggestion, from another resident here, that periodicals in Ireland which were opposed to recruiting for the British army should be subsidized by Germany, and he offered to go over to take charge of the campaign. If this proposal had been accepted, a record would have been surely filed by the German authorities which would in all probability have been seized later and given to the English, like the document found in von Igel's office. Even apart from that, the fact would have leaked out in Ireland, and Arthur Griffith and all others connected with the anti-recruiting campaign would have been hanged. They would also have been utterly discredited as paid agents of Germany, instead of Irish patriots acting on principle and working for Ireland. But I cannot imagine Griffith accepting German money.

When the letters were submitted to me by the Germans I reminded them of our bargain that we would accept no money, and both applications were turned down promptly.

The next man to "butt in" was Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, the militant pacifist and feminist, who was murdered by Captain Bowen-Colthurst in Dublin during Easter Week, 1916. I did not see his letter until after his request had been rejected. It was written in a small town in Belgium and handed to the German commander, with a request that it be forwarded to the proper authority. It was referred by the German Foreign Office to von Bernstorff, and shown to me by von Skal. Written in English, the letter was very clear and precise. It began with an admission that he did not belong to the Irish Revolutionary organization, but said that the leaders trusted him. It recited the effective work done by the anti-recruiting movement, pointed out its importance to the Germans, and made an estimate of the cost of keeping it going. I don't remember the amount he named, but it was very modest. Although violently opposed to all war, Skeffington evidently wanted England beaten in that particular war, and was willing to make a pacifist's contribution towards bringing about that result. Colthurst wreaked England's vengeance on him without knowing or caring what Skeffington had actually done, as he murdered at the same time a Scotchman and a worthless Irishman, while the fury of the blood lust had possession of him. Had the English Government the smallest scrap of evidence that Skeffington had written that letter, or held any sort of communication with the Germans in Belgium, he would doubtless have been executed long before "Easter Week".

The worst instance of "butting in", which was in a different category from those just mentioned, occurred early in 1915 and might have resulted in irreparable harm.

Mr. Rumely, the rich German-American who purchased the *New York Evening Mail*, presumably to help the German cause, but who wilted in fear of the Wilson Administration and began almost as soon as he obtained control of the paper to straddle the fence in the most absurd fashion (for which Wilson later repaid him by sending him to prison), was a Catholic, and was educated at Notre Dame University, and had for a fellow-student a man named Brogan, who had managed to obtain control of the *Irish-American* (New York).

Brogan was never a real Nationalist and sneered at the Clann-Gael at every opportunity. He was a glib talker and Rumely evidently had a high estimate of him, in which he was encouraged by James K. McGuire, who ought to have known better. Between them they had him sent to Germany to help the Irish Cause there.

Which of the German departments or agents of departments consented to the sending of Brogan I never found out, but I am certain that it was neither Von Bernstorff nor Von Papen. The Germans frequently muddled some things in the same manner as the English—one department was constantly interfering with the work of another. For instance, the plans of the Army General Staff were interfered with by agents of the Admiralty, and both interfered with those of the Foreign Office. In our experience here we sometimes found two or three men attempting to do the same thing, with confusion as the result. And worse than confusion was most likely to ensue in Irish affairs from interference therein by unauthorized individuals in such instances as I have cited.

I did not hear of Brogan's going to Germany for some time after he had left, and immediately wrote to Sir Roger Casement warning him against having anything to do with him. Letters had to wait for a courier and my letter was delayed so that it did not reach Casement until after Brogan had called on him and won his confidence.

Fearing some such development, I had a wireless message forwarded to Casement at a later date, in which I referred to Brogan as "the New York man", and within a few days of its receipt Casement sent me the following memorandum:

"This gentleman called on me at the Continental Hotel on 1 March, accompanied by a friend of the German Army—the son of a well-known and highly placed officer in Germany and well known to the officials I was in touch with. He explained who he was and that he had come to Europe solely to assist 'the Cause' and would do nothing I disapproved of. He was vouched for by his military friend who had known him in U. S. A.

"They called again next day and had a long talk pointing out various ways in which he could help. I was glad of the help, as I needed very much just such a fellow-countryman.

"From that on I saw him several times at my hotel, and he got various things done through Capt. — that were of use. I was in Hamburg from 3 March to 10 March, when I returned to Berlin and was ill in bed for several days.

"During those days — called on me several times. I heard that a warning against him had been received from a certain friend in New York and had been communicated officially to the authorities. Then came the letter of 'John' of 19 February and his warning. I communicated this to the authorities also and we talked things over.

"I then told the man that these warnings had come (while I was ill in bed), and he wrote me the letter of 14 March attached. I did not tell him who the persons were who warned against him save that one was Irish, the other an Englishman in U. S. A., nor did I go into details—merely that I was told he was not to be trusted and that he was a venal Irish 'patriot.' He gave me as references Dr. John F. Kelly in New York and others, and declared that he had never made money from his patriotism and that he only desired to work with me and do anything he could to help the cause I directed. He wrote the letter attached as a guarantee of good faith.

"I discussed the matter with those warned, in authority, and they agreed that he might prove of service here. The military were his friends. He visited the Poor Brothers on 17 March and saw N., who reported his visit as useful.

"He subsequently left Germany on 24 March on a mission of which I have no details, arranged between him and Capt. —, writing me the annexed letter of 23 March, enclosing one from Dr. Kelly and the one from J. K. McGuire, both attached.

"I have heard nothing of him since, and believe he went to a neutral country first and then further. His mission I gathered involved danger to himself and is of service to the Cause. He may prove of use, and so far as I can see and the authorities here, he cannot do harm here but may prove very serviceable to them.

"It seemed to me the lesser danger to let him go on, after the warning given him, and his promises to work loyally and faithfully, than to ask the authorities to discard him after they had already discussed many things with him before I came in touch.

"Moreover, it would produce a very bad impression on their minds if we always showed so much distrust of each other. He is now probably in a place you can guess. I had been alone and single-handed so long I welcomed the chance of a man to help who came to me vouched for by a German officer who had had many dealings with him, I gathered in New York, and had already introduced him to military circles here.

"On Sunday last, 4 April, I got John's wireless—'the New York man is dishonest; letter explains.' I await this letter and meantime send this memo to show how far I had dealings with him.

"I *thought* him honest and believed he changed from Redmondism quite sincerely when he saw where it was going.

He said again and again that J. D. was right from the start and *all* Irishmen now saw it, but he thought J. D. too bitter against those who had differed from him, and trusted that now all Irishmen would pull together.

"P. S. Since writing foregoing I have heard more of the man. He is all right and doing excellent service.

"I retain the various letters he wrote me for the present, as they might fall into wrong hands, but will try to send them later on."

Sir Roger erased from his memorandum the name of the German army officer who introduced Brogan to him. Subsequently, however, we became morally certain of his identity as one who had given much trouble to the Embassy here by meddling in matters that were already in capable hands.

Casement shows in his postscript that Brogan made an impression on him and convinced him that we were repelling good Irishmen—like himself. We were at the time he wrote on the best of terms with the *Irish World*, which, under Robert Ford's direction, was doing good service to the cause, but Casement was led to believe that it was necessary to send us a lecture on the importance of unity from Berlin based on complete ignorance of actual conditions in America and on Brogan's misinformation.

The Dr. John F. Kelly referred to by Casement as one of those who recommended Brogan must have been Dr. John F. Kelly, of Pittsfield, Mass., now dead. He was a doctor and engineer, a very clever man, absolutely sincere. He was a convert from Parliamentarianism but retained all his prejudices towards the Clan-na-Gael, and a strong personal antagonism against some of us. He certainly was not justified in "butting in" on work which we had officially undertaken.

James K. McGuire had rejoined the Clan-na-Gael after many years of following Redmond, and he was on the most cordial terms with all of us. He was constantly repeating the statement, then becoming fashionable, that I was right and he and his friends were all wrong, and he even put it in his book on the war. But he never said a word to any of us about his recommendation of Brogan. Some years later, when he had become Chairman of our Executive I never mentioned the matter to him. That habit of individual action, inherited from the days of the Clans, seems to be ineradicable with the race, and has led to many misfortunes. Casement had it as badly as any one of our people at that time, but it was largely owing to his impulsive temperament.

Casement's plea that the fellow could do no harm was a specimen of his good-natured, easy-going methods. Brogan's statement to him that, while events had proved me to be right, I had an inveterate prejudice against all men who had taken Redmond's side, had no foundation in fact. We gladly welcomed the co-operation of numerous men who stood by Redmond until he attempted to induce the Irish Volunteers to enlist in England's army, because we knew them to be sincere and able to render effective help to the cause, but Brogan had never been prominent in the United Irish League or in any other Irish movement, and had no standing among Irish-Americans.

Casement, notwithstanding the good opinion which he had formed of Brogan, and his desire not to show distrust of a fellow-countryman, finally decided, in the matter of certain documents which he had given to the Germans for despatch to Brogan in Italy, to act on our estimate of "the New York man". Sir Roger got the officials to order the interception of their courier, and the papers referred to were abstracted in Switzerland. What these documents were I never learned.

Now, on the main point, it is very evident that even after our repudiation of Brogan as not having any connection with the Clan-na-Gael which, in conjunction with the I. R. B. in Ireland, initiated and was directing negotiations between the Irish and the Germans, the German military authorities retained Brogan's services for some particular purpose of their own. While they were within their rights in so doing, they had no right in the first instance to connect him up with Casement and the "brigade", nor to inject any man not sanctioned by us into official Irish-German affairs.

The nature of Brogan's mission after leaving Germany on March 24, when as Casement wrote "he went to a neutral country and then further", can only be surmised by us. We do know that he was in Dublin the following August, and on the occasion of O'Donovan Rossa's funeral marched near the head of the procession. From one who knew and spoke to him that day I learned that his dress made him conspicuous among those around him, and I was also informed that he drew particular attention to himself by "paying his respects" to Rossa's widow and daughter at their carriage.

Later on he turned up in London, and there interviewed a prominent I. R. B. man who promptly reported the conversation to a member of the Executive in Dublin. Sensing dangerous complications for the Irish cause, it was decided that Sean MacDermott go to London immediately to ascertain just what

Brogan had in mind. Sean was a man who would brook no "crossing of wires" with the work of the Organization; he put Brogan "through his paces", and emphatically told him to keep his hands off. That was the last the Irish leaders heard of Brogan.

The incident mentioned in the preceding paragraph proved how injudicious it was for persons in their individual capacity to meddle in such important work, especially in the international field, which was within the province and under the jurisdiction of representatives of the responsible organizations in Ireland and the United States who were dealing officially with such matters.

CHAPTER LX.

THE FIRST IRISH RACE CONVENTION.

MOST REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING OF MEN AND WOMEN OF THE IRISH RACE EVER ASSEMBLED IN AMERICA PRIOR TO 1916—OVER TWO THOUSAND DELEGATES PRESENT—NOTABLE PRONOUNCEMENT ISSUED.

THE first great Irish Race Convention, at which the Friends of Irish Freedom organization was founded, was held at the Hotel Astor, New York, on Saturday, March 4, and concluded at the Cohan Theatre on Sunday, March 5, 1916 (the anniversary of the Rising of 1867), and was the largest assemblage of Irish delegates (about 2,300) that ever met in America up to that time.

The name given to the new organization was on a motion proposed by Robert E. Ford, then editor of the *Irish World*, and seconded by me. The *Irish World* and *The Gaelic American* were in perfect accord and, by agreement between the two editors, pursued a common Irish policy. That accord came to an end when in January, 1920, Robert Ford died and his brother, Austin, came into control of the *Irish World* and adopted an antagonistic attitude.

A short time before the Convention I had received from the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. the announcement that they had decided "to strike on Easter Sunday, April 23," but only four men in America knew that fact. They were all present at the Convention, but, of course, no hint of it could be given to anyone else.

The only indirect allusion I made to the subject was in a short speech delivered just before the Convention adjourned, in which I warned the delegates against imprudent speech and action which would give the English Government the pretext they wanted for drastic, repressive measures. There was a little weekly organ of the Parliamentary Party, called *Ireland*, in New York at that time, and the week after the Convention, it contained an editorial note, omitting my name, but deliberately reversing the meaning of my words and making it appear that the speech urged that the English Government be *provoked into taking the drastic action for which I said it was seeking a pretext*. This kind of misrepresentation is very common in Irish controversies.

Supreme Court Justice John W. Goff was Temporary Chairman of the Convention; Judge O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, was Permanent Chairman. The chief speakers, besides the Temporary and Permanent Chairmen, were Bourke Cockran, Judge Daniel F. Cohalan, Victor Herbert, Colonel Conley of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, Hon. J. M. Wall, of Bound Brook, N. J., and Hon. Patrick H. O'Donnell, of Chicago.

The two largest of the Land League gatherings were those held in Chicago in 1881 and in Philadelphia in 1883, but the Irish Race Convention of 1916 had more than double the number of delegates that attended either of these great gatherings. At no previous Irish Convention was there even one Supreme Court Judge: there were five at this, besides several other Judges of lesser rank, and a large number of lawyers. And there were prominent merchants, manufacturers and business men and women by the hundred. No such Irish-American gathering in the past ever had so many clerical dignitaries present as delegates.

The Convention was one of the best managed and most successful gatherings of its kind ever held in the United States. This fact was freely acknowledged by all the reporters present, who were sent there to lampoon the affair, but who promptly called up their city editors and informed them that it would be ridiculous to try that plan. Some of the editors did, however, attack the gathering, but they eventually came to realize that the Pro-British movement was confronted by an organized Irish Race throughout the land and that it was a force that had to be reckoned with.

Victor Herbert, one of the greatest composers of music in America, and grandson of Samuel Lover, was elected National President of the Friends of Irish Freedom organization founded by the Convention.

Thomas Hughes Kelly, son of the famous Eugene Kelly who raised more money in a few weeks for the Land League under Parnell's leadership than the whole American organization was able to do in several years, and who was himself a man of prominent financial standing, was chosen National Treasurer.

John D. Moore, whose splendidly systematic and precise work as secretary of the Arrangements Committee contributed in large measure to the success of the Convention, was elected National Secretary.

The list of outstanding men and women of the race, representing all sections of the United States, who were elected mem-

bers of the National Council of the new organization is too long for insertion here.

The following Declaration of Principles and Policy was adopted unanimously:

"Resolutely following in the footsteps of the men of our race who did so much to bring this great Republic into existence and of those others who have since in peace and war striven unceasingly to defend its flag, to uphold its honor and to advance its interests, we solemnly declare that we owe no allegiance and we share no loyalty which in any manner, or to any degree, lessens our devotion to American ideals, impairs our faith in American institutions or weakens our determination that no influence of any kind shall be permitted to undo the work of the Revolution, or by entangling alliances,—open or secret—make America the tool of any foreign country and bring it into the quarrels of other nations to serve ends and purposes alien to its institutions and hostile to its ideals. Enjoying here the fruits of hard-won freedom, we have never been unmindful that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and keeping in close touch with the cradleland of our race, in its unending struggle for existence and for freedom, against the same foe that after eight years of savage warfare was driven in defeat from our shores by Washington and his victorious legions, we have followed with closer attention than many of our fellow-citizens of other strains of blood, the course of American history, and have seen the same hand which has crushed Ireland ever stretched out in constant menace against America.

"We have seen not only the untiring English efforts to curb the growth of our mercantile marine, but the high-handed interference with our seamen, our ships and our commerce which brought on the War of 1812, with the burning down—an event unparalleled save in British history—of the Capitol in Washington, before we succeeded by force in bringing them to respect our rights. We have seen our country euchred by English diplomacy of territory of vast area and boundless wealth while our hands were tied by our old quarrel with Mexico; we know to our cost of the savage blows struck at us by England during the Civil War in the efforts to divide the country; of the aid given to the Confederacy; of the sweeping of our flag from the sea by the commerce raiders, built, manned, and armed in England, and the destruction of our mercantile marine, in the interest of England, so that we now pay to her a toll of nearly \$300,000,000 a year in freight charges upon our sea-borne commerce. And we have seen the efforts, unsuccessful but adroit, in the recent Spanish War, made through the British Ambassador to embroil us with all the nations of Europe and prevent us from bringing liberty to Cuba. England for years past has worked, openly and secretly, to rewrite our history; to teach us to forget the past, and to make us believe that the leopard had changed his spots and that England had become the friend of America.

"For a generation past we have been flooded with literature, overrun with lecturers, thundered at from pulpits, and hectorred from controlled editorial sanctums to convince us that we could not, or should not, stand alone, and that we had a divine mission, in common with England, to spread

the gospel of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the cult of British world supremacy. It would be idle to assert that many Americans have not been carried away by this new doctrine or to deny that English agents have not largely succeeded in rewriting American history.

"But England never for one moment during this time has swerved from her changeless course of hostility and antagonism to America and to the old teachings of Americanism.

"Never more strongly than at this moment has she been prepared for armed conflict against these United States whenever the moment for action shall seem to her to have arrived.

"To-day she is armed and prepared for aggression against us at three of the four corners of our country. At Halifax, at Esquimaux and at Bermuda her huge naval stations and fortifications are aimed directly at these United States. For thousands of miles along the Canadian front her military railroad stands as a continuing menace to us in time of war. Her fleets patrol our coasts, violate our neutrality and may, on an hour's notice, menace our great cities. In her interest powerful influences have within the last two years obtained for her from the hands of a reluctant Congress joint control over the Panama Canal, planned by American genius, built by American labor, and financed with American millions, and to-day Canada is an armed camp actually at war with European countries with which we are at peace—looking to us, in case of defeat, for protection under the Monroe Doctrine, and with a War Minister who has just openly proclaimed that within the near future he may be called upon to lead his fellow-colonists 'against a tyrant in Washington'. Nor is this new doctrine for England, for as Chamberlain, her chosen spokesman, said less than twenty years ago, 'England must regard the existence of republican institutions in territory contiguous to hers as a menace to her Empire.' If that were true of the two little republics which she destroyed in South Africa, what must be her feeling towards a country whose frontier touches hers for thousands of miles?

"But it is in her conduct of the present war that she has flung caution to the winds and openly and brazenly ridden roughshod over our neutral rights and our self-respect as a nation.

"Vitality dependent upon us for food and for all resources of war, she has whined for assistance from us while getting our supplies and at the same time boldly invaded the rights whose recognition was wrung from her by our fearless mariners in the War of 1812; cried out to us in one voice for help and aid and in another sneeringly taunted us with taking gold for our merchandise. She has, in violation not alone of our rights, but of all the unquestioned rules of international law, changed the laws of contraband in her own favor; she has, without establishing a blockade, seized, detained, and injured cargoes sent by us to neutral countries; stopped, censored and destroyed mail matter protected by treaty rights, by custom and by American stamps; delayed, deflected, or prevented trade between neutral countries and us unless upon permits given by the British Board of Trade; stopped with an armed cruiser an unarmed ship of our country flying our flag, and taken passengers therefrom upon the high seas; prevented the importation of wool, tin, rubber and other products of the British Empire, vitally needed by our industries, except upon the humiliating condition that

she should pass upon the distribution and final destination of such material; carried, despite law and custom, great quantities of munitions of war upon passenger ships, thus attempting to shield her floating arsenals and munition transports behind the skirts of American women and children; and, in a word, she has turned the broad oceans, given by God to all mankind, into a private waterway over which she has attempted to exercise all the rights of private ownership, while permitting no one to travel without her consent or to trade without paying tribute to her.

"Such a state of affairs is intolerable to a freeborn and high-spirited people. Therefore, we demand, in the name of American citizenship and by the memory of the sacrifices and deeds of those who in other days guarded American interests and upheld American rights, that such acts must be stopped; that our neutral rights must be respected and restored, and that all the force and power of this Government must be used if necessary to uphold the freedom of the seas against British aggression, and selfishness, as it was against Barbary piracy.

"We call upon the President and Congress of the United States to do all that may be necessary to place the American flag, both upon the navy and the mercantile marine, in a position of equality with every other flag upon the seven seas. We insist, with our thousands of miles of undefended coastways and with our great seaports, that our national interests demand the development of all weapons of defense against aggression, and we therefore demand that no misguided action be taken to minimize the power and effectiveness of the submarine and of the vessels of the air—both vital weapons of defense to the United States in time of war—in any effort to aid any country in the present conflict upon either side of the struggle.

"We demand that American passengers shall be warned not to travel upon ships carrying munitions of war, or upon armed vessels of any belligerent, endangering by their action not alone American lives, but the peace and dignity of our country, and we insist that every armed vessel of any belligerent visiting our ports shall be placed upon a common footing; received with uniform custom, and either compelled to disarm, to depart in definite and stated time, or be interned for the term of the war.

"We demand that our neutrality laws be enforced with fairness and impartiality; that Britain, no more than Austria, be not permitted to enlist men for her armies in this country; to provision her warships from our ports, or to violate with impunity our shipping laws and transportation rules.

"We point out to the President and the Congress that without going to war, without shedding American blood or wasting American treasure—ready as the people are for sacrifices if these be required—we can, by the threat of an embargo upon food and munitions of war, compel the observance of international law, restore to neutrals the freedom of the seas, and teach the belligerents, in the dreadful struggle which is now endangering the supremacy of the white race, that their blows must be struck against one another and that they shall not be permitted to destroy commerce between neutral nations or invade the rights of countries which are now and which desire to remain at peace.

"But it is to Ireland we must turn in order to see the most finished result of English misgovernment and selfishness.

"For centuries past, except for one brief period, England has been in complete control of the government of that unfortunate country, and where on this broad earth or in the annals of recorded time can we find a duplicate of the picture presented to us in that unhappy island? We have been charged with dwelling too much upon the wrongs of the past. Let us therefore pass over the long centuries of tyranny and infamy, the nameless outrages, the confiscations and the deportations, the massacres and spoliations, the destruction of churches and schools, which transcend a hundredfold even those charged by England against her foes in this present war; the ruin of every means of education, and the enforcement for nearly two centuries of the Penal Laws described by the great Edmund Burke as a code of laws 'well digested and well disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of mankind'.

"Well indeed did the great French statesman, Montesquieu, say of that code, 'It must have been contrived by devils; it ought to have been written in blood; and the only place to register it is in hell.'

"Let us come, so that we may not be accused of talking of ancient things and of dwelling upon old wrongs—let us come to the recent history of Ireland, to those days within the recollection of many who are now living.

"The population of Ireland about the middle of the last century was more than one-half that of England; to-day that of England is more than eight times as large. At that time the population of Ireland was about twice that of Scotland; to-day for the first time in recorded history the population of Scotland exceeds that of Ireland. Is this the result of natural laws? No—a thousand times no. It is the result of the horrors of those years in the middle of the last century when a Government-made famine, in the midst of bounteous crops, sent to their deaths by the roadside more than a million and a quarter of people by starvation and disease and drove from their homes other millions, without means of education, to seek on foreign shores the livelihood of which they were deprived at home. It is the result of that relentless policy of England that no land and no people thought by her to be a danger to her may live or thrive unless she be overthrown. It is the result of that tyranny, cold, merciless, inhuman, which has strangled liberty wherever her meteor flag has been carried in conquest; has brutalized humanity and stifled conscience in order that her ruling classes may thrive and live in luxury and wealth, even though her unskilled working classes be the most degraded and poverty-stricken people of all Europe. Ireland, two-thirds as large as England, blessed by a Beneficent Creator with an equable climate, with the most fertile of soils; with wonderful natural resources; with harbors unrivalled in Europe; stands between England and the broad ocean, and for that reason has been, in the opinion of English statesmen for centuries past, vitally necessary to England, if the latter is to control the seas. Basing her entire power and position upon her lordship of the ocean, England has sub-

ordinated to that control every interest which interfered with it and has by open force or secret guile weakened or destroyed every power which menaced her dominance or threatened her control. Limitless in her pretensions and gorgeless in her greed, she has, in the name of liberty, swept one opponent after another from the seas, while she has filched the fairest portions of the globe, and in the name of civilization carried her rum and opium and shoddy to the weaker peoples of the earth. She has in succession driven the flags of Spain, of Holland, of France, of America, from the seas, and now is in a death grapple with Germany to retain her trident and to drive her most successful competitor and rival from every ocean.

“Success in those other fights meant much to her, but over and above all, as the essential condition of her Empire, was her continued control of that land which barred her from the oceans and whose possession by a free and unallied Power would mean that her World Empire would come tumbling. With the aid of subsidies paid to the press of Ireland; with Government-controlled schools to teach the notion of the invincibility of England; with the active assistance of those false teachers who had ceased to be the representatives of Ireland in England, and had become the pensioners of England in Ireland; and finally, with the infamous Defence of the Realm Act, which sought to do away with every vestige of free speech and to stifle discussion and freedom of action, England seemed for a time to have deceived public opinion and to have convinced the people that for once she was battling on the side of right and justice, and was engaged in a holy struggle to protect the weak against the aggressions of the strong. But the scales have fallen from the eyes of the people, and to-day, despite the English control of the press, of the cables, of her pensioned spokesmen and her purchased agents; despite the fact that she has cut Ireland off completely from communication with the outside world except through England, Ireland seems to have awakened and taken her rightful place.

“Anxious to have the neutral world believe that the British Empire was united in favor of the war, and particularly desirous to have the Irish Race throughout the world believe that Ireland had forgiven the past and was fighting on her side, England has exerted every influence within her power, from coercion to bribery, from cajolery to flattery, to bring the people of Ireland to her side. But all her efforts have in the end proved to be in vain. To-day, in spite of her work and that of her accredited and discredited agents, England is forced to admit that recruiting in Ireland is and has been a failure; that Ireland sees that this is England's and not Ireland's war, and that she dare not, because of the mutterings all over the land, enforce Conscription in Ireland or leave the country without the huge garrison whose services she needs so badly in many other quarters, but which she dare not remove from that land which she has for so many centuries robbed and oppressed.

“To-day once more, as in the days of Grattan and Charlemont, the Irish Volunteers have saved Ireland, have stepped into the breach between their country and the tyranny of England and served notice upon the latter that the young manhood of Ireland must be kept at home to defend the rights of Ireland and to take issue with any Power which would attempt to harm their country.

"The monster meetings held within the last three months in the Mansion House in Dublin, in the City Hall in Cork, and in other sections of the land; the large Volunteer gatherings of armed and disciplined men in Dublin, in Cork, in Athenry, in Limerick, and other places; the spirited stand made by the Hierarchy of Ireland and by public bodies all over the country against the arbitrary cutting off of grants given for Irish education; the protests against the imposition of new taxation of over \$40,000,000 placed upon the country in the last year; the statesmanlike and patriotic pronouncement made by the courageous Bishop of Limerick; the results of jury trials in the attempts of the Government to force convictions under the Defence of the Realm Act, show that Ireland is filled with the spirit of indignation and of protest.

"To-day the alert and masterful enemies of England realize that for the peace of the world England must be deprived of mastery and dominion over Ireland. To-day the far-seeing men who control the destinies of England's enemies see that a free Ireland means the freedom of the seas and the practical dismemberment of the British Empire, with its tyrannical and intolerant control of the seas. In this war Ireland has been again discovered and seen to be, as far as Europe is concerned, not an island behind an island, but the outpost of the Continent of Europe—the connecting link between America and Europe, the country whose freedom means as does nothing else the end of Navalism, the destruction of world tyranny and the restoration to all nations of the world of the use of the oceans which a Beneficent Creator made for all men, but which England has seized and used for her own selfish and vindictive purpose.

"England to-day is fighting for her Empire against foes whom she cannot overcome by force or cajole by bribery or fraud. In this hour of her extremity she calls out in distress for aid and assistance to the country which for centuries has been the victim of her tyranny and oppression. Were Ireland to allow herself to be again deceived or cajoled she would merit the burdens of taxation and oppression which would inevitably be placed upon her by a victorious England. We point out that if England were sincere in any of her promises to Ireland the Home Rule Bill—weak and ineffective as are its provisions to give real self-government—would have been put into operation at the outbreak of the war, and that the repeated adjournments of its proposed time of enforcement justify the belief that the Ruling Classes of England intend that it shall never be put into operation. May we hope that Ireland will emerge from this situation proud and free, to take her place again among the nations of the world; to resume her old work, with her old language and her old methods, for liberty and education, and humanity; and to demonstrate again to an admiring world that there is need of, and room for the small nations, to the end that each may work out its destiny according to its gifts, and each may in its own way make its various contributions to civilization and progress. Therefore we hail with great satisfaction the reawakened spirit of Nationality which has appeared in so many forms in Ireland, and we congratulate the Irish people upon what the Volunteers have already accomplished.

"We point out to the people of Ireland the danger of permitting the food supplies of the country to be depleted while there is probability of interference with communica-

tion at sea, and to remind them that bitter experience has shown that if there had to be a shortage of food in either country, England would choose starvation for Ireland, rather than inconvenience for herself.

"We call upon them, therefore, to see that no food is taken out of Ireland, until ample provision is made for taking care of themselves.

"Finally, we appeal to the Concert of the Powers—and particularly to America, if she be represented in such Council—to recognize that Ireland is a European, and not a British Island; to appreciate that its complete Independence and its detachment from the British Empire are vital to the freedom of the seas and to their restoration to the use of all the peoples of the earth, and we ask in the name of the Irish Race—unconquered and unconquerable—for a seat at the Congress of the Nations to present the case of Ireland, to show its vital interest to Europe and to the world at large, and to demand in the name of liberty and of the small nationalities—for which England says the war is being waged—that Ireland may be cut off from England and restored to her rightful place among the nations of the earth."

The foregoing was one of the most notable pronouncements that ever emanated from a gathering of men and women of the Irish Race in this country. It was an opportune Declaration of Irish Independence which the stifled voice of Ireland itself could not then utter to the world, and a re-assertion of the principles on which the American Republic was founded. It exerted a powerful influence on the people of the United States. After its adoption, the great Convention was formally brought to a close; the furtherance of the policy enunciated thereat having been entrusted to the "Friends of Irish Freedom" organization.

CHAPTER LXI.

IRELAND DECIDES ON INSURRECTION.

DATE SET FOR 1916 RISING IN CODE MESSAGE TO CLAN-NA-GAEL—REQUEST FOR SHIPLOAD OF ARMS COMMUNICATED TO GERMAN GOVERNMENT—GERMANS MADE DEFINITE OFFER—IRISH LEADERS DID NOT REALIZE LIMITATIONS OF SUBMARINE OPERATION—THE "AUD" CAPTURED AND SUNK.

ON or about February 5, 1916, we received a communication from the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. announcing that they had decided on an insurrection. It was brought by Tommy O'Connor, was in a cipher that I did not know, and was neither dated nor signed.

By arrangement, after hearing that he wanted to see me, I met O'Connor in Haan's Restaurant on Park Row. He wrote down the cipher key for me, and decoded two sentences. As the second sentence said "Nobody but the Revolutionary Directory and the chief German representative must know the contents of this", I stopped him and undertook to do the rest of the decoding myself, with the aid of James Reidy, my assistant, with whom I lived at the time.

The message in a few preliminary sentences described the British military strength in Ireland, and stated that they could not expect the British Government to remain inactive much longer; so they had "decided to strike on Easter Sunday, April 23". Then it proceeded to state that they wanted us to "send a shipload of arms to Limerick Quay" *between April 20 and 23*.

The communication also said they wanted German military help after they had struck the first blow, and did not in any way request it before they themselves had "risen". This is a very important point which sets at rest all the charges that had been made of bad faith on the part of the Germans. Their plan was distinctly stated: to start the fight alone and obtain German assistance later.

Next morning I communicated with the two other members of the Clan-na-Gael Executive—and a meeting of that body was held immediately. The decision taken by the Supreme Council of the I. R. B. (or rather by the "Military Committee") was a great surprise to all, as we had no expectation that it would be taken until the war situation became more favorable.



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But the communication stated definitely that the time named was more favorable than they could expect it to be later. They did not ask our advice; they simply announced a decision already taken; so, as we had already recognized the right of the Home Organization to make the supreme decision, our plain duty was to accept it and give them all the help we could. The title "Military Committee" was a camouflaged one—this body was in fact the Revolutionary Council, the existence and personnel of which were known to very few. It consisted of the seven men who signed the Proclamation of Independence issued on Easter Monday, and were the real leaders and strategists of the Insurrection. In future references to them I shall use the term "Revolutionary Council", which I think will make for clarity. I may also state that Clarke and MacDermott represented a majority of the "Executive" of the Supreme Council of the I. R. B.; they therefore acted and spoke with full power and authority for the I. R. B. on the Revolutionary Council.

This request to "send a shipload of arms" was, of course, intended to be transmitted to Germany. The men in Ireland knew that all funds in the possession of the Clan-na-Gael had been sent to them and that consequently we in the United States were unable to purchase such armament as they required. Even if we held special funds for that purpose, it would be practically impossible to load and clear such a cargo in face of Wilson's Secret Service, which was watching us very keenly and was in closest touch with the English, communicating to them everything even of the slightest importance. The two Secret Services worked in the most intimate co-operation, and there was no real neutrality, either in the public service or in the press. There was a Council of Twelve which regulated the joint policy of the New York newspapers in favor of the Allies—which in this case meant England.

I made a typewritten copy of the decoded message, enclosed it with a letter briefly stating the circumstances and handed it to Captain von Papen next morning. He at once notified the Ambassador, and the message was wirelessly to Berlin immediately.

In about a week from our receipt of the message, Miss Philomena Plunkett (daughter of Count Plunkett), arrived with a duplicate of the original message (also in code) and supplemented it with a lot of other information, including arrangements for wireless signals to be sent in when the arms-laden vessel got close to the Irish coast, which information I promptly conveyed to the German embassy officials. If all was well the arms ship

was to send out the word "Fionn", and if there was any mishap, or danger of one, the word "Brann" was to be substituted. From the fact that Padraic Pearse was steeped to the lips in old Gaelic lore, I came to the conclusion that he was the author of the signals. Fionn, of course, was the Chief of the Fianna Eireann, and his dog Brann always scented danger first and gave warning.

The signal "Aisling" was for use if a submarine reached Dublin Bay. The provision for signalling and the expectation of a submarine indicated a misconception of naval conditions under which German submarines operated. The Revolutionary Council assumed that it was a comparatively easy matter for a submarine to reach Dublin Bay and proceed to the inner harbor. But a submarine small enough to get into the shallow waters there, could not make the long roundabout voyage up the western coast of Norway, along the north coast of Scotland and to the Irish Sea. The submarines engaged in such work had to be big enough to carry sufficient supplies of fuel, torpedoes and food to enable them to make long voyages and operate for some time before returning to Germany. None of this type could enter Dublin Bay submerged.

Mrs. Plunkett was in New York at the time of her daughter's arrival, seeking aid of the Catholic Church in America for the canonization of Oliver Plunkett, who belonged to the same branch of the family, so that the coming of Philomena seemed a natural thing, and the British Government had no suspicion of her real object. She was a bright, intelligent and alert girl, and performed her task with efficiency.

Her brother Joseph Plunkett had come to New York in 1915, en route to Berlin on a special mission in behalf of the Revolutionary Council, but on arrival here was detained at Ellis Island because of glandular tuberculosis. I visited him at the Island, where I had long talks with him. His condition was so plainly one justifying the immigration authorities in barring his admission that no fight for him was possible, but I appealed to United States Senator James A. O'Gorman and he succeeded in procuring permission for him to land, under a thousand dollar cash bond, and remain in New York for two months "to do literary work". I provided the thousand dollars, and during his stay ashore introduced him to all the men whom it was necessary for him to see. The decision to fight in Easter Week had not then been taken, but he was able to give us a better idea of the situation in Ireland than we had yet received. In due course he proceeded to Germany via Spain, Italy and Switzerland, and

from unofficial information which reached me later I believe he performed his mission satisfactorily in laying the military plans of the Irish leaders before officers of the German General Staff, by whom they were approved. He attempted to make a second visit to Berlin but was unable to get further than the Swiss frontier.

References to the Plunkett family would not be complete without mentioning that Count Plunkett at a critical time visited Rome, where he was in good standing at the Vatican, and did excellent service in counteracting the evil influence of the pestiferous group of English Catholic aristocrats whose incessant activities there against Ireland were notorious for many years. These English Catholic reactionaries devoted their chief energies to keeping Ireland, the most faithful daughter of the Church, under the heel of the greatest Protestant Power in the world, while the Irish Orangemen were deluded into the belief that under any kind of Self-Government the Pope would veritably be King of Ireland. I was informed that the Count's work was very successful. This was a fitting prelude to the canonization of Oliver Plunkett.

The services of the Plunkett family at that time were invaluable. Had the English Government known of them fully, it would have realized what a sweet revenge it wreaked when after Easter Week it executed Joseph, sent his two brothers to convict prisons, and detained the father and mother for some time.

The German reply came in nine days after the Irish message reached them and was given to me at once by Von Papen. Another meeting of the Clan Executive was called to pass upon it. I then put it into the I. R. B. code and gave it to Miss Plunkett, who took the next steamer for Liverpool and delivered it safely in Dublin. Our arrangement with her was that if the Supreme Council accepted the German offer no reply would be necessary, and only in the event of its rejection or the suggestion of any change would a cable be required. For the latter purpose a perfectly safe and innocent looking code of a few words was adopted; the parties to send and receive it were selected, and we waited anxiously for results.

The German message was as follows:

"It is possible to send two or three small fishing steamers, with about ten machine guns, twenty thousand rifles, ammunition and explosives, to Fenit Pier in Tralee Bay. Irish pilots should wait north of Inishtooskert Island from before dawn of April 20, displaying at intervals three green lights. Disembarkation must be effected immediately. Let us know if this can be done."

Within a week or so another message came from Berlin saying:

"Instead of three fishing vessels, we will send one mercantile steamer of 1,400 tons"

and adding that lighters must be provided, but making no change in the character or size of the cargo. Notification of this was carried to Dublin by O'Connor on his next trip a few days later.

It will be noted that the message from Ireland gave Limerick as the destination of the arms, whereas the German reply specified Fenit, and a word of explanation may not be amiss. In the late Fall of 1915, Diarmuid Lynch was entrusted by Pearse with the duty of making a survey of the situation in Kerry to ascertain the most advantageous spot for such a landing. The point Pearse had then in mind was Ventry Harbor, but Lynch after consultation with the leading I. R. B. men in Tralee, Dingle, Listowel, etc., reported in favor of Fenit, where there was a deep water quay and from which a narrow gauge rail, used by importers of Indian corn, ran to Tralee. There was a strong force of Volunteers in Tralee to cover the landing, and regular railroad communication was available there for despatch to Cork in one direction and to Limerick in the other. When Monteith came to New York soon after, on his way to Germany, Tom Clarke sent a letter by him setting forth the advantages of Fenit for this particular purpose, and also sent sections of the Ordnance Map of Ireland with which I was familiar from Fenian times. I could not spare any of these, but I took a county map of Kerry, drew a blue pencil mark around Fenit Pier, enclosed it with a memorandum containing Clarke's information, and Captain Von Papen forwarded it to Berlin by messenger. When, therefore, the Irish code message received in New York early in February, 1916, had been transmitted to Berlin, the Germans who had some months previously got Clarke's message regarding Fenit, and who of course had their own information on conditions around the Irish coast, realized that it was a much more advantageous point than Limerick, as was evident from the substitution of Fenit in their offer by wireless.

After the German reply had been forwarded to Ireland, the Clan-na-Gael Executive held frequent meetings and provided as far as possible for any emergency that might turn up. Nothing of any consequence happened until the afternoon of Friday, April 14, when, to my great surprise, Miss Plunkett walked into the office of the *Gaelic American*. We could not talk with sufficient privacy there, so I had her escorted to Reidy's office a few blocks away, and followed her immediately. There she handed me the following message in code:

"Arms must not be landed before night of Sunday, 23rd. This is vital. Smuggling impossible. Let us know if submarine will come to Dublin Bay."

By the time I had the message decoded it was 5 o'clock, at which hour the German Embassy Office closed promptly and everybody left. Next morning I carried a typewritten copy of the message down to Wall Street, handed it to Von Papen, and, the Ambassador happening to be in town, it was wirelessly to Berlin that evening (April 15).

On Tuesday, April 18, U. S. Secret Service men raided the office in New York of the German Embassy contrary to recognized international procedure, and seized all the documents they could lay hands on. Here, I will deal only with the particular phase of the raid which affected Ireland, but further on will give details of the utterly illegal proceeding. Among the documents seized was the communication from Dublin which I had handed in on the previous Saturday, with a covering note from our Revolutionary Directory. The Secret Service men reported that they also found an unsigned typewritten note to the effect that Judge Cohalan recommended action by the German Fleet in the North Sea, Zeppelin raids and submarine operations simultaneously with the sending of arms to Ireland. I am satisfied that that memorandum was surreptitiously added to the von Igel papers to furnish a pretext for attacks on Judge Cohalan. It was used for that purpose, and the attacks were intensified a year later when the United States entered the World War. A crusade was started against Cohalan through which it was sought to have him removed from the Bench, arrested and impeached; the Administration at Washington made every effort to secure evidence that would incriminate or place him in a false light. But these tactics failed because no such evidence existed.

The Irish portion of the seizure was on three type-written pages, pinned together. The first sheet contained the words: "This was handed in by Mr. John Devoy." The second had a copy of the second Dublin message with the words, "goods must not be delivered" substituted for "arms must not be landed." The third sheet gave a copy of the message with the German code for each word written over it. So, to that extent it was a revelation of the German official cipher. It was obvious, of course, that the message referred to a shipment of *arms* to be sent to Ireland on Sunday, the 23rd of that month, though the typewritten memorandum did not give full particulars. It was sufficiently clear to the English Government, to whom the information was at once conveyed.

Prior to April 14, the day we received the message from Ire-

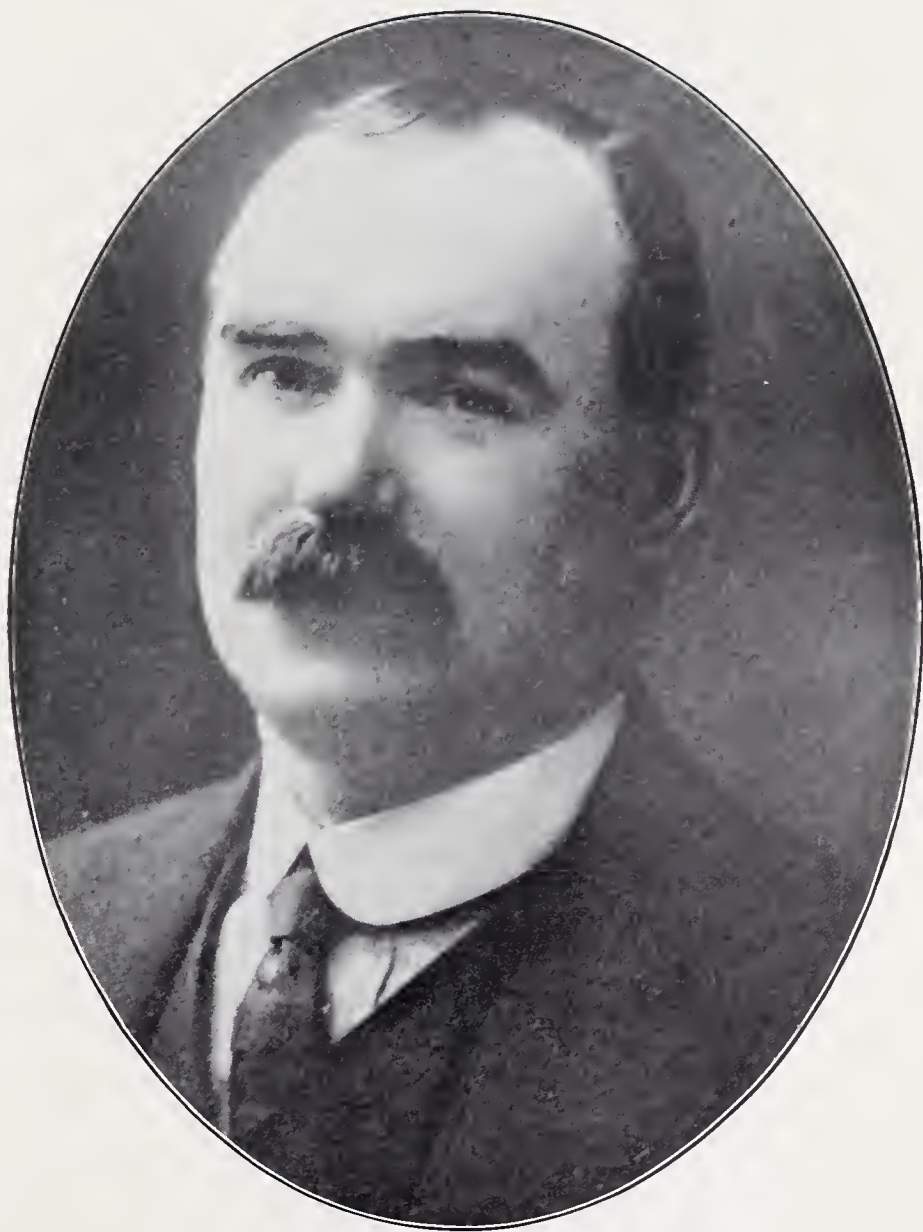
land which specified a change of date for the landing of the arms, the *Aud* was already well on her way to Tralee Bay. She was not equipped with wireless, with the result that the Germans on receipt of the revised instructions could not communicate them to her captain, and the vessel accordingly reached Inishtooskert Island on the earlier date originally set by the Irish leaders.

The final orders given by the Revolutionary Council to Austin Stack in command of the Tralee Volunteers called for the reception and distribution of the cargo on *Easter Sunday night*—by which time the Dublin men would be under arms and in occupation of their strategic positions. I was never informed as to the exact nature of these orders, or of the arrangements which had been made by Stack, as after Easter Week all the members of the Revolutionary Council had been executed, and every other man who knew of the plans at Fenit and Tralee was in prison.

I criticized Stack for not having mobilized the Volunteers, immediately after receiving word of the *Aud's* arrival, to cover the landing of the arms. From information which I obtained recently, however, I now appreciate that he could not have done so, even had he tried, in the few hours that elapsed between the time Monteith reached Tralee with advices regarding the arrival of Casement and the *Aud* and the arrest of Stack himself.

As the situation actually developed, Wimborne, the English Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, Birrell the Chief Secretary, and Nathan the Under Secretary, were completely surprised by the outbreak of hostilities on Easter Monday, April 24. They subsequently testified before the Royal Commission that they had received no advance information whatever, and that the first intimation they had of the Insurrection was conveyed to them by shots fired outside the gates of Dublin Castle. This incidentally proves that their Secret Service had been unable to get any data on the real situation, and—a further fact of which we are particularly proud—that there were no informers among the Irish Volunteers or the I. R. B.

This question might now occur to those not conversant with developments in Ireland at that period: Were not the British advised from the United States that a ship load of arms was due for delivery in Ireland on Easter Sunday, and was not that a sufficient intimation of trouble? Well, Lord Wimborne admitted that he had been informed by the General in command of the Cork area that the latter had received word from the Admiral of the fleet that his patrols were on the lookout for an arms-laden ship, but that he, the Lord Lieutenant, attached little importance to that bit of information. He and his Council



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evidently came to the conclusion that with the British Admiralty forewarned, there was not a possible chance of the arms ship eluding its naval patrols. And, of course, they had no means of knowing that the arms expedition of which they had learned, was on a scale far beyond any previously attempted by the Irish Volunteers, or that a successful landing would be followed by anything of a more serious nature than that which attended the gun-running at Howth and Wicklow two years earlier. The actual arrival in Tralee Bay, notwithstanding the alertness of the British Navy, of a vessel bearing a *large* consignment of arms did, however, disturb the serenity of the English officials—even though the *Aud* had been eventually captured by a British patrol boat, and subsequently sunk by her own crew.

But “Dublin Castle” concluded that there was no *immediate* necessity for their intended arrest of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army. They were confirmed in that decision by MacNeill’s countermand on Saturday of the proposed Easter Sunday “manoeuvres”, but they underestimated the calibre of the men who comprised the Revolutionary Council: their complacency was shattered at noon on Easter Monday, April 24, by the rifle fire of the insurgents.

I reiterate that the change of date made by the Revolutionary Council for the landing of the arms, was responsible for turning what would have been the most formidable insurrection in Irish history, with a reasonable hope of success, into one which was confined almost solely to Dublin over the period of one week, and foredoomed to military defeat.

Had the original decision, and the message to America informing us of it, called for arrival of the arms ship on *Easter Sunday night*, there would have been no necessity for the second despatch which got here on April 14; the latter would not have been in the German office in New York to be seized by Secret Service men in pursuance of Wilson’s *sham* neutrality, and its contents relayed to the British Government. The English Admiralty, and England’s minions in Ireland, would have been absolutely oblivious of the arms expedition or any other portent of insurrection. The *Aud*, which was able to hoodwink the British Navy, and not alone reached Tralee Bay in safety but remained there unmolested for twenty-two hours, could have been equally successful in arriving there on the night of Sunday, April 23rd, and the Insurrection of 1916—glorious even as it was—would then have assumed immense proportions, with international repercussions of a far-reaching nature, and would almost certainly have resulted in the secure establishment of an independent Irish Republic.

CHAPTER LXII.

GERMAN PREROGATIVES VIOLATED.

U. S. SECRET SERVICE ILLEGALLY RAIDED EMBASSY'S NEW YORK OFFICE
—CONTENTS OF SEIZED DOCUMENTS DIVULGED TO THE BRITISH—
GERMAN RED TAPE AND OVERCONFIDENCE—PERSECUTION OF IRE-
LAND'S FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM the very start of the World War, the Administration of President Wilson and the attitude of most of the American press was inimical to Germany. As the war progressed, the insincerity of Wilson's proclamation of neutrality became more and more apparent; the British propaganda campaign under Lord Northcliffe acquired more momentum daily with the acquiescence of the Government at Washington. Finally, the mistaken policy which Germany early in 1917 pursued at this side of the Atlantic provided Wilson with the excuse for which he had been looking and he put America into the war on the side of England.

More than a year before that event, we had been warning the officials of the New York office of the German Embassy that they were likely to be raided by the Secret Service at any moment and all their papers seized, but von Papen and von Igel insisted that such would be a gross violation of international law and was therefore impossible. I said to them: "They don't care a damn about international law or American law. They want your papers for the information of the English, and will get them if they can, law or no law." Other men, including competent lawyers, gave them the same warning.

Von Igel was a young man (a former lieutenant of the German army), courageous and resolute, but he could not be made to fully realize the danger. Von Skal, who had lived for several years in New York and had much experience as a journalist, urged him to keep the door to his private office locked, but he paid no heed.

The office was on one of the high floors of a tall building on Wall Street. There were four rooms, one a sort of anteroom reaching the whole length of the suite, and the other three smaller ones having doors opening on the anteroom. Von Igel's private office was on the left, von Skal's in the centre, and the other, on the right, was used only for private interviews. As von Skal was a correspondent for several German papers, his door was

always open and everyone who called naturally came to him first. There were inside connecting doors between all the rooms. A stalwart, powerfully built German, who had been an officer on one of the German passenger steamers, sat at a desk in a corner of the outside room, and strangers coming in were supposed to give their names to him before entering any of the inside rooms. An alert Irishman in his place would undoubtedly have become suspicious of any group of strangers entering the office and going without notice to one of the inner doors, and would have at once asked them their business. But the unsuspecting sailor assumed when he saw several well dressed men do this, that they had an appointment with his employers.

On Tuesday, April 18, 1916, von Igel having at last appreciated the force of our warnings, was preparing his papers for removal, had his table covered with them, the safe open and his door unlocked, when six or seven Secret Service men entered the outer room, said something about wanting to see Mr. von Igel, went to his door, turned the handle and went in. They rushed on von Igel and seized hold of his arms. The door between his room and von Skal's was closed, and the first inkling of trouble received by the latter was a shout from von Igel. The old soldier of the Franco-Prussian War at once went to his assistance and gave one of the men who were holding von Igel a kick in the abdomen, which made him relax his hold on the younger man's arm. Von Igel wrenched himself partly loose, reached out and managed to slam the door of the open safe. The Secret Service men then tackled von Skal, who had gone to the telephone, and in the struggle broke the connection.

Von Skal then attempted to get out in order to reach a telephone on a lower floor, but the Secret Service men, who had already drawn their revolvers, attempted to stop him by violence, and told him they would shoot if he did not obey their orders. "Shoot and be damned," replied von Skal, "I am an American citizen and you have no right to meddle with me." He had previously asked to see their warrant, but they had not a scrap of paper to show, and informed him that they were acting on orders of Mr. Marshall, the United States District Attorney. They then allowed von Skal to go to the other telephone, but it was too late to do any good.

In spite of von Igel's protest that he was an attache of the German Embassy, they placed him under arrest, and held him until they had gathered and taken possession of all the papers on his table. It was an utterly illegal raid, but they got the papers they wanted and their contents were immediately made known

to the British Government. Count Von Bernstorff at once made a formal protest and demanded the return of the seized papers, but he never got any satisfaction. It was a high-handed act that would have precipitated war between the United States and Germany then if the latter had been in a position to assert her rights, but, of course, she was not.

On the following day I called on the German officials of the Embassy to learn the particulars of the raid. A considerable number of Secret Service men were in the vicinity of both the Wall and Pine Street entrances to the building, and others were in the corridor of the floor on which the office was located. One of them came up in the elevator with me, and the operator, who was Irish (and whom I knew very well), gave me a warning wink. They all tried to look innocent and I ignored their presence.

The morning newspapers of April 19 had published only the Secret Service version of the raid, which was wholly misleading and in many respects false. Of course, there was no admission that the raid was illegal, and the documents were described as revealing a dangerous plot against the United States, in which citizens of Irish blood were in league with the Germans and there were threats of arresting and bringing to trial a number of Irishmen who were not named. These threats were repeated every day for more than a week, especially in the Washington despatches obviously emanating from the Department of Justice, and giving Attorney General Gregory's personal views. for the evident purpose of scaring us. Nearly all the daily papers had editorial homilies on the enormity of the crime of violating President Wilson's Proclamation of Neutrality which the Government officials were making a mockery of every day, evidently with the President's full consent, but according to them nobody else had a right to infringe. The Neutrality Proclamation was binding only on England's enemies, but her friends were free to violate it at will.

In my experience during that trying period I found the German military officer to be a fine type of man, frank and manly in manner, precise in his statements and always true to his word. The officers had a poor opinion of the German civilians resident in America and little respect for the German-American organizations. My experience caused me to share this opinion to some extent.

But, even the military men had the defect of keeping written evidence of everything—note books containing minute items of expenditure, check stubs and receipts—so that when a raid was

made, legally or otherwise, their enemies were provided with valuable data. When Herr Albert succeeded Dernburg as Agent of the German Government he was robbed one day of a satchel full of papers which he had incautiously placed beside him on the seat of a train in New York, by a thief hired by the English Secret Service. The papers in the satchel, or portfolio, gave much valuable information to the English, but no mishap of this kind served as a warning for the future. The habit of keeping papers was incurable.

When Captain von Papen was ordered back to Germany by President Wilson, on evidence procured illegally, Mr. George Freeman of the *Gaelic American* warned him not to take any valuable documents with him, the Captain replied that he was provided with a "Safe Conduct" which amply protected his papers. Mr. Freeman assured him that the Britishers would ignore the "Safe Conduct", but von Papen disregarded the warning and took with him documents which he could safely have left behind in New York. When he got to Falmouth the British seized every scrap of paper he had, and these were later read both in England and America, in trials of Germans. The "Safe Conduct" was only a worthless "scrap of paper".

But, to return to the raid made on April 18: Though the seized papers did not contain the full particulars of the Irish-German message, the knowledge obtained by the Secret Service men proved of special value to the English. Friendly journalists at once informed me that it was well known in the newspaper offices that the information was conveyed immediately to the British Government. The accepted version of how the secret was passed along was that copies of the papers were given to the New York *World* and conveyed by it to the British. Frank Irving Cobb, the Editor-in-Chief of the *World* (to be distinguished from Irvin S. Cobb) was probably the most malignant enemy of the Irish Cause on the American press, and the policy of the paper was bitterly and maliciously anti-Sinn-Fein. But, irrespective of the method by which the contents of the documents were transmitted to the British, it was through an official of the Wilson Administration and with the full approval of the President.

I stated this openly in an article in the next issue of the *Gaelic American*, and the State Department, without mentioning the paper or me, contradicted a charge that nobody had made by denying that the *Department* had given any of the seized documents to the English, and virtuously protested that the Department never did such things. Of course, it was the Department of Justice, of which Attorney General Gregory (an anti-

Irish and anti-Catholic bigot) was the head, that had made the seizure and kept control of the seized papers until final disposition was made of them. Mr. Lansing, who had replaced William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State, was normally a very straight man, but he doubtless made these absurd denials on orders from the White House. Such crooked and treacherous things are never done officially or through regular channels, a fact which gives plausibility to the newspapermen's story that the dirty work was done through the *World*. But the document could not have reached the *World* or the British Government without the consent of Mr. Marshall, the Federal District Attorney, and it is inconceivable that he would have taken such action without orders, or the consent of his superiors in Washington, or that they, in turn, would act in a matter of international importance without the knowledge or consent of the President. It was a case like that of Sir George Grahame, the English Postmaster General, betraying the Bandiera brothers, the Italian patriots, into the hands of the Austrians.

No public attempt has ever been made to deny my charge, frequently repeated since, but in private some friends of Woodrow Wilson claim that he was a man of too high character to be guilty of such foul work, and because he was President many were disposed to take this view. Their theory has not a leg to stand upon. Woodrow Wilson was the meanest and most malignant man who ever filled the office of President of the United States. His enmities were implacable and they grew with time. He pursued with unrelenting hatred every man who incurred his dislike, and resorted to the meanest methods in wreaking vengeance. Above all men in America he hated Daniel F. Cohalan, who had very nearly frustrated his Presidential ambition and would have succeeded in preventing his nomination at the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912, but for the treachery of Roger Sullivan.

The mention of Cohalan's name in the seized documents, although there was no proof whatever that the Judge knew anything about it, was enough to rouse Wilson's wrath, and he doubtless saw in it a chance to "get square" for Baltimore. The publication later by the official Press Bureau, with wholly unjustifiable comment, and Wilson's public insult to Cohalan on the eve of his second trip to Paris proved the depth and malignity of his personal hatred. Cohalan handled this incident in masterly fashion and Wilson lost ground and standing by his action.

It may be said that I was too unimportant a person for the President to bother about, but the subsequent barring of the *Gaelic*

American from the mails, done by Postmaster-General Burleson on Wilson's instructions, showed undoubted personal enmity. That he read the paper every week, or such portions as were marked for him, I was informed on good authority.

The United States entered the World War just a year after the raid on von Igel's office, and the enemies of the Irish Cause from Wilson down were then in a stronger position to penalize any man who still persisted in maintaining Ireland's right to national independence. The campaign against us was intensified, and knew no bounds; neither our persons nor our properties were safe for an instant. Our loyalty to the United States was as abiding as theirs; in fact, it was more so because we were opposed to the sacrifice of American manhood and American wealth for the purpose of pulling the chestnuts of *any* European power out of the hell-fire of the war. Even so, our motives were impugned, and opinions expressed by us years before this country declared war on Germany were pounced on and distorted in the endeavor to prove the contentions of our enemies. Faced with such conditions, I handed over all documents pertaining to Easter Week to others for safe keeping. But, no one in open sympathy with Ireland's struggle against her oppressor during 1917-1918 was immune to raids, and the documents were retransferred more than once. By the time the bundles were eventually returned to me some papers were missing, among the latter being a few important ones which I would like to quote *verbatim* or reproduce in this volume. I have a good recollection of the contents of them, however, and where referred to in the foregoing chapters their substance is correctly stated.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CASEMENT EXECUTED BY THE ENGLISH.

SIR ROGER RETURNED FROM GERMANY TO IRELAND TO STOP THE RISING
—ARRESTED ON ARRIVAL—CONVICTED IN LONDON OF "TREASON" AND
HANGED—MACNEILL'S COUNTERMANDING ORDER TO THE IRISH VOL-
UNTEERS ALMOST MADE THE INSURRECTION IMPOSSIBLE.

THE fact that the submarine with Casement, Monteith and Bailey on board arrived at Tralee Bay almost simultaneously with the shipload of arms led to the general belief that both vessels were part of the same expedition. Such was not the fact, however. They were both on separate errands. The *Aud* went to aid the projected insurrection by supplying the arms to fight the English; Casement went to stop the insurrection if he could, believing that a fight at that time must end in disaster and that it ought to be postponed to await a better opportunity.

Knowing that the Revolutionary Council had irrevocably fixed the date for the Rising and having reason to believe that Casement would surely endeavor to get them to alter their plans and thus bring confusion, I asked the German Government to request him to remain in Germany to look after Irish interests when the expedition started. He was in a sanitarium in Munich when the news of the decision to fight on Easter Sunday was brought to him. He labored under the false impression that the Germans had forced the hands of the men in Ireland for the mere purpose of making a military diversion. Nothing could be further from the truth. The decision was made in Dublin in January, 1916; it took us completely by surprise, and the Germans learned of it only when we transmitted to them a copy of the announcement we had received from the Supreme Council of the I. R. B.

Casement, in placing his own opinions above those of the Revolutionary Council in Ireland, left the British out of his calculations. He should not have attempted to thwart the plans of the leaders in Dublin who were conversant with the facts of the situation. They were men of sound judgment whose decisions would naturally have been reached only after the fullest consideration. In the early months of 1916, the English Government could not help being cognizant of the increasing efficiency of the forces which later were proclaimed as comprising the Irish Republican Army, or of recognizing that these forces constituted the

most serious obstacle to its purpose to conscript the manhood of Ireland for service in her armies on the Continent and elsewhere. Accordingly, the British determined to crush the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army, by the arrest not alone of the prominent leaders thereof but all the members of their governing bodies as well, and this fact became publicly known in Dublin shortly before Easter time. The Irish leaders, therefore, had to fight at the time arranged or see their military organization smashed. Had they failed to act, the opportunity for which they had so long and so earnestly planned would have passed without a blow being struck in the cause of Irish Independence during the duration of the World War. Postponement would have been disastrous.

The Germans refused to permit Casement to leave for Ireland on the *Aud*, but he, as he admitted later, deceived them into the belief that his desire to go was solely for the purpose of participating in the fight. Finally they yielded to his entreaties and furnished him with a submarine for the trip. He desired to be put ashore at Galway in order to reach Dublin at the earliest moment possible, but the Captain insisted on disembarking him and his companions near Tralee. Thus it transpired that their arrival and that of the *Aud* became known at practically the same time, and color was lent to the wrong conclusion mentioned above.

After landing in a collapsible boat, Casement, when captured by the police in the old fort where his companions had to leave him while they went into Tralee to effect communication with the Volunteers, was in a state of almost complete exhaustion. His letter to Eoin MacNeill was despatched promptly to Dublin, and MacNeill's action on it came near making the Insurrection an utter impossibility. The contents of that communication have never been published, but there is no doubt as to their general purport. Casement impugned the good faith of the Germans, and asked that the Rising be postponed. The charge of deception against Germany was wholly unfounded. The *Aud* arrived in Tralee Bay on the first of the days specified in the original message from Dublin, and she had on board the exact number of rifles and machine guns agreed on. This fact was confirmed by the testimony of the English diver sent to examine the vessel after she had been sunk by her crew. The evidence is on record in the Blue Book of the Royal Commission which investigated the insurrection shortly afterwards.

MacNeill, though President of the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers, had been kept in ignorance of the projected

Rising on Easter Sunday, and he first learned of it early in Holy Week from Bulmer Hobson (who had acquired the knowledge through his connection with the Dublin Centres Board of the I. R. B.). In this MacNeill had a genuine grievance, but the underlying reason for leaving him uninformed was that, though a fine scholar and patriotic Irishman, he was wholly lacking the qualities of a military commander, and while his headship of the Volunteers was of great advantage to that organization in the peculiar political conditions in Ireland under which it sprang into existence and continued to function, he was not a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and Tom Clarke and Sean MacDermott had reason to believe that he would not agree to the starting of a Revolution.

Padraic Pearse was "Director of Organization" of the Volunteers, and acting in that capacity he, with the sanction of MacNeill and the rest of the Provisional Committee, as early as February, 1916, had publicly ordered the mobilization of all Volunteer Battalions and specified the points at which they were to hold "manoeuvres" on Easter Sunday, April 23rd. The English Government at that period, while restive at the increasing activities of the Irish Volunteers, had tolerated the holding of such manoeuvres lest an attempt to stop them might result in armed conflicts (the Volunteers had orders to defend their arms with their lives), and produce an unfavorable reaction on Irish public opinion which they did not want to risk just then. This situation was appraised at its full value by the members of the Revolutionary Council. They shrewdly calculated that as all orders issued by the Provisional Committee of the Volunteers for manoeuvres were usually published in its weekly organ, *Oglai na h-Eireann*, a similar announcement for Easter Sunday would disarm any possible suspicion on the part of the English as to the real purpose of *that* particular mobilization. Thus they planned to get all battalions of the Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army into their respective strategic positions throughout the country on the appointed day, without encountering any opposition whatever from either the English soldiers or the police. Their plan worked to perfection in so far as the English forces were concerned, but other complications followed.

When MacNeill learned the real purpose of the Easter Sunday "manoeuvres", he, as the elected head of the Volunteers, issued an order superseding Padraic Pearse as Director of Organization. This move was effected without the knowledge of the Revolutionary Council (Pearse and some other members of which were also members of the Volunteer Provisional Committee), but a copy of the order reached the Council late Holy Thursday



PADRAIC PEARSE

night. Immediately members of the Council interviewed MacNeill and "put all their cards on the table" with this result: MacNeill abdicated his position of Commander-in-Chief, and handed over the control of the Irish Volunteers to the Revolutionary Council. All the Battalion Commanders were once more notified on Good Friday that Pearse's orders were to be obeyed: the stage was again set.

Within twenty-four hours thereafter Casement's letter reached MacNeill, and in the meantime news had arrived in Dublin that the *Aud* had been sunk; also, that certain motorists who were actually on their way to Tralee to co-operate in the proposed landing of the arms on Sunday night, and do other special work in connection with the Rising, had been accidentally drowned. MacNeill at once called into conference at Rathfarnham some members of the Provisional Committee and others who had no official standing in the Volunteer organization. While this Conference was in session the majority of the Revolutionary Council was in ignorance of it; in fact members of the Council were that same night actively engaged making final preparations for the morrow's fight. It was midnight of Easter Saturday when Thomas MacDonagh brought word that MacNeill had dispatched The O'Rahilly and other couriers throughout the country ordering all mobilized Volunteers to return to their homes. The members of the Revolutionary Council were not to sleep in their respective homes that night, but Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett went to Sean MacDermott's headquarters on that occasion, and there discussed the tragic situation. Clarke, Connolly and Ceannt were not available at that moment, but all seven assembled in conference early next morning. At this momentous session the Council decided to ostensibly acquiesce in the cancellation of that day's manoeuvres, and took steps to make that decision known throughout the country for the purpose of calming any possible suspicion the English might still retain as to immediate trouble. But, the Council *also decided to strike the following day*, and orders to this effect were despatched that Sunday night to the Commandants of the Volunteers. The situation was one of the most precarious that any group of men could be called on to deal with, and though all the orders and counter-orders spread confusion, the Revolutionary Council accomplished its immediate purpose—the Insurrection started at noon on Easter Monday.

Notwithstanding Casement's letter and the sinking of the *Aud*, MacNeill was not justified in issuing that last minute countermanding order on Easter Saturday night over the heads of

the men to whom he had only the day before relinquished control of the Volunteers. It made "confusion worse confounded"; it precluded the commencement of operations on Easter Sunday as planned; it almost made the Insurrection an utter impossibility. Had not the Revolutionary Council comprised men of extraordinary resource and indomitable will, Casement's project to frustrate their purpose would have been accomplished.

Though Casement had succeeded in reaching Ireland, and though Clarke, Pearse, Connolly and their comrades were not deterred from starting the Revolution, Sir Roger was unable to gratify his alternate purpose to "go out and fight with them", as he had been arrested the very day of his arrival on the coast of Kerry. The British Government had him conveyed to London for trial, not that it was not reasonably sure of a partisan judge and a "packed jury" to convict him in Dublin, but to make a more spectacular impression on the world. The impression created was, however, the reverse of what they expected. The trial in London showed that England was in a panic and that Ireland was still a danger to the Empire.

Casement's plea that he was an Irishman and entitled to be tried by a jury of his countrymen was sound enough, but in so far as his own fate was concerned, it mattered not whether his "trial" by the British Government took place in London or Dublin. But, in its effect, there was this difference: If he were convicted and hanged in Ireland, the uninformed portion of the world (always the greater part) would have placed the responsibility on the Irish people, whereas the spectacle presented in London fixed the eyes of all peoples on England's savage and relentless punishment of her revolting Irish "subjects".

To convict Casement the English had recourse to a statute of Edward III, and the record of the trial shows that they had to strain the application of that law to give color to their resolve to hang him. In addition to the operation of their courts, the English used foul and slanderous propaganda to arouse public opinion in America against him. They sent here men trained in some of their colleges which are nurseries of unnatural vice, to give broad hints both in public and private of manufactured details which were prejudicial to Casement's character. This campaign, however, was not essential to their purpose in England, as the English people were war mad, and the sacrifice of Casement was necessary to the appeasement of their lust for Irish blood, as well as for the gratification of the panic-stricken statesmen themselves whose plot to have him murdered in Norway in 1914 he had exposed to the world.

From a legal point of view there was little worthy of notice in the trial of Casement. It is not necessary for me to dwell on it further, as the records are in existence for anyone who wishes to read the details. I will, however, deal with the effort which we in America made in his defense.

All the leaders of the movement in Ireland had either been executed or were in English prisons. The British Government had also arrested some 2,500 suspects, who during the month of May, 1916, were transferred to internment camps in England and Wales, and it was endeavoring to terrorize the Irish people into abject submission. While they failed in the latter, they succeeded in dislocating the movement for the time being, so that organized effort in any direction was rendered extremely difficult.

Casement's defense had therefore to be financed from America or there would be no defense at all. But, the Treasury of the Clan-na-Gael was exhausted by the sending of \$25,000 to Dublin immediately before Easter Week, and the money to fee Casement's lawyers had to be procured at once.

A member of the Clan Executive and myself met in a New York hotel adjacent to the bank in which I had deposited the proceeds of the sale of my brother's estate in New Mexico. He had with him Michael Francis Doyle of Philadelphia, who was ready to go to London and do what he could for Casement without charging a fee. We agreed to send \$5,000 to Casement by Doyle, and I immediately drew the money from my bank. We told Doyle to inform the lawyers in England that we had no more funds and that they must keep their fees and expenses down to that figure. Doyle started for London by the next steamer, was allowed to visit Casement in prison, presented him with the money and got his receipt for it.

Even the ablest American lawyer would have been of no service to Casement, except in an advisory capacity; he could not plead in an English Court nor take any open part in the defense. But the fact that the Clan-na-Gael was standing by him (which was demonstrated by Doyle's presence), and the knowledge that the organization was paying for his defense, had a favorable effect on Casement's spirits. He looked surprised when Doyle handed him the money, and tears came into his eyes. He had been forming hasty and wholly unjustifiable conclusions about us and the Germans, which the receipt of the money dissipated so far as we were concerned.

After the trial, the lawyers were constantly insisting that Doyle should get more money from us for them, although he

had conveyed our message that we could pay no more than the \$5,000 he had brought over,—and £1,000 was a very comfortable fee. I believe it was Mr. Sullivan who made the demands. He wanted to appeal the case to the House of Lords, but that would be only prolonging Casement's agony, as it was a certainty that the Lords would confirm the sentence. Casement was taken to London for the express purpose of hanging him, and that purpose was relentlessly carried out in Pentonville Prison on the 3rd of August, 1916.

Thus ended the career of one of Ireland's noblest sons. In the service of his own country he not alone relinquished honors and distinctions conferred on him by England for humane work of exceptional merit performed while in her service, as well as the emoluments to which he was richly entitled, but finally made the great sacrifice as the result of his work in Germany towards securing the Independence of his native land. In my portrayal of prominent Fenians mentioned in these memoirs it has been necessary to describe shortcomings as well as good points, because their mistakes had also an important bearing on the efforts of countless contemporary Irish patriots. I have made no exception in the case of Sir Roger Casement, and though I have taken occasion to indicate wherein his methods and conclusions were often at fault, he was withal one of the most sincere and single-minded of Ireland's patriot sons with whom it was my great privilege to be associated. His name will ever have a revered place on the long roll of martyrs who gave their lives that Ireland might be free.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "EASTER WEEK".

SOLDIER STATESMEN OF THE 1916 IRISH REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL
"SAVED THE SOUL OF IRELAND"—HAD FORTUNE FAVORED THEIR
WELL-LAID PLANS, MAIN PURPOSE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ACCOM-
PLISHED THEN—IDEAL OF AN INDEPENDENT IRISH REPUBLIC WILL
YET BE CONSUMMATED.

THOUGH the Rising of 1867 was a fiasco, it constituted another link in the series of armed revolts against England's domination of Ireland and kept alive the spirit of resistance to that alien rule. During the succeeding half century the men of the Irish Republican Brotherhood profited by the mistakes, but persevered in the principles of their predecessors; they pledged themselves to establish and maintain a free and independent Republican Government in Ireland, and the Clan-na-Gael in America loyally and consistently extended to them its moral and financial support to that end. Indeed, leaders of the I. R. B. freely acknowledged that were it not for the aid given by the Clan, the Organization in Ireland could scarcely have maintained its activities, or exerted the influence that it did, during decades replete with political developments which tended to eradicate the ideal of Independence from the hearts of the Irish people. In other words, it was the example of '67, and the support given by the Clan-na-Gael, which made it possible for Ireland in 1916 to reassert in arms its inalienable right to national freedom.

While both organizations realized that Irish Independence could never be won except by physical force, it was also manifest that a disarmed Ireland, shut off by barriers comprised of the warships, bayonets and press of England from normal communication with the outside world, could not hope to militarily defeat the English invaders unless Britain should be at war with one or more of the other powerful nations. They bided their time, however, for the day of "England's difficulty," and the opportunity loomed with the start of the struggle with Germany. And, through fortuitous circumstances which I have already sketched, the young men of Ireland, in the year before the World War started, had been given and had grasped an opportunity, such as was denied their predecessors, to drill and carry arms openly in defiance of English-made laws and regulations.

The World War came, and though it found the vast majority of the Irish people denationalized through the spineless policy and vitiating doctrines of Redmond and his followers in the British House of Commons and in Ireland itself, the year 1914 also found a minority in whom had been developed by the Gaelic League, Sinn Fein, the Volunteers, and in a special manner by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a more virile nationalism than had existed in Ireland for over a century.

In pursuance of Ireland's tradition of Nationhood, the I. R. B. (which was the vitalizing force and directing factor in the other organizations named) would not and could not let the occasion of the World War pass without striking another physical blow for the achievement of the ideal for which it existed and to the furtherance of which its members had consecrated their lives. Even were they to fail dismally in the fight, they would at least have shown that Ireland was worthy of national freedom by the readiness of her sons to die for it. If the example of other small nations shedding their blood for *their* independence were needed to spur Ireland on, such examples were then to be found on the continent of Europe, but the I. R. B. needed no such incentive.

Then, too, Irish Republicans saw hundreds of thousands of their fellow countrymen, who, blinded by Redmond's treasonable fallacies and England's hypocrisy, were thoughtlessly enlisting in the armies of England and lavishly laying down their lives in Flanders, at Gallipoli and elsewhere, to maintain the supremacy of the robber power that held their own country in bondage. The Supreme Council of the I. R. B. and the Revolutionary Council determined that unless Irishmen fought in Ireland for their own freedom, the world could only conclude that the Irish people did not desire national independence or would not risk their lives to secure it.

These men also perceived that nothing but a stand-up fight and the shedding of Irish blood in Ireland and for Ireland, could clear away the noxious overgrowth of imperialistic cant and selfishness which, through Redmond's tactics and England's policy of petty concessions, had been smothering every ennobling nationalistic ideal that had preserved the spirit of the Irish people through centuries of British domination. In other words, one phase of the Irish Republican task was to save the *soul* of Ireland.

Thus viewing the situation, Clarke, MacDermott, Pearse, Connolly, and their confreres decided to play the part of manly men. They faced the problem with a breadth of view worthy of states-

men and soldiers; they, with the co-operation of the Clan-na-Gael in America, sought an alliance with England's most powerful enemy, and the fortunes of war might well have crowned their efforts with unqualified success.

It is true that pedantic and superficial wiseacres condemned the Revolutionists of 1916 as "madmen" for daring to challenge the "irresistible might of England", but most of these critics realized later the hollowness of their contention. Within a year, German submarines were wiping England's shipping from the seas in ever increasing volume, and the Field Marshal in command of England's military forces was crying out in despair that he had "his back to the wall". Were it not for America's entry into the war on the side of England, it takes no great stretch of the imagination to visualize the rout of Britain's armies, the almost complete destruction of her food and supply ships, and the imminent starvation of her people; all tending to one inevitable result—the collapse of the British Empire. Such was the "irresistible might of England"!

Even though the naval conditions which prevailed by the end of April, 1916, rendered it strategically impossible for Germany to transport to Ireland any considerable number of army officers and men and afford them competent military support subsequently, the history of that period shows how nearly successful was their effort to deliver 20,000 rifles, a large number of machine guns, and a requisite supply of ammunition to the Irish Volunteers. With these arms in the hands of the Irish, the chaotic conditions which resulted from the sinking of the *Aud* and from Casement's letter, would never have arisen; MacNeill's final countermanding order would doubtless never have been issued. The account which the Irish Republican Army, so equipped, would have given of itself can be gauged from the magnificent fight which a few years later, when but poorly armed, it succeeded in waging over an extended period against England's Black and Tans—at which time England was *at peace* with the rest of the world.

Had the rifles from Germany been landed and distributed in 1916, the Insurrection, instead of being practically confined to Dublin, would have extended all over Ireland,—with the I. R. A. occupying at the outset the strategic positions chosen in advance by its Commanders. Had the insurrection been so extended, who can make even an approximate guess—in the light of subsequent events—as to the number of battalions which England would not alone have had to throw into Ireland in 1916, but would have been *compelled to keep there for an indefinite period*.

Further conclusive arguments in support of the philosophy of "Easter Week" could be cited, but they are not necessary. It is fitting, however, that I should here quote the Proclamation of the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, which was promulgated by Padraic Pearse, on Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, in O'Connell Street, Dublin, after the occupation of the General Post Office by the Republican forces:

POBLACHT NA h-ÉIREANN

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organized and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have

asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonor it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish national must, by its valor and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government.

THOMAS J. CLARKE

SEAN MACDIARMADA

THOMAS MACDONAGH

P. H. PEARSE

EAMONN CEANNT

JAMES CONNOLLY

JOSEPH PLUNKETT

The result of all war depends largely on the element of chance; this is more true of insurrections than of any other kind of war. Had fortune favored the well-laid plans of the Irish Revolutionary Council in 1916, the prospect of victory would have been bright; but, it happened otherwise and the "Easter Week" Insurrection was foredoomed to military failure with the sinking of the *Aud*. Yet, even in attempting the impossible in the face of that disastrous incident,

THOMAS J. CLARKE,
SEAN MACDIARMADA,
PATRICK H. PEARSE,
JAMES CONNOLLY,
THOMAS MACDONAGH,
EAMONN CEANNT,
JOSEPH PLUNKETT,

and their men of the Irish Republican Army, by the gallant fight which they made, wrote one of the most glorious chapters in Irish History, and they

"SAVED THE SOUL OF IRELAND".

The British Government executed these seven leaders and nine of their comrades for participation in the Revolution, but their efforts and sacrifices revived the determination of the Irish people to achieve National Independence. The ideal for which they fought will yet be consummated. Though I shall not live to see it, I will die content in the realization that Ireland has advanced far towards the goal of her heart's desire, and confident that another generation will produce worthy successors to the men of "Easter Week" who with God's help will succeed under favorable conditions in securing the permanent establishment of an Irish Republic—the Government of which shall hold jurisdiction over every inch of our indivisible motherland, Eire.

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