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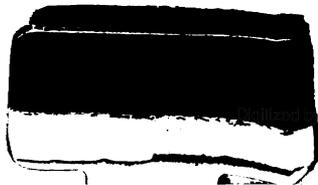
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P. J. P. TYNAN—"NUMBER ONE."

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THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

WASHINGTON

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1911



THE IRISH
NATIONAL INVINCIBLES
AND THEIR TIMES

BY
PATRICK J. P. TYNAN
["NUMBER ONE"]

ENGLISH EDITION
WITH APPENDICES AND INDEX

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PART I

*OBSTRUCTION TACTICS: THE CRUSADE
OF SHAME*

PART II

*THE WAR OF REPRISALS: THE PHOENIX
PARK MURDERS*

PART III

*SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER: IRELAND AT
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10-1-51 r.c.c. 13

AS "THE IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES AND THEIR TIMES" is passing through the press the following Editorial announcement appears in "THE IRISH REPUBLIC"—the organ of the advanced section of the Irish Revolutionary Party in the United States—of 28th April, 1894 :—

"Within a few weeks a book will be issued from the press that will create a sensation on two continents. . . . The author is no less a personage than the redoubtable P. J. P. Tynan, the celebrated 'No. 1' in connection with the blow struck by Irish patriots on May 6, 1882, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Mr. Tynan had charge of the active work of the INVINCIBLES in the Irish metropolis, and so far was the 'No. 1' wanted after Carey's betrayal : but he was not 'No. 1,' the supreme director of the conspiracy. . . . Then follows an account of the more recent movements the author's own experiences, and his escape, although a price of £10,000, or \$50,000, was offered for his capture. The Phoenix Park chapters will be especially interesting because of the writer's knowledge of the inside moves in connection with the affair. The book will be altogether a marvellous revelation."

PUBLISHERS' NOTE
TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

“THE IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES AND THEIR TIMES” is published in the United Kingdom under somewhat remarkable circumstances. The work was originally prepared some six years ago for circulation as a secret document amongst the Revolutionary Organisation in America. Since that time, however, matters have undergone a complete change, and now the work is being issued in the United States as a public volume copyrighted by the author in his own name. By an arrangement with the American agents, the present publishers have been enabled to purchase the full rights for this country, and to copyright simultaneously with the American Edition.

The original book, according to its title-page, aims at being a history of “Three Decades of Struggle against the Foreign Conspiracy in Dublin Castle—the Parliamentary Provincialists’ Agitation to reform Foreign Rule from Isaac Butt’s Movement in 1870 to Gladstone’s Bill in 1886; the Irish Nationalists’ Preparations to take the Field against the Invader’s Forces in 1865, 1866, and 1867; Guerilla Warfare of the Irish Nation in 1882, 1883, and 1884; with an Addendum—Ireland at the close of 1893.”

The present is a curtailed edition of this work. In its American shape the volume extends to something like half-a-million of words, and deals in rather diffuse fashion with almost every possible aspect of the Irish Question. Some of the references, notably those dealing with the defence of crime, are of a pronouncedly blasphemous

type; and others, in very large degree, partake of a tautological character. While it has been thought desirable to allow some of the least objectionable of these references to remain, in order to convey a proper idea of the author's method of treatment, an undoubtedly large amount of matter has had, as a matter of course, to be omitted. In every case where anything has been left out, however, the fact has been indicated by omission marks. In addition to all this, that portion of the work dealing with the Episodes of the Fenian Movement, 1865-67, has been lifted out bodily, and will be published as a separate volume. The portion thus lifted out includes the chapter on the English Reform Bill of 1867, to which special reference is made by the author in his introduction, and which supplies details of an intensely interesting character.

The book takes its title from certain chapters, and naturally the main interest will centre in this portion of the work. When regard is had to the personality of the writer, and the manner in which he deals with this part of his subject, the immense importance of his contribution to history can be properly appreciated; for "THE IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES AND THEIR TIMES" is undoubtedly an important contribution to contemporary history. The why and the wherefore of its publication is fully set forth in the author's introduction to the American edition, which is given hereafter without any alteration or interference whatever. This introduction sets out the character and intention of the work quite boldly and clearly, and leaves no room for controversy on points that, under other circumstances, would immediately provoke discussion. What the author has written is, as he argues, not the tainted testimony of an "informer," as the phrase is understood in Irish politics; but rather the impassioned and at times eloquent pleading of an advocate of force—of force of all kinds, and under all circumstances, as the only suitable factor in a phase of international rivalry; the pleading of a man who, in the wild recklessness of his enthusiasm, scruples not to lay bare the mysteries of murder, so that he may the more strongly urge his point, careless of the fact that in so doing he almost risks his own neck. Beyond all question, his work must assume increased interest and intensity from this remarkable fact.

Of course the question will immediately arise, "Who and what is this strange man?" The reply to the query can be best supplied by bringing in here a portion of a chapter contributed to the American edition by Patrick Kinsella, an Irish friend and companion of the author's, who very narrowly escaped arrest in consequence of

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his association with the latter in Dublin in 1882. Says Mr. Kinsella in the chapter in question :—

Here I will digress to say something about this then much spoken of mysterious "NUMBER ONE." Since my arrival in the United States I have heard of many men who, for some unaccountable vanity or folly, posed as this gentleman. I have often asked myself, would they be equally anxious to take the same risks in Dublin? "NUMBER ONE" was the commanding officer of the military INVINCIBLES in Dublin city. I advisedly use the word military to distinguish them from the civic statesmen of the same organisation—an organisation spread all over Ireland, as the British Government knew well, and not confined to the metropolitan city as some supposed. This movement sprang into existence immediately after the suppression of the Land League. It must have had at its head a number of gentlemen with great political influence, and having command of large sums of money, or else it could not have developed so rapidly. These gentlemen were the sponsors of the new organisation, who created and dictated its policy. Whatever praise or condemnation mankind may feel disposed to pass upon this policy is entirely in the first instance due to these statesmen, who authorised every action of the military INVINCIBLES, men obeyed these statesmen as all soldiers obey their Government. It was obviously not the interest of the Castle officials to permit the knowledge to be circulated abroad that the INVINCIBLE movement was so widespread; they wished the newspapers to believe that it was almost altogether confined to Dublin and consisted of a few men, the greater number of whom they had arrested. It was this knowledge and exaggerated suspicions of its power in the country which alarmed them, and caused them to display such panic.

The Dublin INVINCIBLES knew that their organisation was established all over Ireland, but they had no official contact with any one outside the city. Whether those other districts had similar officers to "NUMBER ONE" in command is not known, as the principal occurrences and trials took place in Dublin. The members of this INVINCIBLE Government have never been publicly known, nor is it likely that their personality will ever be revealed. They proved themselves very cowardly when their men got into danger, and were very stupid in allowing so many to be wantonly sacrificed. We are not likely to learn any more about this mysterious Executive that was behind "NUMBER ONE," and which was very far behind him indeed. Possibly these gentlemen are living quietly under the British flag, confident that their identity can never be discovered, deceiving others in their denials of complicity or sympathy with the INVINCIBLES, as they deceived the brave fellows they slandered and betrayed by their neglect.

There must have been a panic in the ranks of this mysterious Executive, similar to what took place in Dublin Castle, during the trials. In point of courage they were fomen worthy of each other's steel; and if it were not for the brave and noble fellows that went down between them, it would have mattered little to any one.

Since that time those men, or their friends, have at intervals considered it wisdom to assail, in the most wanton manner, the policy they were the authors of. Their slander on the dead and their abuse of the living, have been most cowardly. As they knew full well, they could not be answered back, secure in the knowledge that their identity has never been hinted at, which they consider—and probably it is—a great victory. To assail principles, which with them should be sacred, was their reward for this immunity. Not one of them have had the chivalry to publicly rebuke their friends for this vituperation. If these men had changed their policy at a certain period they should have so communicated with their executive officer, "NUMBER ONE." He gave them ample time to do so. They have deceived and betrayed their own followers by their weakness, and allowed their opponents to gain an easy victory.

Their change of front, probably born of passion, was followed by vacillatory and cowardly conduct. What they considered prudence and judgment was most ill timed.

In their anxiety to preserve their own personal and family ties from what they—accepting the public cant—admitted by their conduct was a blemish, they, in so stamping their own conduct, did not consider other men's relations, or prospects in life. If they really held these opinions they are to be despised, for they were not only cowards, but traitors to their own consciences all through. They not only lacked the courage but the dignity and truth of the military branch of their organisation. The men in Dublin, in acting up to their honest convictions, believed that all were animated with the same honourable motives.

I am but an humble man and do not pretend to comprehend the ideas of the great. I hear a good deal said about policy and expediency. I thoroughly and heartily despise cowards who think it diplomacy to publicly lie; in my humble judgment, this policy of hypocrisy is most dastardly and unmanly.

Whenever I hear of a "truly great Irishman" (according to the bombastic hero-worship of the time) denounce and slander the INVINCIBLES and their plan of campaign, I am tempted to put the question to myself, "Was this man one of the mysterious INVINCIBLE Government?" Probably he was. "Me-thinks the lady protests too much." It is announced at this time 1887 that there is to be a London trial over this, as a certain ex-member of the British Parliament feels insulted at the *London Times'* remarks. This individual, evidently anxious to drag himself into public notice, seeks a quarrel with this brutal London journal. If this trial comes off there will be oaths taken, and men will unblushingly assert before mankind not only what is not true, but the opposite of their cherished convictions—men who would do anything possible, short of personal risk, to destroy Balfour, and who would secretly abet any movement for that purpose; and who would then turn round and slander their colleagues in the undertaking, and tell them in private conversation that they believe in every possible destruction against England, but in public denying it, and, if necessary, denouncing it.

It is my sad misfortune to have personally known something of this warfare against the British enemy, and also some of these INVINCIBLE statesmen. I have personal transactions with possibly the ablest and most prominent of the leaders of legal agitation.

But to dismiss the subject of these smiling poltroons whose existence must for ever remain a living lie, I return to what I was about to say of "NUMBER ONE."

When Carey turned Crown witness—which he did, I have been creditably informed, some days before he was placed publicly on the witness table—and when the officials had taken down the full extent of his information, it was more limited than they had thought when they decided on accepting him as an approver. One piece of what they considered valuable testimony, the Castle people looked upon as most important. This was his description of the officer at the head of the INVINCIBLES in Dublin. This man Carey said he knew very well, both by appearance and having had personal relations with him. He stated that this officer controlled the whole organisation in Dublin city. But who this mysterious chief was Carey could not tell. He described him as a gentlemanly person, whom he felt certain was, or had been, a military man.

Carey was under the impression he was an Irishman, serving in the armies of some European power. He impressed this so persistently on the British official mind, that the whole force of the Government machinery used in such secret service was put into action, examining the records of the foreign Irish serving in the Continental armies. The few INVINCIBLES in Dublin with whom he had personal relations knew him by no other name than "NUMBER ONE." Various and strange speculations started in Dublin Castle about this mysterious personage, and who he might prove to be. All

sorts of guesses were made ; several people whose personal appearances were very different were suspected. As soon as Carey's evidence came before the public, the newspapers increased the number of individuals who in their estimation might have been the owner of this peculiar *nom de guerre*, some mythical and some in the flesh. Every profession and country contributed its quota. Among the European public men spoken of, was General Macadaras of the French Army. This Irishman, who earned distinction in the armies of his adopted nation, was by common consent supposed to be the much sought for INVINCIBLE officer. It eventually became such a mystery that the general public began to pronounce "NUMBER ONE" a myth, and the creation of Carey's brain. The Castle people, who were at first in as great a state of mystification as the press and public, had discovered a solution of the mystery ; but they preserved this secret. All this time the British journals were filled with absurd speculations and wild conjectures.

On the Sunday immediately following the public appearance of Carey as an informer, the police in London entered the house of one of Mr. Parnell's friends, Mr. Byrne, who was then secretary of the National League in England. They discovered in an album in this gentleman's house, a photograph which so nearly fitted Carey's description of the mysterious INVINCIBLE that they immediately secured it. But for the finding of this photograph "NUMBER ONE" would have remained, like the INVINCIBLE Executive, the greatest mystery of the nineteenth century. When this photograph was shown to Carey the next day in Dublin, he at once recognised it as the picture of the gentleman whom he described in his evidence. The authorities soon learned who was the original of the photograph, and when they did so, they were more puzzled still, and began to doubt the correctness of Carey's identification. They were informed that this gentleman was a most loyal man, the very opposite to the person they had pictured. He was a member of Company I, Queen's Westminsters, one of the select London Volunteer Regiments. This regiment was commanded by the Duke of Westminster and considered a very special London corps. When the new Law Courts in the Strand, London, were officially opened by the Queen in royal state, the Queen's Westminsters were paid what was considered a distinguished honour by being permitted to take official part in the ceremonies of the day, and with the household troops formed part of her Majesty's guard of honour. This pageant took place early in December, 1882, seven months after the affair in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and one month before the Dublin arrests. The only other Volunteer Regiment permitted to turn out on the occasion—so hedged in is the divinity of a British sovereign—was the Inns of Court, but as this regiment is exclusively composed of lawyers it had a special privilege. Early on the morning of this gala day, nearly five hundred of the Queen's Westminsters, in full uniform, mustered at their armoury near Buckingham Palace Gate. Colonel Busby, the commanding officer, read the regiment a letter received from the Horse Guards, limiting their guard of honour to one hundred selected men. The regiment was mustered in column, the Colonel and Sergeant-Major Fowler walking along the line, picking out the Sovereign's guard. One of the men chosen by the Colonel for this post of honour, was the original of the photograph found in Mr. Byrne's house. As a member of the Queen's Westminsters that day marching with the regimental guard and band, saluting and being saluted by her Majesty's household troops, the Life and Horse Guards, was to be found the original of this portrait. As the "Queen's" marched through St. James's Park, the recently returned heroes of Tel-el-Keber saluted them. These gigantic warriors, mounted on magnificent horses, were that morning arrayed in their gorgeous and showy uniforms which they left behind them when going soldiering in Egypt.

There are few things more romantic in history : the Queen's guards saluting the captain of a body of Irish guerilla soldiers engaged in a species of terrible warfare, against what these Irishmen believed were their country's bitter enemies.

The Dublin Castle people also learned that he was with his regiment at the Easter Monday review, and shared in the sham battle of Portsmouth, and that he also attended the annual muster of the "Queen's" in Hyde Park.

They learned he was in Scotland at the time of their inquiries, but visiting at various hotels in that country. The detectives found those who knew him incredulous when communicated with; he was conservative and non-political in the society of his friends, who were business men and others of social standing. The colonel and officers of the regiment received the news from Ireland as too absurd. They would not believe it. In Company I, where he was best known, they were inclined to look upon it as a practical joke. Major Starke, the captain of Company I, pooh-poohed it as a sensational *canard*.

But what was still more astounding to the British Government was his intimate and friendly association with several of the officials in the Irish Office, London; and also that he was a frequent visitor to these Government offices at Queen Anne's Gate. The officials who travelled with Mr. Forster and the other Irish Secretaries, were personal friends of his. He was, they learned, actually in the Government buildings, London, when Irish despatches were received. He was known to have entered that office on the 12th of July, and, as the Government officials thought, to celebrate the day he wore an orange lily in his coat, in company with Mr. —, the manager, and several other gentlemen. The subject turned upon the humour of some noble peer. Mr. — expressed his regret that he had not had the pleasure of his company that morning in the House of Lords, when the royal sanction was given to the Irish Crimes Act.

These gentlemen thought their visitor was as enthusiastically British as they were themselves; to suspect the loyalty of their friend never for a moment entered their heads. Those who boast of diplomacy must feel satisfied it was carried out to its perfection in this instance.

The Castle people easily located him in Jury's Hotel, Dublin, where he had been staying for some time previous to the 6th of May, and they learned that he left Dublin on the Thursday evening after the exciting event of the previous Saturday. But then, as a commercial traveller, he had been accustomed to spend his time in hotels for years, as his business required it. The Castle people felt certain they had a clue to his whereabouts, and that they would soon succeed in capturing him. Mr. Murphy, the Crown counsel, now a judge, said, on the final examination of the prisoners before the magistrates, that he would for certain have "NUMBER ONE" to present to him in the dock by the following Saturday.

One feature of his political career which made the British officials doubly anxious for this mysterious man's capture, was his association with the Irish Parliamentary party. In the course of their investigations they learned that he was a constant visitor to the Land League headquarters in Palace Chambers, Westminster, and took a prominent part in all the meetings and discussions which took place during the eventful winter of 1881. That he was considered by them of sufficient importance to be selected as one of the public speakers at the great demonstration held in Hyde Park, London, to protest against the arrest of Charles Stewart Parnell, by orders of the British Premier, Mr. Gladstone, they considered remarkable; and that he actually took part in this demonstration and made a speech from the same carriage in Hyde Park as William Redmond, one of the Parliamentary leaders who was his companion in the vehicle, forcibly convinced the British officials and Government of the close identity which existed between this hostile Irish officer supposed to be the leader in the Phoenix Park tragedy and the apostles, leaders, and lights of what is termed "legal and constitutional agitation."

The notorious "NUMBER ONE" was and is known in private life as Patrick Joseph Percy Tynan—the author of this book, whose name

appears on the title-page. The part he played and the vile work he directed in connection with the INVINCIBLE Organisation, was unfolded to some small extent at the Phoenix Park Murder Trials in Dublin in 1883, when the miserable instruments of the Murder Alliance were tried and found guilty of their share in the doings of which the author now tells. But up to the present the veil of mystery has hung darkly and deeply over a multitude of things connected therewith. Now for the first time the curtain is raised, and the narrative of horror and of "murder most foul" is told in detail by the pen of one of the leading actors in the vile proceedings. Under the thin disguise of the letter "K," Patrick Joseph Percy Tynan pictures himself and the strange part he played in one of the strangest products of modern political struggle. The man lives, for the time being, in the pages he has written. His thoughts, his feelings, his sentiments, his instincts, all start out vivid with life and actuality from page after page of these strange memoirs, where in the peculiar frenzy of his mood, he passes from secret to secret of this strange time, rending the veil of mystery as he goes.

The book suggests many problems of historical and political importance, but these are matters for the general public rather than the publisher. All that need be added here is the statement that the work is published quite independent of any sympathy with the views advocated by the writer, and simply and solely as an important and startling contribution to contemporary literature.

A set of appendices is attached to this edition in order to enable English readers to fully understand the different allusions in the text. A complete index is also supplied at the end.

INTRODUCTION¹

THIS work was written in the winter of 1887-88. It was commenced soon after the denunciation of the INVINCIBLES by the late Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. The Irish Leader, in reply to taunts levelled at him by the British members at Westminster, used the enemy's vile epithets to asperse the memory of the dead INVINCIBLES, and to assail the characters of those who, through being placed in the forefront of the struggle, were made public property of by the enemy's myrmidons, and their names wafted on the wings of the press through the civilised world. This denunciation of the INVINCIBLES by the Irish Parliamentary chief was re-echoed by many of the rank and file of his followers, inside and outside the enemy's Parliament. The "NEW YORK HERALD" printed it under the heading "Parnell Burns his Boats." This denunciation was indeed the "parting of the ways"; the last slender thread was snapped asunder which held Irish Nationalists to the hope that the Parliamentary chief would yet realise the promises of early years.

To denounce and expose the hypocrisy of sailing under false colours to betray the trusting Irish, this book was undertaken. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest. In assailing the policy and action of the INVINCIBLES, these false Parliamentarians were heaping mountains of infamy on

¹ As explained in the preceding "Note," this introduction, taken from the American edition, is given here without any alteration or interference whatever. It has not been thought desirable to edit it in any way.

their own memories. If the actions of the INVINCIBLES were what they were stated, then the fouler and deeper the damnation of those who created the movement, to desert and slander their comrades in the hour of danger.

The original intention of the writer was to confine himself to the Parliamentary Provincial agitation and its secret offspring, the revival of the suppressed Land League, which was revived under the name of the INVINCIBLES by the authority of the leaders of the Parliamentary movement.

Irish friends in the United States urged the writer to extend the scope of his work to some of the salient features of the Party of Action in the Sixties.

In sending into the world a book of this nature, the writer is well aware he runs counter to the preconceived opinions of many people; and expects to meet the usual opposition which prejudiced convictions will always array against the daring spirit who ventures to combat settled forms of thought. It was so with Galileo and the spherical shape of our earth; it was so with Columbus and his belief in a Western World. If it has been so with these immortal leaders in the world of thought, how much more with the Irish Nationalist, who would try to draw his country's cause from the mass of misconception and falsehood that is struggling to smother it!

Among the many cherished convictions—convictions, the offspring of slavish historians—the writer would tear aside the Mokanna-like veil that enshrouds the Provincialists' ideal, the College Green Parliament.

This political shamble, then in the plenitude of its independence as a law-making power, used its authority for the destruction of the Irish Patriots of 1798. This legislature of brutal yeomen, assassinated and tortured our brave countrymen—patriots who, following the heroic precedents of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, fought at Oulart, Vinegar Hill, and Arklow to create in Ireland an Independent Republic. If this miscalled Irish Parliament had a right to even a thousandth part of the virtues claimed for it by its Irish

Provincial friends and worshippers, how came it that a gigantic national organisation, "The United Irishmen," arose in opposition? At the time this national movement was created, this Legislature held all the fabled glories and independence which that West British subject, Henry Grattan, with all Gladstonian eloquence, told us was conferred upon it *esto perpetua*.

Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, and their gallant associates must have been traitors, if this Yeomen's Parliament had the smallest right to the name "Irish."

In writing this book the author has endeavoured to assail principles which he believed to be pernicious, or action which produced disaster, but never to attack individuals, only in so far as their own personalities were bound up in the great questions discussed. In the late division among Irish Parliamentarians,—which has been the cause of a split between the Provincialists,—personalities of a vile nature have been drawn into the quarrel, and still it is now at the close of 1893. Irishmen will never gain the respect of mankind while their political warfare is so conducted. History tells us that the private lives of men have had little bearing on the great events in which they were prominent figures. The assailants of Charles Stewart Parnell's private life should have remembered the words of the great Master, "He who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." While we deplore and strongly condemn the weakness of both James Stephens and Charles Stewart Parnell in not forcing the issue with the British enemy, we must not forget their great exertions and services, which placed Ireland in a position to strike. The defection of both men when the crisis came, proved that Ireland's leaders lacked the nerve to follow up their work by the only possible solution—action.

When arrangements had been made by the then Parnellite Irish Government to take Charles Stewart Parnell out of Kilmainham prison, Parnell had not the courage to face the

emergency, and so refused to leave. Every preparation had been made, as in the rescue of James Stephens, with the additional precaution of having a vessel ready to take him at once from beneath the enemy's flag. The Figurehead of the Irish Ship of State would risk no dangers: he preferred to remain in prison; he recognised the enemy's right to imprison him. How he soon after surrendered to the foe, and made the Kilmainham treaty, is a matter of well-known history. Had he accepted the plan of rescue, the so-called constitutional agitation would have openly assumed the manlier attitude of Wolfe Tone and George Washington, and that hero-worship, which has been the bane of the Irish people, might then have been their salvation.

In styling Mr. Parnell the Figurehead of the nation, we do so advisedly, for such he was at that period. Certain men, in whom he had every confidence, and to whom he surrendered the direction of affairs, were the actual leaders of the Irish Government at this stirring epoch. The "uncrowned king" reigned, but did not govern. His own evidence before the enemy's London law court on the *Times* trial, confirms the writer's statement.

In the early portion of his Irish agitation, full justice is done to the career of Charles Parnell. The policy of infamy commenced by the Phoenix Park proclamation, denouncing the action of their own government and giving moral support to the enemy, cannot be too strongly condemned.

If the policy of the secretly revived Land League called the INVINCIBLE organisation, was, as they now state, open to condemnation, how dare they betray men by enrolling them in this movement? How dare they stain the country, with what they to-day call crime? In either position their conduct was execrable. They begin the fight only to cowardly join with the enemy in its denunciation.

There are two men whom we must except from the rest of these Provincialists. One has passed away, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, who never, by any of his utterances of which the writer has any knowledge, voiced this infamous con-

demnation ; the other, the Hon. Patrick Egan, late Minister of the United States to Chili. But it is to be deplored that these gentlemen had not enough influence, to at least make their colleagues remain silent.

The use of the word Parnellite in this book includes all the Parliamentarians of that period. In relating this history, the writer has endeavoured to place before Irishmen, as forcibly as possible, the great issues they have to mould.

The chapter on the English Reform Bill of 1867, has never, we believe, been given before to the world. The writer's one great object in publishing it is to help to accomplish what has been the leading study of his life, the complete and absolute Independence of Ireland.¹

¹ This is the Chapter referred to in Publishers' Note.

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THE
IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES

ADDENDUM

As the English edition is passing through the press, the following additions are being made to the American text:—

“The proclamation of the I. R. B. (see p. 272), we have since learned, was not issued by the official executive of the I. R. B., but by some of the officers who were in sympathy with the INVINCIBLE action in Dublin.”

“Since this (see p. 440) was written one of these gentlemen has had the courage of his convictions. In the city of Troy, New York, during the American political campaign of 1888, an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, addressing a political meeting, openly avowed his sympathy with the Irish INVINCIBLE movement. He there publicly declared that not only had he been a member of that organisation, but that he was the purchaser of the irregular weapons of warfare used by the INVINCIBLES in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Owing to the prevarication and timidity, if not moral cowardice, on the part of the leaders of the movement, this public announcement of his created a profound impression on his hearers.”

by persecution, it was only to find that, with that light, came rays of poison, destructive to their faith as patriots. Reflecting and thinking mankind, would learn with a thrill of horror, the slavish purposes for which this emancipation has

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THE
IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES
AND THEIR TIMES

PART I

*OBSTRUCTION TACTICS. THE CRUSADE OF
SHAME*

I

INTRODUCTORY

THE history of Ireland is one of the most melancholy volumes perused by the student or the patriot. It is the history of a great race, whose very virtues have been used to ensnare and to enslave them. Through their piety, and their devotion to the faith of their fathers, they have suffered the most fearful persecution. On the plea of their religious belief, their property has been taken from them, and their children, by cruel laws—or rather illegal edicts, enforced at the sword's point—reared up in ignorance, to which has been added that frightful curse and dreadful blight on human progress—poverty! When, by slow degrees the religious persecution ceased, and hour by hour the dawn of apparent religious freedom was permitted to shed its rays unimpeded by persecution, it was only to find that, with that light, came rays of poison, destructive to their faith as patriots. Reflecting and thinking mankind, would learn with a thrill of horror, the slavish purposes for which this emancipation has

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been used. The reward for a schoolmaster's head was removed, and by degrees the light of education was permitted to spread, but only for one object—to destroy all national germs, which home surroundings, love of country, or racial instinct, had implanted in the mind of the child. But finding that this deep love of country, and strong hatred of persecution, were too great, that the waves of national life beat too fiercely, that they overleaped all artificial barriers which the invader tried to create to stem their progress; then, with the devilish ingenuity which centuries of cruel cunning had made perfect, he caused the Irish people themselves to make channels, dig canals, and create wayside streams, which would receive the waters of national life, and so destroy the onward sweep of the great Celtic river to the ocean of independence.

The history of national events became so distorted, the truth and falsehood were so entangled in the annals written for the people, that nationality, that pure and holy faith of peoples, implanted by the great Creator in the families of nations, became corrupted by an illegitimate representative; a spurious sentiment which tried to assume the robes of Freedom. The enemy either assailed or entered into semi-alliance with this recreant Provincialism, miscalled Nationality, as it best suited his purposes—purposes which are either the complete subjugation of the Irish people, their cordial and complete union as a race with their British would-be conqueror—an impossibility,—or else their extirpation as a people from the island of their birth. This work of extirpation is going on at the present time, for Ireland's unconquerable sons have never acknowledged the dominion or rule of these usurpers, since the first band of banditti from the island of Britain polluted the sacred soil of Ireland by their presence, down to the present hour.

To make this Provincialism more deceptive in its mission of destroying national aspirations, it was necessary to clothe it with some semblance of patriotism. To do this more effectively history had not only to be distorted, but made to lie. Truth was ejected from the national temple, and false-

hood set up and worshipped as part of Ireland's political creed. The Irish people, and mankind generally, were told that there had been an Irish Parliament, and all the brightest and most fascinating of pictures were skilfully and elaborately put before the world as the ideal Ireland during the short and miscalled glorious *régime* of this legislature. This lie, as black as was ever put in circulation by the enemy of mankind, upon whose shoulders human nature shuffles off its mortal frailties, has been written about by men of letters, spoken of by great statesmen, is accepted as a fact by all the enlightened peoples of the earth; and yet it is a cruel and malicious falsehood—a falsehood by which the enemy of Ireland is not only trying to corrupt her people, in wasting their energies for the imaginary restoration of a similar legislature, but also to foully slander them before the nations by the statement that Ireland had a Parliament which her representatives infamously sold away for gold and titles. This giant falsehood—this stupendous fraud on history—like another, and one equally gigantic, of the present day, passed current as truth; and so myriads of writers criticise this lie, approve of this lie, and never go to the root to try and find the foundation of falsehood upon which they erect such wondrous fabrics to mislead and confuse mankind. This assembly, which sat in Dublin, was in no sense Irish, and had the same claim to the title, "Irish Parliament," as would have had a legislative chamber of African cannibals, who, after settling in Ireland's metropolis by force, assumed to themselves the power to make laws, and to enact some measure as to how, or in what manner they would cook the natives to make them more palatable eating.

The foreign colonists who came to Ireland, and who were rewarded by their government with grants of land (the fruits of robbery, taken by force from the native Irish), settled on the lands apportioned to them; the Ulster plantation so called. These colonists soon became divided into two classes. When this turbid British stream was first emptied into Ireland's great rivers during the reign of James I. of South Britain, and VI. of North Britain, it was in a great measure kept together

in the North of Ireland. Succeeding settlers, during the reign of Charles, and the numbers who received Irish lands under the bloody *régime* of the Lord Protector, were scattered over the country. In a few years those who were made land-owners founded an aristocratic or British class. These, some of them originally Dissenters, all became Episcopalians. Others, especially the Ulster plantation, were composed of artisans, men engaged in trade, sturdy Puritans. These Dissenters did not conform to the Establishment ; many of them in time became Irish in sentiment. They had no love for England, and became imbued with detestation of the oppression of the Irish. Several of these intermarried with the natives, and in a generation or two there was nothing foreign about them but their names. These colonists, who mingled in the waters of the great rivers, who were emptied into, and lost in the stream of Irish national life, were the men who formed the patriotic section of the Volunteers ; and afterwards were the founders of the United Irishmen. The larger number of the settlers were not in sympathy with these liberty-loving men. . . .

The settlers who blended with the stream, and lost their foreign origin in the crystal waters of Irish nationality, were the class which gave Ireland so many devoted patriots, and which gave birth to such twin giants as Theobald Wolfe Tone and John Mitchell : one the great restorer of the creed, and the other the great apostle of "Ireland a Nation," the cardinal doctrine of national faith. With the descendant of another settler of later years—Thomas Davis—they form the Trinity of great patriots, who shall stand before posterity as the Titans and leaders of the most noble and pure-minded of men in the pages of history. Wolfe Tone, the founder of the United Irishmen, was the first apostle of the doctrine of a United Nation. This great patriot restored the national faith to its original purity ; Thomas Davis and John Mitchell kept the light burning to this generation. At present there appears no hand to seize the flambeau of liberty and hold it aloft to purer air than that in which it now flickers ! the foul and

corrupting atmosphere of the present Provincialism, which seems as if it would extinguish it for ever. . . .

After the death of Emmet, there came upon the scene a great Irishman, a giant in intellect and physique, and one of the most brilliant and gifted orators the Irish nation has produced. He had the rich vein of humour, and the melting pathos of the Celt, filled with a *riant* and illimitable imagination. He could address his people in the rich mellow language of his race, in a voice so thrilling and musical in its cadences, even when he spoke the stranger's tongue, that the pathos of each tone of soul-inspiring fervour lingered on the ear for hours. This man of almost immortal powers, could at will move thousands of his countrymen to tears, and the next instant excite them to joyous and merry laughter. He could master and control the Irish heart, as the great master Mozart inspired the organ. This great Irishman ran up and down the scale of their passions; every semitone, every stop, beneath the magic of his touch, yielded its native music; from the soft sweetness of the flute, to the ringing tones of the clarion, down to the deepest diapason, he produced the full orchestration of their souls. He thrilled them with enthusiasm, inspiring the ecstatic applause that burst from the entranced masses, at the end of one of his marvellous perorations.

And yet this man, with almost godlike genius and gifts, inherited to the full, the slavish curse of generations. His soul was steeped in slavery. Slavery circulated in his veins. Slavery haunted his noblest aspirations. He not only bowed down before the British Gessler's cap; he abased himself before that foreign symbol. He ate dirt, and beslavered himself with ashes, in the presence of the invader's insignia. His most exalted ambition for his nation, was that she should be enslaved with chains of gold; or, as he termed it, be fastened to the robber's rule by "the golden link of the Crown." The flag of Britain, which in Ireland is a pirate's banner, he recognised as his country's standard. The illegal measures passed by an alien assembly, he recognised as law; and told

his unhappy enslaved countrymen that he could, at his pleasure, drive a coach and six through any Act of the British Parliament. He even hugged this delusion to his heart after Blakeney's cannon on Clontarf had given him the lie.

This great and prominent Irishman, in the possession of such wondrous powers, misused all these Heaven-sent gifts. He left his footprints on the sands of an enslaved nation's shore, to further aid her destroyer by the slavish doctrines he preached, and which he has left behind as a heritage of woe to his people. He was the father of the modern school of political thought in Ireland; the creator of that abnormal movement in the history of nations which Nationalists call Provincialism, and Provincialists, "constitutional agitation."

What is the meaning of the terms "Nationalists" and "Provincialists," applied to Irishmen endeavouring to serve their country according to their best light? Wherein lies the distinction?

The Nationalists are the men who believe that the only possible solution of the struggle with the British usurper is the absolute and complete independence of Ireland. They do not ignore the lessons of history, by believing there is any stepping-stone, or mid-position, between subjection and liberty. As followers of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, as descendants of the men of 1798, they hope to place their country among the nations of the earth. They were nationalists who surrounded Miltiades at Marathon, when he gained his glorious victory over the hordes of Darius, the Persian monarch. They were nationalists, those heroic three hundred Spartans, who under the immortal Leonidas held Thermopylæ for Hellas, when the hosts of Xerxes crossed the ridge of Anopaia, and died to preserve the imperishable glory of freedom for Greece. He was a nationalist, the Spartan Denekos, who hearing from a Trachian, just before the battle, that when the Persians shot their arrows the sun was darkened, answered back merrily: "Our friend from

Trachios brings good news ; we Spartans love to fight in the shade." They were nationalists, upon whose tomb was inscribed :

Tell the Spartans, at their bidding,
Stranger, here in death we lie.

They were nationalists, who surrounded Scipio Africanus when the Carthaginians crossed the Alps under the command of Hannibal, and invaded the sacred soil of Rome. They were nationalists, who retired to the temple of Æsculapius determined to die, sooner than surrender to the Roman at the destruction of Carthage. They were nationalists, who fought at Sempach for the independence of Switzerland, to free their native land from Austrian tyranny, and who pierced their foemen's ranks, when that immortal nationalist, Arnold von Winkelried, opened a path for them over his dead body. William Tell proved his devotion to his country, and was a true nationalist, when he refused to do homage to the tyrant invader's insignia. They were nationalists, who drove back the Danish invaders, under Brian Boru, at Clontarf. They were nationalists, who opposed the invaders of their country, when, under the Saxon King Harold, they defeated the Norwegian Hardrada, and who afterwards fought and died at Hastings, vainly battling to preserve the sacred soil of their country, from Norman-French invasion. They were nationalists, who fought for the liberty of Greece against the Turk ; the sacred band of Heterists, who died at Dragachan, and the half-armed peasants who attacked and conquered at Tripolizza, many of them having no weapons but bludgeons or attaghans. He was a brave nationalist, the valiant Greek, Marcus Bozzaro, who, with three hundred Suliots, attacked the Turkish tyrant at Carpenisa, and addressing his men said : "If you lose sight of me in the combat, come and seek me in the Pasha's tent." They were nationalists, who followed the Hungarian banner under Kossuth and Klapka. They were nationalists, who charged at Arklow, with Father Murphy and Miles Byrne, and who drove back the mercenaries of the British invader, and the

murderous Yeomen of the settlers' Parliament in College Green. They were nationalists, who kept alive the sacred fire of patriotism, through seven long centuries of horror, in Ireland. And they were pure-souled nationalists, who died upon the robber invader's gibbet, while to-day there are Irish nationalists serving in the enemy's penal dungeons. They were nationalists, who raised the standard of revolution and independence, in revolt against tyranny at Corinth and Bunker's Hill, and who conquered at Yorktown. They were nationalists, who fought the British invader before New Orleans. And he was a staunch nationalist, General Andrew Jackson, who, when asked what he would do if defeated by the British, replied: "I would have retreated to the city, fired it, and fought the enemy amid its devouring flames." The American historian, speaking of this patriotic nationalist, General Andrew Jackson, gives a sad *résumé* of British tyranny, beginning in Ireland and continued in America during the Revolutionary War: "But as he contemplates the devastation that had swept his home, and left him alone in the world, he remembered the hand that had wrought it all. His father had been driven from the land of his nativity by English oppression; one brother had died on the battlefield nobly repelling English invasion; another had sunk under English cruelty and barbarity; and, last of all, the mother he loved more than life, had fallen a victim to English inhumanity, and been buried in an unknown, unhonoured grave; and no wonder there became planted in his heart an inextinguishable hatred of the English nation. It had run up a long and bloody score, which, with the accumulated interest of years, that orphan boy was yet to wipe out with one terrible blow, which should cover the British Isle with mourning."

The Irish nationalists, like General Jackson, owe the British invader a long and bloody score, which they feel it is their duty to pay off when and how they can. To destroy these invading assassins of their country is not only a duty; it has become a religion. This payment of the

bloody score of centuries, these assassins of Irishwomen and helpless children call "crime;" and try to slander and dishonour the brave nationalists before mankind. But the nationalists feel it is their sacred duty to annihilate the invader, when, and how they can; to use whatever weapons of destruction, God and science can give them to repel these lawless usurpers. The Irish should exclaim with General Jackson, that, if defeated, they will retreat upon their towns and cities, and fire them, fighting the bloodstained invader amid their devouring flames, and shouting back to the foe the cry of Palafox and the brave Spanish nationalists at Saragossa, "No surrender! war to the knife." Such are the principles that animate the breasts of every patriotic Nationalist, and such are the heroisms, and self-sacrifice, attached to the word nationalist in the pages of history.

Who are the Provincialists? We vainly search the pages of history to find the record of any similar movement to free a nation from bondage. There exists no such record; it has been left to unhappy Ireland to evolve out of her generations of slavery, this abnormal and impossible means, of saving a people from destruction. For the first time in the history of mankind, it is taught in the public rostrum, that nations can be freed by instalments, and the masses are purposely confused, by confounding the evolution which agitation within a self-governed state may bring to develop public liberty, and the slavery and decay that must of necessity follow foreign invasion; more especially when the invaded country is governed from the nation that defiles its freedom, and stains its shores with blood. Had William and his Norman-French horde governed the English from Normandy, and eventually made England an appanage of the French Crown, draining the wealth and life-blood of the nation, for the benefit of France—if to suppose such a possibility, were not to insult glorious, liberty-loving France—would Englishmen think such a state of degradation could be removed by agitation and slavish loyalty preached in the Parisian chambers; that

the occasional cry, "England a Nation," raised by one of their English delegates, receiving applause from his confrères, was serving the people in England, while all the time these ebullitions of mock patriotism went on, their country was bleeding beneath the heels of the foreign oppressor? Slavery would have greatly changed the English race if this could be; it is more likely they would have surrendered their nationality, and passed out of existence as a distinct people, and become Frenchmen.

Who has been the parent of this blighting and mocking degradation, that has so enslaved the minds of Irishmen? Provincialism has been the creation of the great wizard of the tongue, the witching orator with such slavish fancy in his imagination—Daniel O'Connell.

What are the principles of Provincialism? The first article of the new creed is, that it is expedient to compound a felony; to make terms with the brutal destroyers of Ireland, her foreign usurpers; to sink the nation into the degraded condition of a province of the enemy; to accept her flag and her so-called Imperial sway; to lower for ever the banner of green, or else to degrade it to the position of a Provincial ensign; or as it has been placed to-day, by Provincialists, the emblem of an enslaved metropolis, floating in mock freedom from the City Hall, Dublin, guarded by the armed red-coated soldiery of the invader; for without the permission of the chiefs of this soldiery, this degradation would not even be permitted. The Provincialists hope, by compromise, to receive back some of their stolen property, and hence are willing to share in the crime. Even if this could by any possibility, be accomplished, it would be infamous; it would be a base and treacherous surrender, after seven centuries of unceasing struggle; the expenditure of so much blood and treasure; the sacrifice of millions of lives. The warm red life-stream of the Irish flowed in such volumes that it could fill St. George's Channel with its gory current. Who can bridge this bloody chasm across, by promising obedience to the invader? The conscience of the nation would revolt at such

treason, the sacrifice of generations of heroes ; who fought and died that Erin might become a free and independent nation, would be fruitless. The widowed and the orphaned, the myriads whose homes were made desolate by the innumerable crimes of the invader, would shudder with horror at so sacrilegious an alliance. The dead, were it possible, would stalk abroad to point the finger of loathing at those men who would dare sell their birthright, who could attempt to traffic in the honour of their ancestors, or try to obliterate from the glorious page of history the immortal and desperate struggles of a heroic, valiant, and ancient race, who, although their country has been invaded by succeeding hordes of British robbers, and overwhelmed beneath the weight of centuries of oppression, is not yet subjugated.

What the enemy by every species of brutality could not do, treason or cowardice can never succeed in. Ireland will never become a willing province of the British Empire. But this policy of base surrender is impossible ; the enemy's interests are directly opposed to granting the smallest real concession, and these men are playing with treason, toward their nation, without one gleam of hope that they can be possibly successful ; they are hedged in, and surrounded, by hypocrisy, fraud, and lies ; the atmosphere they breathe is destructive to Irish national life—it is impregnated with the poison of British treachery, British deceit, and British avarice.

These Provincialists have taught the Irish people, and endeavoured to make them believe, that they are powerless and helpless before the might of Britain. The power of the enemy, and the weakness of the Irish nation have been exaggerated, to sustain this debasing doctrine of accepting slavery as inevitable, only to be removed by the generosity of the conqueror. In trying to make the Irish people firm believers in this degrading creed, they used arguments which in part, might have been used by Nationalists. They denounced British rule, and yet they struggled to make Ireland

continue a part of the British Empire. They ignored Britain's idea of her own interests, and spoke of the generosity of one or other of the British parties, while they denounced the British nation. What an unheard of incongruity in solving an international issue!

"There is a theory for everything which proclaims itself common sense; mediation offered between the true and the false; explanation, admonition, a somewhat haughty extenuation which, because it is a mixture of blame and excuse, thinks itself wisdom, and is often only pedantry. An entire political school, called the compromise school, has sprung from this. Between cold water and warm water, this is the party of tepid water. This school, with its pretended depth, wholly superficial, which dissects effects without going back to the causes, from the height of a half-science chides and condemns the approach or appearance of revolution."

The Irish people, fascinated by the eloquence of their great leader, Daniel O'Connell, followed him in thousands, always believing he would give the word for action, even when he loudly protested and used that extraordinary statement denying the truth of sacred and of profane history: "That the liberty of a nation was not worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." But at first, among his followers, and afterwards, as a distinct party, came a body of younger and bolder spirits, who, with no wavering or hesitation, told their countrymen the truth. These patriots were termed the "Young Ireland Party"; foremost among them and foremost among all Irish patriots, since the days of Wolfe Tone, were Davis and Mitchell. To these Nationalists of this Young Ireland school, the present generation of Irishmen are indebted for many of the brave men, who tried to aid their suffering land, during the past quarter of a century. Their writings thrilled the Irish heart and illumined the Irish brain; this generation, alas! leaves none to succeed them. The Provincialist movement, which was thought to be dead with the break up of the Tenant Right Party in 1852, was resuscitated by the Irish Episcopalians at Dublin in 1870, some

with truly honourable motives, others smarting under the then recent disestablishment of their Church. A great Irish orator and lawyer, Isaac Butt, became its leader. Irish Nationalists, although they did not join its ranks, hoped it would help to make all Ireland more anti-British. It languished for a while, and fell to pieces, from the necessity forced upon such movements, to adopt a tone hostile to true Irish national aspirations. Before it passed away there came into political life, Charles Stewart Parnell, who has since occupied the foremost position in the Irish Provincial struggle.

The third Provincial movement, sought to restore to Ireland not her lost and stolen independence, but a something which was given, by the creators of the second movement, the vague name of "Home Rule." The very title reveals the tactics of the slave, who dare not come out boldly, and advocate what he means, legislative and ministerial independence. The leader of the third Provincial Irish movement was aided at the outset, by one of Ireland's perennial scourges, a famine—that is, the failure of one particular crop, for although there was a reduction in the general produce, there was more than enough left to feed the people, but for the destructive, illegal edicts of the invader, who governed and plundered the Irish nation by the red hand of force. It will be the task of this history to trace this Provincial movement from its inception to the present hour (September, 1887).

It tried to combat with the invader by words, but behind these the Irish people expect to see something more practical than arguments. The Nationalists admired the leader of the Provincial movement, for his energy and the whole-souled manner he threw himself into the breach, to try and aid his starving fellow-countrymen. Although he ambioned to do this by altering the illegal edicts made by a foreign Parliament, there was that about him which led many men to believe that the new leader, when he saw the folly of his course, would adopt the National programme. Whether they were correct in their surmises, and that a brief dream of

heroic and determined nationality came and passed away; posterity alone will be able to determine.

The Nationalists joined his movement in bodies, aided him in every possible way; and made the Provincial movement the most perfect organization of its kind ever seen before. The enemy grew alarmed, and not knowing what to think, forced the issue by a brutal and bitter persecution. The enemy at this period was called Liberal, and most liberal was he in his despotism, hanging, stabbing Irishwomen to death and brutally slaughtering even Irish children. Men and women were arrested and imprisoned without even the semblance of an accusation, or even the mockery of a so-called trial. It was open, red-handed tyranny, and murder.

There was but one way to meet this liberal tyrant, one path alone left a nation possessing a single spark of true manhood. On this subject this history will speak. It was the future entering on the scene; a future as yet unknown.

The Liberal leader, Gladstone, carried on his bitter persecution; this was boldly met by manly words from the Provincial leader, Parnell. The whole Irish race was moved to its inmost depths. Gladstone arrested Parnell; the crisis was forced by the Briton. A short dream of manly opposition, left unsupported and afterwards denounced, was Ireland's physical answer. A compromise, which was a surrender, was the sequel to the wanton and arbitrary arrest of the Irish Provincial leader. The cowardly surrender, called the Kilmainham Treaty, was the beginning of the end. The commencement of that descent into the darkness of a criminal alliance, which continued Liberal persecution, saved Ireland for nearly four years; but the turning point of the struggle was over, the decadence had set in, the surrender was as abject as it was degrading. . . .

II

THE DAWN OF HOME RULE—THE CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION SCARE—FORMATION OF THE BUTT PARTY.

ON January 24, 1874, William Ewart Gladstone, Prime Minister of Great Britain, dissolved Parliament, and appealed to his country to indorse his administration.

His Government was defeated in the election which ensued, and the incoming Premier, Mr. Disraeli, included among his appointments to office, Colonel Taylor, one of the British members of Parliament for the County Dublin. The succeeding bye-election, which Colonel Taylor's acceptance of office necessitated, brought to the public gaze a young Irishman, who has written his name in strangely varied characters on the page of his country's history.

This young man, who opposed the re-election of Colonel Taylor, for the Metropolitan Irish county, stood as a candidate of the Federalist "Home Rule" movement under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt, and was ushered into political life with great promise by the Provincialists, who were then active in Ireland. It had been circulated in both Nationalist and Provincialist circles that he was a sincere and devoted Irishman, prepared to make any sacrifice for the advancement and progress of his native land.

The Provincialists were appealed to by the memory of his granduncle, who sat in the Settlers' Parliament House, College Green, and the Nationalists were reminded of his maternal grandfather, Commodore Stewart of the American

Navy, the gallant Irish-American officer, who so daringly attacked the British war vessels with his single ship. It was a long and protracted fight (a tale which the Irish loved to hear); the superiority of the British armament was more than counterbalanced by Commodore Stewart's splendid seamanship, and the heroic valour of the American sailors. Stewart manœuvred his frigate with such rapidity that he outsailed the enemy, pouring broadside after broadside into the hulls and riggings of the British ships, raking them fore and aft until their lee scuppers ran with blood, till amid the cheers of the American seamen, the boasted Mistress of the Seas had to lower her flag, to the glorious Stars and Stripes of the Young Republic.

When Commodore Stewart was entertaining with genuine American hospitality the British captains, his prisoners, the senior of these officers accused his comrade of unskilled seamanship, which was, as he said, the cause of their misfortunes. In heaping reproaches on his junior, the British captain insisted that if his orders had been obeyed, the American ship would have been their prize, and that Commodore Stewart would have altered positions with them, and have been their prisoner. The fiery American officer arose, and said: "Gentlemen, put your crews on board, and by — we will fight the battle over again."

This description of this celebrated naval engagement, fought during the war of 1812-14, between Britain and the United States, which reflected such honour and renown upon Mr. Parnell's grandfather, was circulated among the Nationalists. And many stories of Mr. Parnell's National leanings, created an enthusiasm which no ordinary recruit to the ranks of the Provincialists, could evoke. They expected that in a little time, when Charles Stewart Parnell had studied the Irish difficulty with her invader, he would be found in the forefront of the National ranks, and like Wolfe Tone, of glorious and immortal memory, doing battle against the oppressors of his enslaved country. Such were the hopes at that time centred in the grandson of heroic old Ironsides. Whether he crossed

the Rubicon that divided the agitator from the patriot, and feeling that the weight of the armour was not equalled by the strength of his manhood, retreated back to the "Erin go brawlers" ranks—whether this is so or not, this generation is not likely to be enlightened. He himself repudiated it, with scorn and loathing, as if he thought that to be ranked among the immortals, who died for their country, was a disgrace. Nationalists think that his association with the vile enemies of his motherland is the act of a British politician, and patriots regard as degrading this alliance with men whose hands are red with the blood of murdered Irishwomen and children, wantonly slain in perpetuation of a foreign system of infamy.

The County Dublin had been, for years, misrepresented by Tories of the old school in the enemy's Parliament in London. The then sitting members, Colonel Taylor, and the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, looked upon the Parliamentary seats of Dublin County as heirlooms in their respective families. Mr. Hamilton had lately succeeded his father, who sat in the London Parliament as member for the Irish Metropolitan county till within a short period of his death.

The announcement that Mr. Parnell was to contest the County Dublin, in opposition to Colonel Taylor, who looked upon his unopposed return as a matter of course, caused some indignation in Tory circles; more especially as this neophyte for Parliamentary honours advocated the new school of politics called "Home Rule." He was considered to be a Conservative by right, and these people looked upon his conduct as most reprehensible. At this time, he was High Sheriff of the County Wicklow, an elected member of the Protestant Church Synods, and being also a landlord, the Tories were horrified at his alliance with the Federalist Provincial party.

Much anxiety was evinced in Irish circles to see and hear the new candidate, and on the night of his first public appearance a crowded hall greeted him. Mr. Isaac Butt introduced

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him to the audience, with one of those brilliant flashes of eloquence of which he was master. As Mr. Parnell came forward, there was seen a young man, with dark brown eyes, who gazed intently at the crowded house before him, as if his soul was in the glance that scanned that sea of faces—grave and pensive, with light brown full beard, and tall slender figure which appeared slightly stooped. The audience broke forth into an enthusiastic greeting—it was the homage of the warm-hearted Celt, tendered to the descendant of a man, whose record as a brave sailor, fighting the enemies of his country, is on the pages of history.

Mr. Parnell acknowledged this splendid reception, with icy manner, but with dignity. He appeared extremely nervous, and delivered his exordium in low tones, and with some hesitation, but as his speech progressed and the subject grew upon him he became more at ease. Without displaying any promise of oratorical powers, he spoke as a man of deep thought—one with a profound conviction that there could be no social or material prosperity in Ireland, without self-government.

After the close of the public meeting, Mr. Isaac Butt introduced to him several well-known Irishmen who were present, and whenever Mr. Butt indulged in any facetious pleasantries, as was his wont when with friends, giving extraordinary characters in the Irish cause to some men whom he presented to Mr. Parnell, a quiet smile was seen for an instant on the young man's face, which disappeared quickly. His eyes evinced no corresponding sympathy; they looked coldly, and inquiringly around. In conversation he showed thorough knowledge of the political situation, as that of a man who had given deep study to Parliamentary warfare, and party politics. His strong dislike to the English Liberals, as dangerous and hypocritical in their dealings with Ireland, was most marked. He believed that any entangling alliance with them meant the decadence, and speedy dissolution, of any Irish party, who would so betray their trust, as to coquette with these men. As to the Tories, their open and undisguised hostility, was of such a nature that it precluded all possible

thought of any alliance with them, consequently they were not so much to be feared. In Irish affairs, they were always the weaker government of the two. The Liberal party, when in opposition, hampered the coercive tendencies of the Tories, but when in power became unscrupulous and tyrannic despots in their government of Ireland. He used no superfluous words, but left the impression on his hearers, that he thought out each sentence as he delivered it. . . .

Mr. Parnell was defeated; the franchise, at that time so limited, was in the possession of the Tories and Whigs, who voted solidly against the Federal programme. A small number of the Nationalists supported Mr. Parnell, with the hope that in a short time he would himself give his services to the National cause. But the great majority—who regarded it as an admission of the foreigner's right in usurping the government of their country, for any man to mock them by his presence in the enemy's legislature, where he was powerless to serve his country, and only humiliated the nation by the studied contempt, or insults, with which the enemy's deputies treated him, if he had the semblance of even provincialism—refused to vote, as they had always done. Had the Irish nation been advanced enough in its political education, to elect men to stay at home, these Nationalists would then both vote, and work, at each election. This National principle, not to vote, is still a part of the political creed of numbers of Nationalists. There are men in Ireland, who proudly boast that they never sullied their National faith, by voting for any deputy going to London, to whine and beg of Ireland's enemies, for the restoration of her stolen nationality. During the remarkable election of 1885, the Provincialists foolishly believed in English deceit and hypocrisy,—at that time the Tory had played the hypocrite,—and expected to get self-government. In all the counties, where the enemy's deputies had no possible chance of election, men were glad to be able to preserve intact their steadfast custom, of refusing to go to the polls, and yet not injure Mr. Parnell's over-sanguine

hopes. In Tipperary County alone more than one-third of the voters, absented themselves, from the ballot-box.

Mr. Butt was pleased with the manly attitude of Mr. Parnell, and promised that at the first vacancy in any constituency, with what they called National tendencies, Mr. Parnell should receive the united support of the party.

What was the condition of Ireland when Mr. Parnell came on the scene? The decay and decline of her population, somewhat arrested during the revolutionary period 1865, 1866, and 1867, had set in with steady persistence—a decline in population which should teach the leaders that the hour to strike the foe is passing away from them fast, if they mean to try to arrest this steady emigration, that must soon exhaust the vitality of the nation.

The Nationalists, although somewhat disorganised at the inability and incompetency of their leaders to put them in the field—with which this history will deal later—were reorganised, but the absence of a healthy National literature, and the spread of Provincialist teaching, was doing serious mischief. In addition to this, the best intellects of Ireland had ceased to work in the National ranks; both at home and in America, they found themselves so often called to defend their own honour against the calumnies of brainless men, that they retired from the contest in despair. That curse of faction, which is a part of every enslaved race, was giving aid to the enemy, and men who would have shed lustre on the movement were deterred from joining by the incompetent men, although sincere patriots, who conducted the movement in some districts. But the masses of the people, ever honest and faithful to Ireland, enrolled themselves in the ranks of the Nationalists. These simple-minded men felt satisfied that this was their duty to their country, yet without leaders of ability or breadth of mind sufficient to grasp the situation, they could do nothing. The revolutionary movement became an opportunist organisation, waiting for Heaven to perform some miracle by which they hoped to take the field, while

the nation was being depleted by thousands every year—more than the enemy could kill, or put *hors de combat*, in a war for independence!

There was no healthy natural teaching, no books written, no lectures delivered—except by Provincialists—on Ireland's wrongs, which the men in Ireland are a daily witness to—no spreading broadcast that true national faith among the masses, who needed light and education, no teaching of the great question, so hidden or darkened by the enemy, and so distorted by the Provincialists. While all these were lacking, the natural instincts of the people, and the remarkable patriotism of even the uneducated, left Ireland much room for hope, if Providence had only supplied her with brave and intelligent leaders.

The British enemy had learned to fear—the next step to respect—them. Hitherto it had been a question of indifference, or contempt. Soon, it became that healthier feeling of hate. The Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion, had irritated and annoyed the English people. So long as this war was confined to Ireland, they did not care, but when the tragic incidents of the struggle became enacted at their own door, even in the mighty metropolis of London itself, John Bull became seriously alarmed.

An unreasoning panic, a universal national fright, upset the usual equanimity of the stolid Englishman. Every conceivable atrocity was attributed to the Fenians.

Mr. Gladstone's attention was drawn to the condition of Ireland, by the desperate action of the Fenian Nationalists, and needing a cry to go to the country on, he appealed to the English people, to disestablish the Episcopalian Church in Ireland. It drew large revenues from the Crown, and from glebe lands in Ireland set apart for its maintenance, and in many districts in the south of Ireland, the worshippers, who attended the churches, consisted of scarce a dozen souls. It was the Church of an insignificant portion of the people, so far as numbers were concerned, but its communicants were all the wealthy landlords and the aristocratic pro-British

portion of the population. It might be thought that men of such high station and great wealth, could well afford to sustain their Church without state aid, particularly as the poor persecuted peasant supported his Church, which flourished in wealth and magnificence. Some of the most beautiful Gothic churches erected over the island, with handsome and expensive altars, imported from Munich and other foreign homes of ecclesiastical art, are all built and supported on the voluntary system. For a nation steeped in poverty and every decade seeking alms before the world, this is the most extraordinary feature of the Irish character ; their piety and devotion to their faith is unexampled in the history of peoples.

Mr. Gladstone, when he set out on his crusade against the Established Church, aroused powerful and influential interest, and all the Irish rebels of wealth and station, every aristocratic Irish traitor who was disloyal to his country, and loyal to her enemy and invader, was up in arms, and hostile to Mr. Gladstone's attack, as they termed it, on their Church. The question assumed gigantic proportions in England, and a vast number of the people, knowing or caring very little about Irish grievances, and being strong partisans, took Mr. Gladstone's statements for granted facts, and considered they were about to do Ireland great service and confer upon her a substantial benefit, by removing what they were told, was an incubus on the nation, and one that retarded Irish happiness very seriously. Whether Mr. Gladstone believed the extraordinary statements he made at this time, it is impossible to say. It is self-evident that these statements are the stock in trade of English politicians and statesmen, made before the world as sublime sentiments of suitable periods, whenever the policy of a particular party needed them. The Irish trouble has drawn from English Ministers a fair sprinkling of hollow sentiments, and a good deal of rant, possibly believed in for the time by the speaker, as a first class actor in simulating a character loses himself in the impersonation, so that the applause given to the British

statesmen, more especially to that remarkable man, William Ewart Gladstone, has the same ground for its approval. The Minister of England speaking of Ireland's woes and the artist before the footlights are both admirably simulating a character ; and the nearest to nature they delineate the original, the more perfect is each in his art.

The *rôle* of the British Minister is to pose as the friend, the lover, and the giver of good things to Ireland ; but to speak of any of these British measures, as conveying any real or substantial benefits, is to state what every Irishman who cares to study the subject knows to be wrong. Ireland has not been benefited in the smallest manner by any of these many acts of the British Parliament. There was nothing complicated in the Irish trouble, no real mystery or scientific study, to give that admirable actor, William Ewart Gladstone, such splendid opportunities to talk for hours, twisting and intertwining a knot which he started out with the view of unravelling, until his bewildered auditors—not in any manner understanding the question, but in a vague way impressed with the fact that Ireland complained of something, and admiring the patience and benevolence of their great and learned countryman—cried out, “By all means satisfy these troublesome Irish ; disestablish the Episcopalian Church, and let them cease brawling.” There is no complication whatever in Ireland's demand—that is, the national demand, not that of time-serving, selfish politicians. What the nation needs is as plain as noonday, as clear as the running brooks glistening in God's sunshine. It is this—the island of Ireland to be left in the complete and actual possession of her people, the British invaders to pack up and leave it bag and baggage, to take their officials, their army, their navy, and all the impedimenta of their execrable rule, and go home to their island of Britain, leaving the two islands as separate and distinct, politically, as they left the hands of the Great Creator. They are two separate nations, composed of two peoples, as distinct, as foreign to each other in habits, in tastes, in genius, and ability as any two distinct races on the globe.

All the statesmen that ever sat at a council board, all the philosophers of antiquity or the leading lights of science in our day, even the most pious, most holy, and most learned fathers of all the creeds, could not, if all united in one congress, satisfactorily settle this difference between these two islands, in the west of Europe, in any other manner.

How did the Irish people look upon this great Church disestablishment, which agitated the neighbouring island? The politicians, who had selfish interests to gratify, made much of it, ranted as loud as any tragedian in a country booth of the great blessings it was to confer on Ireland. . . The Irish peasant, who saw that his enemy and persecutor was irritated and annoyed, felt glad, and, listening to the ranting speeches of the politicians who posed as patriots, tried to believe it was a benefit to the country. The Nationalists looked upon it with supreme indifference; they knew it had no more effect upon Ireland's prosperity, than it had over the eclipse of the sun. The Irish Church was no grievance to the people whatever; it was simply the badge of serfdom, or rather one of its badges, and so long as the nation groaned beneath the weight of foreign oppression, the emblems they bore upon their banner of tyranny, made no material difference to the unemployed, poverty-stricken people of Ireland.

This great agitation took place in the autumn of 1868. The Irish Church, then so much spoken of, had been an intolerable and serious grievance. When the produce of the soil was seized, and sold for the payment of tithes, then the farmer felt the monstrous injustice of supporting a Church to which he did not belong; but this direct levying of the tithes, had been removed more than thirty years previously. This Church was practically disestablished, so far as the Irish people's interests were directly influenced in 1837. Since that period, no Irish peasant paid one penny in support of the Episcopalian Church.

This was brought about by the use of the only weapons,

which Britain, like every other conquering power, will listen to, namely, force, or the fear of force. Provincialists in Ireland, who to-day are preaching passive resistance, or peaceful plans of campaign, are deaf to the lessons of history. Some few of them, no doubt, are sincere, but how shallow must their reasoning powers be when this is admitted! The Irish peasants had a great Provincialist at their head at this time, a man of superior ability, Daniel O'Connell; but not all the passive resistance, or plans of campaign that could be devised by the most ingenious, could stay the tithe demand. Like to-day, with the land tax, called rent, it was Pay or be sold out. Goaded by the small tyranny of the proctors, the people rushed to arms, and their weapons were principally scythes. The armed forces of the enemy, and the people, came into collision; much bloodshed followed; and the decisive battle of Carrickshox, which was a victory for the people, settled the question at once and for ever. The British Ministry were alarmed, as they always are when Irishmen resort to force. They naturally feared the tithe war might develop into a national war, which it possibly might have done, but for the teachings and policy of those most useful agents of Britain, the Provincialists. It is not conveyed by this statement, that these people meant in any way to be England's allies, unless a few time-serving leaders, but their monstrous slavish teaching, was of more value in keeping the people from asserting themselves, than all the forces of the enemy, as is witnessed in Ireland to this day.

Mr. Gladstone made a series of eloquent and powerful speeches, as this great Minister can, on any imaginable subject. He was determined to be restored to power, and to once more enjoy the honours and advantages of office, and the Irish Church was an admirable and useful party cry for the great Liberal. In all his speeches during the general election of 1868 he appealed to the most potent power in changing English opinion, namely, the fear of force. The dread of an Irish national war, which might easily spread to England, causes more terror and panic to the British heart

than a million Irish orators, or all the passive resistance, or voting power the Provincialists can bring to bear to solve their impossible demand, a self-governed Ireland under the enemy's flag.

In the course of a long speech in Wigan, October 4, 1868, Mr. Gladstone said, alluding to Ireland and her past demand: "Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, foregoing their deep and cherished convictions, frankly told the country they accepted Catholic emancipation not as a good, but a lesser of the two evils, and that if the people of this country were not prepared to accept it they must be prepared for the risk."

"The Duke of Wellington said: 'You must take the policy recommended, or else as honest and courageous men you must be prepared to face the consequences.'"

Those who are inclined to listen to the shallow teachings of the Provincialists should read these remarkable utterances of two of Britain's foremost statesmen in the past, quoted by the most prominent of her Ministers to-day. To impress the British people with the necessity of disestablishing the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone used the remarkable utterance that the explosion in Clerkenwell blew up that institution, and to further impress them with the seriousness and necessity for its disestablishment, he quoted the speeches delivered by two Tory Ministers, during the struggle for Catholic emancipation.

And yet Irishmen call Daniel O'Connell the liberator! His power of oratory, the witching magic, the beauty of his voice that could entrance an Irish audience, had no influence whatever in the councils of the foreigner. He did not weigh a feather weight in the scale of their prejudices. The Irish people might re-elect him for Clare until doomsday before such an absurd means of influencing an enemy's councils would be seriously discussed by British Ministers. The enemy was in possession of most important information, that the Irish Nationalists were quietly preparing to take the field, against the British invader. In the face of this serious danger with which they were threatened, O'Connell was not thought of, nor his speeches, which they considered as so much

Billingsgate abuse ; he was no more to them than a fly would be, alighting on the hand of a leader of a forlorn hope, who was about to mount a scaling ladder to enter the enemy's works charged with death, an insignificant thing to be brushed aside. These British Ministers remembered Oulart Hill, Enniscorthy, and Arklow, those sanguinary battles where British troops and British mercenaries were strewn by Irish valour in heaps of slain upon these bloody fields, and they dreaded a renewal of those days. But what increased their alarm, was the news they heard of the disaffection among the Irish Catholic soldiers. It was this terror which caused a panic in British councils, and compelled England's blighted king to sign the charter of Catholic emancipation.

What a monstrous delusion, attributing this law to O'Connell's influence! He had as much to do with the councils of the British nation, and held there not even the same influence, as the story teller in an Eastern court does in shaping the firmans of the Sultan.

It is to the memories of the gallant men of '98 that Ireland should give the title "Liberator," if there was any liberation in the law. It is not to the argument of the Provincialist, but to the fear of the pike of the National insurgent, that Ireland remains indebted for this freedom of worship, granted by his much extolled Bill.

Mr. Gladstone continued his appeals to the fears of the British. In another speech at this time he said : " In Ireland we have a population, a large portion of whom look either with aversion or sullen neutrality on the operation of the law. So long as that continues to be the case, and so long as tranquillity in Ireland is maintained only by the presence of overwhelming armed force, and the suspension of personal liberty—and when you have placed the guarantees of liberty in abeyance, you have arrived at a point only one step from civil war, or you have arrived at a state of things in which you find yourself engaged in a combat with a foreign foe, powerful enough to effect a landing on the shores of Ireland.

. . . We have thought it our duty to look in the face this dark fact of Irish discontent. Lord Lytton said, 'We talk of Irish bulls, but the words Irish Church are the greatest bulls in the language. It is called the Irish Church because it is a Church not for the Irish.'

Mr. Gladstone, in his exertions to win over the English electorate to his views on the Irish question, told some very plain truths. He delivered the following very remarkable address, on October 15, 1868, at Liverpool: "They (the Tories) persist in refusing to take any true and adequate measure of the great evil by which Ireland is afflicted—I mean the estrangement of the minds of the people, from that law, from public authority, from this country—ay, and even to a great extent from the very throne under the shadow of which we are happy to live. Lord Mayo told us that a very large portion of the population of Ireland was either in positive sympathy with Fenianism, or else ready to seize the very first opportunity of armed resistance to the law. Mr. Maguire tells us he meets an Irish Southerner who has been crippled in the war, fighting for the southern cause, but that man holds up the other arm and says, 'This is the only arm I've left, and, so help me God, I'd give it and every drop of my heart's blood if I could strike one blow for Ireland.' Go to Canada and look for a few minutes at the state of the Irishmen in Canada. In what does Canada differ from the United Kingdom? Canada has a free Parliament and so have we, but Canada has not installed and enthroned in exclusive privilege the Church of the minority." . . .

Mr. Gladstone was successful in his appeal to the British people—the Irish Church was disestablished. The fears which he conjured up, by introducing the spectre of Fenianism, helped him to thousands of wavering votes. But that which more especially broke down British prejudice was the knowledge that the passing of this Bill could not interfere with English interests, and that Britain could still enjoy her Irish trade monopoly, while Irish industries continue paralysed.

The Disestablishment of the Church had one effect in Ireland, of which Mr. Gladstone never dreamt. Many of the better class Protestants, who saw their country going to decay, used the irritation of their co-religionists against Gladstone for the common good ; for there can be no possible reason that their motherland should not be as dear to them as to their Catholic brethren.

The dissatisfaction even found an entrance to the Orange Lodges. The Nationalists now began to awaken to the knowledge, that a great fermentation was taking place in the minds of men, hitherto opposed to even the discussion of Provincialism. The experience of the Nationalists, and the history of the country, taught them that with the addition of these sturdy Irishmen to the ranks of patriots, great hope in the near success of the cause might be reasonably entertained. The Nationalists had struggled to remove that deadly blight—religious bigotry. It had been the most ardent work which patriots since the days of Wolfe Tone set before them, and now there came the hope, so exquisitely expressed in the lines of the poet :

“ Come—pledge again thy heart and hand,
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever ;
 Our watchword be—Our native land ;
 Our motto—Love for ever.
 And let the Orange lily be
 Thy badge, my patriot brother ;
 The everlasting green for me,
 And we for one another.

“ Behold how gallant green the stem
 On which the flower is blowing ;
 And in one heavenly breeze and beam
 Both flower and stem are growing,
 The same good soil sustaining both ;
 Make both united flourish,
 It cannot give the orange growth
 And cease the green to nourish.

“ United in our country's cause,
 Our party colours blended ;
 Till lasting peace from native laws
 On both shall have descended.
 Till then the orange lily be
 Thy badge, my patriot brother ;
 The everlasting green for me,
 And we for one another.”

Isaac Butt, a great lawyer who had been engaged during the so-called trials of the I. R. B. Nationalists, and a Conservative of the old school, joined in the new movement then spreading among the Protestant citizens of Dublin.

During the Fenian trial he was associated with the prisoners. His contact with these men, many of them men of cultured minds, all of them men of intelligence, sincerely and truly patriotic, with their spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to their native land, had made an impression on his mind, and changed the once opponent to national aspirations, into a believer in Home Rule. When the Amnesty Association started, he became its presiding officer.

The state of the country, the continued decline in trade, and the unceasing emigration, attracted the attention of men hitherto considered British Conservatives. The State Church was removed, but Irish ills remained. The dissatisfied members of the disestablished Church held a private meeting in the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, on the evening of May 19, 1870, and there was created the germ of the "Home Rule" movement. A second meeting was held in the Imperial Hotel, where a committee was appointed, to consider and report what the nature and objects of the new organisation should be, and to prepare a draft report for the next meeting. A third private meeting was called for June 2, 1870, to which the committee reported. They recommended that a native legislature should be the object of the new organisation, the Irish Parliament to have the power under a Federal arrangement to manage all matters relating to the internal affairs of the country, and the control of Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing a fair proportion to Imperial expenditure; the Imperial Parliament retaining the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, and the defence and stability of the Empire. It was further asserted that the public mind was turning strongly on a Home Parliament, as the only means of arresting the decaying condition of the country, and infusing some life into the Irish social system.

On August 12, 1870, the Home Government Association came before the world, with an address from the provisional committee. Thus was born into political life the second great Provincialist movement, with the title which has since become so familiar—"Home Rule." It will be noticed that all these movements which have for their object, not the removal of Ireland's curse—foreign supremacy—but merely its reform, always start out with the demand for certain powers of an extensive nature, for the Irish Parliament, so nearly approaching the authority of a national congress in a free republic, that the Irish masses are easily captivated. They are told that the procuring of this Parliament is within the scope of a peaceful agitation, whose only weapons shall be the playing off of British parties one against the other, and the influence of reason on the British people. The demand is simply for the legislative control of the internal affairs of the nation, including Irish resources and revenues. An independent congress, in a free nation, could not possibly have greater legislative authority; the Imperial affairs which these gentlemen would leave to what they are pleased to call the Imperial Parliament, an Irish Republic would have no interference with whatever.

Does it seriously enter into the belief of any thinking man, that Britain will ever peacefully surrender such power and control over Ireland's internal affairs as were solemnly set forth by this assemblage of respectable Protestant gentlemen, containing at that time some prominent Orangemen? It is just that she should, they will say; if truth and justice have any influence on the issue, most certainly she should restore to Ireland her stolen independence. To agitate peacefully to get back a Parliament with these necessary powers, is the same as to agitate for separation, politically. One will be granted by the invader as soon as the other. Let there be plain speaking here; there is no possible chance for this great issue to be peacefully settled. It must be decided by force, or else there is the certainty of national death. It is a remarkable fact, that all these Provincial movements that

have agitated unhappy Ireland, always started out with these demands for full and perfect control over the resources of the country, and yet their supporters would accept some miserable measure, a fraud, and not worth the paper on which it was written. This idea nevertheless gave some of the less scrupulous agitators a something to show the people, and an opportunity to prove, by the wildest assertions, that this delusion was a piece of coming liberty. From the top of the ladder, they went down rung by rung until they mingled with the enemy's legislators, as some of themselves, becoming British partisans, with no remains of the grand and much-praised programme with which they won the Irish heart.

Their great argument to the British people, and even to the Irish, is, that it is Britain's interest to settle this Irish trouble, and in her own interests it would be right for her to grant "Home Rule" to Ireland. It might just as well be said to the burglar, who has broken into a house and is laden with booty, that it is his interest to surrender his plunder, for if ever his victim, whom he has gagged, gets loose, he will most certainly be punished. While the victim remains gagged, the burglar will be of a different opinion. Britain has Ireland gagged; and because of the passive resistance with which she quietly submits to the gagging, counselled by the Provincialists, the victim is not likely to be loosened. To give to Ireland what she demands, would be a material injury to British trade interests, apart from considerations affecting the National tendencies of the Irish people, which are hostile to Britain.

The Home Government Association, when a vacancy offered in the representation of Dublin City, put forward a Provincialist, but one who professed very advanced views on the condition of Ireland. The first candidate of the new organisation was Captain Lawrence King-Harman, at present (1887) known as Colonel King-Harman, Tory, Assistant Secretary for Ireland, a rabid Coercionist.

The King-Harman of that day was a man whom the people

believed was sincere, and honest in his advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland. The Irish followers of Mr. Gladstone, agitators of the old school, who believed that the Parliament of Britain was the proper place to plead for their country's welfare, loved to be called by one of the British party names, and were known, like their English comrades, as Liberals.

The Provincialists who now misrepresent Ireland, have taken their position in British parties. The only difference existing is, that the Gladstonians have adopted the name of "Home Rulers," which is a distinction in title, without a difference in policy. For they are as much in favour of giving to Ireland "Home Rule," as specified in the platform of that party,—that is, full or any control over Irish revenues and resources,—as they were when they were real Liberals. The only liberality dealt to Ireland, beside mock legislation, was a liberal and generous supply of coercion.

King-Harman was supported by a strange admixture of parties. The dissatisfied Orangemen—but, with most of these, it was more pique than patriotism—gave him warm support. The *Evening Mail* of Dublin, the Orange organ, preached "Home Rule" doctrines. Dr. Maunsell, its proprietor, was a member of the "Home Rule" party, and a staunch supporter of the "Home Rule" candidate. Along with the Irish Provincialists, a small section of the Nationalists helped King-Harman. Among his ablest supporters, and one who worked for his election, was the late unfortunate James Carey.

Sir Dominic Corrigan was the Liberal or Gladstone candidate; he considered the Irish very ungrateful to put up a rival candidate to one of Mr. Gladstone's supporters,—a man who had promised so much to Ireland, and who had conferred the great boon of disestablishment of the Irish Church.

What wretched cant and falsehood are these fulsome praises of the Chief of the enemy's Liberal party! They are to be heard multiplied to-day, as full of adulation and untruth as they were then. Sir Dominic Corrigan was elected by a

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small majority, which was described, in England, as Ireland's endorsement of Mr. Gladstone's policy!

The first public meeting of the new "Home Rule" Association, was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the evening of September 1, 1870. Alderman Mackay was in the chair; on the platform were Mr. Brown, M.P., Mayo; Mr. Shaw, M.P., Bandon; A. M. Sullivan, Dublin *Nation*; Dr. Maunsell, *Evening Mail*; Rev. Mr. McQuade, Roman Catholic parish priest, Co. Clare. There were present Protestant and Catholic clergymen, Orange and Catholic editors, all animated with one thought—the necessity for self-government in Ireland, to preserve a dying nation, and to create material prosperity in a country, drained of its wealth by the people of a neighbouring island. But ignoring the lessons of history, they looked upon any but peaceful methods to recover this stolen Home Rule as both unchristian and illegal, forgetting that by the use of the word legal, they recognised their enemy's right to rule them. They never thought of the great importance of their peaceful request to England; that justice to Ireland, *i.e.*, full and complete self-government, which demand they were about to formulate, meant a gigantic loss to British manufactures and commerce, and English interests.

In a word, Britain was to create a native government and Parliament to develop and build up a rival commercial power, which although like Canada, would be under her flag and part of her empire, would still be an injury to her trade and manufactures, as a competitor in European markets. British statesmen were to do this, peacefully and legally, by appealing to their sense of justice. Heaven help us out of this delusion; what a strange species of insanity infects, what is termed, the Conservative Irish mind!

Mr. Lawrence Waldron, a former M.P. for Tipperary, moved a resolution at this meeting, declaring that every day's experience more forcibly impressed the conviction that the Imperial Parliament (*i.e.*, British) was unequal to the task of adequately legislating in detail for the varied wants and local requirements of the three kingdoms, and that the in-

terests of Ireland were especially misunderstood, disregarded, or sacrificed in that assembly. This resolution was seconded by Mr. W. Shaw, M.P. Professor Galbraith, of Trinity College, moved a resolution, to the effect that it was absolutely essential to the well-being of the country that the present legislative system be terminated, and the management of Irish affairs committed to an Irish Parliament sitting in the national capital, where Irish business could best be transacted, and composed of Irish representatives, who could best understand the requirements of their country. Dr. Grattan, nephew of Henry Grattan, and other speakers, followed in the same strain. The last resolution was one which thrilled the hearts of every Irish patriot present, for by this resolution the meeting solemnly pledged itself, every man to each other and to their country, to enter earnestly into this National movement, burying for country's sake, all bygone feuds and bitter memories.

These resolutions express clearly and plainly, the Irish demand. The Irish Nationalists thoroughly indorse them, but they know, and the Provincialists, if they seriously reflect, must admit, that they are impossible of accomplishment by peaceful means ; the word self-government, in Ireland, goes to the very root of English and Irish interests, which are unquestionably antagonistic.

At whose expense would Irish industries be developed ? At the loss of all Irish trade to English merchants and manufacturers ; and in the words of Professor Galbraith, these are essential to the well being of Ireland. The last resolution, union of creeds and classes for the national welfare, has always been the cardinal doctrine of the Irish Nationalists.

Mr. Gladstone, true to his hypocritical position, that of an English Minister posing as the friend of Ireland, introduced a severe coercion measure for that country—the usual outcome of British promises, and more especially those of Ireland's most deceitful friend, William Ewart Gladstone. The pages of history reveal no greater turpitude than this statesman's generous promises, so quickly followed by cruel and despotic

deeds. This serpent wooing is leading numbers of our people to political destruction to-day. Even in his last so-called Home Rule Bill, the measure when printed, gave the lie to his speech in the House one week before. He never came to power without passing a coercion measure for Ireland, even during his last short term of office. . . .

In November, 1873, the great "Home Rule" Conference was held in the Rotunda, Dublin. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of that month, this conference was called together by the "Home Rule" leaders to provoke discussion of the National demand, and to lay a solid foundation on which to build up the Irish federalist movement.

Among those who attended were the following members of Parliament:—Messrs. Bryan, Butt, Blennerhasset, Brady, Brown, Callan, D'Arcy, Dease, Delahunty, McCarthy and Downing, Hon. C. Munster, A. Redmond, Ronayne, Shaw, Smith, Stackpoole, Syman, N. D. Murphy, Sir John Gray, John Martin, &c. The Mr. Redmond, M.P., who attended this conference, who was a finished speaker, and made an eloquent speech there, was the father of Mr. Parnell's two followers of to-day, Messrs. John and William Redmond, so well known to Irishmen all over the world.

Mr. Shaw, M.P., Bandon, was elected to the chair. Captain King-Harman read the requisition, which was signed by twenty-four thousand persons. The following resolutions were passed by this great Provincial conference:—

"1st. That as the basis of proceedings of these conferences, we declare our conviction that it is essentially necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, that the right of legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country.

"2nd. That solemnly we assert the inalienable right of the Irish people to self-government. We declare that the time in our opinion has come, when a combined and energetic effort should be made to obtain the restoration of that right.

"3rd. That in accordance with the ancient and constitutional rights of the Irish nation, we claim the privilege of managing our own affairs by a Parliament assembled in

Ireland, and composed of Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

“4th. That in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for, and regulating all matters relating to, the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown, and government legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with foreign states, and all matters operating on the defence and stability of the empire at large, as well as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes. That such an arrangement does not involve any change in the existing Constitution of the Imperial Parliament, or any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown, or disturbance of the principles of the Constitution. That to secure the Irish people the advantages of Constitutional Government, it is essential that there should be in Ireland an Administration for Irish affairs, controlled according to constitutional principles, by the Irish Parliament, and conducted by Ministers, constitutionally responsible to the Irish Parliament. That, in the opinion of this conference, a Federal arrangement based upon these principles, would consolidate the strength, and maintain the integrity of the Imperial Crown; that while we believe that in an Irish Parliament the rights and liberties of all classes of our countrymen would find their best and surest protection, we are willing there should be incorporated in the Federal Constitution articles supplying the amplest guarantees that no change should be made by that Parliament in the present settlement of property in Ireland and that no legislation should be adopted to establish any religious ascendancy in Ireland, or to subject any person to disabilities on account of his religious opinions.”

The conference concluded its labours on November 20, 1873, but although some of the best of the Irish people tried to serve their country by formulating an excellent and

practical platform with the Provincialist theory of asking the enemy to give Ireland self-legislation, their actions were wilfully misstated and purposely falsified by the British people, whose vital interests would be affected if they quietly yielded to Ireland's peaceful demands. A number of men who were trained and brought up in the British school of Liberal politics, espoused the meaningless cry, "Home Rule", for the purpose of securing their seats at the approaching general election. The English members who use that cry to-day are just as sincere as were those men fifteen years ago. The *Flag of Ireland* of November 22, 1873, commenting on these people, said: "Many gentlemen will now come forward on the popular platform; they will discover by a sudden inspiration that the only hope for Ireland is 'Home Rule.'"

III

THE EBB AND FLOW OF ENGLISH POLITICS—THE NEW IRISH PARTY.

THE Parliament of 1868, elected on Mr. Gladstone's hypocritical cry "Justice to Ireland," was drawing to a close. The English by-elections had recently all gone against Mr. Gladstone; the English people were growing weary of his rule, and wished a change. That portion of the Irish people who hailed his advent to power, were dissatisfied and disappointed. The Land and Church Bills, ushered in with such *éclat*, were proved utterly worthless, as all these so-called English concessions always must be. The Provincialists, who had raised the hopes of a portion of the Irish people, telling them of the great things for Ireland the return to power of the "Grand Old Man" would bring, were compelled to repudiate their former speeches, or else seek refuge in silence. They had deceived the people, then, as they are deceiving them to-day; clouding their intelligence with misleading statements, and slandering and misquoting any Irishmen who would attempt to point out to his countrymen the real position of affairs. But the stern logic of facts was against them at the close of 1873. Ireland had experienced the fruits of Gladstone's coercive rule, and the nation could not be hoodwinked. The near approach of the general election compelled Gladstone's Irish followers to drop away from him, and appear at least to embrace Home Rule. This was the condition of Irish party politics when Charles Stewart

Parnell appeared upon the scene, soon to become an important leader in England's easily solved problem, Irish Provincialist agitation.

A keen observer of English public opinion near the close of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, 1868 to 1873, could easily see that this great statesman had "lost touch" of public sentiment. A visitor to the London clubs, where politics are daily and nightly discussed, could notice great despondency among the Liberals, and an expressed feeling of approaching triumph in the Conservative camp.

In Liberal circles a certain amount of weariness, of *ennui*, had taken possession of the most ardent supporters of the "Grand Old Man." The giant energy with which he started out to demolish those castles, which he considered barred the road to a thorough union in sentiment, as well as interest, between the English and Irish peoples, seemed vanished into cloudland. When he had succeeded in applying his theories to Ireland, he found the application had not the desired result. He found, to his astonishment, that he had not touched the seat of the evil, which had estranged these hostile races for centuries. One, the British, in the flush of what they considered, and still consider, conquest, had tried to mould and shape the destinies of the Irish people, to what they termed their useful position in the British Empire, The other, the Irish, never admitted that they were a conquered race, never gave up the struggle; the war, which commenced on the landing of Strongbow, continues to this hour. Mr. Gladstone found his Irish Church Bill, and his Land Bill, had settled nothing. Ireland was in no way benefited by either measure, but remained still dissatisfied and hostile. The Irish people had heard so often of these false phantoms, called stepping stones to liberty! When, however, they gazed upon the stream which these were supposed to bridge, it proved too deep and rapid; these airy British ootholds were carried away by the fierce torrent of nationality, and the broad river flowed on in its uninterrupted course, leaving a wide and yawning gulf that can only

be crossed by one means—means which are as old as the days of Joshua and the Israelites, and even then had been practised by preceding generations.

English public sentiment was estranged from Mr. Gladstone's Administration for many causes, but more especially because they had not satisfied the Irish people, after all the so-called sacrifices made for them by the English voters. This extraordinary delusion under which the British people labour, is partly the fault of a large section of the Irish, who are led away by the illusory picture painted by their Provincialist agitators, some honest and some selfish, who are seeking for an impossibility—good laws from the alien Parliament in London, *i.e.*, good poison to strengthen the Irish people. . . .

Several by-elections having gone against him, Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament on January 24, 1874. The Liberal Premier used every exertion to get from the English people, a renewal of power. His leading argument was based upon the financial management of the affairs of the empire; and, if given a renewal of confidence by the vote of the country, he promised the abolition of the income tax, a huge bid for popular support.

Mr. Disraeli, the leader of the Opposition, had styled the Liberal Administration a government of "blundering and plundering," which epigrammatic expression was re-echoed on every husting. He also accused Mr. Gladstone of gross mismanagement of England's foreign policy—always a weak spot in Liberal Administrations. In addition, he accused him of serious neglect of British interests on the West Coast of Africa, which resulted in the Ashantee War—a war then in progress, and which brought to public notice the services of the commander of the expedition, Sir Garnet Wolseley, afterwards styled England's "great and only" general. . . .

Mr. Gladstone issued one of his usual lengthy addresses to the electors of Greenwich, and entered into an elaborate defence of his administration. In one part of this address he said: "It may be stated with truth, that next to the great

Irish question of Church and Land, now happily disposed of, the election of 1868 turned in no small degree upon expenditure." . . .

In the general election of the spring of 1874, which ensued, Mr. Butt and the "Home Rule" party were most energetic in trying to get their representatives elected for the various Irish constituencies, so mockingly said to be "represented" in the enemy's Parliament. The same teaching as is heard to this day, was preached all over Ireland. Let them but give Mr. Butt a large majority of the Irish representation, and he would overwhelmingly convince the British by his arguments, that Ireland demanded and needed self-government. No Ministry could withstand the strain that the "Home Rule" party could put upon them, and "Home Rule" must be the result. And then the Irish members about to be elected would be the last Ireland would need to send with such a demand, to London. They would next be electing members to legislate for themselves in College Green!

The Irish people, and their teachers, completely ignore the lessons of history; that never since the creation, has an enslaved nation, argued the conqueror to surrender his spoils peacefully.

Filled with the delusive teachings instilled into them, a great majority of the Irish electorate returned Provincialists to sit in the London Parliament, and to further the energies of that brilliant and able lawyer, Mr. Isaac Butt. The Provincialists can never accuse the Irish people for their many failures, for they always contributed by energetic labour to the delusive elections of these men. The return of so many followers of Mr. Butt gave the Gladstonites, Irish and British, a good opportunity to call Ireland a nation of ingrates, after receiving what they termed these priceless boons the Church and Land Bills, and so spoken of by many of the Provincialists before coming into law. They had a Land Bill which the English farmers did not enjoy, and yet ungrateful Ireland was now opposing the Liberal candidates by "Home Rulers." They defeated Mr. Gladstone's Irish

Chief Secretary, the kindly disposed Mr. Chichester Fortescue, the most lenient (so-called) administrator of a Coercion Act that Ireland had known for a long time ; but then, as a British Minister, he was compelled to administer coercion. He was an exact counterpart of Mr. Gladstone's last Chief Secretary, who introduced and passed the Coercion Act termed "Peace Preservation Act," which coercion he would be compelled to administer had he remained in office. Mr. Fortescue, like the much-praised Mr. Morley, would give Ireland the same amount of self-government, which means subjection to British authority. Praising any of the British Ministers is like saying good of poison; their business in Ireland as rulers, means foreign despotism of a greater or less degree ; if self-government on their lips, were anything but mocking, gibing phrases, their presence in Ireland, in any capacity, would be unnecessary. His (Mr. Morley's) speeches at the time we write, have the same meaning as Mr. Chamberlain's, a few years back. The London *Times* of February 16, 1874 writing on the then Irish elections, observed : "Rejection of Mr. Chichester Fortescue at Louth is a painful illustration of Irish ingratitude. No Administration has done so much to remedy the evil effects of past misrule, and to attach the inhabitants of Ireland to Parliamentary government ; and no Administration has been so-ill requited for its pains and sacrifices. . . ."

The Gladstone Government received a crushing defeat at the polls. The Tory majority was 54, counting the "Home Rulers" as Liberals. The Irish elected under the banner of self-government numbered 61 members, which would place the Liberals in a minority of 176, if they should find occasion to vote with the Tory.

Among the prominent men elected by the Irish people at the election was the father of obstruction, Joseph Biggar, and of the sixty-one "Home Rulers" then elected Mr. Biggar, Sir Joseph N. McKenna, and Captain Nolan are all that are remaining to-day (1887) among the followers of Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Gladstone resigned office on 17th February, 1874. Mr. Disraeli was sent for by the Queen, to form a new Administration. The Irish Liberal electors of Greenwich had supported Mr. Gladstone in the recent election, on the expressed understanding that the remaining Irish political prisoners would be liberated. Previous to his resignation they sent him a letter asking for their release; he replied through one of his secretaries, stating that the result of the election, debarred him from discussing the question. An English Minister, even though an election foreshadows his defeat, can, if he chooses, meet Parliament, and test his Government by a vote of the House. He retains all the prerogatives of his high office, until he places his resignation in the hands of his sovereign. Mr. Gladstone, after this election, used his power as Minister by making several appointments before his resignation. He elevated some of his followers to the peerage, notably two Irish representatives, Mr. Monsell as Lord Emly, and Mr. Fortescue, the rejected of Louth, as Lord Carlingford. Mr. Palles, one of his Irish law officers, he elevated to the vacant judgeship, as Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He could reward his followers, but when his signature to a document releasing the Irish political prisoners was required of him, he pleaded as excuse the result of the elections.

Mr. Gladstone was never yet known to do a gracious action towards Ireland; he never introduced what was meant to be a good measure for that country, unless it was accompanied by some drawback in the shape of coercion. Those of the Fenian prisoners whom he liberated in the early days of his power, he hampered with such conditions as took away from the act anything of clemency that could be attributed to him. He exiled them to a foreign country, and would not permit them to visit father, mother, sister, brother, wife, sweetheart, or child; or revisit, even for a short time, the beloved land for which they suffered. After years spent in England's convict prisons, their only glance of Ireland was from the deck of the steamer that visited Queenstown *en route* to America. . . .

A meeting of the newly-elected Irish members was called, by circular, to meet on Tuesday, March 3, 1874, to devise in what manner the Irish demands were to be placed before Parliament.

The Dublin *Freeman* anticipated that the meeting of the Irish members would "result in the formation of a Parliamentary party that would be strong enough to assert the claims of Ireland to self-government with success." . . .

A public meeting was held in the Rotunda on March 3, 1874. The report reads like the self-same delusive folly of one of our recent meetings. Mr. Butt spoke just as Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Davitt, or Mr. Parnell would to-day, always talking of some victory which presaged the final success. Mr. Butt of course declared that the advent of Irish independence—independence which would not separate Ireland from England, but strengthen and unite the two countries—was as certain as the rising of the morrow's sun. Once they convinced the people of England that they were not veiled rebels, and that all they asked was freedom, and that they were determined to be free and live as friends to England, the whole English nation would be with them, except the corrupt aristocrats, who had some advantage to gain; there would be no defaulters in their Parliamentary ranks on the day of Ireland's freedom, and, without meaning to lower sacred things, he repeated the words of the Prophet to another enslaved nation: "Awake! awake! O daughter of Zion! Lift thyself from the dust; put on thy glorious apparel, cast off the bonds of captivity from thy neck and be free, for the day of thy deliverance is at hand, the day of thy redemption is nigh." He said to the captive daughter of Erin, "Arise! awake! Put on thy glorious apparel! Lift thyself from the dust! Arise, cast off the chains of slavery from thy neck, for oh! captive daughter of Erin, long enslaved and oppressed, seven centuries of thy slavery gone, and surely, oh, surely indeed, the day of thy deliverance is at hand—the day of thy redemption draweth nigh; arise, and rejoice in your liberty!"

When Irish Nationalists read these beautiful orations, and reflect what a strangely credulous race they are addressed to, they must sometimes despair of their people's redemption. Mr. Butt had as much right to promise Ireland the near approach of her redemption, as the agitators of to-day, who are leading the people astray, preaching to them that their English enemy is to aid them to recover their stolen freedom. Mr. Butt spoke of the corrupt aristocrats, as the present Parliamentarians do, as an obstacle to Irish self-government. The facts are that the predominating interests that need Ireland's subjection, are the traders, the manufacturers, and "shopocracy" of Britain. It is their votes and those of the British mechanic, which have returned the Tory *régime*, in power at this date [September, 1887].

At the close of the Great Buttite meeting a roll of honour was produced, to be signed by the members—something similar to the Parnell pledge. John Martin was the first to affix his signature to that document. . . .

The new Parliament met. Mr. Disraeli had completed his Cabinet, and the usual so-called Queen's Speech was read. Mr. Butt moved an amendment to the address, asking the House to appoint a committee to inquire into the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland. He made an able and eloquent appeal, representing to Englishmen the oft-repeated tale of Irish grievances. In the course of an interesting debate on Mr. Butt's Irish "Home Rule" proposal, Mr. Gladstone observed: "He says he brings a perfectly intelligible plan by which affairs exclusively Irish are to be discussed in an Irish Parliament, and affairs exclusively English are to be discussed in this Parliament; and the members representing Ireland are to come here for that purpose. . . . I want to know in what portion of his plan are we guaranteed against the danger that our friends from Ireland, who shall be vested with exclusive power over the consideration of Irish affairs in Dublin, may come here to meddle with affairs exclusively English and Scotch."

These remarks of Mr. Gladstone will be read with interest, in the face of a somewhat similar proposition of his own. How inconsistent both English statesmen and Irish agitators are in this international issue! Of course Mr. Butt's motion was defeated; but the repeated rejections of "Home Rule" measures make no difference to Irish "legal and constitutional" agitators; they call such refusals victories, and our deluded countrymen believe them. . . .

The new Irish party was now fully organised, with its own leader, whips, and other officers, but for all that it affected the fortunes of Ireland it might have been as much merged into the Liberal party as its successor, with its eighty-six Parnellites, is at this date.

Mr. Butt brought forward his "Home Rule" motion on June 30, 1874. The British Ministry set up their Irish Attorney-General to give it a most emphatic refusal. Mr. Ball, the British mouthpiece, gave England's reply, which was as effective as the reply of the English masses at the last election (1886). "He said that a clear, distinct, and emphatic decision on the question now submitted to their consideration was imperatively demanded. . . . That decision should be the answer of the Government, which, for the time, represented the feelings and opinions of the people of this country. For that reason, he should give a decided and emphatic negative to all the propositions that had been offered by the honourable member who had just spoken. (Hear, hear.) . . . If there existed a powerful nation in immediate contiguity to a weaker one, there was no safety for the weaker nation but incorporation, and no perfect safety for the stronger nation either, because the power of each to injure the other, as long as they were separate, rendered the result incapable of being predicted. But by incorporation, they elevated the weaker nation, without in the least degree taking away from the power of the stronger one. . ." The debate continued for two evenings; the House divided, and Mr. Butt's motion was defeated by a majority of 397.

IV

DEATHS OF JOHN MITCHELL AND JOHN MARTIN— ELECTION OF MR. PARNELL FOR MEATH.

THE year 1875 brought to Ireland the sorrowful tidings of the death of two of the most faithful of her sons—John Mitchell and John Martin.

John Mitchell, the stern and uncompromising foe to British rule in his native land, after years of wandering in foreign countries, came home to the green island that gave him birth to die there; but to see once again, before the final adieu, the hills and valleys of his boyhood; to revisit the quiet town of Newry, the home of his early manhood, and to gaze once more with passionate adoration on glorious Rostrevor and the magnificent bay of Carlingford, which sweeps in majestic beauty from the coast of Louth to that of Down, dotted here and there with villas, havens of quiet rest. Towering above, like giant sentinals guarding the approaches to the bay, stands that magnificent range of hills the Mourne Mountains. How often in his distant wanderings had he seen them in his dreams; how happy once more to feed his eyes upon their beauty, and feel all that worship which is centred in the exile's heart! There can be no exile more painful than the knowledge that never more can you see your beloved motherland, never more unless the foreigner is for ever banished as a ruler.

John Mitchell was the great prominent leader of the '48 movement; his character stands out in bold relief, and towers

in giant strength above his associates. He was of the true metal out of which revolutionary leaders are created. Had his advice been taken, Ireland would have appealed to arms in '48. His departure for Australia, without the slightest attempt at rescue on the part of the National leaders, was an instance of cowardice and vacillation, which proved that they were mere tyros in revolutionary knowledge. The attempt might have been suppressed by the superiority in weapons and skill of the enemy; but it would have produced grand results, even in defeat. . . .

John Mitchell, unchanged and uncompromising to the last, saw, on his return to his native land, his country still struggling in her death throes—a decimated people flying from a poverty-stricken, decaying nation—blessed with all the beauties and loveliness God has ever given any land; cursed in all the cruelties that man could bring to aid in her destruction. The signs of her continued decay were plainly visible to the dying patriot's eyes. On March 24, 1875, in his brother-in-law's house, Dromalane, near Newry, John Mitchell breathed his last. There then passed away from us one of Ireland's most devoted sons, and one of England's most hostile foes. He was the soul and spirit of the '48 era, the man who lent tone and dignity to a sad page in his country's history.

There was one mourner at his grave whom death was soon to claim as his own—the dead leader's brother-in-law, John Martin; honest, incorruptible John Martin, Mitchell's fellow-patriot and felon. The English Minister, Mr. Gladstone, could use no sophistry to change this steadfast Irishman; he fully comprehended what was meant by the bitter lesson of hypocritical English Liberal promises when in opposition, to be cancelled by cruelties, or hollow acts of so-called concession, when in power. He remembered Lord John Russell's wonderful speech in defence of Ireland, and the scathing manner in which he had denounced the brutal Tory Government who coerced her; but he also recollected that when the same Liberal Minister had been scarcely more than restored

to office, when Englishman-like, regardless of his promises, he brought in and passed the Treason-Felony Act, under which many Irishmen, John Martin himself and his dead friend included, were quickly transported as felons.

No British blandishments or treacherous promises from any Minister, could make John Martin deviate a hairsbreadth, from the course he had marked out for himself, in the service of his country.

This broken-hearted friend of the dead Mitchell, felt he could not long survive him. He became ill during the funeral service, and was led away feeble and staggering. He took to bed in the house in Dromalane, near Newry, where John Mitchell had recently died; and soon, very soon, the gentle spirit of John Martin went back to his Creator, and Ireland mourned another pure and patriotic son.

The death of John Martin caused a vacancy in the representation of Meath, and Mr. Butt fulfilled his promise by causing Mr. Parnell's name to be put in nomination. Meath being a Provincialist constituency, this was almost equivalent to an election. At the meeting of the electors Mr. Parnell was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Tormy, C.C., and seconded by Mr. Kirk, M.P. Mr. Parnell issued a short address, in which he advocated "fixity of tenure and fair rents, without which the country could not be prosperous." He was accepted as the National candidate. Mr. Hinds, a Home Ruler, was not satisfied and determined to go to the polls. Three names were before the electors of Meath:—

Mr. Parnell (People's Candidate). Proposed by Rev. U. Behan, C.C., and Mr. Ennis, M.P.

Mr. Hinds ("Home Ruler"). Proposed by Mr. Gerald Hubert and Mr. Patrick Ennis.

Mr. Napier (Conservative). Proposed by Mr. Thomas Gerrard and Mr. John Leonard.

Mr. Parnell was received with great enthusiasm; his election struggle against the Tory, Colonel Taylor, and the reputation of his great name, made him popular. Several

bands came down from Dublin, to make gay, and rejoice over the nomination of Mr. Butt's candidate. Mr. Butt was then in the zenith of his popularity. The devotion of the Irish to great orators is proverbial. Mr. Parnell, in his election address, was compelled to be a pensioner on his dead ancestors. The following was part of the usual election manifesto of principles: "My ancestor, Sir John Parnell, was the advocate, in the old Irish Parliament, of the removal of the disabilities which affected his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and in the evil days of corruption which destroyed the independence of Ireland, he lost a great office and refused a peerage to oppose the fatal measure of Union."

In addressing the Meath electors, Mr. Parnell spoke of the land laws, and of the necessity of improving the condition of the farmer, foreshadowing the giant land movement which soon after followed, but which, unlike the mountain in labour, has not even produced a mouse of advantage to the farming community. It is strange how we never hear from the lips of agitators, anything concerning the loss of Ireland's trade and manufactures, unless in a sentimental and incidental way. But no moral suasionist, so far, has attempted to start an organisation to restore them, though they are of vastly greater importance to Ireland than the land grievance. Of course it would be quixotic to attempt by such a means to build up Irish manufactures in the face of British power, but not more so than to think that the land question could be so solved. Mr. Parnell was triumphantly returned for Meath, and from that time commenced the career of a new Parliamentary leader, whose era was as eventful as either the O'Connell or Butt epochs.

The Tory Government had scarce enjoyed twelve months of power when they introduced a consolidated Coercion Bill for Ireland, including in its provisions all the scattered drastic remedies of Mr. Gladstone's previous measures. . . .

Mr. Gladstone felt very keenly, the crushing defeat inflicted on his Administration, by the general election of 1874. He

was greatly irritated with the action of his hitherto obedient servants, the Irish members—a position they have now, November, 1887, resumed—which placed his government in a minority on the Irish University Bill.

One of the first books which he produced during his retirement, was his famous pamphlet entitled *Vaticanism*, in which he attacked the Roman Catholic dogma of Papal infallibility. It was, to say the least, a very curious and strange proceeding on the part of an ex-Liberal Premier, to make so wanton and uncalled-for attack on the religion of the great majority of the Irish people, and to write so insultingly upon a subject of which he must have known they were so extremely sensitive, and one which they would feel compelled to resent. He acted with lack of judgment for a great statesman, and displayed a bitter and vindictive mood, when he relinquished the leadership of his party, doing this at a time when that party most needed his services, in almost the very hour of their defeat at the polls. He behaved, indeed, as if animated by petty spite towards the English people—a feeling which finds no room in the breasts of the truly great. He thought that they were ungrateful to him for his great services, and that they had inflicted upon him undeserved humiliation, by the immense majorities they cast against his Administration. With the extension of the franchise, which he believed he was the indirect author of, and the pure ballot system of voting he had given them, he could not believe it possible that there could be recorded against him such a sweeping verdict. It was the huge vote that went to his opponents which increased and intensified his bitterness.

He was in this angry mood, and looking around for something to strike, when he selected the Irish as the most fitting object on which to vent his ill-feeling, and the result was this book, *Vaticanism*. He knew it would madden and irritate the Irish Catholics, and more particularly that section which had always helped the Liberal party in Parliament and at the polls. The Dublin *Freeman*, which might almost have been considered his organ, and which usually sang his

praises in every mood and tense, retorted in an able article. It wondered what madness possessed him to write such a pamphlet, attacking the faith of his Irish supporters—he, a possible British Prime Minister, in the near future. But a very little time, however, passed away before the *Freeman* and its constituents forgot this pamphlet, so that Mr. Gladstone was right in his estimation of these men, and thoroughly appreciated their innate toadyism, no matter how he spurned or kicked them. The idol has been restored to its accustoming throne, and offerings of flowers and incense are presented at its altar. The cry of the agitators has changed to "All hail! Grandest of Grand Old Men."

The Liberal statesmen held a meeting to select one of their number to succeed Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the party; then, as since, he towered in intellect and ability above his colleagues; they knew it was impossible to replace him by a kindred genius. The two leading candidates, over whom the Liberals were divided, were the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. W. E. Forster. After consideration they decided on the former; and accordingly Lord Hartington was elected leader of the party, to conduct the business of her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons.

The great debate on the second reading of the Tory Coercion Act for Ireland, was set down for Thursday, April 22, 1875. It was on that evening Mr. Parnell took the oath and his seat as member for Meath. As the successor of John Martin advanced to the Speaker's chair, he was received with loud and continued applause by the Irish members. Few there that night could dream, to what peculiar prominence in Irish politics, that quiet young man would be elevated. His icy cold manner, so different from the usual impulsive Irishman, was noticed as it has been by many since, not to Mr. Parnell's advantage in the making of personal friends. No one could anticipate the important position he would eventually assume, as the public leader of the Irish Provincialists. It was a curious coincidence of the time, that British coercion

for his country, was being debated in that foreign assembly when the young member for Meath crossed its portal. At that time he was full of hope and ambition for the future, determined to pursue with energy and intelligence, a certain path, which he had mapped out for himself. How often must he have since, in the solitude of his own chamber, when words to conceal the thoughts are useless—how often there has he had to admit to himself, that, to arrive at the looked-for goal, rocks that bar the way must be blown up, and trees and brushwood cut down to clear the path! Words cannot accomplish this; it is impossible; there must be blows, or else certain failure. Another event of that night was Mr. Biggar's first speech as an Obstructionist. The English members could not understand Mr. Biggar's tactics, for, with one notable exception, when Mr. Gladstone exhausted the rules of Parliament with the avowed purpose of blocking a measure which he disapproved of, obstruction was a thing unknown in the British Commons. As a rule it was a very exclusive assemblage of Britons, and one of the most often pronounced assertions made by the wealthy British, when speaking of that Legislature, was to the effect that it was the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. They were soon to be rudely awakened from this happy dream; the newly-elected Irish members, or rather it should be said some few of their number, were determined that if they could not shape the Irish legislation, they would give the Briton as much trouble and annoyance in making these obnoxious laws as possible. Mr. Biggar, before making his first great effort in Parliament, provided himself with a number of blue books, out of which he read extracts so that he could prolong his speech; the British members looked aghast, as hours rolled on and the honourable member gave no sign of coming to a close. When his voice grew tired, he rested by speaking in a somewhat low tone. The Speaker, noticing this, said he must call on the honourable member to address the chair; his voice was inaudible.

Mr. Biggar, who had by this time been addressing the

House for three hours, said it was not easy to make his voice heard for so long a time, but he would place himself in a more advantageous position. Taking up a glass of water, therefore, and a bundle of papers and the blue books, he, with some laughter from the Irish members, took his place on one of the front Opposition benches above the gangway; a seat only occupied by ex-cabinet Ministers or leaders of the Opposition. After speaking for another hour, he said he did not wish to detain the House at greater length, but he hoped he had succeeded in proving to the satisfaction of every man of unprejudiced mind, that the proposition of the Government was perfectly unreasonable, and that the Government had made out no case for this bill. He concluded a speech of four hours' duration by moving, at nine o'clock :

“ That in the opinion of this House, it is inexpedient to proceed with the consideration of a bill re-enacting and modifying detached portions of several statutes, until it is put into such form as to show clearly and distinctly the provisions which are to form part of the continued and revised code.”

Mr. McKenna, “ Home Ruler,” seconded the amendment offered by Mr. Biggar.

This was the first speech that Mr. Parnell, as sitting member of the British Commons, heard in that chamber ; it was the occasion of his *début*, in the midst of an interesting scene, which led up to such a sad and tragic sequel. . . .

Mr. Parnell observed that no arguments had been advanced against the amendment of his honourable friend, the member for Cavan. The honourable member for Derry, although he argued with the principle of the bill, said he should vote in favour of the amendment, as being a just and proper one. The Chief Secretary for Ireland had, of course, opposed it, and so also had the noble Marquis, who was supposed to lead the Opposition in that House. What reason had the honourable member for Derry given, for approving the principle of the bill? It was that some coercion was necessary in his district, to prevent Catholics and Protestants from flying at

each other's throats. But was that any reason why thirty other Irish counties, should be placed under coercion laws? It had been said that some half-dozen Irish landlords had given it as their opinion, that, without coercion they could not exercise the rights of property. He had seen Irish landlords sitting in polling-booths, as agents for the Conservative candidate, and their tenants trembling, when they came to vote against that candidate. That was an exercise of the rights of property of which he did not think Englishmen would approve. There had not been threatening letter writing of late, or shooting, or agrarian crime; and was that, he asked, a time to bring in a Coercion Bill? Was this a proper time to stop all discussion on this measure, when Irish members were telling the House what the wishes of their constituents with regard to it, were? The honourable member for Derry County had told the House, that the Irish tenant farmers of the north were convinced that some remedial measures were necessary for the restoration of tranquillity in that part of the country.

He did not profess to speak on behalf of the Irish tenant farmers, not even those living in the black north. They were so locked up in their own self-interest, as to be inclined to give up the interest of their country, to serve that of their class. When the proper time came, perhaps, it would be found that he was a truer friend to the tenant farmer than even the honourable member for Derry County. The Chief Secretary for Ireland had found fault with the language which had been used by the honourable member for Derry County, but he did not know who had appointed the honourable gentleman, the censor of the language used in that House by honourable members. But perhaps the right honourable gentleman thought that the time-honoured and ancient Whig-hack would no longer be able to carry matters with a high hand in Derry County, and was holding out to him a helping hand in the event of his thinking of changing his side of the House. For his own part, however, he did not think that the honourable member was likely to turn his coat, and he was convinced that he would always be found, where he believed that the

interest of his country required him. He trusted that the time would arrive when the history of the past would be forgotten, and all would look forward to a future, in which Irishmen would possess equal rights of self-government with the people of England and Scotland, and in which England could rely with confidence, on a truly independent, a truly free, and a truly self-supporting nation.

Mr. Parnell, in the course of his speech in alluding to the Irish tenant farmer as selfish, and ready to sacrifice country for class, said that which every Irish Nationalist must, with great pain and reluctance, endorse. The farmers of Ireland who come under the denomination respectable, or well-to-do, are the most unpatriotic portion of the Irish community. They have never taken any part, as a class, in Irish politics, unless their landed interests were at stake. Those who rent small holdings, find that their life is one perpetual struggle for existence; they have little time to give their country. From both classes have sprung very good Nationalists—some of the finest men Ireland has produced,—but these are a very small percentage of the farming community. The farmer's sons have invariably been good and loyal Irish patriots, before they, in turn, took to farming for themselves.

Talk of an English garrison of landlords! Why they would be multiplied one hundred fold, if these men's grievances could possibly be settled by an alien Parliament. Ireland would then have an additional garrison, to hold the country for the foreigner.

As to the farm labourers, they, poor fellows, have always been ready to do any good they were able to, in the Irish cause; self-sacrificing and most reliable as a rule, and faithful to death. But, unfortunately, owing to their defective education, they are not always intelligent in the course they pursue, and are more easily swayed by the addresses of demagogues than their town brothers.

If a British Parliament could solve this land problem—which is impossible—this latter class would share but little of the benefits the farmer would receive. It is only in the legis-

lature of an independent nation, that this important Irish question affecting the land of Ireland can be settled, in any way which would be of substantial benefit to the whole community.

The grievances of the tillers of Irish soil, and their struggles to eke out what at best is but a miserable existence, have been written of by many able pens within the past few years. But no pen can fully depict the horrors and cruelties the Irish peasantry are undergoing, through the tyranny of rapacious landlords, backed up, aided, and supported by the infamies of the invader's rule. Whether under the *régime* of the brutal Tory, Salisbury, or the no less cruel but hypocritical Gladstone, evictions continue with heartrending agonies.

And yet, but a portion of the population of Ireland is engaged in agriculture. Ireland is without any industries, national life, or manufactures—all around is ruin and decay. What, then, must be the suffering of the unhappy townspeople? Visit any city or town, and you can see the ruins of mills that once flourished, and gave employment to the people. You see the water-power which nature has so plentifully bestowed upon this favoured island of heaven, running to waste; and you witness numbers of idle men standing around, leaning against ruined walls, eating their souls away in decay, like their surroundings. What silent miseries this must entail: not so public as the agony of evictions, but with the same destructive results. Few know of the struggles with poverty and sickness, brought on by lack of nourishment. How many a famine death takes place unknown, or nearly so, to the community, registered under the head of some disease—disease originating in hunger! Absence of manufactures is the greatest evil of foreign occupation; the land question is but secondary to this frightful evil.

An incident occurred in the House of Commons that startled Englishmen, and told them that a new class of Irishmen was now in the enemy's Parliament. On the evening of Tuesday, April 27, 1875, Mr. Biggar rose in his place, and called the Speaker's attention to the presence of strangers.

It was one of the old privileges of the British Parliament, to exclude all but members at their sittings. This privilege could be exercised by any individual member unquestioned. Of course the custom had not only fallen into disuse, but was almost completely forgotten. The necessity for the presence of newspaper reporters, and the absurdity of exercising the privilege, unless under grave circumstances, coupled with the conservative habits of the British nation, left the laws of Parliament unchanged. When Mr. Biggar called the Speaker's attention to the presence of strangers, the House was astonished at this strange proceeding. The Speaker said: "Do I understand the honourable member for Cavan to take notice that strangers are now present?" Mr. Biggar: "I do." The Speaker (murmurs and cries of "Oh!"): "That being so, I am compelled to give notice that strangers must withdraw." The Speaker's and Members' galleries, which were crowded, were then, at five minutes to five o'clock, soon cleared. The reporters were, of course, also compelled to leave. . . .

Mr. Disraeli was quite indignant with Mr. Biggar for his conduct. He considered the honourable member for Cavan's action unpardonable, and lowering to the dignity of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. Several Irish members condemned Mr. Biggar's course. Old members, who had accepted the "Home Rule" cry to preserve their seats, or to procure new ones, were most emphatic in their condemnation. A motion was put and carried, that in future members should give notice if they proposed to call the Speaker's attention to strangers, which would have to be put to the vote of the House.

What made Mr. Biggar's action more deeply hurtful to the aristocratic British tendencies of both sides of the chamber, was the presence of the Prince of Wales, who was compelled to withdraw with the others. . . .

V

OBSTRUCTION IN PARLIAMENT—SYMPATHY IN IRELAND.

WHEN Charles Stewart Parnell first appeared upon the political horizon, there was an intense hostility among the masses of the people against the doctrines of Provincialism, or, as it is often termed, Parliamentary agitation. What then, were the reasons which afterwards induced so many to look with favour on the new aspirant for public leadership? It was the introduction of the new weapon, obstruction; and Mr. Parnell's energetic tactics in the enemy's legislative chambers. This, coupled with a bold and manly outspoken determination to win self-government for Ireland in any case, or by any means, should peaceful measures fail, won for Mr. Parnell the devotion of so many Nationalists. Had Mr. Parnell then attempted the driest policy of doing nothing which he preaches and practices at this date (1887), or had he attempted to form an alliance with any of the wings of the enemy's political parties, his sun of leadership would have never arisen. The energy at that time displayed by the young leader, the novelty and unknown power of his new weapon, by the use of which so much was promised to the Irish people; as well as the open and avowed hostility of the professional Home Rule Provincialists, under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt, attracted the attention of the masses to the member for Meath. Since that time Mr. Parnell has stolen Mr. Butt's "Home Rule" thunder, only to find it as powerful as the whirr from a popgun.

When the young member from Meath and his small band of colleagues, led by Mr. Biggar, interfered with the orderly and solemn course of British legislation, hampering and trying to render useless the Parliamentary machine, he awoke a feeling of joy and delight in the Irish breast which Parliamentary tactics never before evoked. It was a species of physical force introduced into the British Commons, an upsetting of all the traditions and customs of that chamber, hallowed to British reverence.

This new weapon could not be termed by any stretch of imagination, "moral suasion." It was an attack on an ancient English institution which rendered inoperative, the law-making power, and crippled legislation. It won over to the banner of Mr. Parnell, Irish believers in physical force; it strengthened and made more confident, Irishmen who clung to milder methods. The more indignant the British became, the more gratified and satisfied were the Irish people.

The masses of all peoples are not difficult to sway, when leaders can show them a course by which their needs and desires can be procured; it is then only natural that the path which entails the less sacrifice and suffering, if it can be fruitful with the necessary results, will be eagerly embraced.

Provincialism, miscalled Nationalism, took a forward step in the Irish mind; it was impossible for any but close observers and men with time to study the subject, to see that Buttism and Parnellism could only have one and the same result. How could the masses see this, when men who posed as leaders in the ranks of the Nationalists, could not discern that this new departure was Provincialism simply wearing a veil?

Parliamentary politics—through the action of the young member for Meath and a few enthusiastic and determined men, who had outstripped their fellow representatives in trying to compel Britain to listen to Ireland's story and to hearken to her needs by the bold course of "obstruction"—had been invested with a fresh glamour for the Irish people; they eagerly listened and accepted the statement made to

them that Britain must either grant "Home Rule" to Ireland, or have the whole course of her legislation blocked.

Ireland—so the people were told—had at last discovered a weapon, by the aid of which they could wring from Britain a native Parliament, and an independent Ministry.

Mr. Butt, the Provincialist leader, was indignant and annoyed at the course adopted by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar. He was a true believer in the efficacy of persuasion and conciliation, and as loyal to the British Crown as his great predecessor Daniel O'Connell, or as Mr. Parnell is to-day (1887). He knew the course pursued by the members for Meath and Cavan would anger his British friends, and, as he expressed it, undo all his labour in trying to conciliate British prejudices against concessions, so termed, to Ireland. Mr. Butt did not then realise that the tide of popularity had turned, and was flowing steadily in the direction of his youthful competitor and eventual successor in the chameleon-like position of Provincial leader.

Notwithstanding Mr. Butt's great ability as an orator and as a Parliamentarian, he could not show to the Irish people that which they believed Mr. Parnell had already accomplished—the discomfiture of their foes by the member for Meath's perseverance in "obstruction."

How many times has Ireland since been told by its new idol and his followers—men who are matchless in Parliamentary abilities—that their enemies would soon be routed, and that success would soon reward their labours? But alas! the end is not yet; neither is the goal in sight.

But to return. The slight Parliamentary skirmishes of the previous session tending toward "obstruction," were followed up during this year, 1877, by the first real battles of the new movement. Mr. Butt introduced his Land Bill in March, which was again defeated by a large majority, Britain's usual answer to conciliation.

During the debate on the Prisons Bill in March, 1877, Mr. Parnell tried to expose the tortures and cruelties, practised on Irish political prisoners, in English penal prisons. He called

attention to the treatment of Reddin, who lost the use of his limbs through the brutal punishment he received, even the prison doctor aiding in the cruel persecution. During the course of his statement he was interrupted several times by the British members, on some occasions very rudely, and in an unparliamentary manner.

The Irish members who supported Mr. Parnell opposed every motion to progress, and the House was kept sitting until near morning. Mr. Butt hoped the honourable member for Meath would not persist in his opposition to progress. Mr. Parnell said, in deference to the honourable member for Limerick, he would withdraw his opposition; and the tired House passed this measure and closed the sitting.

Again the Mutiny Bill was in committee on April 12. Mr. Parnell and the small band who followed him, were persistent in their attempts to improve and alter, some of the clauses of the bill. Division after division took place, but Mr. Parnell and his determined followers kept the House on the defensive. The apostles and soldiers of "the new departure" were determined to test the power of their new weapon.

Mr. Butt was very much annoyed at this persistent opposition. He thought that the honourable members ought to have waited till he came to a clause which he wished to amend. He regretted that the time of the House should have been wasted on this miserable and wretched discussion, and condemned the course taken by the honourable member, as one of obstruction. He had no control over the honourable member, but he had a duty to discharge to the Irish nation, and in discharge of that duty he wished to say that he entirely disapproved of the honourable member's conduct.

On April 24, 1877, the annual "Home Rule" debate took place, with the usual Irish speeches in favour of the measure, and a few British speeches in opposition. The only incident worthy of note in this debate, was Mr. Gladstone's indignant denial of having written a note in support of a Liberal candidate, who promised to vote in favour of the Irish demand. The motion for inquiry into the causes which necessitated

Ireland's demand for a separate Legislature and Ministry, was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

The South Africa Bill, to sanction the confederation of the British possessions on the dark continent, came before the House on July 25. The Transvaal Republic had been invaded and violently seized by the British, for which act Mr. Gladstone denounced the Tory Administration. He condemned their arrogant usurpation of the Boers' Government. These speeches of the great Liberal found an echo in every liberty-loving heart.

Mr. Parnell opposed the Confederation Bill then before the House, principally on account of the Boers' right as freemen. He was violently attacked by his British opponents. The member for Meath, in the course of his remarks, said: "I express my opinion that intimidation has been used by the English press. I express my deliberate opinion that deliberate intimidation has been resorted to by the press of this country, in order to coerce me and prevent me from discharging my duty. As long as I have a seat in this House I shall not allow myself to be prevented from speaking what I think it necessary to speak, or from taking such steps as I think it necessary to take."

The first great battle of obstruction took place a few days later when the South Africa Bill was in committee; the sitting of the House of Commons lasted for the unprecedented time of twenty-six and a half hours, beginning on Tuesday, July 31, at 4.15 P.M., and continuing, without a break, until Wednesday evening at 6.10 P.M. Hour after hour the British members were compelled to march through the division lobby, on repeated motions to adjourn. The Government was determined to overcome the Irish opposition by mere force of numbers. The weary hours of the night stole away; each succeeding peal of the great clock of St. Stephen's was answered by the tread of feet through the lobby, as division succeeded division with the selfsame result, only to find the unflagging Irish, few in numbers

but determined as at the start. The gray light of morning stole into the Commons Chamber, to witness a scene never before known in British Parliamentary annals.

The few members who assisted Mr. Parnell in his untiring opposition to the Tory Government, were compelled to divide themselves into relief parties, so that some would be enabled to get rest, while others sustained the struggle. Mr. Biggar, with his quiet, keen sarcasm and dry humour, tried to inspirit his friends and abash his foes; he gave Mr. Parnell valuable assistance, as did Mr. O'Connor Power, once a Nationalist, now, alas! lost to the cause he at one time so faithfully served. The Irish contingent dwindled down to three votes in the early morning, and on one occasion to two votes, excluding their tellers; but they refused to succumb and kept on the struggle as stubborn as ever. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, but no change came in the aspect of affairs in Parliament; the unyielding Irish would die on the floor of the House before they would surrender.

For the first time since the so-called union, the British Government began to realise that a new order of men represented Irish interests in that House. With Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar came a new programme, and activity and determination were soon to permeate the Irish ranks; but only to further prove and emphasise National teaching in all ages, that no amount of energy or activity can possibly solve, or even help in the smallest manner, the Irish issue in the enemy's Parliament. Ireland must either die or fight, as all nations were compelled to do, for liberty and independence.

Mr. Butt, who was a sincere Provincialist and as West British as Mr. Parnell and his followers are to-day—such is the end of all Irish Parliamentary careers—was horrified, as were his friends, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. Shaw, and the other so-called Home Rule members, when they entered the House that morning, and witnessed the scene therein presented. The House was still sitting, or it would be more appropriate to say marching, as when they left it late the night before.

The Buttites were as indignant with the Parnellites, as these latter worthy gentlemen are to-day with the London *Times*, for accusing them of association with the INVINCIBLES. Mr. Butt was very indignant, and felt disgraced and humiliated at the ungentlemanly behaviour of the Parnellites; but he knew he was powerless to suppress, what he considered the outrageous conduct of the members for Meath and Cavan and their friends. The Buttites felt too alarmed to admit to themselves what they feared—that the Irish nation was ready to sustain Mr. Parnell, in his obstructive opposition to British legislation. They knew, alas! too well for their own political happiness, that Mr. Parnell could give no opposition to the British too extreme, which would not meet the full sanction and approval of the Irish people.

The Government was compelled to succumb, baffled and discomfited, notwithstanding their immense majority; for the Tories never dreamt of laying their hands on the sacred privileges of Parliament. It was left to the hypocritical and canting British party, who style themselves Liberals, to suppress debate and bring in a closure bill at St. Stephen's. The wearied chamber rose after an arduous and prolonged sitting.

Great was the joy of the Irish people when the news reached them. It was the first Parliamentary struggle that had given them any confidence. They began to hope, inspired by the delusive teaching of the time, that they had found means by which they could compel the British to surrender to them the management of their own island home. It seemed to them that they had something more tangible within their grasp, than a vote on "Home Rule." They were taught that they held the power to destroy the privileges of the British Commons so long as Britain refused to yield to their just demands; and that as the Tories succumbed in the House, so would the enemy crumble before these new obstructive tactics.

They believed a new leader had sprung into life to lead his

suffering countrymen away from British bondage. Mr. Butt's eloquent oratory was not listened to in the enemy's Parliament, or was heard only to be out-voted; here was a new policy with a vigorous young leader, and Ireland was ready to enroll herself under his banner.

Carried away by the wave of enthusiasm which followed this Parliamentary struggle, the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, at their Liverpool conference, as an endorsement of his policy, elected Mr. Parnell as their president, to replace Mr. Isaac Butt.

Kilmallock, County Limerick, through her member, Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, tendered Mr. Parnell a public reception and banquet, as an acknowledgment of his Parliamentary victory. The weather had been very broken for some time, and a great deal of rain had fallen, but this Monday, September 17, 1877, dawned in mellow loveliness—a sweet Irish autumn day. The sun shone out in beauty and brilliancy on the green fields and softened vales of Limerick. Erin had wiped away her tears and wore her sunniest smile of welcome to greet her young champion. Numerous bands made the air resound with Irish music, arches covered the roadway, and banners were displayed in profusion; and everything that was possible was done to give Mr. Parnell a hearty Irish welcome. Patriotic mottoes were inscribed on flags and banners; the usual Irish "Cead Mille Failthe" was visible, accompanied by "Welcome to our good Members," "Ireland demands 'Home Rule,'" "Free the Captives." The enthusiastic and impulsive people believed in the efficacy of "obstruction" to win them victory.

Mr. Parnell's arrival at Kilmallock was the occasion of a most enthusiastic reception. Speeches were delivered by several of those who came to do him welcome, including Mr. O'Sullivan, the resident M.P. Mr. Parnell delivered the following interesting address. The opening part in italics is appropriate to that gallant gentleman's position at this date (1887):

"Irishmen in their own country had always been the first to show they were Irishmen, *but in the House of Commons*

they never could be Irishmen. I appreciate the sacrifice you have made in coming to welcome myself and others, and I appreciate the spirit which dictated the sacrifice.

“Standing as we are in the midst of monuments that mark the ancient struggle between Ireland and the Normans, we are inaugurating a fresh struggle between England and Ireland, which we will *fight out like men.* *It is our duty not to conciliate,* not to beg, not to crave from England. It is our duty to demand, and if we cannot get what we ask by demanding it, our duty is to show that England must give it. (Cheers.) *In whatever field we struggle, whatever weapons we employ,* let us show we are Irishmen. (Cheers.) I have been accused of being a disunionist and a disruptionist. I am neither. I have no personal aims in this matter, but I do say to the people of Ireland, *that their cause has been degraded by their representatives in the House of Commons.* I wish to bring about a change, and to ask you to see that so long as we are to have a Parliamentary policy of any kind, it should be a national policy. There is no disunion on this question. The people of Ireland are of one mind upon it ; or if they are not so to-day, they will soon be of one mind.”

That portion of this truly remarkable address which is italicised should be remembered to-day. Every word of Mr. Parnell’s speech in Kilmallock, delivered ten years ago, would bear repetition, and teach a wholesome lesson to the people as to the mockery of Provincialist teaching.

In the evening there was a banquet tendered to the “patriotic member for Meath.” Letters of apology were read from Mr. Butt and other gentlemen who regretted being absent. Mr. Biggar, M.P. for Cavan, wrote :

“I regret very much it is out of my power to be at Kilmallock on this day week. I see by the papers that Mr. Butt and Mr. Redmond, have been trying to lead the people of Ireland astray, by incorrect assumptions, and attempts to hide the leading question. Do the people of Ireland wish their representatives to be industrious or indolent ? Do they wish

them to make their primary object what will be for the good of Ireland, or what will please the English members of Parliament? I think whenever the issue is raised there can be no doubt of what the verdict of the Irish people will be, in spite of the mutterings of a few insincere Whigs."

At this banquet, the toast of the British Queen was omitted, and the first toast was, "Ireland a self-governed nation."

Mr. Parnell was welcomed all over Ireland, and in Britain; in Irish gatherings, they were eager and delighted to see and hear the apostle and leader of obstruction.

But "Royal" Meath did not forget her young member, and Mr. Parnell's appearance there was a triumphal progress. Bands and banners came to meet him, as he stepped off the train at Navan. The Town Commissioners of Navan presented him with an address of welcome, which was read by their chairman. They observed with satisfaction that neither the fierce hostility of an intolerant alien assembly, nor the vile abuse of an unscrupulous press, nor the chilling abstention of his own Parliamentary colleagues, could drive him from that course of action which his patriotism suggested as best calculated to serve the interests of his country. The chairman complimented him for his honesty and patriotism, his earnestness and ability, his indomitable perseverance as a faithful representative, and finally as "a great Irishman."

Mr. Parnell said he thought the opposition to British rule which was best and most felt, was that which brought about results, and that opposition was best which was determined and never flinching. The independent opposition of Gavan Duffy and Lucas had failed, because the British Government used means which it well knew how to use against it; and it was thwarted by treachery. The Government of the present day thought it would thwart this opposition by similar means, but it reckoned without its hosts. If the Irish people thought it was best to be craven and cowardly, he would submit to their judgment. If they chose to do nothing but kneel before England, let them kneel; but when they found, as

they should know well enough by this time, that they would not get anything out of England by cringing and kneeling and supplicating, they would adopt the policy of action, which had been shown in some slight degree to be a successful policy.

Mr. Ennis, M.P., in the course of a long speech, said the truth was, that when Irishmen went to Westminster they seemed to forget that they were Irishmen.

The grateful Irish people lost no opportunity to testify their esteem and approval of Mr. Parnell's political course. Then commenced a series of public receptions to Ireland's favourite son, that has since been continued by the people of both continents.

A new champion in favour of "Home Rule" for Ireland appeared at this time—that erratic, but brilliant and able Englishman, Lord Randolph Churchill. The Irish papers quoted his speeches and writings with approval. The English press said the only logical conclusion that Lord Churchill should come to, was to join the "Home Rule" League. Alas! for Ireland, she will foolishly listen to these meaningless, mocking, speeches of affected sympathy, offered by British statesmen for their own personal or party purposes. Ireland is for them a shuttlecock, which both Liberals and Tories use, to toss about between them. Ireland was visited this year by one of the greatest masters in the use of kindly speech and fierce condemnation of Ireland's persecutors, when out of office, William Ewart Gladstone. . . .

The early part of this year [1878] saw three of the Fenian prisoners liberated on tickets of leave: Colour-Sergeant McCarthy, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Michael Davitt. On their arrival by mail boat at Kingstown they received an enthusiastic Irish welcome; crowds climbed on top of the railroad carriages, struggling to shake hands with the liberated men. Among those who went down from Dublin by special train, to greet them, were Major O'Gorman, M.P., and Mr. John Ferguson, the famous Glasgow publisher, and a staunch Irish

Provincialist. Westland Row, Dublin, and the environs of the railroad terminus, were crowded with people to give the released men a cordial greeting. The Dublin bands turned out, and they were escorted by a crowded procession to their hotel.

Mr. Davitt, the most prominent of these men living, was arrested through the curious fact that an Irishman whose tendency was secretiveness, carried it to an extreme. Mr. Davitt had been "Arms Agent" for the Irish revolutionists in the north of England, and supplied arms to any of the Irish "circles" that required to purchase them. As these duties were partly commercial, Mr. Davitt took into partnership an Englishman, a Mr. Wilson. The I. R. B. "centre" at Portlaw, County Waterford, ordered some rifles for his men, and they were shipped to Waterford, to be kept at the goods depot until sent for. This "centre" was an exceptionally silent man; he took no one into his confidence as to the route by which the arms would come. He fell ill of fever and died, and his secret was buried with him. The baggage master at the depot, who was an ex-constabulary man, noticed this box so long uncalled for, lying in the store, had it opened, and when its contents were revealed, communicated with the British authorities. On the the rifles were the names or private marks, of the Birmingham makers. The British detectives were set on the track by the clue these captured arms gave them, and the result was the arrest of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Davitt tried in the noblest manner to save the Englishman from punishment, by volunteering to take upon himself the two sentences; but Mr. Davitt might have known that this could not be. The Englishman, to many men's view of the matter, deserved a very heavy sentence for his unpatriotic conduct. Although he might have been told nothing of Mr. Davitt's surroundings, still he must have suspected, no matter how carefully Mr. Davitt tried to mislead him, that these arms were intended for Irish revolutionists to use, when expedient, against Britons, his countrymen. And for the sake of the money in the business, he was satisfied to be silent, and assist. Most people believe

in every man standing by his own nation, and condemn this man Wilson. What in Mr. Davitt was a noble duty, was an act of treachery to his country on the part of the mercenary Briton, who ought to have got the severest penalty. But Mr. Wilson only copied the treasonable actions of Birmingham gunsmiths, who arm Africans and Asiatics, to fight their fellow-countrymen. Since his sentence Mr. Davitt has had a "noble vision." At this hour he would supply his countrymen with a cargo of dictionaries, to teach them to collect a choice number of expletives, to convince the Saxon. Words are Mr. Davitt's modern weapon of war.

One of the three men released was an exceptionally noble fellow, whose assistance to Ireland, had she taken the field in 1865, would have been most valuable—Colour-Sergeant McCarthy. This brave Irishman did not live long to enjoy his freedom. A few days after his arrival in Dublin he died suddenly of heart disease, brought on by prison cruelties. His wife, who was on the way to Dublin, heard of his death on her arrival in the city. All that British prisons had given up to her, was her husband's corpse.

What comparison can there be between the short terms of imprisonment which our friends of the League can receive, placed beside these men's sufferings, endured for many years in England's savage penal dens?

Do Irishmen remember that there are to-day numbers of their countrymen—or has their sympathy all gone to the Leaguers?—suffering the same mental and physical tortures which "done to death" Colour-Sergeant McCarthy?

VI.

“PARNELLISM” VERSUS “BUTTISM”—RELEASE OF FENIAN PRISONERS.

THE year of grace, 1878, opened with a great shock to the Tory Premier's policy. Russian troops, in spite of all English military prophets to the contrary, crossed the Balkan range; and were in victorious march towards the ancient capital of the Empire of the East. Lord Beaconsfield called Parliament together one month earlier than usual. The British Premier, having made his sovereign an Empress, had retired to the quiet precincts of the Upper Chamber with an English earldom. He summoned the Legislature to vote his Ministry six million pounds sterling, to pay for the expenses of mobilising the army reserve and calling out the militia. . . . The Parnellite Parliamentary Party took no active interest in this European question. They only hoped that Britain would go to war, so as to enable Ireland to avail herself of any difficulties England might get involved in. . . .

A “Home Rule” conference was held in Dublin. Many looked forward to seeing a serious division in the “Home Rule” ranks over the question of obstruction.

Mr. John Dillon proposed the following resolution:—

“Whereas, it is desirable to seize all suitable opportunity of demonstrating, both to the English people, and foreign nations, that the Irish nation so long as it is deprived of its national right to self-government, can have no community of

interest with England in her dealings with foreign powers, this conference is of opinion that, should the question of intervention arise, the Irish party ought, through its leader, to repudiate all sympathy with England on this question, and that the party ought to emphasise this declaration by leaving the House in a body before the division."

He said the adoption of such a course would, no doubt, create a great feeling of anger in the House of Commons, but it would do more to convince his hearers of the deep wish of the Irish people than even a repetition of the scenes of 1867; and far more than any debates in the House of Commons, where Mr. Butt by his eloquence won nothing for the Irish people but the honeyed words of wily Ministers, who, calculating on his amiability of temperament, used him as their tool.

Mr. Butt retorted that if they passed this resolution, all they had done in the way of conciliation was at an end. It would be the death knell of the "Home Rule" party. A more deadly blow at the heart of Ireland could not be struck. (Cries of "No!") Gentlemen might say "No." He thought he knew something of what would be the effect on public opinion. They had not watched with him over the cradle of this "Home Rule" movement; they had not watched over the efforts to build up a party such as they never had in Ireland before. He confessed he was tired and disgusted with men who had no experience, putting forward their opinions there with an air of authority. It was a recision of the very first principles of the "Home Rule League;" he believed the resolution was illegal. Was there ever such an abandonment of the great cause of the Irish people? . . . He implored Mr. Dillon to withdraw the resolution, if only as a sacrifice to that unity which characterised their proceedings.

Mr. Parnell moved as an amendment: "That, if any definite issue be raised on the Eastern question, which was an Imperial question, it would be the duty of the Irish Parliamentary party to consult together and to carry out as a party, a united line of policy and of action." Mr.

Dillon seconded Mr. Parnell's amendment, which was carried.

Mr. Butt, in his appeal to Mr. Dillon to withdraw his resolution, said of it that "a more deadly blow could not be struck at the heart of Ireland."

The whirligig of British party politics, into the vortex of which Provincialists are certain to be dragged, has strange contrasts. The time was to come when, according to Mr. Dillon's supposed changed patriotic views, another deadly blow had been struck at Ireland's heart, and Ireland put back at least another quarter of a century; the language Mr. Butt used to Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell, they in turn, as they became timid and vacillating by British Parliamentary association, used to other men. But, unlike Mr. Butt, the Parnellites were only playing a part when they denounced those who remained faithful to the standard of genuine self-government, which Mr. Dillon at this later time deserted.

On April 15, 1878, Mr. Butt communicated to the committee of the Irish Parliamentary party his intention of resigning his position as leader, assigning as his reasons ill-health, and his inability to attend to professional and Parliamentary duties at the same time. The committee communicated with Mr. Butt, and asked him to reconsider the matter, and then to inform them of his final decision.

Mr. Butt, in response to a telegram, arrived in London to attend a meeting to consider the question of his proffered resignation of leadership.

In the address he delivered to the committee, Mr. Butt awoke a sad responsive thrill in the Irish heart. How many splendid men of ability have eaten away their souls in trying to accomplish self-government for Ireland, by the impossible course of British Parliamentary politics? Mr. Butt, in addressing the committee, said :

"I had hoped to associate my name with benefits to my native land. My colleagues will readily believe that I do not

lightly give up that prized position and sever myself from those cherished hopes."

The Dublin *Irishman*, April 13, 1878, speaking of Mr. Butt's proposed resignation, said :

"The resignation of Mr. Butt shows that the 'Home Rule' organisation is on its last legs, and with its final collapse will disappear for ever the hopeless sham of constitutional agitation."

Unfortunately for Ireland, this prophecy has not been fulfilled. So long as Ireland has slavish dreamers, who in blind folly mislead the masses, and mercenary men who see the means to reap a golden harvest, so long will Ireland have agitators. When her people throw off their credulity and think for themselves, and are prepared to make sacrifices for freedom ; if there are a sufficient number left at home, native government may hope to be on the true road for success.

The *Flag of Ireland*, speaking of the federal collapse, observed :

"The working classes heard all these fine platform speeches. They saw what it all meant : an agitation, for the mere purpose of lifting a few score of ambitious persons, into the English House of Commons. . . . The federal bark is foundering. Luckily it does not bear Ireland's fortunes, or the nation would lament the impending shipwreck of her hopes. Perhaps the Irish race will not regret that the 'Home Rule' skiff is about to heel over, for when she goes down she will drag with her, and bury, constitutional action into the deep."

Some pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Butt, so he resumed the leadership of the dying federal movement on May 29, 1878.

The feeling between the two sections of the "Home Rule" party was daily becoming of an unpleasant nature, and nothing but the fixed determination of the Parnellites to avoid collision, kept the party together. The Buttites were very much in the majority, and except when questions of

principle were involved, Mr. Parnell and his party tried to keep from giving offence to those gentlemen, who were supposed to possess milder dispositions, and more equable temperaments, than their energetic and fiery rivals.

Experience has taught Irishmen the sad lesson that the so-called moderates are very much more immoderate in the expression of their views than the Nationalists, and that they have often to bear with vituperation and calumny from the Provincialists, sooner than by replying, to give joy to the common enemy.

The Whig "Home Rulers" were very bitter at the course which Mr. Parnell and his few followers pursued in Parliament, but they felt compelled to admit, from the results of recent bye-elections, that the country's verdict was in favour of what was termed, at that time, an active Parliamentary policy. Mr. Mitchell Henry, a Whig Home Ruler, in a letter to the Dublin *Freeman*, made the following attack on the obstructionists :—

"Their policy is to bring Parliamentary action into contempt, and substitute for it violence and crime. . . .

"I venture to say there can be no safety for the party collectively, or for each of us individually, unless a further repudiation is made by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, than any to which their names have been put."

There can be no stronger proof of the corrupting influences of Parliamentary life than that supplied to-day when these men, whom Mr. Mitchell Henry accused of trying to create a policy of violence and crime, are slandering their national brothers, who have not changed as they did in their devotion to Ireland, and their willingness to make every sacrifice in her behalf.

On November 26, 1878, Mr. Butt sent a letter to an elector of Limerick in which he discussed the then much debated question of obstruction. He said :

"The obstructive policy may prevent the passage of a great many good measures, but it can never obtain the passing of one. I am satisfied there never was a time when by prudence

and moderation more good might be accomplished for the country, and a heavy responsibility will fall on any one who mars, by indiscretion or violence, the obtaining of that good."

This letter was one of Mr. Butt's public protests against obstruction. He points to Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, for he considered they marred by indiscretion and violence, Ireland's chance of Home Rule. "Prudence and moderation," said Mr. Butt. How little do these words apply to a dying, struggling nationality, sinking deeper in those shifting sands of destruction, which her foreign foe designs should swallow her up! Better for Ireland to throw, what in a different case might be the motto of wisdom, to the winds; but in hers would be the motto of "folly and inanition." Let her answer with McMahan on the Malakoff, "*J'y suis ; j'y reste !*" when asked to retreat by the most "prudent and moderate" of leaders; or with Grant in the Wilderness exclaim, "We will fight it out on this line, if it takes us all the summer!" It is a noticeable fact in Irish history, that when leaders of the Irish people become what they miscall "prudent and moderate," they grow in proportion more loyal to the British enemy, and proportionately more disloyal to their own nation's interests. Mr. Butt, in a letter to Dr. Ward, M.P., one of the "Home Rule" party, written on November 29, 1878, deprecates any intervention of Irish business tending to interfere with British and Imperial interests in any manner:—

"Parliament is convened for the purpose of deliberating on matters of vital importance to the United Kingdom. We should act very unwisely if, without the most imperious necessity, we interrupted or embarrassed these deliberations by the discussion of questions which we can bring forward with far better chance of success, at a future stage of the proceedings of the session. Such a course would fairly expose us to the suspicion of pressing the claims of Ireland, not for the purpose of obtaining a recognition of them from Parliament, but either with the object of serving the interests of party, or of

creating confusion in the councils of the nation, at a time when to do so is to help the cause of its enemies."

Mr. Butt, in his third letter to the electors of Limerick quoted a manifesto of what was termed the advanced section of "Home Rulers," which appeared in the *Nation* of November 2. This manifesto was written with reference to a meeting in the north of Ireland, at which a resolution was passed, calling on Irish members to retire from Parliament, on the ground of the hopelessness of any effort to obtain justice. Against this resolution the writer of the letter protests, and argues against it by showing the use to which the Parliamentary representation of Ireland may be put:—

"Their very presence in Parliament will keep Ireland's claims before England and the world, and for the enforcement of those claims they can put upon the British Government a degree of pressure, which will at last become intolerable and irresistible beyond doubt or question. The Irish people are beginning to have a clear conception of this fact. They are beginning to see, that for them the British Parliament is the vital point, and at the same time the exposed point, of England's political system. They know that they can hurt England there, and nowhere else. England's forts and barracks are constructed to repel hostile attacks, and without formidable means it is impossible to effect their overthrow.

"The British Parliament, the most important of English institutions, the very citadel of her power, is not constructed on the same principles. It is open to our operations. We have the right of entrance there, and we can disrupt it from within. It is built on the assumption that every man who gets inside will be a friend, a guardian of England's interests, a helper of her designs, an abettor of her policy. There is where Ireland has the grip of her, if Ireland knows how to take it and use it. There is where the pressure can be put on; the hurt can be given and the peril created and maintained, until England consents to undo the injustice of the legislative union."

The two Parliamentary policies were explained and simplified in this letter of Mr. Butt. The Irish leader's (Mr. Butt's) policy was the policy of the present hour—to conciliate the British people. The then policy of the new departure (Mr. Parnell's) was to use the forms of the House of Commons to obstruct the business of British legislation, and so exasperate the English people, that they would eventually rid themselves of the Irish members, by giving to them a native Parliament. Mr. Butt's criticism of this course was in a measure correct ; it could not, nor can any Parliamentary course, gain for Ireland what she needs—self-government. To think that it would be possible to do England any serious injury in Parliament, as in the letter quoted by Mr. Butt, could only exist in the imagination of the writer. Material injury of any kind, can only be done by some species of physical force.

The action of Mr. Parnell drew upon him the attention of the Irish-Americans. Mr. Davitt, who came to America on National business, made a very able address in Brooklyn near the close of this year [1878]. Some of the Irish-Americans, carried away with this new weapon to hurt England, and not thoroughly understanding the position of things on the other side, advocated the sending of Fenian members into Parliament ; it is presumed the gentlemen meant Irish Nationalists, who believed in physical force, but were waiting for the time to come—that time which never comes to men or nations ; they must make it for themselves. Sending men of this kind into Parliament would merely mean their loss to the National cause. A little while there, and they would turn out West Britons like the rest. An Irish-American combated this idea by stating that “no physical force formations, as such, have any business dabbling in agitation ; the very reason for their being consists in the inflexible resolution which they should hold, not to meddle with it.”

At the end of the year 1878 the last of the Irish Revolu-

tionary prisoners were released. These gentlemen were Messrs. Ahearne and James Clancy. The last-named prisoner was one of the most gallant and determined of the Irish soldiers in the enemy's service. Mr. James Clancy was, like Mr. O'Reilly of Boston, a private soldier in the British army; he belonged to that scientific corps, the Royal Engineers, and was enrolled in the National Organisation, called at that time Fenians. Mr. Clancy, anxious to take the field, left the enemy's service at Chatham, where the Engineers were quartered, at the end of the year 1865—that memorable year when Irish patriots expected that they would be in the field, striking at the foe of their country and race. He was one of the leading Irish Revolutionists in London, and, was coming from the residence of one of the then Revolutionary chiefs, when he was followed by Sergeant Choun, of the Engineers, who "shadowed" him, suspecting he was the missing Engineer he was in search of, but not quite certain. On this particular Saturday evening, Sergeant Choun accompanied by Constable Chamberlain, accosted Mr. Clancy at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Irish Revolutionary soldiers, when armed, were under orders not to surrender to the enemy; to shoot and if possible escape, but in no case to surrender without making a fight, as it was very properly considered cowardly for an armed man to give himself up to the foe without a struggle; else, why carry arms at all? In this they were cautioned against following the example of Mr. Stephens and his companions, when arrested at Fairfield House, Dublin. Mr. James Clancy, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Major Sirr attempted to seize, resisted to the death. When Sergeant Choun attempted to seize him, he tripped up the Britisher by placing a stick between his legs, and, giving him a parting kick, ran off swiftly to effect his escape. But Choun, helped by Chamberlain, was soon on his feet, and they promptly pursued the flying Clancy. After running some distance in the direction of Bedford Square, the Irish soldier found his pursuers gaining on him. Turning round and facing the British officers,

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he discharged a shot from his revolver at Sergeant Choun, the bullet whistling unpleasantly close to the ear of the sergeant. For a moment the Engineer and his comrade hesitated, and Mr. Clancy resumed the race with fresh vigour ; but, recovering themselves, the Englishmen again took up the chase. After running some further distance, the gallant Irish soldier turned round and discharged a second shot at his pursuer Chamberlain, who was nearing him fast. Chamberlain staggered back in fright, but quickly recovering himself took up the pursuit, at the same time calling on those in the street to help them by stopping the flying Irishman. An English passer-by responded, and seized Clancy, who would have got away but for Chamberlain coming up. By their united exertions they tripped up Clancy, and he fell to the ground, still grasping his revolver firmly. The Irishman's blood was up, and the dauntless fellow would die before he would surrender. While he was struggling on the ground with his captors, he pulled the trigger of his revolver, aiming at Chamberlain's breast, who would most certainly have been slain, had it not been for a pin in the pistol (joining the parts of the instrument) which projected and stopped the bullet. The bullet stuck between the chamber and the barrel, and was held there, though the powder had exploded. Had the ball passed the barrel, Chamberlain would inevitably have been shot ; as it was his face was blackened by powder, and his hair and beard singed by the fire. As Chamberlain afterward expressed it, Clancy would be the last Irish Fenian he would try to capture ; they were the most dare-devil fellows in creation.

A crowd now gathered, and Choun coming up, the gallant Irishman was overpowered by numbers ; not content with bringing him off a prisoner, the cowardly brutes beat him on the head, face, and body, when he lay helpless at their mercy. What a contrast was this gallant and determined resistance to that of some of the would-be heroes of that period, who either were taken in arms, or whined " Guilty " when in the dock !

Mr. Clancy was brought before a British magistrate with his head bandaged; the enemy made no charge against him for being an Irish Revolutionist; they wished it to be considered non-political, so that the world would not understand the reason for Mr. Clancy's desperate resistance, and why such a scene in connection with the Irish war had been enacted in their great metropolis. Mr. Clancy was charged with an attempt to shoot the officers, and for being a deserter from the Royal Engineers. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life. After serving eleven years of torture in the enemy's dungeons, Mr. Clancy was released at the close of 1878, the enemy at last admitting he was a political prisoner. To Mr. O'Connor Power's credit, be it said—although he is now lost to Ireland—he never deserted any of his former comrades, the Fenian prisoners, and while a Provincialist he used his Parliamentary position and influence to further their release.

What a number of ex-Irish Fenian prisoners there have been on the New York press! The fact contradicts the lying statements of the enemy, that the Fenians were recruited from the ignorant and uneducated. Mr. James Clancy is to-day one of the brilliant writers on the *New York Herald*. Shortly after his release a public meeting was held in London, to hear the lately imprisoned patriot deliver a lecture on the tortures of British prison life. The hall was filled with all the London advanced Nationalists. Mr. Parnell was to have presided, but he could not get there. Mr. G. F. Goulding, a prominent Irish Nationalist, took the chair. Mr. Clancy delivered a very interesting lecture, which was listened to with rapt attention. He evoked great sympathy as he detailed with much pathos and great ability, the terrible sufferings he himself and his comrades had undergone in England's penal dungeons.

The year 1878 closed, to usher in the eventful year of land agitation, when the Provincialists, aided by Irish-American money, built up a gigantic organisation to fight the Irish landlords.

VII

DEATH OF MR. BUTT—BIRTH OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

THE year 1879 closed the "Home Rule" League era in Ireland, or nearly so, and ushered in that great social organisation, the "Land League." Already there were mutterings around that boded no good to that haughty and insolent class, the landlords, and as if to hasten their destruction, came the famine harvest of 1879. The price of Irish produce, owing to the competition with the United States, then rapidly increasing her exports to Britain, had seriously diminished in value. The facilities which were created by science to place American dead meat in the market, alarmed the graziers and those engaged in the cattle trade. It needed no deficient harvest to make the farmers suffer; the fall in prices was sufficient to give them grave cause for uneasiness. They who have read anything of Ireland must be familiar with the sad tales of eviction, handed down from generation to generation—that one continued trail of blood, which marks England's career, her laws, and management of the soil of Ireland. . . .

Mr. Butt found the toils of his professional labours in addition to his Parliamentary duties heavy to bear. In February, 1879, he caught cold returning from a professional visit. He got better, and again relapsed. He was removed to Roebuck, near Dublin, for change of air. Great anxiety was evinced by the Irish people, for they knew that another great Irishman, who had served them according to his light

loyally and faithfully, and whose health was undermined in vainly struggling for them in the London Parliament, was in danger of death. They also remembered his gallant defence of the Irish patriot prisoners, in which he exerted himself almost to a superhuman effort in their service, and his marvellous defence of Robert Kelly, who shot that double-dyed traitor and spy, Constable Talbot, the wretch who desecrated God's altar in the service of his no less infamous employers, the British Government, and who died in horrible agonies, blaspheming his Creator. Mr. Butt's defence of Robert Kelly was no less a triumph of forensic skill and mastery of the law on his part, than was the ability displayed by his witness, Dr. O'Leary, who sat as "Home Rule" member for Drogheda up to his death. Dr. O'Leary's scientific skill as an anatomist, proved to the jury's satisfaction that Talbot came by his death through unskilful treatment in the hospital in probing for the bullet, and not through the effect of Kelly's shot. No one had the smallest spark of pity for Talbot, not even those who used this murderous instrument to deceive and betray his Irish victims. Mr. Butt's days were coming to a close. The voice that often rang in the British senate, pleading for his country and exposing and denouncing her persecutor, was soon to be hushed in death. A little while, and the last spark flickered and went out, and the loving soul of Isaac Butt passed away into that unknown country beyond the grave.

He died on May 5, 1879, and his nation truly sorrowed at her loss, none more full of grief than they, who did not believe his measures could be successful, but who knew his great heart and his honesty of purpose; and who, in the spirit of sincere regret, placed their wreath among the others on the dead patriot's bier.

On May 22 a meeting of the "Home Rule" leaders was called for the purpose of electing a chairman of the party to succeed the late Mr. Butt. The following resolutions were put and carried :—

“That a chairman of the ‘Home Rule’ party be appointed, and that said chairman shall be official chairman of all meetings of the party, and of its committees; that he shall have authority to speak as the mouthpiece of the party in the House of Commons on any subject to which the party has come to a resolution, and that he be authorised to summon meetings of the Parliamentary committee, and on any emergency of the party.

“That Mr. Shaw be requested to act as chairman during the session.”

Commencing in January, 1879, Mr. Parnell started on a tour through England for the purpose of reorganising the Irish element. The member for Meath was most untiring in his exertions. He got through more work in the Provincial cause, and with his own immediate following of advanced Home Rulers, as they were termed, than did the whole remaining balance of the party. On August 9 Mr. Parnell was re-elected President of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain.

The Convention Act, passed by the Yeoman’s Parliament in Dublin, to prohibit the volunteers from sending delegates, or Irishmen to assemble as a representative body, was repealed this year. The advanced Home Rulers were anxious for the party to avail themselves of the repeal of this act, to call a “Home Rule” convention in Dublin.

A meeting was held, and arrangements made to issue summonses to have delegates elected and duly instructed to attend this convention. The result of this meeting was published in the newspapers. Two weeks after, the chairman of the party, Mr. Shaw, wrote a letter disapproving of this course. Mr. Parnell was very much incensed at the receipt of this letter, and in his reply to Mr. Shaw said :

“He [Mr. Shaw] remained silent all these sixteen days, though he had notice that a course was to be proposed, which, he now tries to persuade us, is fraught with the most awful results. Why did he not propose his course while there was still time to consider it? If he considered a convention of

limited capability of such vital moment, why did he not say so? The Convention Act has now been repealed for many months, and the course to be adopted in consequence has been the subject of repeated notices at the council of the League, and of much discussion in the press and in conversation, but Mr. Shaw, the sessional chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, takes no action."

On September 18 Mr. Shaw wrote to the secretary of the Home Rule League, declining to be placed on the committee to arrange for a National convention.

A special meeting was called in consequence of this convention. It was moved by Mr. Parnell, M.P., and seconded by T. D. Sullivan, Esq. :

"That the council, entertaining the highest respect for the opinion of Mr. Shaw, have attentively considered his letter, but feel themselves unable to take any fitting action in the matter of the convention, all control over it having passed out of their hands since the meeting of the League on the 12th of September, of which due notice was given in the public press on the 25th of August."

The English journals at this time announced what they called a Fenian convention, held in August at Wilkesbarre, Pa., U.S.A. Several comments were made, uncomplimentary to the gathering, but one particular fact they were all unanimous about,—that there had been a serious quarrel among the leaders which could not be settled peacefully, and that the convention broke up in utter confusion, which meant the abandonment of every attempt to revive the defunct organisation. How absurdly ridiculous are British organs when they attempt to inform their readers of Irish movements !

The great land question now forced itself to the front ; the harvest was a failure, the crops in some portions of the country not equalling half the average produce. This, taken together with the great fall in prices, made the outlook a very serious one for the Irish tenant farmer. For numerous

families who farmed small patches of land, which even at the best of times was a struggle for existence, it meant starvation. Ireland was threatened with a fearful famine, unless her alien rulers stepped in and saved the people from the impending terrible fate that was suspended over them. But the English Ministry was deaf to the voice of Ireland. The Chief Secretary in Dublin Castle, who represented the Tories who then usurped Irish government, was the Honourable James Lowther, an English sporting man, and one well known on the turf, where he was familiarly spoken of as "Jimmy" Lowther. This scion of English nobility had the most utter contempt for Ireland, and everything Irish. He made not the slightest attempt to conceal this feeling, and, both in Parliament and in Dublin Castle, never disguised his detestation of the inferior race of beings whose destinies had fallen beneath his sway.

Whenever deputations waited on him, even of the West British portion of the community, he received them with such supercilious patronage and sneering insults that Jimmy Lowther became very unpopular in Ireland, an honour, to do this gay sportsman justice, he seemed to court. He put aside as exaggerated stories, the news brought him of an impending famine. Even the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord-Lieutenant, who was personally a very amiable man, looked upon such statements at this time as highly coloured, and considered it most improbable that they would be realised.

Mr. Parnell was fully alive to the situation, and with trumpet tongue gave voice to the fearful doom he foresaw awaited the people, if prompt measures were not taken. Land meetings were held all over the country. Town and country people, and dwellers in the large cities, became now fully alive to the desperate condition of affairs. Mr. Parnell was ubiquitous. He attended meetings, and gave addresses in every imaginable distant place. The amount of work he got through at this time was enough to tax the energies of half a dozen men.

A great land meeting was held in Tipperary town on

Sunday, September 21. The meeting was held on the Fair Green, where a platform was erected for the speakers. The country people thronged into the town from all parts of the neighbourhood. They were anxious to see and hear Mr. Parnell, who was to be present; also the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Reverend Dr. Croke. Banners were displayed in all directions, and bands of music enlivened the occasion, which was quite a holiday for the people. Among the several mottoes displayed were the following: "Tipperary," "Ireland for the Irish," "In the name of God and the Democrats of Ireland, we Demand the Surrender of Castle Rack-rents." This last was a huge banner, which was prominently displayed. The Rev. Mr. Farrell, P.P., presided. Archbishop Croke said their crops had failed, their commerce was languishing, their money resources were exhausted; creditors were importunate, and landlords for the most part unrelenting. Indications were not wanting, to show that the winter was likely to be rendered memorable by a dearth of food and fuel throughout the country.

Mr. Parnell's appearance evoked long, loud, and continued cheers. He said:

"Bearing in mind the four disastrous seasons which have crowded together on the Irish farmer, it was incumbent on them to stand together and ask for a reasonable reduction of rent. (Applause.) And if such reasonable reduction of rent were not granted, it was their duty to pay no rent at all. (Applause. A voice: "That's coming to it.") If they were determined, they had the game in their own hands. Let them band together and strengthen those that were weak, and let them organise themselves, and refuse to take farms from which tenants had been evicted. (Applause.) Providence was on their side, and even the elements that day were fighting for them." (Loud applause.)

This advice of Mr. Parnell to pay no rent unless a reasonable reduction was given, was widely commented on by the British press, and by the landlord organs in Ireland. They said that "communism of the most frightful kind had invaded

the country ;” and these newspaper articles usually finished up with an appeal to the British Government, to take prompt and firm measures to nip in the bud this socialistic movement—a movement which had for its object the destruction of all private property.

On September 20 a great land meeting was held at Tuam. The mottoes displayed were : “ Land for the People,” “ United we stand, divided we fall,” “ Behold the Dawn of Freedom,” “ God save Ireland,” “ Down with the Tyrants.” Mr. James O'Connor presided. Mr. P. J. Costello moved a resolution : “ That in view of the widespread and alarming distress which threatened the people with a recurrence of the horrors of 1847, the tenant farmers should be allowed such a reduction of rent as their desperate condition imperatively demanded, in order to save them from impending ruin.” He deprecated the use of any language which would be taken hold of by their enemies, and repudiated the imputation of desiring to confiscate the property of the landlords or to promote revolutionary doctrines.

Mr. Michael Davitt seconded this resolution. . . .

Land meetings were now taking place north, south, east, and west. Landlordism and England were denounced in every possible manner, the most convincing arguments used to show the Irish masses where the evil lay, and the crowded audiences told that these evils must go. But none of the speakers told their hearers that any other weapon was necessary, but denunciation ; exposing the evils could, of course, remove them, and the speakers were applauded, and the crowd shouted, “ Pay no rent !”

Each day that passed toward the close of that eventful year proved the correctness of Mr. Parnell's statements, that the country would suffer another of these British-made periodic famines, which swept whole families away, and filled the coffinless paupers' graves of 1847. But if organisation could save the people, it was being carried out. Thanks to the untiring energy of the good men around Mr. Parnell, Ireland

was growing fully alive to the importance of the emergency; and Ireland was preparing to avert the threatened blow if she could. Her people were in possession of the important fact that something should be done quickly; the foundation of the Land League had been laid, and Ireland was about to witness the formation of a gigantic agitation, extending over the world wherever Irishmen dwelt, to peacefully fix the tiller on the soil. . . .

Mr. Parnell breathed new energy into the movement; he galvanised into active life the lethargic and sluggish members of the community; he attended and addressed every important meeting possible, and impressed upon his hearers the necessities of the hour. He was ably assisted by numbers of talented Irishmen—many of these young men enthusiasts who really did, but cannot possibly now, believe in this crusade of shame. Young men started out to collect funds all over the American Continent, and in Australia. Many of those who joined the movement were poor men, and were compelled to make a livelihood by the agitation; and later on, when they saw its folly, were still forced to cling to it as a means of promotion in worldly esteem, and social and financial position. They could not possibly quarrel with the goose which laid for them such golden eggs.

The English papers began to speak of the Irish land agitation. Whole columns of Irish news were transferred to the English press; even the London *Times* fully reported the various speeches delivered. The English people had ample opportunity to educate themselves on Irish grievances, if they cared to do so. No Irishman could attempt to urge, as a plea for English opposition, lack of knowledge of the Irish grievance. In addition to the broadcast advocacy of Irish demands, the Irish element in England was thoroughly organised, through the exertions of Mr. Parnell and his friends, and the "Home Rule" Confederation of Great Britain seconded the exertions of their brothers in Ireland, in informing the English masses of the exact position of affairs in Ireland.

The memorable land meeting at Gurteen, County Sligo, was held on November 3, 1879. From this meeting came the first arrests, for the use of what the enemy called "seditious language."

Numerous contingents came in from the surrounding country—Boyle, Ballymote, Tubbercurry, Carrick-on-Shannon, Kilkee, and Ballaghaderin. They were accompanied by bands and carried banners. Among the mottoes displayed were, "Irish Lands in Irish Hands," "Remember '47," "God Save Ireland," "Faith and Fatherland," "The Land for the Tillers," "Down with the Land Robbers!"

The Rev. Canon James McDermot, P.P., proposed the first resolution, which was seconded by Mr. John O'Connor of Dublin. The Rev. Dennis O'Hara moved a resolution in favour of peasant proprietary. Mr. Davitt spoke, and was followed by Mr. P. J. Sheridan of Tubbercurry, who publicly burnt a local paper, which described the attendance on the platform at the Tubbercurry meeting as characterised by fustian and vulgarity.

Mr. J. B. Killen, barrister, said since the time when the cursed feudal laws were introduced by Norman savages, the land of Ireland had been three times confiscated, but always in favour of the aristocracy. They wanted a fourth confiscation, or rather restitution now in favour of the people. He left them to say whether that was to be done by the pen, the pencil, or the sword. The time for namby-pamby speaking had passed; they had been beggars long enough, and now they must be men, and, acting like men, the day would be won. . . .

A leading London society paper, *Vanity Fair*, of October 11, 1879, thus commented on the Irish anti-rent agitation:

"It is worse than useless to blind ourselves to the fact that serious difficulties are likely to arise in Ireland. We read of threats used to hitherto popular landlords—landlords in connection with whom it is absurd to talk of rack-renting or injustice; of violent language at meetings by priests, of whole-

sale refusal to pay rents at all; and of arrangements for a more thorough agitation through the winter. The most caustic or the most convincing leaders in the London press will do nothing to avert the state of anarchy which is fast approaching. When will it be time for ‘something to be done’? When how many landlords and agents have been shot? How far are Mr. Parnell and his followers to go? If a man goes into the street and creates a disturbance, he is held responsible for the disturbance. Mr. Parnell is preaching doctrines that can only end in bloodshed. Will he not be held responsible for the bloodshed? It is useless for him to say that by standing together, and his other phrases, he means resistance by legal means. To advise a man to stay in another man’s house, refusing either to pay rent or to go, is to advise him deliberately to break the law. It may be right that the land of Ireland should be taken from the present landlords, and given to the present tenants. But until it is so taken the tenants must wait for possession.”

In this article the hard-headed, practical English enemy, calmly discussed the situation from his standpoint, and indeed from the common-sense standpoint. He naturally thought that the Irish people were preparing to fight. The natural sequence of the doctrines preached ought as necessarily to end in bloodshed, as the doctrines which the French and German people differ about, as to Alsace and Lorraine, must end in bloodshed some day. But mercurial as our French brethren are, or are said to be, they never yet promulgated the absurd idea of getting back Alsace and Lorraine without fighting for it. They would consider as lunatics, and justly so, any set of men who would dictate to Alsatians and Lorrainers how they were to break German laws (admitting them to be as unjust as those in Ireland), and who would tell these people that they must be victorious for their German brothers would sympathise with them; while at the same time they would say to their French countrymen, and in doing so tell the world, that the German army is all-powerful and the French all-powerless, and that it would be rashness and destruction

to attempt to cross arms with Germany ; and yet they were to get Alsace and Lorraine without fighting! This is the very doctrine that Irishmen have been, and are to-day, preaching to their fellow-countrymen ; announcing from the hilltops Ireland's weakness and her utter inability to fight, yet if they could have the least chance, what mince-meat these valiant heroes would make of the Saxon ! The doctrines that are to-day preached to a brave but uneducated people (in a political sense uneducated, as are the masses of many nations) are enough to sap the manhood of the race. It is teaching the young men to look to their foe, the bitter, hostile enemy of seven hundred years, for that gift of freedom which Britain robbed from their fathers. The English writer in *Vanity Fair* says, " It may be right to take from the landlords the land and give it to the tenant, but the tenant must wait for possession until it is so taken." But not so say the agitators, who, with possibly good motives, advise the Irish tenant farmers what to do, as if they were the actual possessors of the soil, without striking one single blow or firing a single shot. They forget England's flag still floats over the land, emblematic of the conquest she has not yet completed.

VIII

THE SHADOW OF APPROACHING FAMINE—MR. PARNELL IN AMERICA—"SHAMING BRITAIN."

THE agitation was now in full active work. The great meetings of O'Connell were nearly equalled by the giant meetings of Parnell; and Ireland, after the loss of over three millions of people since the great Tribune's time, pluckily faced the British, determined to argue the old point with them. But the British get tired of discussing the issue, and having force ready at hand, tried if imprisonment could solve the question from their view of the needs of the case. The British opened the ball, and as the papers in the English interest said, the long-expected blow was struck at seditious agitation. At six o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1879, they arrested Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. James Bryce Killen on a charge of having used seditious language at the anti-rent meeting in Gurteen, County Sligo, on Sunday, November 2. At the same hour Mr. James Daly, proprietor of the *Mayo Telegraph*, was arrested in Castlerea. Messrs. Davitt and Killen were conveyed by the nine o'clock train to Sligo; Mr. Daly was also brought there, and having been charged before the magistrate, the three were remanded for further examination, and committed to prison.

The following placard posted throughout the County Mayo was torn down by the police :—

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—The hour of trial is come. Your leaders are arrested. Davitt and Daly are in prison. You

know your duty. Will you do it? Yes, you will. Balla is the place of meeting and Saturday is the day. Come in your thousands, and show the Government and the world that your rights you'll maintain. To the rescue in the mightiness of your numbers. Land and Liberty! 'God save the people.' Balla, Balla! Saturday next, Saturday next!"

What arrant nonsense is contained in this placard! Irishmen are summoned to go to Balla on Saturday in their thousands, to show the British that their rights they will maintain; but by so doing, they show the British the very opposite—that their rights they will not maintain, except to shout and cheer.

James Grant, the Scottish writer, in one of his works gives a reason why the British soldier is clad in scarlet; he tells his readers that a charge of British infantry, with the sun shining on the bright-coloured dress, glistening on their accoutrements, and sparkling on their bayonets' hedge of steel, so frightens their enemy that he gets panic-stricken at their mere appearance and flies in disorder, terrified at the martial sight.

It must be some such idea that animated the writer of the Balla placard. He held his countrymen in such high esteem that he considered that the mere gathering of them at a public meeting in their thousands, would release Davitt, Daly, and Killen. As announced in the placard, they were to come "To the rescue in the mightiness of their numbers."

The "Home Rule" Executive in their rooms at London Bridge, also came to the rescue in the same daring manner. Resolutions were passed condemning the British Ministry, which must have seriously inconvenienced these English statesmen.

On Saturday, November 22, 1879, the great Balla demonstration took place; on the same day the Nationalists turned out to celebrate the anniversary of the men who were hanged at Manchester for the rescue of Colonel Kelly and Captain Dacey. These were all trained and well-drilled men who were foolishly ordered out to display their strength

to the enemy ; splendid material, but lacking brains to guide them in the proper course.

At two o'clock the procession formed in the Claremorris Road. The English writer who described the scene, was evidently impressed with the marching and discipline of the Nationalists. "The contingents fell into their places with the regularity and order of a disciplined force, and defiled through the town in semi-military array ; each contingent marched four deep under its own officers, in the style of men accustomed to step together, and obeyed their orders with a promptitude and precision, which would have reflected credit on regiments of militia. They were all under the command of an imposing-looking person, well mounted and distinguished by a red band round his hat. In the several files, thick blackthorn sticks were carried over the shoulders like guns, and the strictest silence was observed in the ranks. Behind the field officer in command, as he may be called, was a bugler who sounded the orders to 'halt,' 'fall in,' and 'fall out,' with the facility of a trained hand. In front of the procession was borne on two poles a large black banner with a white fringe, with inscriptions in white letters—on one side 'God rest our Martyred Three' and on the other 'In Memoriam—Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien,' with a cross underneath. In the centre of the procession, a green flag was carried, having in gilt letters on one side,

" 'On in your masses—dense, resolute, strong,
To war against treason, oppression and wrong,'

and on the other side,

" 'God save Ireland.'

"Green scarves were worn by the processionists, and about fifty men carried little bannerets of bright colours, which fluttered in the air with picturesque effect. Then from two hundred to three hundred men, mounted on fine horses, brought up the rear of the procession. These horsemen kept the same military order as did the footmen."

The leading Provincialists were assembled on the platform,

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including Mr. Parnell. There were also a few Nationalists in the group. Several resolutions were put to the meeting and carried. Mr. Thomas Brennan, now an enforced exile in the United States, in seconding the first resolution delivered an able address. . . .

Mr. Parnell, who was warmly greeted, said it was too true that in these days the most talented men were marked out for imprisonment, and he very much feared that the result of the lead he had taken in this movement would be that he also would be sent to share the fate of Messrs. Davitt, Daly, and Killen. Lord Beaconsfield had shown them how he could appreciate the strength of this movement. Too well the aristocracy of England and Ireland also recognised it, and the movement which began in the plains of Irishtown, Mayo, had set the handwriting on the wall, for the downfall of the most infamous land tenure that the world had ever seen.

The Charles Stewart Parnell of that Balla meeting was a pure and sincere Irishman, a man who was fast forming his mind upon the solution of the Irish nation's troubles, and their removal, by association with the Nationalists, whom he to-day slanderously denounces. True, at that time he clung to Provincialism, but he had promised Irishmen that if it failed, he would be with them in anything. Believing in his promise, the party of action helped him ; and the huge League was the result of their labours. In America they formed branches outside of their revolutionary work, to collect money to build up the movement which made Mr. Parnell and his followers so numerous before the world at this date. These men did not believe in agitation, and their speeches on public platforms did not convey their real sentiments ; but by what they considered diplomatic tactics, they hoped to ripen the Irish question by the agitation, and behind it to strike at the foe. Mr. Parnell, they believed, would be with them when the hour came ; for while he thought that what Ireland required could be got peacefully, yet if it was proved different, his remarks and associations would lead his most intimate friends to believe that he would assume the *role* of the leaders of '98,

Fitzgerald, Emmet, and Tone. Each party deceived the other, and both parties deceived the people, but not intentionally, for neither stopped to examine what this false teaching was sure to lead to. The moderate movement crossed the Rubicon—possibly driven there by passion and not judgment—and when it did so, its leaders became more extreme in their acts than the party of action had hitherto been. But victory had no sooner fallen to their flag, than they grew alarmed. They were not equal to the emergency; they precipitately retreated, threw down their arms, and left the brave men alone in the gap, to face all the dangers. They even deceived these men, for they kept their camp fires burning, as if they still occupied the same advanced ground. Not content at this foul desertion in a crisis, they started a propaganda of slander, and denounced the men and their actions, whom they so basely betrayed. Some men condoned this as a proper and necessary feature to deceive the enemy. What fatuous reasoning! These men have befouled their own conduct. They would, no doubt, swear a thousand times that they had no association with what their movement was the actual founder of; and this hateful perjury and prevarication is called by these men—diplomacy!

Mr. Parnell had not that day experienced imprisonment, however, and as Mr. Hyndman, the great English democrat, once said in the writer's hearing, “No man can tell what effect the salutary lesson might not have upon him.” The eminent English republican leader could scarcely repress the sneer of contempt he felt for Mr. Parnell's change of front, and his Kilmainham treaty surrender. But that day at Balla Mr. Parnell defied arrest. He was then sincere and faithful. Mr. Thomas Brennan, the man he praised, was a staunch patriot, who was afterwards compelled, when Carey turned informer, to fly to this free country [America]. Mr. Parnell's alliance with the ex-coercer, the enemy's Minister, Mr. Gladstone; and his denunciation of the national feeling held by Mr. Brennan and so many brave Irishmen, was then in the womb of time.

The magisterial investigation into the charges made against Messrs. Davitt, Daly, and Killen commenced on Monday, November 24, at Sligo. They were met by Mr. Parnell, M.P., and Mr. Dillon, and other gentlemen, and appeared none the worse for their confinement. Mr. Daly was first put on his trial; he was defended by Mr. John J. Loudon. He was committed for trial at the ensuing assizes, the magistrate agreeing to take bail, two sureties in £250 each, and the prisoner in £500. Bail was procured, and Mr. Daly was released. Mr. Davitt, who refused professional assistance, defended himself; he was put on his trial the next day, and the stenographer, or shorthand writer, Mr. William C. Johnson, of the staff of the Dublin *Daily Express*, gave evidence of the Gurteen speech. Mr. Davitt was released on bail similar to that given by Mr. Daly.

After Mr. Davitt was released, a large tar-barrel was set on fire opposite the house of Dr. Cox, where he was dining. A crowd assembled before the house, and called for speeches. They were addressed by Messrs. Davitt, Parnell, Dillon, and Loudon. Mr. Parnell said the Government had overshot the mark in releasing Davitt on a ticket-of-leave as an ordinary felon, instead of a political convict. Mr. Dillon said the Government made no greater mistake than arresting Mr. Davitt. Mr. Loudon said that he regarded the action of the Government as a sublime joke in a serio-comic drama, which would only bring shame and disgrace upon them.

Mr. Parnell, it may be presumed, meant that the Government's mistake in not releasing Davitt as a political prisoner, prevented them from re-arresting him on the former political charge, hence the necessity of a fresh prosecution. Mr. Parnell, like a good many of the agitators, clung to the belief that the British respect the forms of their own laws, in dealing with Irishmen. This may be said to a certain extent of the Tories, but never of the Radicals, Ireland's most bitter foes with honeyed tongues. Mr. Parnell lived to see the violation of this form, when the Liberal, Mr. Gladstone, revoked Mr. Davitt's ticket-of-leave, and had him re-arrested

and sent to Dartmoor convict prison. Mr. Dillon said the Government made no greater mistake than these arrests. From Ireland's standpoint—yes! The German Government made no greater mistake than capturing the French army at Sedan; that is, from a French point of view. Irishmen read these statements almost daily, and are told of the dire consequences which must overtake the enemy's Government, if they proclaim a certain meeting or make certain arrests; but the strangest part of these strange assertions consists in the wild statement that the injuries are to come from the English people,—the people who elected this Government to carry out the programme, of which these men complain.

Yet men of Mr. Dillon's calibre will tell their countrymen such puerilities in sober seriousness. Then take this burning of a tar-barrel, because a countryman is sent for trial for making a speech. What strange victims! Mr. Loudon's title of serio-comic suits the whole situation.

Mr. Thomas Brennan also fell a victim to Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. The Tory chief ordered his arrest for the Balla speech. He was made prisoner on December 5 in his own house at Russell Street, Dublin, at eight o'clock in the morning; taken in a cab to Broadstone Railway terminus, and thence by the nine o'clock train to Castlebar. He was brought before the magistrate at Castlebar, who remanded him on bail. . . .

The British in Ireland, and in their own country, tried to make it appear that the distress and threatened famine, were the creation of Mr. Parnell for political effect. Their organs preached up the "selfish agitators" who were disturbing the island, and denounced in no measured language, the demagogues, who were disturbing the peace of the country, and preventing the flow of English capital into Ireland.

This cry about frightening away capital, has been often and often repeated, whenever the suffering Irish make any protest, and fancy by such means to lighten their intolerable burdens. Ireland needs no capital from England; if Britain would only take her hands out of Ireland's pocket, the Irish would have

ample capital to begin housekeeping for themselves. It is not agitation which frightens away the investing of capital, but the monopoly England enjoys, through her specially manufactured laws.

Some few years ago, under the influence of the cry Native Manufactures, then prevalent, two young Irishmen started a starch factory. People were anxious to purchase home-made goods, and they found the Irish starch equal to the best English made, so they soon established a good local trade. The British manufacturers became alarmed, they saw their monopoly melting away, and soon formed a pool; being wealthy, they could afford to lose money to break their native competitors. They undersold the young Irishmen, also got their wares passed off as Irish, and with long credit and other inducements got back their trade. The consequence was that the young men failed, and lost their money and time, in a hopeless struggle against their powerful foreign rivals.

Native rule would have stopped these British goods at the Irish Custom House, given to Irish manufactures a free field in their own land, and so built up their industries which sentimental cries for native goods never can do. They may make a small spasmodic effort, out of which nothing permanent can possibly come. . . .

The mid-winter was now on, with all its bitter sufferings to the poverty-stricken peasants. Men's hearts bled in agony and suppressed rage, when they thought how powerless they were to aid their suffering fellow-men, and elevate them from a pauper's position. Mr. Parnell prepared to depart for America on his mission of patriotic duty to his native land.

A great crowd came to see him off at Queenstown, from whence he sailed, accompanied by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, on December 20, 1879. An immense throng waited the arrival of the train at Queenstown which conveyed Ireland's envoys to the great republic of peoples. When Mr. Parnell, M.P., Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P., and others, stepped out of

the train, there was much cheering from the crowd. They immediately went to the covered portion of the platform, where speeches were delivered, thanking Mr. Parnell for his exertions in the interest of the tenant farmers, and wishing him a good voyage. In reply, he said he hoped one of the results of his visit would be to show that the hearts of the American people would beat warmly towards Ireland. They had every day telegrams of the great movement that was progressing in all the vast cities of America. The people there were already organising themselves for the purpose of giving Ireland practical assistance.

Mr. Parnell went on board the steamer *Scythia*, accompanied by Mr. John Dillon and Mr. T. Healy, his secretary. Mr. Parnell stated that he expected to return by the 1st of March next, but that if Mr. Davitt and Mr. Killen were put on trial in the meantime, he would return home immediately. As the Irish representatives steamed out of the magnificent Cove of Cork, hundreds of voices wished them a God-speed on their noble mission.

While the good ship *Scythia* was steaming over the mighty waters that divide the New and Old Worlds, carrying Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon on their mission of mercy, the exiled children of the Gael in the United States were preparing to give them a due and fitting reception.

On the departure of the *Scythia* from the Cove of Cork, this message flashed over the cable to the honorary secretaries of the Parnell Reception Committee in New York—

“Dr. Philip Donlin and Thomas B. Bannerman :

“QUEENSTOWN, *December 21, 1879.*

“Parnell and Dillon have just sailed. The Land League has commended them to receive assistance for the relief of the distress, which the League will distribute. The distress is very pressing.

(Signed) “LAND LEAGUE, DUBLIN.”

Names which were then unknown outside the circle of their immediate friends, and which have in the past few years become household words, were not appended to this despatch. It contained no name, but was simply signed Land League, which in concrete contained the endorsement of many men—men who have since fruitlessly struggled in the great crusade just then inaugurated.

A public meeting was called to assemble at Newark, N.J., on December 29, 1879, to collect funds for the relief of Irish distress.

The New York Relief Committee met on December 29 at Room 24, Cooper Union. Judge Elkin presided; Dr. Donlin and Mr. Bannerman acted as secretaries. The chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Charles O'Rourke, reported that the receipts amounted to \$415. It was there and then decided by the committee, to have headquarters at Room 118, Astor House. Collector Merritt promised the committee who waited on him, to allow the use of a revenue cutter for the committee, who would go out to meet the incoming steamer.

A little later, another portion of the Reception Committee met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, General Martin T. McMahon in the chair. A large collection was made; several subscriptions of \$100 were handed in. The delegates who arrived from Chicago were Mr. Stone, Mr. John F. Finnerty, and Mr. J. J. Fitzgibbons. Dr. William Carroll associated himself with several prominent gentlemen, in order to organise a reception committee in Philadelphia. All the vast cities of the great American continent were aroused to activity in the cause of Ireland, not alone to feed the starving poor in that country, but to aid in any feasible movement made known to them, for the permanent removal of the cause which had so dire and distressing an effect.

The *Scythia*, with C. S. Parnell, John Dillon, and Timothy Healy on board, dropped anchor at Quarantine at two o'clock on the morning of January 2, 1880. The Reception Committee

left the landing pier at seven o'clock, and steamed down the harbour to welcome the new arrivals from the old land.

In the meantime the ubiquitous New York reporter had got on board the steamer, and procured an interview with Mr. Parnell.

"I am," said Mr. Parnell, "a delegate from the National League. I do not come to America as a private gentleman, or as a member of Parliament."

"Do you think that the change you propose can be brought about, without violence?"

"It should be so, and it is to this end we are striving. There is force enough in moral power, when it is brought to the support of a just cause. We propose, only, that the tiller of the soil shall be its owner. Then, and then only, will he have a permanent interest in it, and then he becomes a good citizen. We are in no way Communists, as you know the word here, or as we know it from the French models."

"How do you propose to work your reform?"

"One way is when estates come forward for sale, to buy them in the Landed Estates Court."

While Mr. Parnell was taking his breakfast, and talking to the newspaper men, a rousing cheer from over two hundred lusty throats came into the cabin where he was seated; and the ringing notes rang over the waters—Irish America's reception to the envoys of the suffering sons of the Green Isle. The revenue cutter with the Reception Committee on board, came alongside the *Scythia*: the deputation climbed up the dangling rope ladder, and clambered on to the main deck. As Mr. Parnell, a moment later, emerged from the saloon, he was received with another ringing cheer of welcome. With some of the committee he was acquainted, having been introduced to them when in America with Mr. O'Connor Power in 1876. Hasty introductions were given and received. Without further delay they adjourned to the saloon, and stood in a group around Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon, under the skylight. Mr. John E. Devlin, chairman of

the Reception Committee, read a very complimentary address, promising on the part of the citizens of New York, hearty co-operation in the envoys' mission. The Chicago deputation presented an address, and invitation to their beautiful city, promising on behalf of their citizens, earnest support for the cause Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon advocated. After suitable replies were spoken by the Irish envoys, thanking the several deputations for their cordial and kindly reception, the whole party drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where apartments were taken for the Irish guests.

While Mr. Parnell and his friends were resting themselves, the Reception Committee held a meeting in Mr. Parnell's parlour, and decided to have a sub-committee of six in attendance at all hours, to wait on Mr. Parnell. This committee was to wait on him during his stay in New York. Every delegation was to be received by this committee, who were to present them to their visitors. The committee was composed of the following men :—Messrs. Bannerman, O'Donoghue, John Devoy, John Breslin, Michael Kerwin, and P. McGuire.

There was a great stir in Irish circles in New York, consequent on the visit of Messrs. Parnell and Dillon ; that excitement which Irishmen love so much, they had then to the full. A great demonstration and public meeting was organised for Sunday, January 4, 1880, in the Madison Square Garden.

The place was literally packed with people. When the Irish delegates made their appearance on the platform, it was the signal for an outburst of applause that was repeated for some time. Gilmore's band supplied the music, and all the arrangements were perfect. On the platform were a crowd of prominent Irishmen and Americans. Among the latter were William E. Robinson, Thurlow Weed, Judge Gildersleeve, Judge Acker, and others. Judge Gildersleeve was elected chairman of the meeting. In his opening address he said, alluding to his position as chairman, "It is an honour which I highly appreciate. The right to heal upon

the Sabbath day, was established two thousand years ago ; and on this first Sabbath of the new year, we come together to learn how best we can help to heal the sufferings of impoverished Ireland. The audience will soon have the pleasure of listening to a gentleman who is an honour alike to America and Ireland, the grandson of one of America's most distinguished naval officers." With these few words of introduction Judge Gildersleeve took his seat. On Mr. Parnell coming forward, the audience renewed the applause which greeted his advent on the platform. Mr. Parnell said :

"Judge Gildersleeve: Ladies and gentlemen,—I have to thank you, in the first place, for the kind cordiality of your reception ; and I have to apologise in advance for my imperfections, and to regret that the great cause which I stand here to-night to plead before the people of New York, has not been entrusted to far better and abler hands. (Cries of 'No! no!') But, ladies and gentlemen, I fear not for this cause. (Hear hear, and applause.) Imperfect and inadequate as must be the way in which I shall place it before you, I feel confident that from its greatness and its justice, it needs no great effort on my part to set it before you in such a way as to have the heartiest sympathy of this great and free nation. (Applause.) The American people occupy to-day a proud position in respect to this question—a position which I, as one who boasts of some American blood—(applause)—feel justly proud. And I am glad when I think I may have had some moral share in directing the attention of this country to our cause. (Applause.)

"The cause of the present distress, is the unequal and artificial system of land tenure which prevails in Ireland. The effect of that cause is of course the distress, and while we take care to do the best we can—and the best we can will be but little to relieve distress—we must also take care that we take advantage of the unexampled opportunity which is now presented to us, for the purpose of sweeping away this bad system. In '47, and subsequent years when the great Irish

famine took place, America came forward, first among the nations with unexampled liberality. But did that liberality prevent the famine? Did it prevent millions from dying of starvation, or the pestilence which followed? (Cries of 'No! no!') Did it prevent the banishment of many more millions? Did it prevent the scenes in Ireland in these years—the scenes on board the emigrant ships? No! No charity that can be given by America, will avail to prevent Irish distress. That must be the duty of the British Government, and we must see that we shame that Government into a sense of its obligation. (Great applause.)

"Where, where is the process of charity to end? Are we to be compelled continually, every ten or twelve years, to appear as mendicants before the world? (Cries of 'No! no!') Then I say to the people of this country: 'If you wish to rescue us from that position, help us in destroying the system which brings it on.' (Applause.)

"America subscribed, and subscribed liberally, in those years. The people of Ireland living in this country, have been subscribers ever since. (A voice: 'It all goes to the landlords.') My friend in the crowd has anticipated me, by telling you that it goes to the landlords. Yes, your hard-earned savings that you have sent with such true devotion to your fellow-countrymen over there, have gone in payment of excessive rents, and bolstering up this terrible system.

"I have said just now that we must shame the British Government into a sense of its obligations to Ireland in this matter. ('Hear, hear!') But I regret they have shown their usual want of recognition of those obligations, up to the present. What was the Irish Chief Secretary's reply to those who waited upon him, to establish fuel depots through the wastes of Ireland?—for I must explain to those who are not acquainted with Irish matters, that almost all Ireland is depending for its fuel upon the turf that is cut in the bogs. This fuel, owing to the excessive rains during the whole summer, is in a state of mud. It is entirely unfit to burn,

and in addition to the pressure of hunger, we have the added pressure of cold. Well, Mr. Lowther—(hisses)—when he was asked to establish fuel depots,—and I only mention this as an example of the way in which our rulers over there treat this grave question,—said: ‘Oh, they have fuel enough to burn bonfires in honouring Mr. Davitt.’ (Applause.) Because a few dried or half-dried furze bushes were lighted on the Irish hills in honour of the release of Davitt, this paltry excuse is put forward, gravely put forward, by the responsible Minister of the Crown. . . .

“The attention of the whole civilised world is centred upon Ireland, and very shortly the merits of our question will be known in all parts. We have saved the lives of the landlords, and we have saved the lives of the people. (Applause.) Now I do not wish, in fact it would be impossible for me, in the presence of this immense multitude, to go into many details. I can only speak very generally in reference to many branches of this great question, but if asked, What do you propose? I may state generally that we propose to make the occupiers of the soil its owners. (Great applause.) We wish, we wish to do this with as little injury to what may be considered to be vested interests, as possible. No physical violence, no unconstitutional action is contemplated, but in my judgment what——” (A terrible tumult here arose in the audience, and the speaker could not be heard. It was evident the last words spoken, were not in harmony with the views of those addressed.)

“As I have repeatedly said, American public opinion is one of our greatest weapons, and the landlords themselves, by invoking that public opinion, have shown the very high value that they place upon it. I feel that this is a very great compliment to you, that the proud British aristocracy should humble itself, and appear as suppliants before this great democracy. (Cries, applause, and loud whistling.) And they have put forward a gentleman, Mr. Kavanagh—(hisses)—a man of signal ability, to plead their cause. And I will do him the justice to say that he has been the very best

advocate that the circumstance admitted. (A voice—'Where are his legs?' Laughter.)

"Well, never mind his legs or his arms, he has got a very good head. And this gentleman has advanced a variety of objections to our plans. He has told us that the system of ownership will entail subdivision and subletting, and he has pointed to the old history before the famine (when subdivision and subletting did undoubtedly exist to a very great and evil extent), as a proof of the justice of his assertion. But the circumstance, the condition of affairs that we seek to establish, is very different from that which obtained before the famine. Before the famine, the system of renting land was enforced, and that system of renting necessitated subdivision and subletting. But we contemplate to replace that system by one of rule. We desire to make land free, so that everybody who has money to buy it, may buy as much as he needs of it. Under the system of renting, it is impossible to sell. The difficulties of proving a title are so great under the present laws, that in the case of small holdings the cost of proving the title exceeds, very frequently, the purchase value of the holding itself. Then, as now, the laws of entail and settlement were in full force. We desire to abolish the laws of entail and settlement,—(applause)—which prevent the natural crumbling away of properties that wise nature has ordained, in order to prevent the property of the world from passing into a few hands. (Applause.) Local registration of land, such as you have in this country, should also follow, so as to make it as easy to sell a bit of land as it is to sell a haystack, or a bale of cotton. (Applause.)

"Subdivision is also produced by the system of letting, but I contend that no injurious subdivision would take place if we had a free system of sale of land existing in Ireland. I believe that under such a system the size of the farms would be regulated by natural causes; that a man would not care to buy a farm which was too small for profitable cultivation. And in that way the size of Irish farms would, by natural causes, gradually become suited to the markets, the method

of cultivation, and the crops grown. Then we are also told, by Mr. Kavanagh, of the example of a proprietor who leased his farms in perpetuity to fifty tenants, with the result that they passed into the hands of middlemen. The same reason that I have just explained, induced that action also. If you sell an estate in Ireland, and sell the farms of the tenants, if you leave the laws of entail and settlement as they now are, if you render it impossible for a man to sell a small bit of land, save at a cost which exceeds the purchase price of it, then, in the course of a generation or two, you would undoubtedly have those farms back in the hands of middlemen or of landlords. We, on the contrary, desire to arrange the condition, so that they shall be suited to the great change that we contemplate. And we can point to the example of other countries—of France and of Belgium, where land is limited, as it is in Ireland—as the best, the very best, example of the truth of our reasoning, and of the explanations we lay before you. Well, those gentlemen have proceeded to make certain statements, or rather misstatements, of a rather bare-faced character. (Hisses.) Now it is a common saying in legal circles over in Ireland ‘If you have a bad case abuse the plaintiff’s attorney.’ And so, I suppose, Mr. Kavanagh thinks the best thing he can do, is to abuse us, since he knows that his case is hopeless. We do not intend to follow his bad example in that respect. We intend to treat him with the utmost courtesy and consideration; and we hope, if possible, to induce him to come before you again, in order to give us opportunities of replying to him again. He tells us we propose to apply money, raised in America, to buying out the landlords. He need not be uneasy, for not one cent of your money will ever go into his pockets. (Applause.) And then he goes on to say that none of it will go to the relief of distress, and that we propose to organise an armed rebellion with it. (Cheers.) Well, I have no doubt that many of my fellow-countrymen in this country would like to organise an armed rebellion—(great cheering, the audience burst into shouts, and cries of ‘Yes! yes!’)—but I must regret to disappoint them

also, because I must, in truth and honesty, tell you, that however unpopular such a statement may be, that not one cent of the money contributed and handed to us, will go towards organising an armed rebellion in Ireland.

“ I do not wish to abuse Mr. Kavanagh, and I am bound to admit that during the high prices of the last few years his estate was let at a fair value ; although I regret to say that he, like some other Irish landlords, has refused to grant any reasonable reduction of rent which has become necessary, owing to the extraordinary fall in prices and American competition. But the fact that Mr. Kavanagh’s land was rented at a fair value during the last few years, will not excuse the many rack-renting Irish landlords, who have taken the last pound of Irish flesh, and the last drop of blood. We know too well that the majority of Irish land is high-rented, and that a very large proportion is rack-rented ; and until Mr. Kavanagh proves by statistics, that this is not the case, he cannot expect to be believed in supporting the negative on such evidence. . . .

“ I can only in conclusion express my conviction, that the time has come when victory is about to crown the exertions of the Irish people, in their great struggle for land. (Applause.) The handwriting has appeared upon the wall, and though vain attempts may be made from time to time to misdirect public opinion, to bolster up an expiring system, I confidently look forward to the time when the tiller of the soil in Ireland may, as in other free countries, reap the benefit of his exertions—(applause)—and hand that result down to his children ; and when instead of proscribed labour, instead of offering every inducement to the tiller of the land to allow it to remain idle and barren, the great exertion which our people have shown themselves always ready to make, when they are working for themselves and not as slaves, may be spent upon Irish land ; and then I believe that one great step towards the freedom of Ireland will have been made—(applause)—that we shall have put a nail into the coffin of the system of English misrule in Ireland. (Applause.) Remove one great impediment of the

union of all classes and all religions there—(great cheers)—and then we shall have the wish of every Irish patriot in all ages realised, that the orange and the green may be united—(deafening cheers, continued for several minutes)—the Protestant and the Catholic enabled to work together for the good of their country—(applause)—and no cause may exist to prevent any class of our countrymen, from doing their duty by the land that has given them birth.” (Enthusiastic cheering.)

As Mr. Parnell concluded his able address an Irish harp, the work of two young Dublin ladies, the Misses Bogan and Wyeth, was presented to him on the platform. The waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and the loud and continued cheering displayed the enthusiasm of the vast audience.

Judge Gildersleeve then introduced Mr. John Dillon. The son of the '48 patriot received an ovation from the multitude, as he stepped to the front of the platform. . . .

At the close of Mr. Dillon's speech, the resolutions endorsing the Land League programme were read. After reading them the meeting separated, crowds remained outside to cheer the Irish envoys; and the new programme of freeing Ireland from foreign rule, by first “shaming England” into creating an occupying proprietary on the land, received a gigantic impetus in the United States, by the masterly and intelligent statements of Mr. Parnell and his companion, Mr. John Dillon.

The following is the landlord's letter alluded to by Mr. Parnell in the course of his able address:—

“BORRIS HOUSE, BORRIS, CARLOW.

“*To the Editor of the 'New York Herald' :*

“Allow me to thank you for the opportunity you afford, of endeavouring to place the landlords' side of the case, in true unwashed colours before the American public.

“The question, always an important one, is more than ever before the public now, on account of the action of Mr. Parnell and the associates of the political agitator, who is influenced by no consideration or principle, save his own advancement.

“It is no doubt a tempting course to go to the poor and uneducated, and working on their poverty by promises of riches, and on their ignorance by gross and studied misrepresentation, endeavour to obtain their confidence and support for political ends, and then when their purposes are secured, leave, as they invariably have done, their unfortunate dupes to the consequences of their own folly.

“This, in my opinion, has been the main and guiding influence actuating those who have made themselves so conspicuous in the present agitation. It is in fact the corroboration of the old axiom, that history repeats itself, and Ireland is again suffering from what she has often suffered before, by being made the battlefield of political strife, not this time directly by the contention for power of the two great political parties in the State, but by a small lot of adventurers who counting on the probability of a political crisis in which the members of those two great parties likely to be returned to the House of Commons at the next general election may be nearly even, foresee the prospect and the chance of grasping the balance of power, and thus earning for themselves that notoriety which otherwise it might not be easy for them to obtain. . . .

“So far as we can judge from Mr. Parnell’s speeches and the utterances of those who act with him, his proposed object in appealing to the American public for aid in money, is to find means to establish a peasant proprietary in this country, by sweeping the present owners from the soil. Some in more moderate moments have hinted that the landlords should receive some compensation, but advise the tenants in the meantime to pay no rent, or only so much as they think they can safely spare, after meeting their other requirements, in order to make the landlords accept their terms. A proposal such as this, I think, requires no comment. Citizens of a republic, or any man who lives under free institutions, will see at once the drift of such a policy, and appreciate how far any social condition can be preserved, when the principles of *meum* and *tuum* are to be regarded as false as stairs of sand.

“But supposing for argument's sake, that the terms of this transfer of property were arranged ; we come to the question of the policy of the establishment of a tenant proprietary. It was a proposal with which at first I must confess I was strangely taken, in the belief that by increasing the numbers of those who had a real, solid, inseparable stake in the well-being of the country, we would be adding to the natural supporters of law and order, and strengthening the true foundation on which the stability of a country must rest.

“But while I cling to the hope and belief that some steps in that direction may yet be safely taken, I cannot ignore the force of the objections which are raised against it. The main one is the danger in the future of subdivisions and sublettings, and I fear not only the possibility, but the probability that after a few generations we should have the country in the same condition as it was before the famine. The tendency among the farmers to sublet is strong, and in the case of old leases where this is not guarded against, we have examples remaining even now of what the effects are,—families struggling to live on farms of from ten to two acres of poor land, that are quite inadequate to support them, and ground down by middlemen—a class which I am thankful now are almost extinct—who are the worst types of landlord, and whose acts of tyranny and oppression are gladly seized on by the agitators for their own purposes and quoted as examples of the working of the whole system. This is an evil against which I can see no safeguard, if the proposal to establish a peasant proprietary is carried. But supposing, for argument's sake, this could be prevented, you have a more insidious danger, and that is subdivision. Supposing, for example, a tenant proprietor with a holding in fee of fifty acres and a family of five children—a very small one as Irish families generally run—for whom he had been unable or careless to make provision, what would be his course at his death? He would divide it among them and settle them down in allotments in fee, of ten acres each, and, of course,

there would be nothing to prevent these five proprietors doing the same thing in their turn. By degrees, it is most probable that the majority of these small proprietors would become paupers, and their lots by process of either sale or mortgage pass from their possession into the hands of the district money-lender or of some wealthy or more prudent proprietor; and then by the natural course of events, in no very long space of time, the large proprietors would reappear, possibly with more objectionable affinities than those who exist now. I have heard of a case in point which occurred some time ago, where a landed proprietor, with more benevolence than wisdom, influenced by the same opinion as I have held, as to the general advantage of converting the occupiers into the owners of the soil, gave leases at a nominal rent for 999 years to some fifty tenants on his property, leasing the whole of one portion of his property in that way. What result have we? If I am rightly informed there are now only two of the original lessees upon the lands, the other forty-eight holdings having passed, by the processes to which I have alluded, into the hands of middlemen. As I have already said, I was not long ago strongly in favour of the peasant proprietary proposal; but I must confess the facts which have since been brought under my notice, have tended to shake my confidence in it, and to make me doubt even if the sweeping away of the landlords, which Mr. Parnell so kindly contemplates, were satisfactorily arranged, whether the movement would result in so much good to the people and to the country as he asserts would be the case. . . .

“I have not any figures by me by which I could give reliable information as to what the average size of English farms may be, but I believe I am not far wrong in my statement that they run up to over 1,000 acres, and there are very few under 200 acres. Now what have we in Ireland? We have a gross number, 584,882 holdings at or above 500 acres; there are only 1,529 holdings between 500 and 200 acres (the latter I take as about the English minimum), leaving 595,156 holdings under 200 acres; of

those, 498,239 are at and under 50 acres, and 287,546 are under 15 acres. . . .

“For my part I would gladly increase the size of every small holding upon my property, but the land is not to be got.

“And then, the only remedy that I can see for them ever, is emigration to other countries, many of which I could name, your own among the number, where land in abundance is to be had for very little, and where there is ample room and opportunity to thrive and grow rich. And in this direction, if the American people are inclined to help us, it would in my opinion be the truest charity; it would be providing for those who are able and willing to emigrate a fairer prospect of prosperity than they could ever find at home, and it would afford the opportunity and facilities of enlarging the holdings of those who remained behind, thereby in the most practical and material manner improving their condition.

“Yours truly,

“ARTHUR KAVANAGH.”

The doom this landlord passes on the Irish race, is banishment from the beloved home, and when the dying parents close their eyes in death, the loving glances that should soothe their last lingering hours from the fond faces of their children, would be banished to the land of the stranger, through the necessities of British supremacy in the isle of their birth. What a destiny for a nation! That Britain's flag should flutter in the same breeze that wafts over that green island of Western Europe, and that continued plunder and rapine should go on undisturbed! This cruelty and torture to loving hearts must be perpetual.

Mr. Parnell puts the cart before the horse—to use one of his own phrases—when he advocates peasant proprietary before Irish nationality. When Mr. Parnell told us he would not have taken off his coat to work at the land question, but for the fact that that road led to Irish self-government, he started out from false premises. If he and his followers had devoted

all their energies, in every way, to struggle for Irish independence, he would be serving the farmers; for a system of occupying proprietary, that will intelligently and successfully solve the land troubles of Ireland, can only come after the establishing of native government. There are no stepping-stones to self-government but the destruction of illegal British power in Ireland.

It is now [1887] eight years since Mr. Parnell delivered the famous New York speech, which was to convulse the landlords. He told us that that was the time to settle the Irish land question; yet the settlement of that Irish evil is removed to the Greek Kalends, so far as talk can be a solution of it. . . . The doctrines, exposing English misrule, have been sown broadcast, and have produced a plentiful harvest of shame to hurtle against English opinion. What have been the results? Five years of brutal and bloody coercion under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone, followed by a short interregnum of Tory rule; and next by an almost equally short term of the Liberals, or what has been called, as if in mockery, a "Home Rule" Government. During all these years the evictions multiplied fivefold, and even during Mr. Gladstone's last Government, with "Home Rule" Morley as Irish Chief Secretary, the evictions never ceased. Eleven thousand people were evicted during this "Home Rule" Government of Mr. Gladstone's—his six months of horrors in Ireland, aided by armed forces of the Crown. On an appeal to the English people on the principle of "Home Rule," they voted against it by an overwhelming majority, and brought another Coercion Ministry to power, although three-fourths of the Irish members were elected to demand "Home Rule." Their eighty-six votes were powerless, thus showing the mockery of Irish representation in an alien chamber. They tell the Irish people the fallacious story, that the English people are with them in their demands! The fallacy is plainly demonstrated by accomplished facts. This is what the "crusade of shame" can show as results, so far.

It would be well for mankind if public opinion and justice always went hand in hand. It would be a millennium of happiness, if wrong-doing would cease by the express condemnation of just men. If so, nations might disband their armies, and dismantle their fleets. The "crusade of shame" would take the place of that crusade of murder and arson, called war. The United States need have no dynamite guns to destroy hundreds of human lives at one shot; neither need they build ships to carry the destructive weapons of Captain Zalinski, nor have any necessity to commission officers as dynamiters, to go forth on their career of destruction. Nay, more. We need not police our cities if we logically carry out this doctrine; we need but to preach a crusade of shame to the thieves, burglars, and other criminals, instead of resorting to the much-condemned doctrine of violence; to do away with force and let shame do the needful work on the criminals. For that great criminal, England, who robbed a nation not only of her freedom but of her national wealth, and drove to death millions of her people—for this murder and robbery she is only to be shamed—shamed into discontinuing it. Any attempt, even the faintest resistance on the part of the plundered, would be a crime,—would be violence and outrage, and, according to the apostles of the doctrine of shame, would destroy the country and put it back a century, whatever that phrase means

Mr. Parnell told his hearers in his Madison Square speech, that he proposed to make the occupiers of the soil its owners. This, he says, is to be accomplished by peaceful means, and with as little injury to vested interests as possible; by which he must mean to buy from the landlords. Let it be supposed this were possible, so as to examine into the proposed panacea for the poor victimised farmer, who, between agitators and landlords, is compelled to suffer.

The rent-roll of Ireland is about £20,000,000 yearly. At twenty years' purchase, the amount needed to buy the land would be the enormous sum of £400,000,000 sterling. The

interest on this huge sum at three per cent., would amount to twelve million pounds annually. This interest should be paid the first year, and its proportionate reduction every year. In addition to this sum there would be the yearly repayment of the borrowed principal, which, in lieu of rent, should be paid for more than one generation to the new landlord, the British Government. So that the Irish farmer would still continue to pay a large yearly sum to the absentee landlord, the London executive; and should he not meet his engagement with that impassive and relentless creditor, through failure of his crops, cattle plague, or the many causes that make farming unproductive, he would be instantly evicted, his farm sold by public auction, or by whatever machinery would be in the Bill, to meet this contingency. His only resource then, would be emigration, or the workhouse.

But how would this repayment of the purchase loan, and its attendant interest, affect the small holdings, where three-fourths of the Irish agricultural community are crowded into a small space—these small occupiers who could not live decently and comfortably, even if their small farms were given to them free? It would be the height of absurdity to say that such a measure, even if it could be accomplished, would bring any great boon to these toiling, suffering poor; and in a very little time, both themselves and the country, would learn that this measure brought to them no material change, from their normal condition of poverty. Now, this is supposing that the British Government could be induced to guarantee such an enormous sum, even on such good security as the soil of Ireland. They would naturally fear that their security might slip from their grasp, and to think that the most liberal of British taxpayers would consent, is only another of the delusions that follow such a course of reasoning as, unfortunately, come with moral suasion when it is applied to a whole nation, and when, as Mr. Parnell here states, American public opinion would be its greatest weapon. Mr. Parnell's weak point in this celebrated New York speech, is where he tries to

contend with Mr. Kavanagh's arguments, with respect to subdivision and subletting.

Take, for instance, the free land which Mr. Parnell speaks of, and which would, as he tells us, stop this subdivision. Many would be inclined to think, and common sense and human instincts bear them out, that this very fact of free land—if it could be accomplished—would hasten subdivision. Mr. Parnell states that no injurious subdivision would take place, if they had a free system for the sale of land. But Mr. Parnell gives no reason why they would not; it is a mere assertion. He states that the size of the farm would be regulated by natural causes—but these very causes would not only tend to, but compel, subdivision or subletting. The Irish leader further states that no one would care to buy a small farm; that may be, but this subdivision would not come from buying or selling, but rather from the fact that through the wish of keeping his family home, the farmer would subdivide, as already pointed out. The blot and infamy of alien rule, is the destruction of our industries, which brings about the over-crowding on the land. Mr. Kavanagh is correct when he states Ireland needs larger farms, to develop the agricultural interests by scientific farming, which in the present condition of the country would be an impossibility. Mr. Kavanagh's remedy is emigration, and Mr. Parnell's migration, from the congested districts to the more fertile land. But neither of these remedies are meant to affect the large portion of the people not engaged in agriculture; these always seem to be lost sight of; yet neither of these changes, even if effected, could eventually stop emigration. Both Mr. Kavanagh's large farmers, and Mr. Parnell's migrates, would be compelled to subdivide their farms as their families increased, and the land would go back to its present condition. The remedy is as plain as noonday, but can only be put in practice under native government. Establish, as already written in a previous chapter, manufacturing industries all over the island, first creating a native market by shutting out all foreign goods, as soon as Irishmen can make them at

home. These factories would give employment to the surplus farm labourers, and the mechanics and idlers of the towns, making the country what God and nature intended it should be, one of the richest islands, in proportion to its size, in the universe. Independence would do for Ireland what it did for Belgium—develop her manufactures, artistic and mechanical, so that Ireland in a few years would be able, like Belgium, to go abroad in search of markets.

Some years ago the writer was in Glasgow, when a Belgian firm successfully competed for the iron girders, which span the large dome at St. Enoch's railway terminus in that city. This was like sending coals into Newcastle, for Glasgow is almost the centre of the North British iron trade, tons of it being used weekly in shipbuilding on the Clyde. A British manufacturer in course of conversation on the subject, said that the Belgian firm procured this contract, not by the protective tariff alone, which originally built up Belgian manufactures, but by the premium offered by the Belgian Government to successful competitors in foreign markets. So wonderful has been the growth of manufactures in Belgium, that it seems quite phenomenal. This British merchant said that ten years previous to that period Belgian cutlery was very inferior to Sheffield goods, and was very much despised by British cutlers. But the Belgians, by bringing over the most skilled workmen to their country to teach their people, had produced such a condition of things, that their cutlery at that time coming into England was well able to compete with the best Sheffield make, and their superior skill has been growing ever since. When Belgium became independent, and the wise King Leopold was chosen head of a parliamentary governed State, he influenced his Government in the course they have since pursued. The Belgium of to-day is spreading out into Africa, colonising and seeking markets for her surplus manufactures. Belgium's area is 11,373 square miles, and through her numerous industries she supports a rapidly increasing population of

5,853,278 ; while Ireland, with an area of 32,531 squares miles of the richest land on the globe, has to-day a semi-pauper population of 4,500,000 ; and yet the cry is for more emigration to increase prosperity. Foreign rule, and not landlordism, is what forces them into poverty, and overshadows and darkens their position as a people. The blessed light of freedom and prosperity will never dawn upon them, until they apply the sharp-cutting axe "Force" to its roots. Agitate how they may, they will still continue to wither 'neath its blighting influence.

IX.

THE "NEW DEPARTURE"—MR. PARNELL'S AMERICAN TOUR

THE position of Irish parties in the United States, when Mr. Parnell arrived in America to preach his crusade of shaming Britain, was almost altogether in his favour.

After failure to completely countermand the order for insurrection in 1867, and the subsequent fiasco, the home organisation became completely demoralised. The disintegrating influence of Stephen's refusal to fight in 1865, left the country in no condition to meet the enemy in the field in 1867. The spirit of faction, which was unfortunately rampant in the United States, had secured a foothold at home. The men, knowing there had been gross mismanagement, and that the affairs of the organisation were in confusion, too often unjustly attached blame to the wrong people. There was for a time a complete smash, and the bonds of discipline were broken and destroyed.

The National organisation in Ireland and America, however, survived the disasters of 1867. Changes which were deemed necessary were made in both, but the policy of the leaders was the continued old cry, "Prepare! prepare!" After years of weary waiting, it was the self-same echo; there was no apparent choice but to wait. Hundreds of the best men in Ireland stood aside, disgusted at the inactive policy. They could do nothing to aid a movement whose watchword was to wait for an imaginary time to come, which time was to come of itself, not to be hastened or brought about, as in the case of other nations similarly circumstanced.

The organisation in America was controlled by honest and patriotic men, but looking at the vastness of the undertaking, they were utterly incapable. They had not the ability to meet the exigencies of the situation. With the exception of the *Catalpa* rescue, no action was attempted. They were not men of sufficient resource to strike out a new path, unless in theory. They were in no way lacking in bravery, or devotion to Ireland; for the salvation of their country, they would have freely sacrificed their lives. But they were wedded to old ideas and held antiquated notions, which were becoming fossilised by the rapid march of science.

The revolutionary movement at home, as elsewhere, became an "Opportunist" organisation—the opportunity was supposed to come to them unsought. When Mr. Parnell began his obstructive tactics in the enemy's Parliament, and was attacked by Mr. Butt and his followers for so doing, he drew to himself and his new active policy, the attention of a number of Nationalists, but more especially the Nationalist leaders in the United States, who gradually came round to the conclusion, that an alliance in support of Mr. Parnell's new Parliamentary policy, would be a wise course in the interests of Ireland.

A change from the policy of "opportunism," which necessitated waiting, to that of becoming active agitators, had a charm for many in this free land [America]; and by degrees fresh recruits joined Mr. Parnell's ranks. Several of these held to the belief that the young tribune, when he discovered Parliamentary agitation useless, would, like Wolfe Tone, take a more practical stand. His speeches on the Irish question, had a manly ring; and the great majority of the people believed, that he inherited the determination and valour of the American seaman, who beat the British on the sea. But a few years in that lazar house for Irishmen, the enemy's Parliament, destroyed all these hopes, and he is, alas! to-day [1887] a pure West Briton, and his party the mere tail of a British faction.

Provincialists keep on continually preaching the cowardly

doctrine, that Ireland is a disarmed nation. This may be so in a measure, but not as much so as these timid people think, who, by their waste of the public funds in talk, are depriving the nation of receiving additional weapons of destruction. To point out continually to the people, their incapacity to take the field, instead of endeavouring to remedy the evil, is both unpatriotic and cowardly.

The Irish-American leaders at this time were honest and sincere patriots, but their training and mental calibre did not qualify them to lead a revolution. All the men of superior ability had long since ceased active work in Ireland's interests. The then leaders decided on opening negotiations with Mr. Parnell, and making to him certain propositions which, if accepted, would result in his having the support of the American organisation; and also, if possible, that of the sister movement at home.

The opposition offered by Mr. Butt to Mr. Dillon's motion at the Dublin conference, naturally led these American leaders to think that Mr. Parnell and his friends were men of advanced patriotic opinions. Their propositions were sent shortly after the conference in 1878, and it is easy to see the judgment and ability of the men conducting them, when it is found that this delicate negotiation was printed in the public press, before the Nationalists in Ireland, or Mr. Parnell himself, had time to decide on its acceptance. The *New York Herald* contained this *communiqué*, supplied by one of the ablest of the Irish-American leaders of that year:

"The following is a copy of the despatch cabled to Dublin yesterday and signed by men who will be accepted as representatives of the advanced Irish National party in the United States. It is addressed to Mr. Parnell and his political friends, but before reaching them it will be submitted to a number of representative Nationalists in Dublin, for their approval.

"The Nationalists here will support you on the following conditions:—

"First. Abandonment of the federal demand, and substitution of a general declaration in favour of self-government.

"Second. Vigorous agitation of the land question on the basis of peasant proprietary, while accepting concessions tending to abolish arbitrary evictions.

"Third. Exclusion of all sectarian issues from the platform.

"Fourth. Irish members to vote together on all imperial and home questions, adopting an aggressive policy, and energetically resisting coercive legislation.

"Fifth. Advocacy of all struggling nationalities in the British Empire and elsewhere.'

"An answer to the above despatch is expected in a day or two, when the Nationalists will decide what form their action will take."

This extraordinary document shows on the face of it, to every thinking man who has had time and opportunity to study the Irish question, the utter lack of statesmanship of the man or men who penned it; and the intellectual capacity of the Irishmen, who were conducting the affairs of the Nationalists at that time in the United States.

The propositions from the Irish-American Nationalists were to be placed before the council in Dublin; and after they had thought out and discussed the merits of the New York policy, it was to be submitted to Mr. Parnell. The framers of this treaty with the Provincialists did not give either Mr. Parnell or the Dublin Nationalists any time to digest the newly-proffered alliance, but rushed precipitately into print and gave the whole transaction to the world, almost as soon as the message left New York for Dublin.

Is it any wonder that Ireland continues an enslaved nation when men, who are ignorant of the first principles of statesmanship, either climb or crawl to a position of leadership in the National cause! Ireland's curse has been, that for years in both Provincial and National movements, she has been too

often represented by intriguers and conspirators ; but it is not conspiracy against the foe that is practised. These vain, weak, and incompetent people conspire to destroy the reputation and standing of men of some ability, and undoubted sterling honesty towards their country, whom they consider rivals. These acts of intrigue disgust honest men, and drive them outside of the National ranks, while the great mass of the people, with singleness of purpose, having no object in view but to redeem their nation from destruction and decay, cannot understand why these men are not working in the ranks of their country's patriots. Oh, that the Infinite would raise up for Ireland a man with ability and determination allied to social and financial position—the last is absolutely necessary—to cleanse out Ireland's Augean stable, of the charlatans and incompetents who are preying on the vitals of a godlike and noble cause !

Numbers of Nationalists, both in Ireland and Britain, repudiated the new policy, and but for the magnified opinion held in Ireland of the ability of the men who promulgated it, the repudiation would have been unanimous.

The "New Departure," as this negotiation was called by its originators, built up Mr. Parnell's movement, for without the help of the Nationalists it could never have been a success, as regards finance or organisation. The American leaders did not fully comprehend the nature of the alliance they had made ; international politics formed no portion of their studies ; thoroughly honest, no doubt, in their devotion to Ireland, but as thoroughly incompetent for the positions they occupied, they had stultified themselves, and the principles they were supposed to represent. With the promise of future greatness as an Irishman, which Mr. Parnell then displayed, an alliance with him on certain defined National principles, might have been very proper. He appeared at that period, and many years after, to have that latent fire in him which gave Ireland a Wolfe Tone, a Lord Edward, an Emmet, a Davis, and a Mitchell, and many Nationalists thought that he would emerge

from the ranks of the Provincialists, and, like Thomas Davis in 1843, tell Irishmen that a treatise on artillery was the proper literature for patriots to study. But the absurd series of propositions contained not one National resolution. Mr. Butt, or Mr. Mitchell Henry, might have drafted them. No one would think that a National brain could conceive, or a Nationalist pen indite such silly trash, and term it a new departure. The first resolution was, no doubt, considered the *pièce de résistance* by the gentleman who penned it. There was nothing in this federal demand, that was in any way different from advocating self-government in the enemy's Parliament. The principles laid down by the Dublin federal "Home Rule" conference of 1873, were as full and broad for the internal government of Ireland, as anything Mr. Parnell or the most advanced—if that term can be used of Provincialists—of the "obstructionists" could possibly formulate.

A Nationalist leader, if he knew the first principles of his creed, should know that it is not the Provincialist's platform for the self-government of Ireland that Nationalists object to; both Mr. Butt's and Mr. Parnell's parties laid these down, so broad and well defined, that they approached very near an independent government, very closely approaching the power of an Irish republic; but it is the delusion and corruption, which Provincialist teaching creates among the people, when they are taught that this Will-o'-the-wisp, an independent Parliament and Ministry, can be wrung from the invader by any kind of Parliamentary efforts, or any possible peaceful methods, against which Nationalists have always protested. They know that the enemy's interests are seriously bound up in his possession of the plunder of the Irish nation; and the suppression of all possibility of raising up a commercial and manufacturing rival so close to his shores, compels him to strain the power, of what he calls the whole empire, sooner than give Ireland independent control of her destinies, as the Federalists demanded in 1873, and the Parnellites since. This power of the whole empire is, on examination, confined to the occupying forces in Ireland, and a small army corps, which

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would drain Britain. If Ireland really became earnest as a nation in the struggle for freedom, and could not defeat these, she would not be worthy of independence. It is a sad fact that the greatest power which keeps Ireland in slavery, and greater than the force of the whole British army, is the Provincial movements ; no matter how patriotic in intention the masses may be, they are helping the enemy in his war of extermination which never ceases. As for the leaders, they probably start out with pure intentions, but with a crude and imperfect knowledge of the issue ; and they end by becoming politicians in the enemy's ranks, corrupt and time-serving, trying to continue their Provincialist swindle as long as they can find dupes to make it pay.

The leading spirit in America, who was conducting what he called the "New Departure," sought every possible publicity to emphasise his opinions, before those with whom he was in negotiation had any time or opportunity to come to any decision. It was rather a novel way to conduct the affairs of a nation ; and it is no wonder that Ireland is so sunk in poverty and degradation, when it is only from the ranks of weak, incompetent men she can find leaders to champion her cause. Not content with giving publicity to the despatch sent *via* the Nationalists to Mr. Parnell, this gentleman sought by a series of interviews with leading Irishmen to influence the decision of the men in Dublin, all of which he published. He commenced by interviewing himself. He stated :—

"If we are ever to be properly understood by the world, and especially that portion of it which is inimical to England, we must secure the public voice of the country by electing men to Parliament, and to the local municipal bodies, who will not misrepresent us. . . .

"There is no use sending men to the British Parliament to beg, but we can send them there to protest before the world, against England's right to govern Ireland ; and when all is ripe, we can command our representatives to withdraw from the British Parliament, and to meet in Ireland."

This is pure Provincialist teaching; the very fact of sending delegates to the British Parliament is an admission of Britain's right to govern Ireland. The Irish people should no more send representatives to London, than they should to Paris, or Berlin. The true way that Nationalists should protest, is by some sort of action, and by keeping their delegates at home. As to "commanding" their representatives to withdraw, this gentleman reckoned without his host. The entrance to Parliament has been to Irish Provincialists like Aladdin's visit to the magic cave; there opens up to their vision such beautiful fruit that they are lost in the contemplation of these personal treasures, and forget their mission; or, remember it at intervals to learn its complete folly. Arguing in a den of wolves for a flock of sheep would not be more ridiculous. If quadrupeds were gifted with speech, and possessed the same instincts, the sheep would reveal better judgment than Irish Provincialists, and their former aiders and abettors, weak and incompetent National leaders.

The interview continued thus: "Have you seen the resolutions cabled to Mr. Parnell?"—"Certainly. The conditions therein named, are the only ones on which the advanced Nationalists here will support Mr. Parnell and his friends."

Mr. John J. Breslin was interviewed, and said:

"I am entirely in favour of the proposition forwarded to Mr. Parnell by cable, and think it is necessary to prevent Ireland from being misrepresented before the world. . . . At the same time I think the Irish Nationalists here should not relax their preparations for active work for one moment, for by aggressive and active work alone, can we ultimately succeed."

A prominent military man, whose connection with the Fenian movement in the past was very close, but who had special reasons for withholding his name, said:

"I am strongly in favour of the proposed alliance with Mr. Parnell, and his party, if they will accept the very

reasonable conditions we sent them by cable yesterday. At the same time, I am in favour of vigorous military preparations, so that we can avail ourselves of any opportunity that may turn up."

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa said :

"We shall be dead before long, and I want to see something done that will hurt England before we go. . . . I want to make her feel that Irish vengeance is something to be feared."

When the "New Departure" became an accomplished fact, and when Mr. Parnell accepted its terms and adopted its platform, these men removed the hope of fighting the foe to a more remote distance, and for the future, guerilla warfare, or any kind of force, was compelled to wait on the exigencies of the agitation. This may not have been originally intended, but it was the only possible ending to such an alliance; and events that have transpired since prove this fact. Had the organisation been engaged in active revolutionary work in Ireland, and especially in Britain, as it should have been, this alliance would have been impossible. It was no fault of the men at home that this was not the case. The self-elected officials, who had been accustomed to power and any personal advantages which might arise therefrom, had grown rusty and enervated; they abused the ears of the Irish-Americans on one side and their own people on the other, and nothing but actual work could break the spell they wove round the home movement.

This alliance turned revolutionary circles, organised for fight, into League clubs; and but for the cohesion which a secret movement gives in concentrating power, they might have dissolved into public branches of the League; any revolutionary work dreamed of was too sporadic to have any permanent results. . . .

The advocate of the "New Departure" wrote :

"When the Irish Republican Brotherhood was started, the prevailing feeling among the people was distrust of Parlia-

mentary agitation of all kinds. The collapse of the Tenant Right Movement, and the treachery of Keogh, Sadler, and their infamous *confrères*, had given a shock to the people, from which it took them years to recover. They were in a state of political torpor. I may be told that Fenianism took them out of this lethargy, and infused a soul into Ireland. It did nothing of the sort. It found the National feeling reviving; it was, in fact, one of the effects of that revival, and it turned the reawakening spirit into a certain channel. Whether this was fortunate or not, I will not discuss just now, but I have too keen a recollection of the period, and know a little too much about the spirit of the young men of that time, to be led away by the claptrap which passes current, among a certain number of enthusiastic young men, for historical fact, having the simple object of bolstering up the reputation of one of those heaven-sent leaders with whom we are sometimes blessed. Among the Nationalists of that day the doctrines of John Mitchell prevailed.

“They had drunk deeply during the years of inaction of the literature of young Ireland, and the boldest and most outspoken of that school was a decided success.

“He continued to address them, after his escape from prison, through certain National papers in Ireland, long after the other '48 leaders had laid down their pens, and ceased to work. The young men were ripe for the hand of the organiser, and their future course depended on the impulse then given. Besides there were many reasons why, at that period, Parliamentary agitation should be discussed, but I may be permitted to express my conviction that the discouragement was carried very much too far, and great mischief done in consequence.

“The fact, however, is undeniable that the policy of complete abstention was a ‘Fenian’ policy only, and that it was never, previous to the starting of Fenianism, the settled policy of the National party, though naturally the attempt of men seeking separation, was principally to physical force.”

The men of '48 left a literature that was truly national, and which helped to guide the young Irishman in the true national path.

Those two great and immortal Irishmen, Thomas Davis and John Mitchell, stand forth as guiding lights in the one true path to freedom. Mitchell, in scathing and scorching language, denounced Parliamentary agitation. There are no Mitchells in literature at the present time, to denounce these Provincial doctrines, which are doing their best to emasculate Ireland's patriotic young men. Irish orators, many of them Nationalists, address their people from public platforms, and denounce what they cherish in their souls ; they attempt to make their friends believe that the masses can divine their meaning, and that when they say black the people understand they mean white. They call this diplomacy. All this time they are educating the people to believe in the chimera of Parliamentary agitation.

Stephens, as an organiser and preacher, was honest to Ireland ; he always cautioned the people against that deadly poison, Parliamentary agitation. Opportunist and impotent as he unfortunately proved, he preached no false doctrine. The National advocate of Parliamentary agitation, in his letter to the *Freeman*, denied that Fenianism was the cause of lifting Ireland out of her torpid condition. True, it was not the sole cause. Irishmen are naturally patriotic. They imbibe hatred of the English invaders with their mother's milk. Traditions and stories of '98 were spoken of at the fireside, and then the teachings of Doheny, Davis, and Mitchell were inculcating intelligent and patriotic doctrines into the young men. When the organiser came among them, he shaped these national aspirations into national work. He showed them a course by which they might accomplish the fulfilment of Davis's and Mitchell's doctrine. They eagerly grasped it, and every fresh recruit brought into the National ranks was an additional preacher to spread the light of true patriotism, and to show up the old folly of arguing England out of the country. . . . There has come no John Mitchell

or Thomas Davis to fill people's souls with the magic fire of patriotism. The memories of the present movement leave no such ennobling sentiments behind; its battlefields are public meetings, its arsenals are stocked full of protests and resolutions, its victories are either the defeat of an English party or the holding of a midnight meeting to spite the English enemy, and its oriflamme the public burning of a proclamation, issued by the foe. Nay, more, it claims as victories the arrests of prominent agitators, and teaches that every man imprisoned is more dangerous in his cell than when free. To carry this doctrine out to its logical conclusion, if England arrests every Irishman possible, and packs her gaols with them, it will be a crowning victory to the cause.

The agitators' organ, *United Ireland*, tells us that if its proprietor is injured by the three months' sentence lately passed on him (1887), the Tories may expect "compound vengeance," and as they denounce physical force and all its works and pomps, it must be supposed that this species of "compound vengeance" must mean increased vituperation and abuse. All this time the organ of these Provincialists, never alludes to the fact that numbers of patriotic Irish Nationalists are in British dungeons, under life sentences. The only "compound vengeance" in their case is abuse of their friends, and every attempt to stain their honour that can be practised. These are some of the fruits of these impulsive Nationalists' "New Departure."

The writer already quoted, whose sentiments, before his eyes were hoodwinked by the new departure, were different, in a previous letter to the *Dublin Irishman*, stated :

"There should be no further toleration for men with two sets of contradictory principles, that are each paraded as honest convictions, according as the occasion may demand—men who are loyal Federalists to-day, and rampantly disloyal Nationalists to-morrow." [It is supposed the writer means loyal Nationalists. The words "disloyal" and "rebel" are used by Irish patriots in the same sense as their enemy uses

them, which is a slander on the Irish cause.] "A man cannot be a Whig and a Tory at one and the same time, nor can he be a repealer, or a Nationalist, and honestly sign the Federal pledge. He is either telling the truth, when he signs that pledge, or stating a deliberate falsehood; and any man who claims that he can publicly express his belief that a Federal union with England would satisfactorily settle the National question, and at the same time he is working for Irish independence, should be spurned by Home Rulers and Nationalists alike. There can be nothing gained by Irishmen, deceiving and cheating one another, and the Nationalist who simulates a belief in Federalism [*i.e.*, Home Rule] because certain men tell him it is 'policy' to do so, is pursuing a very disastrous policy indeed, and one that must inevitably end in disgrace and humiliation. He is helping to spread the delusion that the Irish people have accepted Federalism [*i.e.*, 'Home Rule'], and do not want independence. He is proclaiming this to the millions of the Irish race in America, and to those foreign Powers whose interests conflict with those of England, and he need not wonder if his duplicity and double-dealing produce a feeling of contempt in quarters where good-will is not an unmeaning word. . . .

"If there is one thing more than another about which Irish Nationalists should be of one mind, and act without hesitation or delay, it is the attitude they should assume towards parties claiming to work for the amelioration of Ireland, and to speak in the name of the Irish people. . . . To have any chance of success at all the party must be a homogeneous one, led by the best intellects available for leadership, and acting in all matters affecting the welfare of the nation. Above all, the leaders must be earnest. There must be no question about their principles or opinions. They cannot be Federalists [*i.e.*, 'Home Rulers'] to-day, and advocates of independence to-morrow. . . .

"It is an undeniable fact that the foolish and ridiculous policy of obstruction was decided on, not by a meeting of the 'Home Rule' members of Parliament, but by a meeting of

professed Nationalists in England. These men who scoff at the played-out policy, of saying what you mean and standing honestly by your principles, are to be the new saviours of the country, and to regenerate it with thirty clubs of the 'Home Rule' Confederation of Great Britain, having an average of twenty or thirty members each, not two per cent. of whom are honest Federalists [*i.e.*, Home Rulers]. This is the new statecraft that is to 'unite' the Irish people, and lead them with their eyes blindfolded to freedom. Why the very existence of this 'Home Rule' Confederation is a fraud and a hypocrisy, though there are many well-meaning dupes of worthless tricksters in its ranks.

"Something must be done, and done quickly, to raise the National party to the level of the work before it, to show that the word 'policy' has a higher and deeper meaning than the adoption of petty devices to conceal one's real intention. . . .

"If the National party be composed of men who are only capable of such miserable subterfuge, they are fit for nothing, and deserving of the contempt and reprobation of all earnest men."

This letter, published in the *Irishman*, contradicts most emphatically the views of the same writer in the *Dublin Freeman*, after, and in defence of, the "New Departure." Some of the sentences speak truly of the condition to which the "New Departure" reduced the revolutionary leaders. The gentleman's own words are as scathing a rebuke as can be given to this disastrous policy. The "New Departure" was an accomplished fact when Mr. Parnell came to America in 1880. On his way across the Atlantic he was interviewed as to his opinions of the Irish National movement, and its policy toward the Provincialists.

Mr. Parnell said: "As far as I have been able to gather, the Fenian organisation and its leaders are opposed, though not hostile, to our movement, the reason being that it is constitutional. A true revolutionary movement in Ireland should, in my opinion, partake of both a constitutional and an illegal

character. It should be an open and a secret organisation using the constitution for its own purposes, but also taking advantage of its secret combination. But the leaders of the Fenian movement do not believe in constitutional action, because it has always been used in the past for the selfish purposes of the leaders. There was a strong objection, by the Fenians, to our Parliamentary action, for the same reasons ; and indeed if we look at the acts of the Irish Parliamentary leaders since the union, there is ample justification for the views of the physical force party."

How history repeats itself ! Mr. Parnell was then, an unconscious prophet, of what the future would bring forth, even in his own case. There is indeed ample justification to condemn Irish Parliamentary leaders and their policy.

Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon left New York on a tour of the United States. They visited every important city and town possible, during their stay. Mr. Parnell repeated his great speech as delivered in Madison Square Garden ; he impressed upon crowded audiences, all over the United States, the fact that he would, "shame England" into the solution of the Irish troubles ; that his powerful weapon, American public opinion, would complete his success ; and that the landlords should go. He repeated, everywhere he went, the important statement that that was the last time he would require to go round on a begging tour for Ireland, as he was certain that the cause which created these periodical appeals would be removed by his policy, and Ireland would then cease to be a mendicant among the nations.

Mr. Parnell's sincerity, truth and patriotism were stamped upon every word he uttered, and the means he intended to use were so impressed by him upon his hearers, that he carried conviction to thousands of sympathisers ; none but the most prejudiced could for a moment doubt that he himself believed in the success of the new crusade.

At Troy, N.Y., when Mr. Parnell had completed his address, a gentleman in the audience walked up to the plat-



*Portrait of Mr. Lowell
by the artist of the Class.*

character. It should be an open secret organization, with its aims and objects, but also taking account of the fact that the leaders of the movement should be able to perform constitutional acts without attracting the attention of the State for the sake of their own safety. The object of the organization should be to secure the independence of the State for the same period as the term of the present High Parliament, and to secure the independence of the State for the same period as the term of the present High Parliament. It should be a physical force party."

How history repeats itself! Mr. Parnell was then a conscious prophet, of what the future would bring to him in his own case. There is indeed ample justification for condemning Irish Parliamentary leaders and their party.

Mr. Parnell and Mr. Quinn left New York on the 10th of June. They were every important citizen as possible, and they were. Mr. Parnell remained in the same position as before. Mr. Quinn returned to his own country and was elected a Member of the British Parliament. He would have been a member of the British Parliament if he had not been a member of the British Parliament. Irish trouble was not yet over, and the Irish people were open to the influence of the British Government. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people.

Mr. Parnell's statement was a warning to the British Government. He would have been a member of the British Parliament if he had not been a member of the British Parliament. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people. The British Government should be careful not to do anything that would lead to a statement of the situation of the Irish people.



CHARLES S. PARNELL.

From a photograph taken in Washington, D.C., and presented by Mr. Parnell to Captain J. Murphy, leader of the Rescue Party that caused the Clerkenwell Explosion.

form and handed the Irish leader twenty dollars, at the same time saying, "Mr. Parnell, here are five dollars for bread and fifteen dollars for lead." Mr. Parnell took the money with a smile. He, no doubt, thought there would be no need for lead, that the new crusade of shame would accomplish his purpose thoroughly.

The old Irish patriot who presented this subscription was Mr. Michael Kennedy, of Troy, N.Y., a man who had been engaged for many years in Irish national politics, and who was thoroughly convinced of Mr. Parnell's truth and earnestness, as he was also fully aware of the impossibility of Mr. Parnell's course. He believed that the energetic young Irishman, on finding he could not succeed by words, would eventually resort to some kind of force, as expressed by Mr. Kennedy when he gave his money for "lead."

The great spread of poverty was so rapid that another famine fund was started in the Mansion House, Dublin, by the new Lord Mayor, Edmund Dwyer Gray; and he was assisted in his endeavours, by the moderate section of the "Home Rule" Parliamentary party. They sent out a strong appeal for relief. Ireland had thus three charitable organisations making the beggar's request for alms: the Duchess of Marlborough's Fund, Lord Mayor Gray's Fund, and the Fund started by Mr. Parnell.

Lord Mayor Gray cabled this appeal for help to the Mayor of New York:

"DUBLIN, *January 10, 1880.*

"Hon. Edward Cooper, Mayor of New York.

"Distress increasing, aid urgently required.

"LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN,

"Irish Relief Committee."

Mayor Cooper replied as follows:

"I greatly deplore the increase of distress in Ireland, and will cause your despatch to be communicated to the Relief Committee here, and to the public press.

"EDWARD COOPER, Mayor."

Another appeal was sent to the Lord Mayor of London, and the unfortunate pauper nation was compelled to ask for alms of that very country which robbed her of her wealth, and destroyed her trade and manufactures.

A public meeting of the "Home Rule" members of Parliament was held at the Mansion House, Dublin, on January 17, 1880, the Lord Mayor in the chair. Mr. William Shaw, the chairman of the Parliamentary party, and the official Irish Provincial leader, proposed a resolution, which was passed, calling on the Government to institute productive relief works. Mr. Shaw said the Government wilfully shut its eyes to the distress in Ireland. Mr. Mitchell Henry said if their demands were not complied with, they must force compliance by constitutional action, or otherwise. The O'Donoghue said that in the future he would act and work with the "Home Rulers." Mr. Mitchell Henry said that the Irish members should not permit the attention of Parliament to be directed to foreign policy, until the affairs of Ireland had been put in a proper condition.

The Lord Mayor refused to receive a resolution expressing sympathy with the peasantry in the West of Ireland in the struggle to retain their holdings, on the ground that the struggle had assumed the aspect of physical force. During an exciting debate, Mr. Biggar declared Mr. Shaw was not a leader of the Irish people and "pronounced" in favour of Mr. Parnell.

It was very apparent for some time previous, that there was a struggle going on inside the "Home Rule" Parliamentary party, as to the question of leadership and policy. What was called the advanced party of Parliamentarians espoused the more active policy, which policy was not presented to them, nor by them to the people, as simple agitation alone. The great charm this policy had for the Irish masses, was its active principle of obstruction. They were taught that by using the forms of the House of Commons, they could stop British legislation, and thus make Irish members so

great an impediment to English law-making, that the British would be compelled to surrender "Home Rule," to preserve their legislative assembly from this novel invasion. This policy could not be called agitation; it was in reality physical force, and this species of physical force first made Mr. Parnell the chosen champion and hero of the Irish people. In the Parliamentary ranks at that time this policy had few followers, but in the country it had an overwhelming majority. Mr. William Shaw, the Parliamentary leader, felt compelled to take some action in the face of the great distress, to try and preserve some popularity on the near approach of the general election. The Lord Mayor, since so ardent a follower of Mr. Parnell's, was exceedingly nervous at anything which appeared to bear the slightest approval of that greatest of crimes in the eyes of such Irishmen, then as now—physical resistance to tyranny; and yet Mr. Gray took part in the "obstruction" divisions in the House. Mr. Mitchell Henry, who was a strong opponent of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, and who was then, and is still, an opponent of Irish independence, in his speech here, uses expressions which can have no meaning but physical force. He speaks of forcing the Government to take a certain course, either by constitutional agitation or otherwise. What is this otherwise to which Mr. Henry alludes? The Irish people cannot deduce any other meaning from this remark but that this moral suasionist meant a resort to violence. Some sort of violence should be used, to "force," as Mr. Henry put it, the British Ministers to do anything they were not inclined to do.

The Lord Mayor listened to Mr. Mitchell Henry's remarks without any rebuke, and yet refused to accept Mr. Biggar's resolution which indirectly indorsed the same policy. The meeting overruled the presiding officer, and Mr. Biggar succeeded in receiving an endorsement.

The Lord Mayor's banquet was about to take place, and Lord Mayor Gray, who dispensed the hospitalities of the Mansion House that year, did it in princely style. He was ably supported by his amiable and accomplished wife. The

Lady Mayoress's receptions and entertainments, were of the most *recherché* and elaborate kind. Her gracious manner as hostess of the civic mansion, and her exquisite toilettes, were the admiration of the *élite* of the metropolis. Mrs. Gray was also popular with the people, who remembered her mother's and sisters' many acts of benevolence and charity. The Duke of Marlborough and all the exquisites of the Viceregal Court, were expected to honour the Mansion House banquet by their presence. For the people who had hitherto flocked to the civic dinners, were especially loyal to the British Queen's representative, and could not possibly hope for a higher ambition than to bask beneath the sunshine of his ducal smile.

But great was the consternation among these amiable flunkeys, when the Duke of Marlborough, in reply to the Lord Mayor's invitation, sent the following answer:—

"MY LORD,

"I observe that in your official capacity as Lord Mayor you presided at a public meeting in the City Hall, at which resolutions were passed in relation to the West of Ireland, to schemes of enforcement; and to the measures which Her Majesty's Government have taken for the relief of the distress existing in parts of the country. I regret that the character of the resolutions will prevent me from having the honour of dining at the Mansion House on the 3rd of next month, as it would not be in my power, either to ignore them when they have received official sanction, or to make observation upon them while accepting your Lordship's hospitality. I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"MARLBOROUGH.

"VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN, January 27, 1880."

Lord Mayor Gray and his friends were compelled to eat their dinner without the presence of Britain's Lord Deputy. Some indignation was expressed in pro-British Radical sections. These West British Radicals wished to turn the

feeling, occasioned by this letter, to the service of their party, then, as now, telling the Irish what great things they might expect, if they got rid of the brutal Tories and had the good Liberal party restored to power; just as it is dinned into Irish ears at this date (1887) by the same kindly Liberals, when they cry "Codlin's your friend, not Short."

But Lord Mayor Gray pocketed the insult which Spencer-Churchill bestowed on his invitation. In spite of this strongly worded disapproval of civic official sanction, the Lord Mayor in his state coach, attended by his livery servants in powdered hair and wigs and in gorgeous costumes,—he himself wearing the state robes of office and with the collar of S. S., and attended by a goodly number of aldermen and town councillors and other flunkeys in their civic gowns,—went to his Grace of Marlborough's levee. Here, he and his friends made humble obeisance for being permitted to dwell beneath the shadow of Viceroyalty, and to enjoy the numerous blessings and happiness thereunto appertaining; and indicated by their presence their grateful thanks for the extraordinary generosity shown Ireland by their beloved Queen, who, out of her immense wealth, sent such a munificent sum to relieve the starving Irish, as five hundred golden pounds. Some of these men are public leaders in the "crusade of shame" still so vigorously carried on.

The Mansion House Fund did not please Mr. Parnell. He knew the men who composed it, and had great doubts as to their sincerity. Mr. Parnell sent the following letter to the *New York Herald*, which in trenchant language explains itself:—

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 27, 1880.

"To the Editor of the *Herald*,

"As you have thought proper to suppress the most important portion of my remarks at Buffalo in reference to the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, I am compelled to supply the omission by asking you to publish this note.

“You first attempt to foist upon the people of the United States, the Relief Committee started by the Duchess of Marlborough; but the common sense and self-respect of America revolting from your project, you now endeavour to mend your hand by lavishly parading and advertising the claims of the Dublin Mansion House Committee, an association of a kindred character, mainly composed of Government office-holders, Whig and Tory landlords and Castle flunkeys, destitute of all sympathy with our struggling people and hostile to their aspirations.

“We shall be told that the presence of the Catholic hierarchy on this committee is a guarantee, but the fact still remains that it is mainly composed of the landlord interest, and much of it of a most virulent character.

“The control of the committee also, and the disposition of its funds, must necessarily rest with the Dublin portion of it, since its sessions are held in that city. Hence the influence of the Irish bishops, whose names have been attached to mislead Catholic public opinion in this country, and who, as they chiefly reside in portions of Ireland remote from Dublin, will be unable to control the landlord and Castle management.

“The Lord Mayor of Dublin, moreover, the chairman of this committee, has already shown his bias by refusing at the meeting of Irish members, to accept a resolution of sympathy with the distressed peasantry in the West. I do not wish to examine the motive of this refusal, but it is a significant fact that the passage of this resolution, in spite of the opposition of the Lord Mayor, led to the refusal of the Duke of Marlborough to accept the former's invitation to dinner.

“In view, however, of your persistent attempts to mislead the American people on this question, it now becomes my duty to state plainly for the information of the charitable, that this money, if sent to the Dublin Mansion House Committee, will be indirectly used for political purposes, in bolstering up an expiring and tyrannical land system; and

that all aid from it will be refused to those of the starving peasantry who have actively participated in the present agrarian movement. If you wish to maintain the character for impartiality which you have assumed in dealing with our question, you will print this note in as prominent a position, and with as large type as that which you have devoted to your notice of the Mansion House Committee, taken under your patronage.

“CHARLES S. PARNELL.”

The two Irish Provincial delegates, in spite of the opposition of the real and genuine agitators located in this country, and urged on by their friends on the other side, enjoyed immense popularity with the Irish and American masses, who attended their lectures in the different towns and cities where they visited. Say what Mr. Parnell would,—and his statements on this point were explicit, and by no means misleading—his Irish audience would believe that Mr. Parnell always had an *arrière-pensée* to fall back upon, in the event of talk not succeeding. This was only natural. They saw men surrounding him in the committees, in whom they had every confidence, and justly so; whose lives were devoted to serving Ireland and making her a nation; and they also knew that the men at home, his Parliamentary colleagues, were simply Whigs or Liberals in the “Home Rule” garb. Some of these very men were on this same Mansion House Committee, which was hostile to Mr. Parnell and his aspirations. These people could not dream it possible that, in the whirligig of a Parliamentary policy to free a nation, some of these men, then his opponents, would become that young tribune’s devoted followers; and that the very principle of fighting the Liberal party, then dominating Irish Parliamentary political thought, would in course of time be reversed, and that the great machine, an Independent Irish party in the British Commons, would be handed over to the Liberals, and the aim and ambition of its members be to sing the praises of an English statesman.

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When Mr. Parnell was nearing the State capital, Albany, N.Y., the legislature of the State wished to do him honour, and to indicate through his person their indorsement and approval of the cause of which he was so able an exponent, and so noble and worthy a representative.

The following resolution was introduced into the Assembly and Senate, and carried unanimously :—

“WHEREAS, Charles S. Parnell, M.P., is now on a visit to the city of Albany, and whereas we recognise the efforts of this honourable gentleman for the relief of starvation in Ireland ; therefore

Resolved, That Charles S. Parnell, M.P., during his visit to the city of Albany, be given the privilege of the floor of the Assembly.”

On Mr. Parnell's appearance in the Assembly on January 28, 1880, Speaker Husted brought the gavel down with a sharp stroke, and out of compliment to their Irish visitor the chamber took a recess.

General Husted, getting on the floor, warmly welcomed Mr. Parnell, and introduced him to the members.

In the meantime the famine continued raging in Ireland ; there was plenty of food, but the poor people had no means to procure it. There were three deaths from hunger at this date, January 29, near Parsonstown. No record is correctly kept of the number of deaths from this cause, which take place every year in Ireland, as hunger is the parent of so many diseases under which these deaths are registered. It is Britain's death roll of victims in the Emerald Isle. On February 2 the two Irish Provincialists issued the following manifesto. The fight between them and the Parliamentary men and others of Lord Mayor Gray's committee, was being fought out very fiercely on both sides. To Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon must be accorded high praise for great determination and perseverance, for after all Mr. Parnell represented a very insignificant portion of the Parliamentary party at that time. But as time has since proved, this was a mere bid for political power :

" To the People of America,

" A committee has been formed in Dublin, since we landed in this country, and has appealed to the people of America under the name of the Dublin Mansion House Committee, for funds to relieve the Irish famine. This committee is chiefly composed of landlords and Government placemen, avowedly hostile to the people and their aspirations, and is therefore peculiarly unsuited as a channel through which to send relief to the starving peasantry of Ireland. We felt it our duty on the first publication of the names comprising this body, to warn the people of America that it would refuse assistance to those who are at present resisting eviction. . . .

" This fact convinces us of the necessity for renewed exertion on our part, to baffle the projects so shamelessly put forward by the allies and agents of the Mansion House Committee in this country.

" CHARLES S. PARNELL.

" JOHN DILLON.

" February 1, 1880."

Mr. Parnell was attacked in the press of England, and by the Irish Provincial and West British journals. Lord Randolph Churchill attempted to contradict a statement he made about the Queen's famine subscription in 1847, to which Mr. Parnell replied as follows :—

" To the Editor of the ' Herald,'

" In reference to Lord Randolph Churchill's contradiction of my statements, that the Queen gave nothing to relieve the famine in 1847, I find I might have gone still further and have said, with perfect accuracy, that not only did she give nothing, but that she actually intercepted £6,000 of the donation which the Sultan of Turkey desired to contribute to the famine fund. In 1847 the Sultan had offered a donation of £10,000, but the English Ambassador at Constantinople was directed by the Queen to inform him that her contribution was to be limited to £2,000, and that the Sultan should not, in good taste, give any more than her Majesty; hence the net result

to the famine fund by the Queen's action was a loss of £6,000. All this is perfectly understood by students of Irish history, and would have been known to Lord R. Churchill were our history not proscribed in English schools.

"The following passage in D'Arcy Magee's history of the Irish settlers in North America throws additional light upon the subject: 'The Czar, the Sultan, and the Pope sent their rubies and their pearls. The Pasha of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of China, the Rajahs of India, combined to do for Ireland what her so-styled rulers refused to do—to keep her young and old people living in the land. America did more than all the rest of the world.

“CHARLES S. PARNELL.

“*February 1, 1880.*”

The Irish-American Nationalists gave Mr. Parnell invaluable support; they supported his movement with the object of using the agitation to strengthen their hands, so that behind the mask of a public movement they could more effectually strike the common enemy. Many Nationalists, especially those in Ireland, believed this whole idea was wrong, both in conception and practice; they considered that the “New Departure” was a grave and serious departure from Irish National politics, because of the utter impossibility of the Nationalists ever being able to bring the Provincialists up to their standard, and the danger of opening the flood-gates and filling physical force circles with a stream of weak, sentimental, and theoretical views, which sad experience has taught Irishmen, have had a ruinous tendency to emasculate their race.

Mr. Parnell in his trenchant attacks on his natural supporters, the agitators, raised up for himself a number of enemies. There were at this time three famine funds in the field, that of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Dublin Mansion House Committee, and Mr. Parnell's Fund. A fourth was soon started, under the auspices of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who subscribed the munificent sum of

\$100,000. The Bennett Fund leaped into active life, and with the great circulation of the *New York Herald* succeeded in enlisting a number of subscriptions, some for very large sums.

The Dublin *Freeman*, the property of Lord Mayor Gray, then ably assisted by Mr. William O'Brien, resented Mr. Parnell's attack on the Mansion House Committee in its issue of February 5, 1880. It published an endorsement of their Committee, signed by three Archbishops and nineteen Bishops, also by the Most Reverend Mr. Trench, Protestant Archbishop. This roll accused Mr. Parnell of making reckless and unwarrantable assertions; but he gained by this attack the support of many Nationalists. The Irish-American Society were the men who really placed him in power; he has kicked away the ladder by which he climbed to his present position. Time will tell if he was wise.

In the meantime Mr. Parnell had received the greatest honour ever paid to an Irishman: the House of Representatives at Washington, then in session, had gracefully and courteously extended to him the privilege of the floor, to address that august body.

On January 19 Congress placed this resolution upon its archives, and on February 2, 1880, Speaker Randall called the House to order at eight o'clock. The Speaker directed that the resolution of the 19th of January be read, and he stated that in conformity with that resolution, he had now the honour and pleasure of introducing Charles Stewart Parnell of Ireland, who came among them to speak of the distress of his country.

Mr. Parnell, who was seated at the clerk's desk, looked with icy composure upon the sea of faces that were there to bid him welcome on behalf of America—the noblest and freest nation in the world, the land that has so hospitably received the suffering patriots of Europe. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Parnell returned thanks for the honour conferred on him in being permitted to address such an

assemblage on the state of affairs in his unhappy country. American public opinion would be of the greatest importance in enabling them to obtain a settlement of the Irish question. He spoke of land in Ireland as being the most pressing question of that country, and he quoted the testimony of the historian Froude against the principle of private property in land. He also quoted the *New York Nation* approvingly, against the idea of emigration as a remedy. He proposed to imitate the example of Prussia and other Continental countries, where the feudal tenure had been tried and abandoned. He proposed to give the opportunity to every occupying farmer in Ireland to become the owner of his own farm. He referred to Mr. John Bright's proposition for a company to advance money for the purchase of Irish farms, and criticised Mr. Bright for fearing to ask the English Parliament to sanction the principle. In conclusion, he said that if Ireland was by the force of public opinion alone, and by the respect with which all peoples looked upon any sentiment prevailing in America for her, to obtain without the shedding of one drop of blood, without drawing the sword, without one threatening message, the solution of that great question—he was proud and happy in the belief that, in the way he had mentioned, and in no other way, America would be an important factor in the solution of the Irish land question. As Mr. Parnell concluded his address, he was applauded by an audience of men who could thoroughly appreciate the salient points of his discourse. The House adjourned, and the ceremonies of the personal introduction of members and others to Mr. Parnell, was performed by the Speaker in the area in front of the reporters' desk.

Many who favoured the "New Departure," and who had been trying to impress upon Irishmen the immense difference between the agitation of Mr. Parnell, and that of his great predecessor, Mr. O'Connell, will find in this speech, addressed to the Congress of the descendants of the men of Lexington, the self-same no-drop-of-blood doctrine, as distinctly preached by Mr. Parnell as it had been in the days of the golden-

tongued tribune. Mr. Parnell, carried away it is presumed by the justice of Ireland's cause, concluded in a very summary manner that its solution should be of as easy attainment; and when he informed his American hearers that he proposed a certain course to be adopted to settle the farmers in their holdings, he appears to have completely lost sight of the essential fact, that he had no power to carry out his benevolent and kindly intention. He alluded to the Prussian Ministers, and their establishment of peasant proprietary in that part of Germany, but these statesmen caused laws to be made for their own country. Mr. Parnell would have to appeal to a foreign assembly and foreign Ministers, whose interests run counter to Ireland's. Think of a great statesman, or an intelligent patriot, telling his hearers that the public opinion of a great nation would be able to do the work of Washington and Lafayette! People can scarcely realise the seriousness of the speaker, and yet his audience was most distinguished.

Mr. Parnell plainly stated that he was opposed to the principle of private property in land, but he has been trying to establish peasant or occupying proprietary, which is undoubtedly private property in land. Irishmen could not advocate National ownership of land until such time as Ireland has an independent national government. There have been very strange law doctrines preached by men who have so completely lost sight of the great national creed of self-government, that they have gone into the land question without thinking that it was not all the Irish trouble.

There was this great difference between Mr. Parnell's Provincial agitation and that of Mr. O'Connell's—that while the former preached the self-same doctrines of arguing the usurper out of Ireland, and publicly condemning the necessity of any resort to force, in private he expressed different views and only asked of the Nationalists to give his peace policy a fair trial and he would be with them in the impossible event (as he then believed) of his failure. It was the beginning of that hideous and hypocritical policy of Irishmen

publicly denouncing, what the speaker and his friends were actually engaged in privately. This infamous and degrading course was termed paying "Britain back in her own coin stealing a leaf of deception from the enemy's state volumes.

The Dublin *Freeman* was very wroth with Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon. In its issue of February 26, 1880, it spoke of these gentlemen thus:

"We are compelled in the cause of truth and charity, defence of the Hierarchy, of the benevolent laity of Ireland of every religion, in self-defence, in the interest of sanity and honour, all the world over, to notice the extraordinary emanation addressed to the editors of the United States, which Mr. Parnell and his friends run amuck through all the Irish charitable committees except his own."

It characterised Mr. Parnell's attack made on the Duchess of Marlborough's Committee as a shameless one, and his attack on the Mansion House Committee as an outrage against all decency, and a shameless libel upon an assembly of gentlemen, reckoning among them the most trusted and respected of the laity as well as Bishops.

The *Freeman* asked what Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon had done that they should dictate. The Mansion House was entrusted with £80,000, the Duchess of Marlborough with £30,000, while the Parnell Fund had secured only £12,000 though every nerve had been strained.

The minds of politicians in Britain were directed to the approaching general election; every one expected that Parliament would be dissolved at the close of the session, and that in the autumn the election of a new Parliament would take place. One of the many scenes which display British contempt for Irish suffering, happened during the expiring hours of this Parliament. Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, with tears in his eyes, called attention to the prevailing poverty and hunger in Ireland; but he spoke to empty benches, for the British legislator preferred the smoke-room, or the dining

table, to listening to the old story of Irish distress ; for him it was a thrice-told tale and a nuisance ; there was no possibility of "shaming" the stolid Anglo-Saxon on a question of which he was weary.

To the surprise and astonishment of the British public, the session of Parliament was suddenly interrupted by the announcement, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, that Her Majesty's Government had decided on appealing to the loyal British burgesses to elect another Commons chamber. This information surprised both countries ; and it was the subject of conversation in every club, hotel, warehouse, factory, and public conveyance. A dissolution in the autumn was expected, but this hasty interruption of Parliamentary work and cessation of the business of the country until after the throes of a general election, set the British people wondering. What caused this sudden resolution of the Premier's ? This was the question on every tongue.

Lord Beaconsfield was not long in issuing his election manifesto, which he did in the form of a letter to the Irish Lord-Lieutenant :—

"No. 10 DOWNING STREET, *March 8, 1880.*

"MY LORD DUKE,

"The measures respecting the state of Ireland which Her Majesty's Government have so anxiously considered with your Excellency, and in which they were much aided by your advice and authority, are now about to be submitted for royal assent ; and it is at length in the power of Ministers to advise the Queen to recur to the sense of her people. The arts of agitators, which represented that England instead of being a generous and sympathising friend was indifferent to the dangers and sufferings of Ireland, have been defeated by measures at once liberal and prudent which Parliament almost unanimously sanctioned. During the six years of the present Administration, the improvement of Ireland and the content of our fellow-countrymen of that island have much

occupied the care of the Ministry; and they may remember with satisfaction, that in this period they have solved one of the most difficult problems connected with its government and people, by establishing a system of public education open to all classes and creeds. Nevertheless a danger, in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence or famine which now engages your Excellency's anxious attention, distracts that country. A portion of the population is attempting to sever the constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain in that bond which has favoured the power and prosperity of both. It is to be hoped that all men of light and learning will resist this destructive doctrine.

“The strength of the nation depends on the unity of feeling which should pervade the United Kingdom, and its widespread dependencies. The first duty of an English Minister should be to consolidate the co-operation which renders irresistible a community educated as our own in an equal love of liberty and law.

“And yet there are some who challenge the expediency of the imperial character of the realm. Having attempted and failed to enfeeble our colonies by their policy of decomposition, they may perhaps now recognise in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which will not only accomplish but precipitate their purpose. The immediate dissolution of Parliament will afford an opportunity to the nation to decide upon a course which will materially influence its future fortunes, and shape its destiny. Rarely in this country has there been an occasion more critical. The power of England, and the peace of Europe will largely depend on the verdict of the country. Her Majesty's present Ministers have hitherto been enabled to secure that peace so necessary to the welfare of all civilised countries, and so peculiarly the interest of our own, but this ineffable blessing cannot be obtained by the passive principle of non-interference. Peace rests on the presence, not to say the ascendancy of England, in the councils of Europe. Even at this moment, the doubt supposed to be inseparable from a popular election, if it does

not diminish, certainly arrests her influence, and is a main reason for not delaying an appeal to the national voice. Whatever may be its consequences to Her Majesty's present advisers, may it return to Westminster a Parliament not unworthy of the power of England, and resolved to maintain it!

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

"Your faithful servant,

"BEACONSFIELD."

The London *Daily News*, the leading organ of the Liberal party, commenting on this manifesto, said :

"Lord Beaconsfield is the master of pompous words, and they have stood him in such good stead that he hopes to win an election by this means."

Mr. William Shaw, Home Rule leader, issued a reply to the Tory chieftain. He said :

"The Prime Minister has not thought it beneath his position to issue an electioneering manifesto, placing false issues before the electors of the empire, and tending to excite the worst passions of the ignorant.

"There has been no Ministry within my memory by which less has been done for the improvement and content of the people of Ireland. The distress now so general, deepening in some places into famine, was at an early period brought before the attention of Her Majesty's Government; and if the measures then earnestly recommended had been promptly and generously adopted, the widespread suffering would have been to a great extent prevented and the people would not have been pauperised. I charge the government with gross and culpable ignorance and neglect. They have not taken timely measures to meet the emergency. The Prime Minister, not for the first time, misrepresents the general opinion of the people of Ireland as expressed by a majority of her representatives in favour of self-government in domestic affairs, as if it meant the dismemberment of the empire. No one knows better than the Prime Minister that that is not a true statement of the case.

“We mean by ‘Home Rule,’ not that the connection should be destroyed, but that the relationship may be placed on a healthy, natural, honest basis; and we seek this object by strictly loyal and constitutional means. The Prime Minister knows this, but he thinks it a good cry for the English electors, and he sends his party forth to the constitutional struggle with a lie in their right hand. There is another Irish question on which the Government has been more reactionary than on others. I mean the land question. I call on the Irish people, north and south, to answer the insulting missive of the Prime Minister, by returning an overwhelming majority at the coming election, pledged to the settlement of the great vital national question; pledged to give ample facilities for the creation of a peasant proprietary, wherever possible, to restore, define and legalise tenant right in Ulster, and extend it to the whole of Ireland. We must sink all minor differences, put aside all personal feelings, and lend every energy to effect this great object.”

The news of the dissolution of Parliament was a great surprise to Mr. Parnell. It disconcerted all his arrangements. Mr. Biggar, M.P., Mr. Lysaght Finnigan, M.P., and his immediate Parliamentary supporters, cabled for his speedy return.

The “Home Rule” Confederation of Great Britain, controlled by Mr. Parnell’s supporters, issued the following election manifesto:—

“Lord Beaconsfield has issued, in the guise of a letter to the Viceroy of Ireland, a declaration of war upon your country and your friends. The Ministry is seeking to obtain a renewed term of office, by sowing dissensions and hatred between Englishmen and Irishmen, and Lord Beaconsfield’s vicious manifesto directly appeals to the worst passions and prejudices, for the purpose of stirring up Englishmen against Irish Nationalists. The Ministry neither knows nor cares how

to relieve our distressed fellow-countrymen. Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy has been an inglorious and disastrous failure. Vote against him as you would vote against the enemy of your country.

"FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, Dungarvan.

"JAMES LYSAGHT FINNIGAN, Ennis.

"ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, Louth.

"JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, Mayo.

"JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Longford."

Mr. Parnell cancelled all his engagements and hurried back to New York, to take steamer for Ireland.

He held a conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel previous to his departure; sixty gentlemen were invited to meet him, when the foundation of the Irish National Land League of America was laid. Mr. M. D. Gallagher, of New York city, was chosen president of the first branch of the League, which as Branch "One" so ably and financially aided the National League movement. Mr. Gallagher, who is a strong and determined Nationalist, and who at that time was a thorough believer in the efficacy of "legal agitation," wrote a pamphlet in furtherance of the League principles, which had an appendix written by a Boston gentleman—an American, a relative or connection of Mr. Parnell's—which if published to-day (1887) would obtain Mr. Parnell's condemnation for the outspoken and radical views of the writer. Delegates from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Haven, and Jersey City attended. Dr. Kearney, of New York, was elected chairman of the meeting, and T. F. Lynch, of Brooklyn, secretary. At the close of their labours, Mr. Parnell expressed his entire satisfaction, and promised to return to America as soon as possible. He urged his countrymen not to let the work in which they were engaged slacken in the meantime, and bade them remember that the cause of charity still appealed to them. The famine-causing land system, he said, remained uncrushed, and therefore there remained good work for Irishmen. No one helped more energetically in

this "good work," than did the neglected president for Branch "One," Mr. M. D. Gallagher. He formed over fifty branches by his own exertions, and addressed League meetings in every direction.

The time was now drawing near for Mr. Parnell's departure. A committee of longshore men presented him with a patriotic and complimentary address, and the substantial testimony of £200 for the relief fund. A committee of County Wicklow men presented him with a testimonial and gold badge; and the reception committee presented him with a complimentary address. Mr. Parnell, in his reply, thanked them for the magnificent hospitality accorded to himself, and the sympathy extended to suffering Ireland.

Mr. Parnell was escorted to the wharf by the committee, and immense crowds of enthusiastic supporters; a heavy snowstorm in no manner chilled the ardour of their determination to do every possible honour to the then earnest young Irishman. The 69th Regiment, with Colonel Cavanaugh at their head, acted as guard of honour. As the *Baltic* passed the pier out into the river the band of the 69th played, hats waved, and the immense crowd cheered the parting guest, while Mr. Parnell bowed his acknowledgments until his pale face passed out of sight.

Speed the parting ship; there are stirring scenes before the Irish voyager!

THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1880.—PARNELLISM *versus*
CLERICALISM.

As Mr. Parnell voyaged home in the good ship *Baltic*, preparations were being made by the people in Ireland to give him a truly royal reception, the accustomed phrase "royal" being used to denote the magnificent ovation that awaited him at Queenstown, Cork, and indeed throughout Ireland. No British sovereign, or princeling, could ever hope to receive from the people such a demonstration of welcome as that which awaited the arrival of Charles Stewart Parnell on his return from America.

The Irish Nationalists clung to him; the more the West British element attacked him, the more they were determined to give him a united support, to show the world how earnestly, and almost unanimously, Ireland yearned for self-government. Not alone a portion of the people held these views, as stated by Lord Beaconsfield to the Duke of Marlborough in his letter, but they were (and are still) the doctrines of the great masses, the heart, the soul, the brains of the nation. The only difference Irishmen have on this subject of native rule is the means by which they can procure it.

Men of the physical force school (and they are more than nine-tenths of the real earnest workers in Ireland) have no choice as regards the path by which the desired goal can be gained. Britain has given Ireland her answer, in no hesitating manner; she has repeatedly and defiantly told her she

will not concede to Ireland her peaceful demands, and unless the Irish act as curs undeserving of freedom they must appeal to the only alternative left to nations, or be wiped out and spat upon as a race. If such an ineffable blessing as the attainment of self-government could be pursued peacefully, men would not incur the horrors of British dungeons and the doom of the scaffold to try to obtain their nation's liberation from slavery. Irishmen would not expose themselves to the contumely of some of their own untaught and misguided countrymen, the Provincialists, who are so steeped in generations of serfdom as not to appreciate the nobility of the sacrifice.

There are possibly some Irishmen so maddened by the wrongs and crimes of centuries, inflicted on their country by the foreign invader, that they thirst for revenge; but the number of these is few. The great majority of the people are not seeking revenge to satisfy any appetite of hatred. Those who know the Irish Nationalists well, can speak most emphatically that no such feeling animates their countrymen. There was no such feeling in the breast of Warren at Bunker's Hill, or Washington at Trenton, although both were seeking to kill and destroy their country's enemies. Irishmen are fully satisfied that, for them, it is an absolute necessity to carry out the most destructive campaign possible against England, and if possible in England itself, no matter at what sacrifice of life to themselves as a people (for such losses must be infinitesimal, compared to what they are compelled to suffer every year under the continued drains of starvation and emigration). They believe in pursuing this course because no nation, similarly situated, could appeal to any remedy but force. There is no court of last resort between nations, but war. It may be deplorable that humanity cannot avoid the evil. Ireland has never had peace; whether Irishmen try peaceful Provincialism and appeal to her enemy or not, the results are the same. The unrelenting foe goes on unceasing in his war of extermination. The destruction of Ireland's national existence he feels is, for him, a matter of vital

importance. Ireland has no alternative but either to be blotted out from among the nations, or to strike back fiercely and try to destroy her invader.

At this period in Ireland's history, 1880, the "New Departure" had ripened and begun to bear fruit, rosy-looking and luscious to the gaze but ashes, as has been proved, to the taste. The Provincialist "campaign of shame," created by O'Connell and argued by that great orator to hopeless failure, again attempted by the Tenant League for a few years and taken up by Isaac Butt and the Federalists, was at this period revived, with the imaginary aid of Parliamentary obstruction. If ever such a programme could be successful it ought to have been at this time, when a people in unity of thought all over the globe made the heavens ring again with their clamour for freedom, only to hear their voices come back upon them with the enemy's shout of refusal and coercion.

The Irish people were trying to heal a sore, while the foreign body that caused it was festering and pressing on the wound. There can be no cure for Ireland's gashes but the complete removal of the shackles, whose rasping, biting pressure excoriates her flesh.

As the *White Star* liner entered the magnificent harbour of the Cove of Cork, a tug steamer came alongside. As soon as the *Baltic* came to her moorings, a deputation of Irish Provincialists went on board to welcome back the man chosen as their public leader. This Land League deputation consisted of W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P., J. G. Biggar, M.P., Lysaght Finnigan, M.P., and a number of other gentlemen; deputations from the "Home Rule" League, from the Cork Farmers' Club, and from the students of the Queen's College, Cork; while the organisation still styled the Butt Election Committee of Limerick also sent members to greet Mr. Parnell. Addresses were presented by those deputations welcoming Mr. Parnell back to Ireland, and congratulating him upon the success of his mission in America. The address of the Land League concluded by expressing a hope that Mr. Parnell had sped

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across the waters like another Perseus to save the Andromeda of nations, from the political monster now threatening her with national destruction. Mr. W. O'Sullivan in addressing Mr. Parnell on the part of the "Home Rule" League, said that many constituencies in Ireland were waiting Mr. Parnell's return to know whether he approved of the selection which they had made of candidates. Mr. Parnell in returning thanks said that in America he had already had overwhelming proofs of the utter failure of the pro-British Press of Ireland and England, to deprive him of his character with his countrymen in America. He might give them some idea of the magnitude of these endeavours, when he said that a constant manufacture of lies had been cabled across to Ireland, while on their side of the Atlantic a similar manufacture was going on and the lies cabled to America. He wished to express his disappointment that at least one journal which assumed to itself the character of representative of the National and Liberal feeling in Dublin,¹ and another in the south of Ireland,² had lent themselves to this base attempt on the part of the English newspaper press.

The scene at Queenstown Junction was one not likely to be forgotten by any one present. The Youghal men and others had assembled there, and while the huge procession of trades was forming with banners and music, Mr. Parnell had to make another address.

If Irishmen would only work as well as they demonstrate, which latter they do so often with premature expressions of joy, they might then indeed eventually meet to celebrate the glorious triumph of their freedom from foreign rule.

On Mr. Parnell's arrival in Cork there was a monster demonstration of tradesmen and societies; the streets rang with cheers, and the music of the many bands playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes" mingled with the national Irish strains that floated on the air. The entire way from Patrick's Bridge up to the end of Patrick Street was packed with one dense mass of people. The youth and beauty of this lovely

¹ *The Freeman's Journal.*

² *Cork Examiner.*

city by the Lee went out to welcome their hero's return; handkerchiefs fluttered in fair hands from the windows of Cork's great thoroughfare. A stranger visiting the city would think it was the return of some victor crowned with the laurels of success, and not a young patriot starting out on a mission of trying to "shame" his country's foe into surrender, so immense was this great rejoicing displayed by the people. What a strange and incomprehensible race are the Irish! Well may the English call them imaginative.

At the Cork Terminus Mr. Parnell was presented with an address from the Nationalists of Cork, in which they stated that they felt that words were inadequate to express their sense of the obligation they felt towards him for his efforts among the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic, on behalf of the down-trodden people of Ireland. They could not withhold their admiration from a man who in any sphere used his efforts to better the condition of his country, but they felt bound to add that it was perfectly useless to attempt to obtain concessions from England through Parliamentary representation.

The same statement was repeated to Mr. Parnell in the writer's presence in the Victoria Hotel reading-room, Cork, during the Kettle election. Does he really believe still (1887) in this delusion of shaming England?

Mr. Biggar, M.P., said that the only possible leader of the Irish people and the Irish party was Mr. Parnell, and they should make him dictator at this general election.

That was a busy day in the southern capital; Robert Wilson, the patriotic proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, was in his element, making preparations for the grand banquet which was to take place in his hotel that evening, in honour of Mr. Parnell. He rushed around greeting friends with his kindly smile of welcome, and giving orders to the bustling attendants.

At the banquet in the evening, Mr. Parnell was entertained by the enthusiastic, warm-hearted, and hospitable Munster men. Mr. D. Riordan, President of the Cork Farmers' Club,

was in the chair ; Mr. Parnell sat at his right hand ; near him sat Mr. J. G. Biggar, M.P., Mr. Patrick Egan, the late President of the Irish National League of America, then one of the guiding spirits of the Irish Land League, Mr. G. Lysaght Finnigan, M.P., Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P., Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. James Redpath, of America, Mr. Michael Davitt, and Mr. Kenny, who with others occupied seats at the head table.

The chairman, in proposing the health of Mr. Parnell, said that "but for his conduct" half of their country would be dying of starvation. Mr. Parnell, M.P., who was received with enthusiastic applause and prolonged cheers, gave a glowing account of his experience in America. At Philadelphia, he said, Mr. Dillon and himself addressed a meeting of which one-half had to go away from the doors ; and there were no deadheads, no orators, and no music. They visited sixty-two cities during the two months they were in America and the net result was £40,000, of which £25,000 was already in the hands of the National Land League. He had no doubt if he could have remained for another month he could have sent over £100,000. At Washington he said an honour had been conferred upon him which was unprecedented, namely that of addressing the House of Representatives in session. He wished to refer to some matters which he could perhaps speak about more fully and properly than others could.

During his visit to America he was informed upon the highest ecclesiastical authority, that the Government of England had attempted to influence the Pope and the American bishops against their movement. He was informed of this on such authority that he could not doubt it for a moment, but he could not of course mention names, either in public now or in private hereafter. With regard to their future Parliamentary policy, what did they want their representatives to do in Parliament ? Did they want them to sit and admire each other ? It was a matter of fact that the only party that had achieved anything during the last

seven wasted years of Parliament, was the active party of Irish members.

Some confusion arose when Mr. Parnell spoke of the course the Dublin *Freeman* had taken in attacking him ; there were a few dissidents to this opinion of his, and when it is recollected that such firm supporters and followers of Mr. Parnell as Mr. Dwyer Gray and Mr. William O'Brien were then engaged writing on that journal, it is not to be wondered at that some of their sympathisers were present.

With regard to the land question, he believed that not many years would elapse before they would see this one last remaining prop of English misgovernment in Ireland, broken to pieces. Mr. Parnell avoided all reference to the policy of his party in Parliament, and to the changed circumstances with which they would again take part in the proceedings of the House.

Mr. Biggar, M.P., in reply to the toast "The Irish Parliamentary Party," in the course of an able and incisive address said they had seen what Hartmann had done in Russia, and if the constitutional course they were pursuing at present failed in its objects, he thought Ireland might be able to produce another Hartmann, and probably with better results.

Joseph Brady, you were living in the pride of youth, health, and happiness in your native city of Dublin, the capital of your enslaved country, when this prophecy foreshadowing your public appearance in Ireland's war against her assassin destroyers was uttered at a banquet hall in the city of Cork. The sterling Irishman, although a Provincialist leader, who spoke these ominous words, uttered the honest sentiments of his heart. You were then enrolled in the National ranks, believing that the edge of a sharp steel blade alone could cut the thongs that bound your native land in slavery. When these Provincialists found the time had come to fulfil this prophecy (for which action all true men honour them), you volunteered with thousands of other good men and true to offer your young life, and the unwritten romance of your Sarah Curran, upon the altar of your

country's freedom. When in the toils of the enemy, these Provincialists basely and cowardly deserted you and your gallant comrades ; left you all alone, helpless, and in want to die, while their treasury was filled with the gold so lavishly bestowed upon them by your exiled brothers, the Irish-American Nationalists. Nay, more, they foully tried, in alliance with the London *Times*, to slander your memory, and to fasten upon your immortal name the stain of murder—they, from out whose ranks came their one heroic effort, the order to enroll the patriots of which you and your dead comrades were among the first in nobility of character and sterling manly worth. And to-day (1887) they are trying to prove before mankind that they never were your associates ; and with criminal intent to stain their nation with crime, they are hailing their repudiation as a victory over the ever-living Truth.

Justice may come slowly, but 'twill come as certain as that truth and virtue exist. When posterity will erect an apotheosis to Joseph Brady and his martyred comrades, the memory of these Provincialists (for which they themselves prepared a foul stain while living) will meet with the execration of honourable and virtuous mankind.

This speech of Mr. Biggar's was received with loud and prolonged applause. The Nationalists applauded because by their utterances they felt certain that these advanced Provincialists would come over *en masse* to their standard, and give the nation's cause the benefit of their public prestige ; and that Charles Stewart Parnell, with the fiery blood of Ironsides leaping through his veins, would be found, like another Lord Edward or Owen Roe, in the vanguard of the struggle, leading on his countrymen in their war for independence. The Provincialists applauded, because they believed that by high-sounding threats, the enemy would surrender without any necessity for following up strong language by daring deeds.

But not one at that banquet table, from Mr. Parnell down to the humblest, ever for an instant thought it needful to offer the



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JOSEPH BRADY.
Executed Whit Monday, May 14, 1883.

smallest rebuke to the manly Mr. Biggar, who upon that occasion had the courage of his convictions.

Whatever may be said of the Russian Nihilists, by friends or foes, their cause is distinctly different from Ireland's. They wish to change a native despotic government to a native constitutional one, but this Russian despotism does nothing to stop the natural development of their own country—quite the contrary.

Irishmen, on the other hand, wish to get rid of a foreign Government whose interests are opposed to theirs, and which is strangling their existence as a people, and draining their resources from their natural channels, breeding poverty and corruption over the land; hence they wish to establish native rule. Despotism has not implanted in the Russian breast that cowardly slavery, which the cunningly contrived system of alien rule has done with many Irishmen. Russian Nihilists do not slander and abuse their imprisoned comrades, or try to stain the memories of their dead ones, and call this cowardice "diplomacy"; it has been left to Irish Provincialists to practise this degrading and cowardly offence. Mr. Biggar, to his credit be it recorded, never joined in this campaign of slander, instituted by his friends for false motives of diplomacy, against men whose silence they have counted upon to permit their country and the party of action to be degraded by renegades and cowards. Mr. Biggar gave them no aid; he has never been put on record for slandering the memory of those whose lips are sealed in the grave.

Mr. Parnell at that time courted the assistance of the party of action. The principal supporters of the Young Tribune came from their ranks, and at that time he was undoubtedly sincere and thought he was prepared to take any steps to emancipate his suffering nation. Mr. Biggar, who was his chief supporter in the House, was the father of the obstructive tactics which brought Mr. Parnell to such prominence and popularity, which ordinary Parliamentary agitation would never have done. Mr. Parnell heard this determined patriot boldly tell the leading Irish Nationalists present on that occasion that if

Britain would not peacefully surrender to Ireland her stolen right of self-government, Ireland might produce another Hartmann. The hour came, and Ireland produced many thousand Nationalists of that calibre, men who dared everything in their country's cause. And when a small section of them was captured and died at the hands of the enemy's executioner, this young man, the associate, friend, and leader of the Irish advanced Nationalists, foully reviled their memory in the presence of his country's enemies. Alas, what a frightful change does Parliamentary life make in men who were once Irish patriots!

The election of 1880 received renewed national energy in Ireland by the presence of Mr. Parnell. He must have spent the greater portion of his nights in railway carriages, for he hurried about in all directions through the country to see that the proper men were nominated for the various constituencies, north, south, east, and west. The fiery and determined spirit which this apparently icy young gentleman spread over the island became contagious, and his lieutenants were in no way behind in seconding his energies.

One of the men whom Mr. Parnell was determined to oust from the false position as Home Rule member, was Mr. Patrick Keyes O'Clery, one of the members for the County Wexford. Mr. O'Clery had been for some time in the Papal army, but never under fire. He received the title of Chevalier from the late Pope Pius IX.,[†] and was socially a pleasant, entertaining gentleman. He was fond of associating with the London *litterati*. He was a member, or, at least, a very frequent visitor, in that hallowed haunt of the artistic world, the Garrick Club, London. He was also a Home Rule Whig, and Mr. Parnell very properly thought that such a county as Wexford ought to be represented by a more patriotic Irishman. The Chevalier O'Clery had, however, a strong following in the town of Enniscorthy and the neighbourhood. His great champion was a fiery little clergyman who was truly patriotic, but who, through spending

most of his time in a small country parish, did not really know the political character of the gallant Chevalier; his title had a great influence with the good priest, who was indignant with Mr. Parnell for what he termed intrusion into county politics. Mr. Parnell's candidate in opposition to the gallant Chevalier was Mr. John Barry, a well-known Irish Nationalist, and one who had hitherto believed in more stern measures than talk.

A public meeting was held in Enniscorthy in support of the rival candidates; Wexford men were expected to listen calmly to the difference of views expressed by each. Mr. Parnell attended this meeting. The fiery little clergyman came into town with some two hundred of his parishioners. This meeting was held on Sunday, March 28. Passion cast prudence to the winds, and a disgraceful scene ensued—the first time that Mr. Parnell met any opposition or insult at the hands of his countrymen. Those who participated in this unseemly row were sorry soon after it occurred. But the feeling in Enniscorthy was very bitter during the election. Mr. Michael Davitt came a few days after to try and make peace, but was unsuccessful; he found Parnellites and anti-Parnellites beneath the shadow of Vinegar Hill.

The British press and the Irish organs opposed to Mr. Parnell, tried to make what capital they could out of the transaction; and, strange to say, the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin entered into the wordy fray. Mr. Parnell contradicted some report of the occurrence published in the columns of that paper, and in its issue of April 3 it replied as follows:

“Mr. Parnell having, four days after the event, contradicted our report of the Enniscorthy affair, we feel called upon in self-vindication to make the following statement:—One of us saw Mr. Parnell collared by a gentleman and forced violently back. Another of us saw him struck in the face with something which left its mark, and which Mr. Parnell, who had the best opportunity of knowing, declared to one of us about an hour later to be an egg.”

The towns of Wexford and New Ross, and indeed almost

the whole of the county, were very indignant at the assault made on Mr. Parnell; and the indiscreet action of his supporters did not improve the chances of the gallant Chevalier.

Cork city at this time was represented by one Tory and one Whig. The Tory was Mr. Wm. Goulding, a patent manure merchant, who slipped in through a division in the Liberal electorate resulting in the putting up of two candidates, which divided their supporters. The Whig was Mr. Nicholas Dan Murphy, one of the respectable and wealthy Irish Catholic Liberals, that Catholic emancipation blessed Ireland with. Nicholas Dan was a tower of strength in Cork city and county, and related to all the so-called best, because wealthiest, families in the neighbourhood. As regards Nicholas Dan, so far as personal virtues were concerned, no one had any complaint. But British rule in Ireland was almost a part of his prayers, and he considered he had a right divine to represent his native city in London. When Mr. Parnell, a stranger to the social and influential families of Cork, announced himself as a candidate a few days before the nomination, much to the surprise and consternation of the great Whig families, Bishop Delany, of Cork, a good old Whig, was horrified; and immediately that powerful body of men, the priests, were enlisted by their bishop to teach the intruder a lesson for his arrogance and presumption in daring to oppose the good and great Nicholas Dan.

There were, of course, some few exceptions among the priests who helped Mr. Parnell, but these gentlemen were soon after relegated to poor county parishes for their action in the election.

Bishop Delany issued a declaration of principles, and in no measured tones denounced Mr. Parnell. The following is a portion of the bishop's address:—

“The curse and bane of the country is that spirit of disunion among our people, which has enabled our enemies to humiliate the whole nation. On a late occasion, when Irishmen of all creeds, all positions, and all shades of opinion

were associated for a work of charity, an apple of discord was flung into their midst, and the noble generosity of the American people was in imminent danger of being checked.

“The person who made these misstatements, a self-elected dictator, is going about ‘stumping the country,’ as the phrase is, and directing various towns, counties, and boroughs whom they are to have to represent them. He comes here to dictate to the people of Cork, but he has met with well-merited reproof in many places already, and I am greatly mistaken in the people of Cork if he does not suffer here the defeat which such presumption deserves.”

But the good bishop was greatly mistaken, as the result proved. The candidacy of Mr. Parnell for Cork was a surprise even to himself, and when a few of the electors of advanced Provincialist principles determined that his name was the best they could fight Nicholas Dan with, they never dreamed of success. But Mr. Parnell did not fail them. He was then full of health and vigour, and believed his course would be successful; and his National supporters believed that when the hour of failure came to his course, he would adopt theirs and carry it out with the same energy and self-sacrifice with which he devoted himself to Parliamentary agitation. All the men we met in Ireland during that election, who were patriotic, believed that in Charles Stewart Parnell Ireland had found another Theobald Wolfe Tone, and that the grandson of the man who captured two British ships in battle, would emerge from the embryo stage of moral suasion, into the patriot and soldier leader of his people, the Washington and Tell of Ireland. It was this belief that inspired the enthusiasm of his countrymen, and which never weakened because they had no occasion to doubt, until he was a prisoner in the hands of his foe.

The night of the polling for Cork city, Mr. Parnell addressed a crowded audience from the hotel window. He said: “The battle is now over. I know the people of Cork have done all they could. I came here in a crisis to put out the Liberals, and if I have done that I am satisfied.”

Mr. Parnell did not think he would be elected. His idea was that the Liberal, Nicholas Dan, would fall so far short of the requisite number of votes by his candidature, that Mr. Goulding, the Tory, would be elected. The tactics employed by the Parnellites amounted to this : to defeat by all means that canting, hypocritical party, the Liberals. Mr. John Daly, all Cork men conceded, would head the poll, a representative Cork Provincialist, a city merchant, and a most popular man.

How strange to-day [1887] to see Mr. Parnell in alliance with these same Liberals, so truly and deservedly despised by "the men in the gap" !

The result of the Cork election was, to the surprise of all the people, the return of Mr. Parnell, who was next on the poll to John Daly. The Dublin city election was also a surprise. A Home Ruler, or a man who posed as such, was elected, and the famous "Dublin Six" was broken by the rejection of their candidate. The writer remembers visiting Enniscorthy the morning the news came of Mr. Parnell's election for Cork, and also the news of the Dublin success. The gallant Chevalier O'Clery was standing outside the hotel. The morning papers had not come up from the train, and he eagerly asked, "What news from Cork?" "Parnell is elected," was the ready reply. He dropped his eyeglass and said mournfully, "Then I fear my chances here are very poor." The Chevalier was right. Mr. Parnell's candidates won all along the line ; the popular and national enthusiasm was all in his favour, and Ireland gave him every chance to be successful in his crusade of shame.

Mr. Parnell, commenting on the Cork city election, said : "As comparing Whig with Tory, I have no hesitation in saying that it would be a greater calamity for Cork and Ireland to put in a Whig than a Tory. (Cheers.) That is my deliberate conviction. (Cheers.) I would rather see neither."

Mr. Parnell declared war on the Whig section of the "Home Rulers" and their leader, Mr. Shaw, and so he caused the

nomination of Mr. Andrew Kettle, a County Dublin farmer, and then a prominent member of the Land League, in opposition to Colonel Colthurst in the County Cork. Colonel Colthurst was one of Mr. Shaw's followers, but it was generally believed in Cork at that time, that the real opposition was to Mr. Shaw himself.

The bishops in the large County of Cork and the Roman Catholic clergy were in direct opposition to Mr. Kettle ; but in spite of their resistance, had Mr. Kettle been a Cork man, he would have been successful. Unfortunately these local jealousies are not altogether swept away yet. . . .

The returns of the County Cork election showed that Mr. Kettle was defeated by a small number of votes in so large a constituency. The numbers were : Shaw 5,354, Colthurst 3,584, Kettle 3,430.

Mr. Parnell had received the unprecedented honour of being elected for three constituencies, Cork, Mayo, and Meath. A similar occurrence had never happened in Ireland before, neither had such a compliment been ever paid in Britain. There was some delay before he decided, and he wisely selected Cork as the constituency he would represent. He had no difficulty in getting two of his followers elected in the constituencies he resigned.

Mr. Parnell, so far as Ireland was concerned, was thoroughly master of the situation. He had routed all opposition, and was duly endorsed as Irish Parliamentary leader ; still the moderate section who succeeded in getting elected by swallowing the most extreme (so called) Parliamentary pledges, had a preference for Mr. Shaw as leader.

Mr. Parnell, in a letter to the *Chicago Daily News*, gave his views of the situation as follows :

" I am exceedingly pleased with the results of the elections. Our party has gained nine seats from the Whigs and Tories, while a marked improvement has been effected in its *personnel*. The timid and insincere have been replaced by determined and zealous workers. We have carried Leinster,

Munster, and Connaught, except one county. It is incorrect to suppose that the Liberals are rendered independent of the Irish members. Their majority disappears should we join the Conservatives. Moreover, our party will scarcely cross to the Ministerial side of the House of Commons, even though that side be occupied by Liberals instead of Conservatives. Our presence in the Opposition will be understood as a constant reminder of the slender nature of the tenure by which the Ministers hold their power. We expect that a good land bill will be introduced and passed immediately. . . .

“Should the Liberals refuse to accede to our just demands, they can be very promptly reduced to order by a determined stand on the part of our members. The present Irish party is an immense advance in every respect upon the previous representations, and sufficient men have been returned of a class that know what they want and are determined to have it, to render it practically impossible that the most powerful Ministry can withstand them.”

As showing the resolution of the people to abolish landlordism, the election of James O’Kelly, who defeated the O’Conor Don in Roscommon after sitting twenty years, was considered the most remarkable demonstration of the elections. . . .

Mr. William Shaw, who still occupied the position of leader of the Parliamentary party, sent round a circular convening a meeting of the party for April 27. Mr. Parnell sent a letter in reply to Mr. Shaw declining to attend, giving as his reasons that at the date proposed they would be ignorant of the composition of the new Ministry and its programme relating to Ireland. The *Freeman’s Journal*, after Mr. Parnell and other members declined to attend the proposed conference, thought that under the circumstances, the proposition had better be abandoned. “Mr. Shaw will have done his duty and responsibility for failure will fall on other shoulders.”

The General Election of 1880 was as disastrous to the

Tories as that of 1874 had been to their opponents, so Lord Beaconsfield was compelled to surrender the keys of office. The Queen sent for the Marquis of Hartington to form a new Ministry, as he was the official leader of the Liberal party. But the country, *i.e.*, Britain, had evidently called for Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and so the Marquis recommended her Majesty to send for him. She did so, and in a short time a Liberal Ministry was formed; and that class of the Irish people who take interest in such changes, were delighted at the composition of the new Government. First, there was the grandest of Grand Old Men at its head; next, there were two of Ireland's most devoted friends, members of the new Cabinet—the great Tribune of the people, John Bright, and the great Birmingham democrat, the Radical of Radicals, Joseph Chamberlain; and, as if to complete their happiness and delight, and to consummate the glory of Ireland's great future, instead of the sneering bitter enemy to Ireland that had been Tory Chief Secretary—that sarcastically callous foe, “Jimmy” Lowther—a great statesman was coming, a man who had travelled Ireland in '48 to relieve her suffering children, the benevolent and kindly William E. Forster, one of England's foremost Liberals. Irishmen well remember the hosannas offered up by the popular newspapers at this great appointment. The sunshine of Liberality was about to shed the luminous rays of freedom in suffering Erin, according to several of the so-called National journals in Ireland.

The long-delayed “Home Rule” conference of the Irish party was held in Dublin, and Mr. Parnell was elected chairman of the party. Mr. E. Dwyer Gray proposed Mr. Wm. Shaw for chairman. The O'Gorman Mahon proposed the election of Mr. Parnell. By a vote of 23 to 18 Mr. Parnell was appointed. Mr. Richard Power proposed that the “Home Rulers” should hold aloof from all English political parties, and sit on the Opposition benches. It was decided to postpone a decision until the following Thursday in London.

Mr. Parnell was now elected to the supreme control of the

Parliamentary party, as he had hitherto been leader in the country. He had overcome his domestic enemies by the magic of success. The Irish newspapers and the great American organ, hitherto so hostile, had begun to change; and in a short time all were sailing in the general current of praise and support, which Irishmen all the world over had offered to the young and energetic Charles Stewart Parnell.

William Ewart Gladstone, the giant statesman of Britain, who made so many professions of Liberal principles throughout the country during the election, was now England's Premier. He spoke especially kindly of Ireland, and said that the land question should be settled, and "Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas." The writer remembers a friend calling his attention to some friendly remarks on Ireland made by Mr. Gladstone and all the good things he promised to do for her, as the silver stream of oratory flowed from his tongue, addressing a crowded multitude of sympathisers in Prince's Street, Edinburgh. Those who were sceptical that these promises would be realised, were called cynics and unbelievers by their Irish countrymen who were steeped to the lips in Provincialism; men who could not understand a man professing patriotism, yet refusing to gush forth in enthusiasm at the bright prospects before his country.

The Grand Old Man was now in power to make good these promises; that harbinger of hope for Ireland, who was to crown her with many worldly blessings, Mr. Wm. E. Forster, was now Chief Secretary; and with the generous Liberal Cabinet, according to these influential Provincial organs, the Dublin *Nation* and *Freeman*, Ireland had much to hope for. Their enemies, the Tories, were routed and out of power (Ireland is looking for another such victory at this time of writing—1887—to repeat the lesson of 1880; further and more violent coercion); and, last of all, Mr. Parnell informed us of the great power of the Irish party, and how they could command and control Ministers. Verily the crusade of shame had nearly been successful. If it could be crowned with victory, this was the hour.

XI

THE "GRAND OLD MAN" IN POWER—OUTRAGE MANUFACTURE.

THE great Liberal party had now the destinies of Britain and her Crown colonies in its power, but not that of the empire; for no British Ministry governs the empire in its entirety.

It made not the slightest difference to the Government of the Canadian Dominion which way a British general election was decided, or whether Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield came to power. The tie between Canada and the mother country is purely a theoretical one; it no more affected British North America than would a change of government in France or Germany, for any diplomatic arrangements which the Imperial tie enforced would be equally carried out by one or other of the great British parties. Whatever Canada wished in these negotiations Britain would be compelled to yield, her authority in the business being a mere diplomatic fiction.

The same can be said of the Australian Governments—New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, and South Australia—and the African Governments of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal. When British Ministers speak of their great empire, they include a large portion which has gone from beneath their control.

It is not so in Ireland; there, though she is a distinct and different nation, the English Premier holds despotic sway,

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although Ireland is said to have a share of the British Constitution. Hence the great rejoicings which the Irish people who believe in a peaceful solution of their ills, gave forth, when they learned that the good Mr. Gladstone had defeated his Tory opponent and their persecutor; and the Liberal Premier had assumed the reins of power. The joy evinced by Irishmen of a certain numerous and highly respectable and wealthy class, when the "Grand Old Man" became England's Prime Minister in the early summer of 1880, was great and enthusiastic; it caused as much delight to these Provincialists, as his restoration to power would again evoke in this year of grace 1887, with the self-same results.

After the usual preliminaries, necessary on a change of Government, and the election of a new Parliament, swearing in of members and re-election of Ministers, the new House of Commons met to transact business on Thursday, May 20, 1880. The Queen's speech, after its reading in the House of Peers, is again read in the Commons. Ministers usually and indeed invariably foreshadow in this speech what measures they propose introducing during the session. The Irish members were both grieved and disappointed that the allusions to Ireland were of a vague and illusory nature; no definite measure was mentioned in the Queen's speech for their country. Ireland, as the world knew, had gone through a fearful winter of destitution; numbers of people had died of hunger; and that this death roll of starvation had not amounted to thousands was entirely due to the benevolence of other countries, and more especially to the warm-hearted, generous people of America. Australia came next in her charitable contributions. That something was wrong in the government of Ireland, the most sceptical and bitter of her foes were compelled to admit. A Liberal Ministry with a large majority had been newly elected to power, overflowing with promises to Ireland, composed of the most democratic statesmen in England and under the leadership of the greatest statesman of the age, whose name was then and is still (such is the credulity of mankind) synonymous with all

the virtues and benevolence that fill the human heart. And yet this great Minister, and his no less great Liberal Cabinet, completely ignored suffering Ireland, almost at his door, vainly trying to hide her wounds and misery.

The Irish party determined to challenge the new Ministry for their neglect, so Mr. O'Connor Power brought in a motion as an amendment to the Commons' Address in reply to her Majesty's gracious speech. He moved as an amendment to the Address "That the present occupiers of the land in Ireland deserved immediate attention, in order that their legitimate claims may be satisfied."

This motion was debated in the House in the usual temper and tone used by Britons when discussing that nauseous subject, Irish troubles. The "Grand Old Man" and the Liberal Cabinet were overflowing with the milk of human kindness towards the Irish members and their country. They washed their hands with invisible soap in expressing their good wishes, and what they were to do for Ireland and give to her when convenient, but not just at that time; for the present they were inexorable. Mr. O'Connor Power's motion was put to the vote; the result of the division was forty-seven Irish votes for, and three hundred British votes against, and thus the amendment was defeated.

This was a facsimile of one of Mr. Butt's divisions during the previous Government. Where was Mr. Parnell's determination to make the Ministry succumb: that Ministry which could not "withstand" the Irish party—the words used by the Irish leader in his letter to the *Chicago Daily News*.

The Irish party held a meeting and decided on bringing in several measures; the most important, because the most urgent of these, was a Bill that would put a temporary stop to evictions, particularly for the coming winter. This measure was intrusted to Mr. O'Connor Power.

The Bill introduced by that gentleman was an amendment of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1870, making ejectment for non-payment of rent an act of disturbance on the part of the

landlord, whereby the evicted tenant could claim compensation. With the view of stopping capricious evictions, the Land Act of 1870 compelled the landlord to pay a money compensation, which was considered only just to the tenant, he having an interest in the improvement of the farm. It has been said that the landlords, by increasing the rent, evaded this clause, thereby forcing up the tenants' payments to an impossible sum, in consequence of which the landlords could step in and evict for non-payment.

Mr. Parnell moved as an amendment to the Government Relief Bill to suspend for two years all proceedings for ejectments, in all holdings at and under twenty pounds yearly. This amendment, if accepted, would include the great majority of the Irish farming community. But neither Mr. O'Connor Power's Bill nor Mr. Parnell's amendment would be accepted by the great Liberal Leader, who, it had been promised, should be compelled to succumb to the Irish party.

Mr. Forster introduced a Bill in lieu of Mr. O'Connor Power's measure, a mild copy of the Leaguers' Bill, which affected a portion of sixteen counties out of the thirty-two; this Bill, known as "The Compensation for Disturbance Bill," passed the Commons and was sent up to the Lords.

The House of Lords, and all the Conservative party, held that this measure was a gross violation of the rights of property; they considered the landlord owned his land just as he owns his horse, or his hat, or coat. This doctrine is monstrous; private property in land can only be subject to the exigencies of the people of the country; that a man can own land as he does any of his chattels or his garments would be an outrage on humanity. But the self-satisfied peers of Britain did not hold such views. Every absent peer was summoned back to London, to give the recently elected Liberal House of Commons a crushing defeat. They came from fishing in Norway, from hunting and shooting in India, from the Orient and the Occident, from yachting

ours, and all the various pleasures which these wealthy men indulge their fancy in. All hurried back to vote on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Compensation for Disturbance Bill.

The House of Lords has in its ranks some few brilliant and able men, but they are nearly all new blood sent into that House for political or military services. The legal additions to that House, which in all cases come up from the Commons, have been represented by very able and profound scholars and lawyers. But the great majority of the peers know more about horse flesh, yachting, billiards, and various other pleasures than they know of legislation. The abuses permitted to remain open to these sporting, idle peers, seem a strange satire on the civilisation of this latter part of the nineteenth century.

Before this august House of Lords, as a co-ordinate branch of the British legislature, came Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill. The peers assembled in great force to vote on the second reading. Never previously, within the present century, did any measure from the lower House bring together such a gathering as assembled at St. Stephen's, Westminster, on the evening of Tuesday, August 3, 1880.

The few other good speakers who belonged to that coroneted assembly had delivered their views on this Bill, when the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., rose to address the House. The ex-Premier was one of the most charming speakers it has ever been our good fortune to hear. When he was transferred from the House of Commons to that of the peers, every member, no matter what were his political views, regretted the loss of Mr. Disraeli, who had so often charmed a dull debate with the flashes of his peculiar humour, and the brilliancy of his natural genius. He made a powerful and telling speech in defence of the opinions of his order, and in condemnation of what he considered the dangerous principles involved in the Bill. In concluding he said:

“There is at the present day a great tendency to believe that it is impossible to resist the progress of a new idea. . . .

The despotism of public opinion is in everybody's mouth. But I should like to know, when we are called upon to bow to this public opinion, who will define public opinion? Any human conclusion that is arrived at with adequate knowledge, and with sufficient thought, is entitled to respect. . . . But what we call public opinion is generally public sentiment. We who live in this busy age, and in this busy country, know very well how few there are who can obtain even the knowledge necessary for the comprehension of great political subjects, and how much fewer there are who, having obtained the knowledge, can supply the thought which would mature it into opinion. No, my lords, it is public sentiment, not public opinion; and frequently it is public passion (hear hear). My lords, you are now called upon to legislate, in a heedless spirit, by false representation of what is called the public mind. This Bill is only the first in a series, the results of which will be to change the character of this country, and of the Constitution of this country (hear). The argument that you cannot stop upon this ground, urged by my noble and learned friend, has never been answered. If you intend to stop upon it, you were not justified in making this proposition. The proposition is one I think most dangerous to the country, and I trust your lordships will this night reject it. If you do that, you will do a deed for which your country will be grateful, and of which your posterity will be proud."

The House soon after divided on the second reading of the Bill with these results: Contents 51, Non-Contents 282. Majority against the second reading of the Bill, 231.

This was a most unprecedented event in British history. A new Government, freshly elected and with such a large majority as that which the Liberals held, defeated in the Lords on the first important Government measure sent up to that House! But what made this vote more significant and of much greater importance, was the extraordinarily large attendance of peers, and the immense majority by which the Government Bill was defeated. What swelled the numbers

of that majority was the defection of the Liberal peers, who voted in the Opposition. Sixty-three of these so-called Liberal noblemen followed Lord Beaconsfield into the division lobby, a greater number than those who voted with their party. This measure, which was of no moment to the British people, now assumed importance. The Government they had so recently elected to power, was defeated in one of its measures by the reactionary Upper Chamber.

Has it ever occurred to the Irish Provincialists, who are so sanguine about getting "Home Rule" by what they call "peaceful and Constitutional means," that even if such a measure could by magic pass the British Commons, it could never by any possible means get past this old and antiquated House of Peers?

The Minister who would try to get a Bill containing anything approaching Irish self-government through the House of Lords, unless so mutilated that it could confer no substantial advantages on Ireland, might as well try to pass a camel through the eye of a needle. The House of Peers should be first destroyed as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, before a genuine measure of Irish self-government could become law in Britain. This removal of the peers from power could only be accomplished by physical revolution. While the Upper Chamber retains its power it will never permit such a measure of concession to Ireland to pass its portals. It is not only very unlikely, but in the nature of common events impossible, that the peers will ever undergo the ordeal of such a test, unless Irish national troops are in the field battling against their country's invader, or a foreign war of magnitude sufficient to threaten invasion occurs. In such a crisis it is very probable Ireland would reject all attempts at compromise, as the blessed sun of independence would be dawning on the horizon.

There was a good deal of indignation expressed by the British Radicals, but as it was an Irish question on which the peers defeated the Government the animus soon died out.

People who have resided in Britain have often heard Englishmen denounce the House of Lords in debates ; but there is no constitutional way of removing this House, or of curtailing its privileges, unless the Upper Chamber itself sanctions those measures. It is very probable that some reforms will be introduced into that august assembly, owing to several recent scandals, but these reforms will not reduce by any means its power as an institution in the British kingdom. It will still remain a powerfully armed bastion, to bar the way to Irish national demands. There is no way, short of English revolution—which is not likely to occur—by which the Upper House can be removed from the curriculum of the British law-making powers and set aside for an elective chamber.

The Irish press and public were of course indignant and alarmed at the action of the Lords. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* said :

“The interest in the debate is swallowed up in the vote, which we regard as one of the most momentous events of our time, because for the first time in our recent annals the House of Lords has set at defiance a solemn vote of the House of Commons on a Ministerial measure of the first magnitude. Any courage that was in this conduct was dimmed by the base and utter selfishness which dictated it. We regard the vote not only as a great blunder, but an unmitigated calamity. It will deepen the intense feeling that from the Parliament of England no relief is to be expected. It will embitter the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, already sufficiently acute in their hostility. It will deepen the misery, the confusion, and the despair of the unhappy West ; and in a word it would be difficult to find an act of a legislative body more wicked and more insane. For the Irish people and for the Queen's Government there are most serious questions raised by the vote of this morning. Both the nation and the Ministry have received a slap in the face from a landlord combination, prostituting to its own ends its

Parliamentary powers. The Irish nation must promptly determine what its attitude will be ; so also must her Majesty's Ministers ; and it is a sad calamity for liberty and for Ireland that at such a crisis Achilles tosses in the bed of pain, and there is no man who can bend his bow."

The Dublin *Freeman* had Achilles (*i.e.* Mr. Gladstone) soon after restored to health ; and for Ireland, and for the liberty of that country, Achilles bent his bow with no uncertain aim. As to the Irish nation promptly determining its course, the great majority of the Irish nation had mapped out that course, which was to do nothing but protest and vow the usual vows of vengeance, which have no meaning but that frothy nationality which Ireland's enemies despise. As to the British Ministry, it quickly made up its mind, and that was to take the rebuff administered to it by the Lords. After all it was only a mere Irish question of no interest to Britain, and only of importance to a race of people who are shouting for their liberty, and who would condemn as wicked and denounce as criminal any Irishman who would suggest practical measures. They humbly appeal to the British law-making power, and what right have they to complain if their petitions are hurled in their faces ?

The Government was questioned by Mr. Parnell as to what course it intended to pursue in this emergency. Mr. Forster, speaking on behalf of himself and colleagues, said : " I deeply regret the rejection of the Compensation Bill. I do not think we can bring in another Bill on that subject this session. The Government will protect the laws and the courts in the execution of the laws. I hope a plentiful harvest will alleviate the suffering of the farmers. The members of all parties of both Houses should use their influence in maintaining, and assisting the Government to maintain, order in Ireland."

Where now was Mr. Parnell's great party ? Where was the increase of numbers and quality of his following ? Where such follies must ever be, relegated to the hopeless regions of impotency. The old Irish Whigs, whom Mr. Parnell was so

elated at defeating, might as well have been sitting in that House for any service Mr. Parnell's Extremists could do for Ireland. And understand, this was the Government and the Parliament of the "grandest of Grand Old Men."

Excitement sprang up in the country, where the unfortunate Irish farmer and labourer had struggled through a winter of famine with the aid of public alms, their hopes raised by this "successful" Irish election and the promises of their great leader Mr. Parnell. With the eloquent speeches of their patriotic members still ringing in their ears, every cheer that they gave in response was in their fancy a removal of the shadow that darkened their lives—landlordism. There was the great Parnell now powerless before the British Parliament, and another winter of hunger to face. What wonder if many of the people grew desperate, and in their desperation turned their physical force on some unfortunate tenant farmer or country shopkeeper who violated their code of laws? They knew no better. Their leaders counselled peace, but it was hard to practise; and some unfortunate wretch who, yielding to temptation, took a vacant farm or did some one of the many things against their combinations, suffered; and so sprang up those outrages, which the British press magnified a thousand fold. Nationalists pity and deplore this state of things in their unhappy country, but whatever outrages actually did take place, were the direct results of British rule and its inherent infamy. Irish Nationalists yield to no "moral suasionist" in deploring this factional use of physical force in these wanton attacks which men made on each other. They wish their countrymen to strike the foe, and never cease striking, were there even the impossible number of one thousand being hanged weekly; which is their loss by the present *régime* of remaining peaceful and idle. It is a sacred war, more holy even than the Crusades. But these country outrages are not striking the foe; they cannot affect British power, and only tend to make the Irish name further degraded. Strange results of the doctrine of shame—men who would not strike down the head and front of this foreign

infamy miscalled government, yet raised their hands against each other! These poor people saw in these selfish acts of the men they attacked, the highest treason to their cause, and in their sufferings and agony did not know what they did.

The English papers at this time commenced the manufacture of all sorts of sensation stories, which would have been ridiculous if they had not partaken of the tragic. Every day some fresh *canard* was published, something more ridiculously absurd than its fellow. Reported risings in the West of Ireland woke up the citizens of London one morning, to be followed by the next day's report of the capture of a Fenian schooner in Limerick filled with arms; next came the great sensation story—capture of a ship filled with arms by the Cork Fenians and removal of them to a secure hiding-place. "Great bloodshed expected in Ireland soon!" Such was the continued strain of the London and English provincial press. Timid people who had business in Ireland were afraid to venture into a country in such a state of savagery. The writer remembers, on his return from Ireland at the close of 1880, being asked very curious questions as to the condition of Ireland. A humorist who wished to draw upon his imagination, would find English people credulous enough to believe the most absurd Munchausen stories that could be invented.

According to the papers, sinister-looking men, persons having an American air and bearing, were to be seen in every town in Ireland. And the public was also informed that America was supplying arms and money to Fenians and Communists to perpetrate sanguinary deeds in Ireland. Americans will not readily understand the animus existing against them among the British masses; not against the Irish-American, but all Americans. They dislike the American flag, American institutions, and American people. Official courtesies and some few kindly British exceptions may mislead the American people.

The outrage manufacturers had done the work intended;

the public mind in Britain grew alarmed, and the public press was filled daily with columns of Irish outrages. The majority of cases were pure fiction, without the slightest foundation in fact. The English working man was incensed, and in a most bitter mood against everything Irish; as for the Radicals, who appeared friendly before the elections, their difference in tone now became marked. The leading speakers, several of them old Chartists, were unrelenting in their denunciation of Irishmen. They were men who had been in the ranks of English democracy all their lives; they spoke of the inferiority of the Irishman as a wage-earner. These observations, repeated in the writer's presence hundreds of times by men of different mechanical trades, revealed the prejudice and hatred that were deeply rooted in their natures. And when men talk glibly of the English democracy sympathising with Ireland, they either speak upon a subject they know nothing about, or else they wilfully deceive in order to create a false hope. Permanent friendship between these hostile peoples can only be accomplished when they live under separate and distinct Governments, as the Italians and Austrians of to-day.

Thus closed the first year of the "Grand Old Man's—the chosen leader of the Irish people"—Administration. Alas, for the credulity of the warm-hearted Irish!

XII

OBSTRUCTION'S WATERLOO—ROUT OF THE IRISH PARTY.

ONE of the results won by the Irish agitation was the creation of a new word, which the crusade of shame gave to the English, French, German, and Russian languages ; this new word was "Boycott." Before the foundation of the League this weapon of social ostracism was called by various names, but none nearly so expressive. It was however left to the Irish League to make this kind of offensive and defensive warfare more general ; and an international verb was the outcome. This addition to the vocabulary was one undeniable victory of the agrarian struggle.

Captain Boycott was an English gentleman, who took to farming as men take to different pursuits in life. He purchased some land at Lough Mask, near Ballinrobe, in the West of Ireland, and began his career as farmer and small landlord some thirty years before Mr. Parnell made his first appearance on the stormy sea of Irish politics. Being a thrifty, industrious man, he believed in buying in the cheapest market, and selling his wares to the best advantage ; and as he increased in worldly wealth, he gained for himself the unpopular reputation of being very penurious, or, as the Irish peasants would say, a very "near" man. He became agent for one or two estates, so that his every-day life brought him in constant contact with the agricultural community of his locality ; and feeling forced, from a pure business standpoint, to eject some poor tenants who could not meet his

so-called legal demands for rent, owing to the fact that the land they tilled was not able during the bad seasons to produce anything like the sum so taxed upon them, the Englishman became very naturally unpopular. Captain Boycott's title to his land was the amount he paid for it, but in equity he had no more legal title than the man who purchases goods from a receiver of stolen property; no doubt the captain did not so look upon the transaction, hence his indignation when applied to by the tenants for a reduction of rent. Upon this steady matter-of-fact-pounds-shillings-and-pence gentleman, the local Land League commenced its first attempt to put in force its weapon of social ostracism. No one would sell him anything, he could get no one to work for him, and in short he was as completely isolated from the people he lived amongst, as Robinson Crusoe on his desert isle was, from the inhabitants of that part of the world he had left.

The landlords, finding themselves face to face with this new and peculiar weapon of the League, formed an antagonistic organisation, which they entitled the "Emergency" movement. To procure recruits for this, they had to go to the lowest social scale of the people, not in respect to caste but conduct. The respectable well-to-do, or fairly well-to-do Orangemen, might fight their battle in the excitement of a scrimmage, possibly not understanding or caring for the merits of the question in dispute; but for work on his farm and menial labour, the captain was compelled to hire a number of "ne'er-do-weels"—outcasts of society from every grade. To procure food he was compelled to victual his house like a besieged garrison, and fearing his outcasts might be frightened away from their work by the fiery young Irish labourers, who looked upon Captain Boycott and his surroundings as their most bitter foe, he was compelled to apply to the British authorities for protection. A company of soldiers was therefore sent to do garrison duty at Lough Mask, the home of the gallant captain. The military, unused to duties of this kind, and not drawn from the *elite* of the

British people, looked upon their quarters with the captain as a free-and-easy sort of existence; they were not too particular as to what they consumed in the way of edibles and drinkables, so that the captain found his last state of existence considerably worse than his first, and he might well exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" He was indeed boycotted: hence the word.

The worthy J.P. wrote to Mr. Gladstone, demanding £6,000 from the Premier, which he had lost upon his farm. The English Prime Minister could not see this in the same light as Mr. Boycott, so he politely declined, but offered him additional protection if necessary, which was in the eyes of the captain an additional burden. He made a virtue of necessity and sold out what he could dispose of, and came to the United States where he did not get the sympathy he thought he deserved. He returned to Ireland, made friends with the people, and is now an agent on an English estate. The captain is at last happy. His name has become part of the language.

The Government who could not, according to Mr. Parnell's letter to Chicago, "withstand" his legions, began to set about doing something to show their British friends they were alive to the situation. Mr. Gladstone had recovered from his illness, and during his convalescence went on a yachting tour. On his trip he visited Ireland, landing at Kingstown, near Dublin, where the British visitor was met with marks of respect and esteem, by the few well-to-do promenaders who happened to be on the pier when he landed from his friend's yacht. A Roman Catholic clergyman was in the small group which greeted Mr. Gladstone. This gentleman, full of that gush and effervescence which belong to some men of all nationalities, rushed forward and seized the visitor's hand, and going down on his knees before the "Grand Old Man," raised Mr. Gladstone's hand to his lips, and with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, prayed fervently that blessings would be showered upon the "Saviour of Ireland." The "Saviour of Ireland" was deeply moved and no doubt

grateful to the *Soggarth aroon*, who, in his exuberance, probably thought that the Irish nation should be joyful at the illustrious visitor's presence, and express that delight by singing.

Some unappreciative Irish journalist wrote verses of a humorous nature describing the scene, and published them in one of the National magazines, satirising the *Soggarth aroon*. Notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone waxed stronger daily. Some attributed his rapid recovery to his Irish visit and the *Soggarth's* blessing.

The first use Mr. Gladstone made of his recovered strength was to order prosecutions against Mr. Parnell and his *confrères*, for disturbing and making muddy the stream out of which the landlord-Wolf wished to drink. "Achilles" could now bend his bow, so he tried a few shafts at the Irish League leaders.

At length the great day of trial arrived, and Dublin city beheld a procession of patriots walking down the quays and approaching the Four Courts buildings, where Britain dispensed her laws for the benefit of her Irish serfs. The cheering of the crowds that followed these good gentlemen was very enthusiastic, and as they neared the temple of justice, the populace thronged around them with expressions of goodwill. When they arrived in the great hall of the Four Courts, they suffered a little delay before they were permitted to enter, for the conservator of Her Majesty's peace in Ireland had issued orders that no one should be permitted to enter the court without a special pass.

The traversers who had offended against the Crown and dignity of Britain were Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., Thomas Sexton, M.P., Thomas Brennan, Secretary of the Land League, John Dillon, M.P., Joseph Gillis Biggar, M.P., Michael O'Sullivan, Assistant Secretary of the League, Michael Boyton, Patrick Joseph Gordon, Matthew Harris, John W. Nally, John W. Walsh, and P. J. Sheridan.

These gentlemen were arraigned before the Court of Queen's

Bench. The judges who entered to try the charges made against them by the Crown were Lord Chief Justice May, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, and Mr. Justice Barry. It was stated in the public press, that in a recent judgment on some preliminaries of this case, Chief Justice May had assumed a partisan attitude—which is only very natural to the whole bench of Anglo-Irish judges—and it was further urged that the Lord Chief Justice was not a fit and proper person to preside at this political trial. As Mr. Gladstone wished to go through all the forms of the oracle, the Lord Chief Justice received an official hint to retire; and after delivering a lengthened address on himself in relation to this trial, his own impartiality, and the great virtues of the British Constitution, he, with a self-satisfied air, bowed to his brother judges and withdrew

There was a gigantic array of counsel engaged on the case, both for the prosecution and the defence. Representing the Crown there were the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Serjeant Heron, Q.C., Mr. John Naish, Q.C. (Law Adviser), Mr. David Ross, Q.C., Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., Mr. A. M. Porter, Q.C., and Mr. Constantine Molloy (all instructed by Mr. William Lane Joynt, Crown and Treasury Solicitor). For the defendants, Mr. Francis MacDonough, Q.C., Mr. Samuel Walker, Q.C., Mr. W. McLaughlin, Q.C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C., appeared. A goodly array of barristers was also engaged for the defence. Of these were Mr. John Curran, Mr. F. Nolan, Mr. Richard Adams, Mr. L. P. Dillon, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P. (instructed by Messrs. V. B. Dillon and Co.).

The career of an Irish barrister who is also a patriot, is one of the institutions which a beneficent foreign rule has given to the island. Sometimes the young gentleman starts out in life as a *littérateur*. If at all possessed of the divine fire, he writes national poetry. By and by some of the many "Crusades of Shame," which the unhappy people, in their unconscious folly, support to try and rid themselves of that Old Man of the Sea, alien rule, occur. They give the young

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aspirant a magnificent opportunity to air his eloquence on behalf of his unhappy land. Among the "Crusaders" are found many able and well-educated young men, who have neither means nor friends to enable them to realise the full value of their deserts. To become a "Crusader" and join the Provincial ranks, is a magnificent opportunity. There they can denounce the British Government within the Constitution "to the top of their bent"; and the masses of their countrymen are delighted, and cheer them again and again. Go into a wayside inn or other resort, where the hard-working sons of toil gather together after one of these meetings, and you hear some really good criticisms on the speeches and the speaker; for unlike the English agricultural labourer, who is a true descendent of Gurth the swineherd, the Irish farm hands are full of natural wit and humour. But the honest peasant, keen as he thinks himself, is not so qualified to criticise the speaker as he is the speeches. The young aspirant to political honours, if not already called to the bar, utilises the "Crusade of Shame" to elevate himself to that social rank. The agitation goes on, and the Government makes some arrests. Fortunate man, if he is successful enough to be arrested, and gets one or two months in prison for some political offence arising out of the "Crusade of Shame." He is then a martyr and patriot; by and by he is employed to defend political prisoners, and he has the opportunity to make a great speech on behalf of his client, for which he is well fee'd by his friends the Provincialists. If he continues in the ranks of agitation, he has the opportunity of helping to create some of the offences—for Britain is easily offended—which he will be employed, as an advocate, to defend. As a rule men of this class are very hostile and bitterly denounce the Nationalists, who would advocate what they would term illegal measures—Nationalists who try to teach the people how shallow is these men's patriotism who accept British law as legal; that law which brave men such as Tone and Emmet died warring against and never recognised.

But if the young agitator looks for office, his speeches,

defending his friends, mark him as a man of ability, and attract the attention of the British Crown lawyers. Soon there comes a change of Ministry and he gets an appointment under the new Administration; and soon after we find him prosecuting his former friends. In a little while he is promoted to Law Adviser, Solicitor and Attorney-General, and soon after to the Bench. Or else, if he is a man of mediocre talent, he gets a chairmanship of Quarter Sessions, and is thus comfortably settled for life, to moralise now and then on his early follies.

Among the group of legal gentlemen who defended Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, were men who ambitioned the latter distinctions. Two of these gentlemen became prominent since as faithful British henchmen. Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C., more silky than his silk gown, has figured lately in several prosecutions. Some cartoons in *United Ireland* conferred upon him one of their characteristic names; he was given the alliterative title of "Pether the Packer," alluding to his weakness for packing juries. Of course he did this; that was his duty as a loyal law officer of the British Crown. The other gentleman, Mr. John Curran, was made presiding officer of the Dublin Castle "Star Chamber," and will be spoken of further on.

The trial of the Land Leaguers was conducted as impartially as possible. The jury were drawn from the ballot box honestly. Eight Catholics, three Protestants, and one Quaker composed the jury. The Liberal Government concluded they could not get a conviction before an honestly drawn jury, but they wished to go through the form of trial for the benefit of their English friends, to prove what has been often urged, that an Irish jury is invariably in sympathy with crime. The valiant "Achilles" had concealed upon his person the dagger, coercion; and he thought he needed this excuse to enable him, with a show of justice, to pluck it from its sheath.

The trial commenced on Tuesday morning, December 29, 1880, and concluded on January 25, 1881.

The Attorney-General in making his closing speech for the Crown recited a verse of one of Miss Fanny Parnell's poems, published a few weeks previously in the *Dublin Nation*, addressed to the farmers of Ireland :

“ Rise up and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves,
 And make the harvest field your camps, or make of them your graves.
 The birds of prey are hovering round, the vultures wheel and swoop ;
 They come, the coroneted ghouls, with drum beat and with troop ;
 They come to fatten on your flesh, your children and your wives,
 Ye die but once, hold fast your lands, and if ye can your lives.”

The result of the trial was perfectly satisfactory to the “Grand Old Man” ; the jury disagreed, ten being for acquittal and two for conviction. So that according to British theory, there were ten sympathisers with crime on that highly respectable jury of Dublin citizens. . . .

The Irish members under Mr. Parnell's leadership mustered in all their strength, to open what proved to be a final campaign of “obstruction.” Ireland had never been served more ably or with greater skill and determination from a Provincial standpoint than she was at this period, by those then faithful men who followed Mr. Parnell's leadership,—men of multifarious abilities, thorough Parliamentarians, masters of the rules of debate, and all the intricacies of the House and its laws.

With the debate on the Queen's speech the Irish members began a determined opposition. They exhausted all the forms of the House, and for a time placed an effectual bar to legislation. The usual course with important Government measures is to permit the introduction of a Bill without any debate. Even on the first reading opposition is very seldom resorted to ; the stage where the great struggle takes place between Ministers and the Opposition, is on the second reading. But the old tactics of wordy warfare did not suit the Irish party ; full of determination and courage, sanguine of success as they had already announced, they commenced their obstructive tactics to kill Mr. Gladstone's Coercion Bill. Monday, February 2, arrived before the Ministry found an

opportunity to bring in a motion asking leave to introduce their coercion measure, which they named "Protection to Persons and Property (Ireland) Bill." The announcement made by Mr. Forster, whom Mr. Gladstone selected to take charge of the measure, was received with uncompromising hostility by the Irish members. They began a determined onslaught at the very mention of coercion.

This famous sitting commenced at 4 P.M. on Monday of that eventful week in Irish Parliamentary agitation. The British were now familiar with the Irish obstructive policy; the Government gave its followers instructions to take no part in the debate, thereby hoping to tire out the Parnellites. According to the then Parliamentary rules, each member could make two motions—one for the adjourning of the debate, and the other for the adjournment of the House. There was no limit to the time occupied in addressing the House, and each member could speak on each separate motion. By observing these rules the Irish party hoped to weary out the Government, and delay coercion. What a strange delusion, to think that such tactics could be successful!

The dinner hour came and the thinned House listened to the monotonous sound of one of the Parnellite speakers talking against time, determined to stand upon his feet as long as human endurance could sustain the task. Mr. Biggar was ever on the watch with eagle eye to have the House counted out, but the Ministers had always at hand, either in the smoking-room or library, a number of adherents more than sufficient to make a House; at the announcement that the House was being counted, the Liberal members, with muttered execrations against the Irish, came trooping into the chamber, to leave again when the counting was over. Midnight came, and with it a fresh crowd of Liberals from the theatres or from dinner parties or receptions, exquisites in evening dress, Parliamentary Dundrearys, vowing mental vengeance against the "doosed Irish cads" who were so ungentlemanly as to interfere with the solemn procedure of the House.

The morning came—still on went the monotonous, unceasing flow of words. Words! words! words! Gatling guns of talk, rolls of musketry, sweeping volleys of verbiage, one hundred ton guns vomiting forth shells charged with the most powerful adjectives! The day grew brighter, the noon time came, and the battle of the verbal musketry could still be heard in St. Stephen's. Shells exploded charged with the most determined expressions of opinion. The Irish mitrailleuse swept down the "Grand Old Man's" army. But a fresh corps of "Achilles'" veterans took the field to meet the dreadful onslaught of talk! talk! talk! which the Irish tirailleurs opened upon their flank and rear. Anon the Parnellite artillery, refreshed and supplied with the most powerful ammunition which Webster, Worcester, Johnson, and Walker could furnish, sent forth shrapnel shells of denunciation, huge bombs of argument. Their cannoning was followed by brilliant bayonet charges of opinion; and as interruptedly now and then the trumpet charge of the division bell rang out, the Irish cavalry was again and again forced back by the giant squadrons of "Achilles." Each time the Irish Hector and his valiant friends were compelled to withdraw within their trenches, but only to open afresh their batteries from behind another *épaulement* near one of the salient angles of the great fortress Coercion. The gallant A. M. Sullivan shakes his fist in the face of the "Grand Old Man" as he pours an unceasing volley of grenades, charged with the choicest explosives that Walker could supply, into the tent of "Achilles." The dashing Tim Healy is now to the front, and right well he supplies his guns with chilled steel shot, of the most approved Johnsonian phrases. And so passes that long and memorable day. The day gave way to another night of strange and peculiar combat. The gas was lit; the Speaker was compelled to retire and leave a deputy in the chair. Human endurance was put to the greatest strain. Midnight arrived, but still the Parnellites kept up the fight right gallantly. Their arsenals were overhauled for fresh weapons of attack. The steady stream of

Irish talk flowed on unceasingly. Wednesday morning dawned, and the jaded Irish were still on their feet. If victories could be won by talk, what gallant heroes the Irish phalanx made! In all the daring and heroic events and incidents recorded in ancient and modern history, no greater feat of talking for a nation's freedom had ever been attempted; nothing approaching it is on record in the annals of the human family.

The "Grand Old Man" enters the House. There is a sternness in the glance of "Achilles," as if he meant to crush his foes beneath his iron heel. But the Irish are in no way influenced by the presence of the Prime Minister; their leader looks with icy gaze, in which is blended hostility and determination, so peculiar to Mr. Parnell before he fell beneath the glamour of Gladstone's cunning. This morning he is Irish of the Irish in his unrelenting opposition to the English Premier's coercion, a feeling which influenced his countrymen to believe there were latent fires within.

Fight well, gallant Irish Hector, for this fight is your Waterloo; already the Prussians are on your flanks and the last great battle of obstruction is near its close. Soon your foes shall be victors in the strife, upon the very ground you yourself selected and told your countrymen would bring success. Already "Achilles" looks as if the news of the approaching Prussians had been conveyed to him.

Mr. Biggar is on his feet. The gallant Ulsterman shakes his mane as if thirsting for another and prolonged use of Walker's ammunition. But hush! The Speaker rises, and in slow and solemn tones stops the debate!

This is a Parliamentary *coup d'état*—as violent an assault on Parliamentary liberties, as when Louis Napoleon assaulted French opinion by sweeping the Parisian boulevards with his artillery, to establish the Second Empire.

Never in British constitutional history has there been such a gross violation of the liberties of Parliament. In the time of Charles I. and Cromwell's assault on Parliament, it was an

outside despotic invasion of the House. But this violation of Parliamentary freedom comes from the Speaker of the House ; its guardian and protector becomes its destroyer. At the very fountain head and seat of honour sat foul corruption, to destroy the purity of its liberties. By the arbitrary ruling of one man, the Commons of England illegally stopped debating a motion before that House !

While the Speaker, Mr. Brand, is on his feet, the Britons look triumphant and level glances of victory and hatred at the Irish contingent.

This historic and memorable scene, the death of Irish "constitutional" agitation, was worthy of the brush of a David, a Maclise, a Mulready, a Bougereau, or a Meissonier. Mr. Parnell and thirty-five Irish members arose from their seats, and holding their right hands aloft, protested against this wanton Parliamentary outrage. The thirty-six voices shouted, "Privilege ! privilege !" but there was no "privilege" for these mere Irish in that foreign legislative chamber, the portals of which, as Irish patriots, they never should have crossed. The enraged Britons shouted back in venomous tones a cry once heard in an Eastern city: "Away with them ! away with them !" So closed this historic sitting of the British Commons, which lasted for forty-one and a-half hours, from four o'clock Monday afternoon until 9.30 A.M. Wednesday morning, February 4, 1881.

"Achilles" had, indeed, bent his bow. Verily, we thank thee, Mr. *Freeman's Journal*, for the words. The Irish were completely routed ; it was the last stand of the "obstructives" ; the weapon they depended upon, when the hour of trial came, broke to pieces in their grasp. Truly did Isaac Butt say that war in Parliament should be quickly changed to its natural place, the field ; or else surrender. Mr. Parnell and his brilliant following, who had so often told their countrymen in America and Ireland (and had made many believe it true) what great things for Ireland they would do in Parliament, and that no British Minister could legally withstand them, now finds the Speaker of the House breaks

the law of Parliament, violates the sanctity, dignity, and privilege of the House of Commons. The angry Briton, driven to bay by the Irish tactics, breaks his own law and hurls the pieces in the Irishman's face.

What next, gallant Hector? What do you propose now, Charles Stewart Parnell? There are millions of your race thirsting for the news; they await the presence of another Lord Edward to lead them in the final struggle to redeem their motherland. The absurd folly of using talk as weapons against the foe, has now been forced with convincing proof upon you. You are now in full possession of the knowledge that another and different plan of campaign is necessary. We await the development that must produce the change. We wait with patience, grandson of old Ironsides. But there will not, cannot be a long delay for you to make up your mind.

The Liberal Government was now in a fighting mood; that veneer of liberality towards Ireland was swept away. "Coercion that country must have," said the "grandest of Grand Old Men"; and coercion she received. The House met again that noon, and the course of legislation now flowed as freely as if there were no Irish members elected to oppose it. The following Thursday evening the Irish made another rally; it was the last muster of a routed army.

That day, February 5, 1881, as Mr. Michael Davitt was crossing Carlisle Bridge in company with Mr. Thomas Brennan and Mr. Matthew Harris he was arrested, his ticket-of-leave was revoked, and he had once again to don the convict's striped uniform, which he first put on because he wished to supply his countrymen with more powerful weapons than those he had been recently advocating the use of.

The scene in the House that night was a slight replica of the early week. Mr. Parnell arose in his seat, and with the tone and manner of the fiery Celt, unlike his usual calmness, said, "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether Mr. Michael Davitt was arrested at one o'clock to-day." (Cheers.)

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the man, whom deluded Irishmen hail to-day as a "Home Ruler," arose to reply, "Yes, sir."

We cannot picture except in a faint manner the scene that followed when the Home Secretary uttered these words. The whole House broke into loud and uproarious cheering; the Liberal members seemed to grow frantic with delight at the news that an Irishman, a "Home Ruler," had been arbitrarily arrested and sent to prison. These worthy English "Home Rulers" of to-day must have indeed changed.

The Home Secretary continued: "After consultation with my colleagues the Law Officers of the Crown and the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, I have come to the decision that the conduct of Michael Davitt has been incompatible with the ticket-of-leave by which a convict, enjoying the conditional favour of the Crown, is permitted to be at large." (Cheers from the English members; cries of "Shame!" from the Irish party.)

Mr. Parnell, rising, then said: "I beg to ask the Home Secretary which are the conditions which Michael Davitt has violated." With an expression of contempt upon his face for the beaten Irish leader, Sir William Vernon Harcourt made no reply. Vainly the Irish cried, "Answer! answer!" And yet Irishmen are told in all seriousness to-day that this bitter enemy, Harcourt, is a convert to Irish "Home Rule"!

Mr. Gladstone rose to move the closure. Yes! this gagging of the British Commons was first introduced by the Liberal leader, and passed into law by a Liberal Parliament. Mr. Parnell, interrupting, said: "I beg to insist as a member of this House upon my right to move that the right honourable gentleman [the Prime Minister] be no longer heard." A scene here arose in the House. Mr. Parnell was very excited; he was determined to insist, but he was powerless to enforce.

The English Premier again rose; with a look of passion on his face as he gazed on the Irish leader, he named Mr. Parnell, and by a vote of 405 against 7 the Irish leader was

expelled from the sitting. Mr. Parnell declined to withdraw, but British physical force came in here. The Sergeant-at-Arms, accompanied by three assistants, put his hand upon Mr. Parnell's arm; the Irish leader seemed to shrink from the touch, and, rising, bowed to the Speaker and withdrew. Mr. Dillon had been already expelled for a similar cause. Then Mr. Finnigan arose and moved that Mr. Gladstone be no longer heard. The same scene, the usual division, and he was also sent out of the chamber. The Government tellers then informed the Speaker that the Irish members remained in their places and refused to vote. They were then all named, and one after the other expelled. The following are the names of those Irishmen whom the Parliament of the "Grand Old Man" expelled from the sitting of the House: Messrs. Dillon, Parnell, Finnigan, Barry, Biggar, Byrne, Corbet, Daly, Dawson, Gill, E. D. Gray, Healy, Lalor, Leamy, Leahy, McCarthy, McCoan, Marum, Metge, Nelson, Arthur O'Connor, T. P. O'Connor, O'Donoghue, O'Gorman Mahon, O'Sullivan, O'Connor Power, Redmond, Sexton, Smithwick, A. M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Molloy, O'Kelly, O'Donnell, R. O. Power, O'Shaughnessy. As the O'Gorman Mahon was leaving, the old veteran drew himself up and said it was the biggest insult he had ever received in his life. The old gentleman remembered O'Connell's election for Clare in 1828, and took part in that contest. In those duelling days men were slow to insult the gallant major, who was known to be an unerring shot.

So ended the great struggle of obstruction. Public passion was strong that week in London. The writer remembers visiting a Radical club that night with some English friends. What joy of a very demonstrative character did those working-men display, when they heard that the Irish members were expelled from Parliament! How they gloated over the discomfiture and defeat of those "insolent Irish," who dared to oppose the great Gladstone! Race hatred came out in every speech. An Irishman who was present arose, to speak; the Britons howled and yelled; he held his position before

the chairman, but it was vain to expect a hearing. The whole torrent of the working-man's wrath was levelled against everybody and everything Irish.

The Irish people who had any genuine National feeling, felt keenly the insult which the Government of Mr. Gladstone had cast upon them; and they also felt that so long as this crusade of shame distracted their people, so long would they remain powerless to resent the repeated injuries and infamies of their British foe.

At length a letter came from Mr. Parnell addressed to the League Council in Dublin. It was evidently the product of the matured consideration of the Irish leader on the recent crisis, and the defeat of his Parliamentary obstruction tactics. If the words written, and the advice then given, were the real sentiments animating the breast of Charles Stewart Parnell, then Mr. Parnell had hopelessly failed as an Irish leader; and the Irish people should have looked out for a man of greater determination, and one prepared to make more serious sacrifices for his nation's freedom. But the best and truest of the people did not so believe these public utterances; they still clung to the belief indulged in with regard to O'Connell in his early Repeal days—that when the time would suit and events ripen, the pathway of talk would lead to the field of blows. Of what nature these should be was a question for the judgment of thinking minds, and the resources and circumstances which occasion might bring forth. The letter which Mr. Parnell sent from Paris on February 16, twelve days after the Irish members were expelled from the House, stated:—

'The Government of England has adopted the rule of coercion and intimidation against our people at home, and their representatives in Parliament, and having practically attempted to drive both one and the other outside the limits of the constitution by the use of unconstitutional and illegal means in Parliament and the country, two courses appeared

open to us : The first, that the Irish members should retire in a body from the House of Commons and announce to their constituents that the constitutional weapon of Parliamentary representation had been snatched from their hands, and that nothing remained but sullen acquiescence or an appeal to force in opposition to that force which had been used against us. The second and only other alternative appeared to be that we should steadfastly labour on, deepening the lines and widening the area of our agitation, appealing to the masses of the population of England and Scotland, . . . appealing, I say, against the territorialism and shopocracy which dominate Parliament, to the working man and agricultural labourers of Britain. . . .

“ I have dismissed the first of these courses from consideration, but the second alternative presents to me many elements of hope and ultimate success. . . .

“ The honour of Ireland is in the keeping of her 600,000 tenant farmers, and I ask them to preserve the union and organisation which have already gained such great results. If they do this, and persist in their refusal to pay unjust rents, and in their refusal to take farms from which others have been unjustly evicted, a brilliant victory and the peace and prosperity of our country will be their near and certain reward.

“ I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

“ CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.”

When the Nationalists read this letter, they looked upon it at the time as a diplomatic document, written for the express purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the enemy. They did not think that any such manifesto from an Irish leader with the reputation and ability of Mr. Parnell was right, even for diplomatic purposes ; it had too injurious an effect upon the only men which all leaders could rely upon in any crisis of their country's history, where talk would end and work begin. But the sad fact is forcing itself upon them day by day, that with the exception of a momentary burst

of passion, which occurred at a later period, Mr. Parnell was after all but Mr. O'Connell redivivus, without that great orator's silver tongue.

Let Irishmen look calmly upon the opinion given by a leader of a nation to the people. It is not for a moment meant that Mr. Parnell should have issued publicly, in the then state of Ireland, any such manifesto as an open appeal to arms, but he could have adopted one portion of his first course, publicly, by calling on his followers to continue out of Parliament as they were already expelled from there; and told the Irish people all the world over that Ireland had no constitution within which she could agitate her rights, that moral suasion had again proved a hopeless and useless means of redress, and that there were but two courses open to the Irish race: absolute and sullen submission, and to patiently bide the time of their extinction as a race at home, or else——!

But when Mr. Parnell told the Irish farmers that they alone have the honour of the nation in their guardianship, and that that nation's honour consists in what they (the Irish farmers) consider a just rent, he degrades and insults the national honour; he places hucksters and money-lenders inside the temple of liberty, and permits them to wipe their feet in the flag of the nation. This, even for a diplomatic document, was too much; but when he calmly tells the farmers, and through them the whole Irish race, that their organisation had "already gained such great results," in the face of the utter and complete defeat which had overtaken the party both in Parliament and in the country, and on the eve of still greater defeats, it seems to almost insult the intelligence of the whole people.

Mr. Parnell's next move was an appeal to the great revolutionist and poet, Victor Hugo. Nationalists regretted the persistence with which Mr. Parnell clung to the idea of public opinion as a weapon to fight England with. Speaking of the famine and landlordism, he said in his letter to the illustrious Frenchman:

“ We are struggling against the system which produced these horrors. It is to put an end to it once for all that we appeal to the consciences of all honest men without distinction of creed, party, or nationality ; it is to that end that we ask them to aid us in representing to England the odious character of her conduct towards us—in recommending her, in short, to do justice to our people. As you, honoured sir, have so well roused the sympathies of the human race for *les misérables*, we feel that our appeal will go straight to your heart, and we are sure that you will raise your voice in favour of a brave but unfortunate nation.”

Mr. Parnell informed the great French poet that they were struggling against the source of Irish evils. This was not so. The Provincialists were carrying on a crusade of exposing the horrors of the system—Ireland's poverty, starvation, cold and hunger—to the world. This was done to enlist public sympathy and condemnation of landlordism, the producer in part of these evils. But that which made such evils possible, the British connection, was, according to their programme, to continue in part. They endeavoured to remove the evil effects of the system, while the source, British rule, was to remain.

As well ask a man to get healthy who daily consumes large quantities of arsenic. Foreign rule in Ireland and the horrors of poverty, are convertible terms, meaning one and the same thing. Were it possible to remove landlordism, some other ism equally as destructive to the country would continue ; and would, so long as the slightest vestige of alien rule remains.

A meeting of the League Council was held in Dublin. There were several speeches made denouncing Mr. Gladstone and protesting against the arrest of Mr. Davitt. Mr. Thomas Brennan and Mr. P. J. Sheridan delivered very able addresses. Mr. Patrick Egan made a stirring and able attack on the renegade Irish members who went over to Mr. Gladstone, and deserted their colleagues. Mr. Patrick Egan, if he were

to repeat his speech to-day, would have to denounce the whole Irish party; for they have all gone over to Mr. Gladstone. Possibly Mr. Egan would not admit this, but it is nevertheless a fact. Mr. Egan at this meeting said:

“While Mr. Parnell and his noble followers [Mr. Dillon and Mr. E. D. Gray, and some forty other members] could not be spoken of in terms of praise too flattering for the splendid struggle they had made against the brute force of the English majority in the House of Commons, no language could be too strong to condemn the renegade members who deserted in face of the enemy. (Cheers.) The leading renegade was Mr. Shaw, the member for Cork County. With him were such men as Colonel Colthurst—(groans)—Count Moore of Clonmel—(groans)—the Messrs. Blennerhassett, Patrick Martin, Sir Patrick O’Brien, and the renegade member for Dublin, Maurice Brooks—(groans)—who at the meeting in the City Hall deliberately pledged himself to act with the Irish people, but when he got to the House of Commons deserted them and went over to the Government. (Groans, and cries of “Shame!”) There was also Mr. Meldon, the whitewashed Whig member for Kildare; the miserable creature who represented, or rather misrepresented, Longford, Mr. Errington; Mr. Collins of Clonmel, Mr. Mitchell Henry, the member for Galway—(groans)—whom they might leave in the hands of his constituents, Major O’Beirne, Mr. Lewis O’Connor, Mr. Levey, and Mr. Fay of Cavan. Mr. Fay got in on the last election under false pretences, and under the wing of Mr. Biggar. Although he could do nothing now but sneer at the Irish party, he patted them on the back and advised the adoption of obstruction; but when there was work to do he deserted. There was yet one other of whom he spoke with regret—a man who once did yeoman service for Ireland—Mr. P. J. Smyth. The fact that he represented an Irish constituency was one of the great evidences of Irish toleration. (Hear.) But for that toleration, Mr. Smyth’s eccentricities would have relegated him to obscurity long ago. However, the people did not

forget his services side by side with John Mitchell, John Martin, and others. (Hear.) These men passed in London as the representatives of the Irish people. They were now branded with the letters 'B.C.,' and would at the next election receive the reward of all bad characters." (Hear, hear, and applause.)

The Irish people had no reason to complain of any paucity of manifestoes. The men controlling the League never permitted an occasion to elapse without producing its attendant official document, which was generally the exposing of some evil and its consequent condemnation ; but at this time protests were on the increase, as they have been lately. The documents of this meeting contained a protest against the arrest of Michael Davitt. It contained these sentences:

"Yesterday a man well known to us and to many of you during these recent events, as a counsellor of tolerance, restraint, and prudence, has been seized without warning and flung back into the horrors of penal servitude.

"Fellow-countrymen, we adjure you in the midst of these trials and provocations, to maintain the noble attitude that has already assured your ultimate victory. Reject every temptation to conflict, disorder, or crime. Be not terrorised by a brief reign of despotism. If you are true to yourselves your triumph is certain."

That "noble attitude" the countrymen were to continue in, was the policy of doing nothing. Truly Christian forbearance this ; and the Irish nation having received one slap on the cheek from the "Grand Old Man," was to turn the other and so remain "true to itself" waiting for another blow, which soon came.

Mr. Parnell, speaking on the arrest of Mr. Davitt, said : "The late Government of course could have withdrawn his ticket-of-leave instead of prosecuting him ; but the Tories are not so shabby as the so-called Liberals, and they straightforwardly brought him before the ordinary tribunals and

charged him with sedition." Nationalists agree with Mr. Parnell's utterances here. Of the two parties that are trying almost equally to crush out the Irish race in proportion to their term of power, the meanest, basest, most hypocritical and cruel, are the "so-called Liberals;" for they try to sneak into Irish favour when in opposition, to procure by their hollow promises the Irish vote to help them back to the spoils of office and of power; and when there "they can smile and smile, and murder while they smile."

Events were now crowding thick and fast upon Ireland in her struggle with the usurper that ruled the nation. All difference of policy was lost sight of in the face of the common foe; and energetic men, both Nationalists and Provincialists, felt that some war of reprisals, some active measures, should be taken to meet the coming storm. The sullen mutterings of approaching danger were visible on the political horizon; black and murky clouds were lowering over the land. It was the great crisis that tried men's souls. The Parnellite organisation at this time was the legal depository of Ireland's authority. Not only had the people in Ireland given it full and absolute control, but this power was sanctioned by the public endorsement of the Irish race all the world over. Whatever steps this Irish government should take to meet this emergency, either secret or open, could not be afterwards legally repudiated by the race that clothed it with supreme authority.

What was the condition of this Irish government, or Parnellite organisation, at this time? The weak members, who ought to have been with their comrades during this great strain, not only fled from Ireland, but from Britain. These men's timidity and fear of arrest by the enemy, were despicable. Some few of the leaders were absent on what might appear plausible and just reasons; but no duty of any nature should keep a patriotic man away from his post during such a stormy period in his country's history. These absent and weak leaders are as fully responsible for the policy adopted, as if had they sat with their colleagues at the council board. It is vain for them to



100 MASS. VOLS.
1850-1855

charged him with sedition." Nationalists agree with Mr. Parnell's utterances here. Of the two parties that are trying

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CAPTAIN JAMES MURPHY, 28TH MASS. VOLS.

*Leader of the Clerkenwell Rescue Party, which resulted in the famous
Clerkenwell Explosion.*

say that they did not, and do not, approve of the course forced upon the Irish people; and gladly embraced by the more daring and manlier portion of the men at home. As well might absent Ministers from a Cabinet Council repudiate the policy adopted, and which they were not there to oppose, after the nation's soldiers had attacked the foe.

What this new power was which was about to appear upon the scene, created and clothed with legal authority by the Parnellite Irish government, this history will deal with later. Whatever its nature, the public voice continued to protest against the foreigner's brutal despotism in Ireland, and was apparently content with these denunciations.

XIII

THE SCENE IN THE GUILDHALL—ARREST OF MR. PARNELL.

MR. PARNELL went to Paris after he was turned out of the British Commons by his present chief, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. James O'Kelly, M.P., accompanied him. They visited all the great leaders of French thought ; they had an interview with M. Henri Rochefort, a great sympathiser with suffering nationalities. Mr. Parnell did not ask material support from any of these illustrious Frenchmen. His theory was that their sympathy, and nothing more, would be a weapon in his hands. Several of these men, more especially the revolutionary element, were puzzled at what Mr. Parnell meant. Like his own countrymen, they gave him credit for profound diplomacy, and imagined that he was meditating a deep-laid and skilful attack upon his country's foe ; they never dreamed for an instant, that he really believed that an invaded and enslaved nation could be freed by the expression of sympathy, offered her by any man or men, no matter how great.

M. Henri Rochefort, speaking of meeting the Irish leader, observed : "I was greatly moved in shaking hands with Mr. Parnell, as I was some months since when I embraced Garibaldi. The idol of the Irish people is a very fair young man, of whom Cæsar might have said as of Cassius, 'He is very thin for a senator.' His eye of steel is severe. His face almost ascetic, is calm like that of men whose minds are made up."

On separating he said to M. Rochefort, "Adieu! I dare not say *au revoir*, for probably I and Mr. O'Kelly will be in prison before the month is over."

He had an interview with Marshal McMahon and Victor Hugo; the latter entertained him and his friends at dinner. Speaking of the Irish question, Victor Hugo said, "True ideas are the sovereigns of the world; brute force cannot persevere against them." . . .

Mr. Gladstone passed his Coercion Bill, and every leading merchant, professional man, or trader who held Irish National views was "reasonably suspected," and locked up in prison without trial or charge.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, whom the Provincialists now term a "Home Ruler," thus sneeringly alluded to Mr. Parnell's French visit:

"Bon Jean was a gallant gentleman,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the 1st of June,
But bade the rest keep fighting."

The excitement in Ireland grew more intense. The Irish leaders publicly advised mass meetings, and resolutions, as a cure for British despotism. What they were quietly preparing, and the momentous events which followed, will be told in its proper place.

Mr. Gladstone was invited by the democracy of Leeds to visit their city, and to address them on the various public questions agitating their country. The Premier's reception was the grandest ever paid that eminent statesman. The populace turned out in their thousands to do him honour, and joyful acclamations rent the air. Leeds was *en fête* and was never tired of cheering the "Grand Old Man." He addressed a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce on questions of trade, and spoke in the Town Hall to a crowded mass meeting; but reserved for the banquet tendered to him by the citizens on Friday evening, October 7, 1881, the delivery

of his great speech on the Irish question. The following is a part of this interesting and historic address:—

“A handful of men in Parliament, whom I will not call a party, for they are not entitled to be called a party, are the gentlemen who make themselves effectually responsible for the new gospel of Irish patriotism; and even upon them I know not—so hard it is to understand—how far it may be with them a matter of compulsion, and how far a matter of will. I will not attempt to identify them. I will frankly take the case of Mr. Parnell as exhibiting what I mean when I say the state of things in Ireland is coming to a question between law on the one hand and sheer lawlessness on the other. (Hear, hear.) I will go very briefly—and the importance of the subject I am sure will justify me if I have detained you longer than I ought. (No, no.) . . .

“O’Connell professed his unconditional loyalty to the Crown of England. Mr. Parnell says of the Crown, if England is to be the link between the two countries, it must be the only link; but whether it is to be the link at all—I am not quoting his words—is a matter on which he has not, I believe, given any opinion whatsoever. (Hear, hear.)

“O’Connell desired friendly relations with the people of this country—cordial, hearty friendship. What does Mr. Parnell desire? He says the Irish people must make manufactures of their own, in order that they may buy nothing from England. (Laughter.) I do not believe him to be a profound political economist. (Hear, hear.) But it may have occurred to him that it may be rather difficult if the Irish people are to produce for themselves in a short time, by the labour of their own hands, everything that they now desire from England. He is prepared for that alternative, and he says: ‘If you cannot make the manufactured articles yourselves you must buy them from foreign countries, but whatever you do you must not buy them from England.’ (Loud cries of ‘Shame.’) I say, gentlemen, I think you will begin to perceive that in the strong language I have used to describe the position of affairs in Ireland I am not wholly

without justification—(cheers)—and when I proceed to say that whereas friendship with England was the motto of O'Connell, hostility to England and to Scotland is the motto and avowed principle of Mr. Parnell. . . .

“Now the Land Act has passed into law, and now that Mr. Parnell is afraid lest the people of England, by their long-continued efforts should win the hearts of the whole of the Irish nation, he has a new and enlarged gospel of plunder to proclaim. He says that whereas the rental of Ireland is seventeen millions pounds of money, the landlord is entitled to nothing but the original value of the land before the spade was put into it ; and that the rental he may justly claim is not seventeen millions, but possibly about three millions of money. I ask you as honest men, not as politicians, not as Liberals, not in any other capacity—I ask you whether it is possible to describe proceedings of this kind, in any words more just, than the promulgation of the doctrine of sheer plunder ? . . .

“Mr. Parnell is very copious in his reference to America. He has said America is the only friend of Ireland, but in all his references to America he has never found time to utter one word of disapproval or of misgiving, about what is known as the assassination literature of that country. . . .

“There are, it is sad to say, a knot of Irishmen who are not ashamed to point out in the press which they maintain, how the ships of her Majesty's navy ought to be blown into the air to destroy the power of England by secret treachery. (Shame.) . . .

“You may have heard of an explosion of dynamite in Salford not very long ago. There was the death of one person in consequence of the explosion. The death of another was expected, but I believe was averted ; and Mr. Parnell, the gentleman to whom I refer, said that that occurrence in Salford appeared to him to bear the character of a practical joke. (Shame.)” . . .

Mr. Gladstone expatiated on what a great boon to Ireland his Land Bill was. Possibly he really believed this. But if

three-fourths of the Irish tenants were made a gift of their holdings, they could not even then enjoy the abundance Mr. Gladstone spoke of.

When Mr. Gladstone alluded to Irishmen not buying English manufactures, his Leeds audience of mill-owners and merchants cried out unanimously "Shame!" The beadle who stood transfixed with astonishment when Oliver Twist had the temerity to ask for more, was not near so much astounded as were these British merchants at the presumption of the Irish people daring to think of buying goods elsewhere. There is where the shoe pinches. They do not care much about either tenants or landlords, but touch their trade and you hurt the Britons to the quick; and you cannot touch this—which is also Ireland's greatest interest—without Irishmen having the power to govern themselves.

The foul lie and slander against Irishmen, that they kill women and children, is freely circulated by the great assassination organ, the *London Times*, a paper that keeps continually howling for murder, whether it is Zulus, Basutos, Boers, Arabs, Egyptians, or Irish that are to be killed. Its thirst for human gore is insatiable. There never has been, in all the guerilla warfare or physical struggles forced upon the Irish, one single English child or woman injured. On the contrary, a tyrannic despot, whose brutal conduct made the world wonder that the Irish spared his life—this man of blood was within two seconds of certain death but for the fact that the lady members of his family were in the carriage with him. The hands of those who were about to smite, were stayed by a man whom he or his brutal master would not spare if in their power, regardless of that Irishman's family. This tyrant knew the chivalry of Irish revolutionists, and so saved his life by surrounding himself at all possible times with his lady protectors. They did what his armed guardians could not have succeeded in doing; they saved his life, justly forfeited to the nation he invaded; and whose people he was slaying with buckshot and bayonet.

This is one of the many unwritten pages in Irish history. . . .

There can be no clearer illustration of the differences and antagonisms which exist between these two peoples, the British and the Irish, than the reception accorded to Mr. Gladstone in Leeds, and that of Mr. Parnell in Wexford. Notwithstanding the oppression of British rule, the Irish can always prove themselves equal to any other people in getting up a public demonstration. Mr. Parnell's reception by the gallant Wexford men was as enthusiastic and demonstrative as that given Mr. Gladstone by his countrymen in Leeds. If possible they out-did themselves upon this occasion, for Mr. Parnell was doubly endeared to them because of the onslaught made upon him by the English Premier.

There were frieze-coated soldiers there that day, who, if armed and properly led, would have given as good an account of British troops as did the gallant and now independent Boers. The occasion was a momentous one, for every listener knew that Mr. Parnell would reply to Mr. Gladstone. Well and ably did the Irish leader respond. He rose to the height of the occasion, and completely overwhelmed the English Minister in his masterly answer. But vain are words—they are useless—yet Irish leaders will still persist, in the face of their utter inability, to fight England by talk. Mr. Parnell said :

“ People of the city and county of Wexford,—I am proud to see that your county has not forgotten her traditions, but that you are prepared to-day, as you always were, to return a fitting answer to threats and intimidation—ay, and if it should become necessary, to those means which were used in '98—(loud cheers)—by an unscrupulous Government—means which failed then, and which, please God, will fail again. (Cheers.) You in this county have arrived at the commencement of the second year of the existence of this great Land League movement. You have gained something by your exertions during the last twelve months, but I am here to-day to tell you that

you have gained but a fraction of that to which you are justly entitled—(cheers)—and the Irishman who thinks that he can throw away his arms just as Grattan disbanded the Volunteers, will find to his sorrow and destruction when too late, that he has placed himself in the power of a perfidious, cruel, and unrelenting English enemy. (Cheers.) You have had an opportunity recently of studying the utterances of a very great man and a very great orator, the person who till recently desired to impress upon the world, a great opinion of his philanthropy and hatred of oppression; but who stands the greatest coercionist, the greatest and most unrivalled slanderer of the Irish nation that ever undertook that task. (Cheers.) I refer to William Ewart Gladstone—(groans)—and his unscrupulous and dishonest speech of the day before yesterday. Not content with maligning you, he maligns John Dillon. (Cheers for Dillon.) He endeavours to misrepresent the Young Ireland party of 1848. No misrepresentation is too patent, too low, or too mean for him to stoop to; and it is a good sign that this masquerading knight-errant, this pretended champion of the liberties of every other nation except those of the Irish nation, should be obliged to throw off the mask to-day, and to stand revealed as the man who, by his own utterances, is prepared to carry fire and sword into your homesteads, unless you humble and abase yourselves before him, and then before the landlords of this country. (Cheers.) . . .

“In his opinion no man in Ireland is good until he is dead, and unable to do anything more for his country. (Cheers.) In the opinion of this English statesman, no man is good in Ireland until he is buried and is unable to strike a blow for Ireland; and perhaps the day may come when I may get a good word from Englishmen as being a moderate man when I am dead and buried. (Laughter and cheers.) . . .

“I don't wish to anticipate the speech that Mr. Dillon will make in reply to Mr. Gladstone, . . . but I merely wish to point out in passing, that while William Ewart Gladstone admits Mr. Dillon to-day to be one of the most single-

mind men, devotedly attached to his country, and to be of perfect unswerving integrity, but twelve months ago he put up his mouthpiece in the House of Commons to declare that John Dillon was a man weak and cowardly. And when Mr. Gladstone, a little lower down, accuses us of preaching the doctrine of public plunder and of proclaiming a new doctrine of plunder, and, further down, of promulgating a gospel of sheer plunder—(A voice: 'That is his own doctrine!')—I would be obliged to my friend in the crowd if he would leave me to make the speech and not be anticipating me—(laughter)—when people talk of public plunder they should first ask themselves, and recall to mind, who were the first public plunderers in Ireland. (A voice: 'The English.' Cheers.) The land of Ireland has been confiscated three times over, by the men whose descendants Mr. Gladstone is supporting in the fruits of their plunder, by his bayonets and his buckshot. (Groans.) . . .

"The 'doctrine of public plunder' is only a question of degree. Who was it that first sanctioned the doctrine of public plunder? will be asked by some persons.

"I am proceeding upon the lines of an amendment in the Land Act of 1881, which was introduced by Mr. Healy—(cheers)—framed by Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General for Ireland, and sanctioned by Mr. Gladstone and his whole Cabinet, the House of Commons and the House of Lords. . . .

"I say that his doctrine of public plunder is a question of degree. As William Ewart Gladstone has shown himself capable of eating his words, and able to recede from principles and declarations which he had laid down, why, with just as much fervour as that with which he made the speech the other evening, he will before long, if he lives long enough, introduce a Bill into the House of Commons to extend this very principle of public plunder which he has sanctioned by his Act of 1881. . . .

"So that if we are to go into the question, the utmost that Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party will be able to make out of it will be to find that there are some persons very much

more entitled to call him a little robber, than he is to call me a big one. . . .

“Then, again, Mr. Gladstone says that I am afraid now the Land Act has been passed, lest the people of England, by their long-sustained efforts, should win the hearts of the whole Irish nation. Long-sustained efforts in what? Was it in evicting two thousand tenants since the 1st of January last? (Cheers.) Was it in putting two hundred honourable and brave men into Kilmainham, and the other gaols of the country? Was it in issuing a police circular of a more infamous character than any which has been ever devised by any foreign despot? Was it in sending hundreds of rounds of ball cartridges to his Bashi-Bazouks throughout the country? Was it in sharpening the bayonets of the latest issue to the Royal Irish Constabulary? And if it was not, if all these sustained efforts which Mr. Gladstone has taken up nobly and well from his predecessor in the title of misgoverning Ireland, I should like to know what were the efforts of which William Ewart Gladstone talks, when he speaks of these sustained efforts which he is making for the people of Ireland. . . .

“Mr. Gladstone in those few short words admits that the English Government has failed in Ireland. He admits the contention that Grattan and the Volunteers of '82 fought for; he admits the contention that the men of '98—(cheers)—lost their lives for; he admits the contention that O'Connell argued for; he admits the contention that the men of '48 staked their all for; he admits the contention that the men of '65—(cheers)—after a long period of depression and of apparent death of all national life in Ireland, cheerfully faced the dungeon and the horrors of penal servitude for; and he admits the contention that to-day you in your overpowering multitude have re-established, and, please God, will bring to a successful issue—namely, that England's mission in Ireland has been a failure and that Irishmen have established their right to govern Ireland by laws made by themselves for themselves on Irish soil—(cheers); and he winds up

with the threat—this man who has no moral force behind him—he winds up with a threat, 'No fears of force and no fear of ruin through force shall so far as we are concerned and as it is in our power.' I say it is not his power to trample on the aspirations and the rights of the Irish people, with no moral force behind him. These are very brave words that he uses, but it strikes me that they have a ring about them like the whistle of a schoolboy on his way through a churchyard at night, to keep up his courage. (Cheers.) He would have you to believe that he is not afraid of you, because he has disarmed you, because he has attempted to disorganise you, because he knows that the Irish nation is to-day disarmed, so far as physical weapons go; but he does not hold this kind of language with the Boers. (Great excitement; loud and prolonged cheers for the Boers; cries heard in all directions offering the hearer's services as Irish soldiers, and repeated cries of, 'We will be Boers!') . . .

"He said something of this kind at the commencement of the session with regard to the Boers. He said he was going to put them down, but as soon as he discovered that they were able to shoot straighter than his soldiers, he allowed these few men to put himself and his Government down. . . . And I trust the result of this great movement will be . . . we shall see that the brave words of the English Prime Minister will be scattered as chaff, before the united and advancing determination of the Irish people to regain for themselves their lost legislative independence."

This powerful, able, analytical reply to the "Grand Old Man's" Leeds speech was one of Mr. Parnell's best efforts; there is not one single expression used which could be deemed too strong in unmasking this hypocritical statesman, this false Liberal. But at present Nationalists retain the same views as Mr. Parnell held of Mr. Gladstone in Wexford. Mr. Parnell spoke truly when he said that Irish patriots must be dead, buried, and useless, before they would be praised by Englishmen; and, it may be added, either physically dead or

nationally and politically dead. What a Nemesis some speeches are! And this one stands out as the last manly public utterance of one that so many Irishmen centred such hopes on.

The men of Wexford wished to do as the Boers did, or as their brave grandsires did in '98; but Mr. Parnell spent more money arguing, as he expresses it in O'Connell's case, the English out of Ireland—vainly, as a matter of course—than would have put a rifle in the hands of every man in his auditory. . . .

Mr. Gladstone could not refute Mr. Parnell's speech at Wexford, nor Mr. Dillon's chastening rebuke at the League rooms in Dublin; but this man of peace could arrest and imprison these once gallant gentlemen.

But before doing so Mr. Gladstone made arrangements to celebrate the event in a manner befitting its importance; and to further impress upon his countrymen the solemnity of the occasion, and the Heaven-sent Minister who then guarded Britain's greatness against the wily Irish foe, the Premier prepared his historic tableau with all due care; no detail to create effect was omitted. The central figure of this tableau, as arranged, was to be Britain's Prime Minister, the benign Mr. Gladstone, receiving the homage of his political opponents, the London Tory merchants, for the suppression of Irish leaders, who were then hostile to British rule in their country.

Mr. Gladstone was invited to a reception in the Guildhall, London, on Thursday, October 13, 1881. There, before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and City Council, and in the presence of the leading merchants of that wealthy metropolis, he delivered an address on the national politics of the hour. After the preliminary opening remarks, which with this verbose gentleman were most profuse, he said:

"You may remember that on certain subjects I did in the great town of Leeds speak upon what I held to be purely national and imperial interests—interests which are committed to my charge, interests actually deposited in our hands—by

those words, worthy or unworthy of the task. I now beg that you will look upon me simply as a representative of the executive powers and of the authority of the law, and that you will therefore for a moment meet me upon a ground common to us all. (Cheers.) I am glad to see you are prepared for a reference to that question. It is a question which ought to enter, and must enter, into the thoughts of every intelligent native of the country. It has come too near to us to be put back. (Renewed cheers.) Pressed by the enormous activity of civic and social, and political and personal life, it is very difficult for us to give due appreciation to all public questions, however grave; but at times they will assume prominence and assert themselves with a force which cannot be mistaken, and that is the case with the Irish question at this moment. (Hear, hear.) The issue that is there raised is no issue of political party. (Cheers.) I have said, and say it again, after I had the opportunity of communication with my colleagues, and after having assured myself with that communication that I did not in the slightest degree misrepresent their opinions; that the Government recognises that it is charged in Ireland with the most arduous and solemn duties, and that these duties to the best of its ability it is determined to perform. (Cheers.) It is no unnatural criticism upon those words which expressed the hope that they would not be words alone. Our decision, my Lord Mayor, our determination, has been that to the best of our power they should be carried into acts."

At this part of Mr. Gladstone's speech, a movement was perceptible in the crowd of gentlemen who surrounded him—this was the thrilling scene in the tableau,—and very soon a telegraph messenger boy was seen emerging from the throng near the Prime Minister; he handed the Premier a telegram, which he quickly opened, scanning over its contents. The information contained in that telegram must have been in Mr. Gladstone's possession long before he visited the Guildhall, for he himself gave the order which resulted in the information he was about to convey to his audience. The

messenger boy was plainly a melodramatic trick, to add additional lustre to Britain's victory over Irish disaffection by the imprisonment of her leaders. Resuming his speech, the Premier turned towards his audience, and in solemn tone and aspect said :

“ And even within these few minutes I have been informed that, towards the vindication of law, of order, and the right of property, of the freedom of the land, of the first elements of political life and the resources of civilisation, the first step has been taken in the arrest of the man ”—

The revered city fathers here grew frantic with joy, the whole audience burst into loud and prolonged cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs—it was such a famous British victory !

—“ In the arrest of the man, who unhappily, from motives which I do not challenge, which I cannot examine, and with which I have nothing to do, has made himself beyond all others prominent in the attempt to destroy the law—(cheers)—and to substitute what would end in leaving nothing more nor less than anarchical oppressions, exercised upon the people of Ireland. (Loud cheers.) My Lord Mayor, it is not with the people of Ireland that we are at issue. (Hear, hear.) Our firm belief is that the people of Ireland—and especially the mass of the tenantry of that country, constituting, as you are aware, of themselves considerably more than a moiety of that entire people—are earnestly desired to make full trial of the equitable Bill which with great labour, effort, and resolution Parliament has introduced into the law of the land. (Cheers.)”

The Premier concluded his momentous speech amid deafening cheers and plaudits from his English hearers.

It happened that on that very afternoon the writer was passing through that always busy thoroughfare in front of the Royal Exchange, London. The place was densely packed with people ; they were crowded on the steps of the Mansion House ; the Royal Exchange was black with heads ; the

people overflowed into Threadneedle Street, King William Street, and Queen Victoria Street; and down the Poultry and Cheapside, on towards the Guildhall and past King Street, was one solid wedge of persons, cheering with the most unbounded enthusiasms. About this time Mr. Gladstone had come to that dramatic episode in his historic speech when he informed the London merchants of the Irish leader's arrest. Then the cheers from the Guildhall were taken up by the immense throngs outside, and re-echoed and reverberated with uproarious joy from a thousand throats in that enormous multitude. Standing for a moment with a friend in a dazed condition, for we knew something of great import had moved the English crowd to such unwonted bursts of joy, we asked a bystander, after the extravagant expressions of delight had died away sufficiently to enable us to be heard, what caused this unusual throng and demonstrative happiness. The answer came that their idol, Mr. Gladstone, was in the Guildhall; and that their enemy, Parnell, was in Kilmainham. This reply came from an English working man; the cheering crowd was mainly composed of English working men. This is an answer to the "educators of the English people."

There are moments in life that cannot be forgotten; they come to all men. This deliberate insult to our country in the arrest of her chief citizen stung us to the quick; the tumultuous feelings of hate and rage had to be suppressed; we felt it was a time not for "words alone," as the English Minister stated, but that to the best of our people's power, if our race was not the veriest slaves that crawl worm-like on the ground, their words "should be carried into acts"—again quoting Mr. Gladstone. Making our way through the surging crowd towards St. Paul's Churchyard, we heard the newsboys cry, "Harrest of Parnell! Harrest of Parnell!" It seemed as if the papers had been purposely kept back until the curtain dropped after the tableau in the Guildhall. The papers informed their readers that Superintendent Mallon and five policemen had arrested Mr. Parnell early that morning in Morrison's Hotel, Dublin; and conveyed

him at nine o'clock to Kilmainham gaol. So that the Irish leader was housed in prison, seven hours before the British leader announced it in his spectacular drama before the city fathers. The Prime Minister was indeed carrying his words into acts. Mr. Sexton, M.P.; Mr. Quinn, assistant secretary of the Land League, who succeed Mr. Brennan, the secretary, already incarcerated; Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., and several leading merchants received the "grand old Liberal's" *lettres de cachets*. Of these were Mr. Downing, manager of Mr. Cassidy's distillery, Monasterevan, and Mr. Henry Egan, J.P., Tullamore, the leading merchant of that town; and a goodly company of others.

The Land League Council in Dublin held a meeting, at which they denounced the Government as usual, and protested against the arrest of the Irish leader and his brother members. Mr. John Dillon was appointed to take Mr. Parnell's place. But the amiable and benevolent Mr. Gladstone very curiously did not heed the protests and resolutions, as he did the Boers' bullets. Ignoring this Dublin meeting, he arrested Mr. Dillon, M.P., next day—a very incomprehensible proceeding when it considered that that powerful weapon "public opinion" was completely in favour of the League. Even that much-prized gift—an arsenal in itself—American sympathy, was altogether in favour of Mr. Parnell; and yet this erratic but benevolent "Grand Old Man" did not appear to heed French, American, or German public opinion, but went on taking such personal care of the Irish Leaguers, that he locked them up under his servants' guardianship.

Now came the supreme public effort of the crusaders. The great hundred-ton gun of moral suasion and passive resistance came forth to annihilate the British enemy and his satellites, the landlords. This was the famous "NO RENT MANIFESTO." It appeared shortly after the arrest of Mr. Dillon. *United Ireland*, the organ of the Land League, edited by Mr. O'Brien, commented on the arrest of Mr. Parnell in its editorial of October 15, 1881, as follows:

"His spirit is abroad in a million Irish hearts; his work is done; his lesson is taught. It has sunk into our souls; it has lifted up our hearts above the terrors of the dungeons, above their dastard power, above their dastard bribes. Mr. Gladstone's argument at Leeds was shattered to pieces by Parnell's argument at Wexford. The old hypocrite has mended his argument by the help of his police; and he has answered his opponent by garrotting him. It is not our province to point out the means by which the farmers of Ireland can now answer Gladstone. Nobody can doubt what they are. Without stepping one inch outside the law the Irish farmers have ample revenge ready to their hands. Never was there such a chance of covering our nation with glory."

The Turkish Mohammedans were never more devoted to the doctrines of their faith, never more fanatical in their devotion to the holy Kaaba, never more firm and true believers in the Koran, than Mr. O'Brien of *United Ireland* is in the doctrine of "moral suasion." He is sincerely and purely an affectionate son of Ireland, and is a gentleman of many and varied accomplishments, a cultured writer and speaker, and a man who would undoubtedly ornament any position his country would confer upon him. But one thing Mr. O'Brien and his views could never do; they could never free a nation. He may waste his soul away in vain and frantic struggles, protestations, and resolutions in every tongue or dialect spoken on the earth—he may resolve and protest a thousand-fold, but he can never lift the iron hand of foreign rule from the island of his birth, the beloved land Irishmen are all trying to serve. Examine this leading article in Mr. O'Brien's paper; every patriotic Irishman will agree in the statement that Mr. Parnell had shattered Mr. Gladstone's arguments. So has every Irish Nationalist who attempted "moral suasion" since this century commenced, shattered the arguments of his English opponents. But this kind of shattering is not only useless; it is utter folly and senility for a people to keep on in such a course. The writer

in *United Ireland* speaks of the "terrors of their dungeons." Now Nationalists do not for a moment undervalue the sufferings of several months in gaol, and the agony of the plank bed ; but dungeons are the punishment of revolutionists, not of agitators. There is no possibility that "moral suasion" will ever bring a man to the scaffold or penal servitude. So that, after all, the physical force men have to take the chances, and to suffer, if captured, every indignity which English warders can inflict upon them, as Irishmen have suffered in all our recollections, and are suffering at this very moment in England's penal prisons. . . .

XIV.

GLADSTONISM AND CRIME—THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

The NO RENT MANIFESTO caused a sensation for a few days. Here are some portions of the text :

“ Fellow Countrymen,

“The time has come to test whether the great organisation built up during years of patient labour and sacrifice, and consecrated by the allegiance of the whole Irish race the world over, is to disappear at the summons of a brutal tyranny. . . .

“Mr. Gladstone has by a series of furious and wanton acts of despotism driven the Irish tenant farmers to choose between their own organisation and the mercy of his lawyers. . . .

“You have to choose between all-powerful unity and unpopular disorganisation ; between the land for the landlords, and the land for the people. We cannot doubt your choice. Every tenant farmer in Ireland is to-day the standard-bearer of the flag unfurled at Irishtown, and can bear it to glorious victory. Stand together in the face of the brutal and cowardly enemies of your race. **PAY NO RENTS UNDER ANY PRETEXT. STAND PASSIVELY, FIRMLY, FEARLESSLY BY,** while the armies of England may be engaged in their hopeless struggle against a spirit which this weapon cannot touch. . . .

"If you are evicted you shall not suffer. The landlord who evicts will be a ruined pauper, and the Government who supports him with its bayonets, will learn in a single winter how powerless its armed force is against the will of a united and determined and self-reliant nation.

"CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, Kilmainham Jail.

"ANDREW KETTLE, Kilmainham Jail.

"MICHAEL DAVITT, Home Secretary, Portland Prison.

"JOHN DILLON, Head Organiser, Kilmainham Jail.

"THOMAS SEXTON, Head Organiser, Kilmainham Jail.

"PATRICK EGAN, Treasurer, Paris."

When this manifesto was issued, the thinking Nationalists came to the conclusion that the leaders meant fight of some sort to enforce its provisions, and that the document was couched in what they termed diplomatic and expedient language. The reading of what was not said in the proclamation, reconciled its tenor to practical men. Outside of a lunatic asylum any more absurd and inane matter was never penned; that is, reading it as the outside world did. Think of men who rank as leaders, telling a whole nation that a Government and its armed forces are powerless before the will of a people! And yet some leaders in Irish affairs complained when this manifesto was withdrawn. Nationalists are often inclined to think of some of our people as overgrown babies. Think of France disbanding its army and telling Germany she is powerless before the will of the French people, and that the German army counts for nothing in the struggle! Alsace and Lorraine must go back to France, because the French will it. It seems ridiculous discussing these absurd teachings, and yet they are being preached to the Irish people all over the world; and leading Irish-Americans, men of judgment, education, and ability in every path of life, give utterance to these silly doctrines. . . .

The NO RENT MANIFESTO could no more be carried out without force, than Irishmen could move their island to the other side of the Atlantic, if they willed it. The National

party, who still gave Mr. Parnell support, was taught that this manifesto meant something more practical than the farmer buttoning up his pockets, and refusing to pay any rent. There will be men found even to this day, who will contend that this refusal to pay rent could be carried out. It seems an outrageous attack on common sense to talk this way. The enemy would have nothing more to do than to arrest these farmers, sequester for their own use every penny they had in the bank, seize all their stock, and by force take every penny they had in their pockets. Men will possibly talk of law. Law in Ireland—bosh! Whatever Britain wishes to do, she does. In Ireland law is, and has always been, the bayonet. The enemy only surrounds himself with forms of law, the better to lure the people to their destruction. The whole agitation, from its inception to its close, could only be the dream of an illusionist. It is based on the monstrous folly that Ireland's rights will be respected by her plunderer.

Behind all these noisy movements, with their meetings, speeches, resolutions, and public teachings that the enemy's bayonets did not count, there existed, as there does to this day, the determined and patriotic manhood of Ireland, looking vainly for a leader to order their advance on the enemy's lines to strike a blow for their country's independence. Thousands of stalwart Irishmen were ready to make any sacrifices on the altar of their country. The Irish Government of Parnellites saw that some action was absolutely necessary; they knew that the NO RENT MANIFESTO should be supported by some war of reprisals on the foe. But they considered, rightly or wrongly, that it was necessary to continue to keep up a public appearance of "moral suasion" so as to deceive the enemy. They forgot that in deceiving the foe they also deceived their own countrymen, who could not read the oracle aright, and more especially their great financial supporters, the Irish-American public, who knew absolutely nothing of the initiation of this war of reprisals on the cruel British enemy.

It is sad to think that the necessity of preserving secrecy in order to more effectually deceive the foe, should have been so effectively used since to aid the British in maligning, blackening, and misrepresenting the brave men who responded to the Parnellite Government's call for volunteers, and some of whom gave up their lives in the service of their country.

This book will narrate these stirring events as they develop themselves; and later on the curtain will be drawn aside, and the full history of this red page in Irish history given to the world.

The excitement was now at its height—it cannot be dignified with the name of struggle, for the blows were given only by one side. The NO RENT MANIFESTO caused more joy in the Irish ranks than it caused consternation to the enemy. Secure in the possession of undisturbed force, the British could despise all attempts to reason with them. The English masses looked upon the manifesto as an incentive to public robbery. The Government of Mr. Gladstone responded by suppressing the Land League. Recently, when the Tories, Ireland's other foes, were about to pass a similar, but not so drastic a measure, the hypocritical Liberals were quite shocked. The Irish members held up the Liberals' speeches to their countrymen with approval and hope, ignoring their never-ending brutal treatment of Ireland when in power. Mr. Gladstone's Lord-Lieutenant issued a proclamation completely suppressing the Land League. There was not even the Tory attempt to consult Parliament. This edict was issued on the 20th day of October, 1881, and immediately took effect. A portion of this proclamation reads thus:

“Now we hereby warn all persons that the said association, styling itself the Irish Land League or by whatsoever other name it may be called or known, is an unlawful and criminal association, . . . and we do hereby call on all loyal and well-affected subjects of the Crown to aid us in upholding and

maintaining the authority of the law and the supremacy of the Queen in this her realm of Ireland.

“Dated at Dublin Castle the 20th day of October, 1881, by his Excellency’s commands.

“W. E. FORSTER.”

The despotic suppression of the League, coupled with the arbitrary imprisonments on the faintest suspicion of sympathy with the Irish cause, caused a great deal of panic among the frothy element of the agitators. These weak and nerveless men quickly disappeared from the scene of their previous blatant speeches. Some very prominent agitators were what people call, with a species of *éclat*, “on the run,” and they did run with a vengeance. They even feared to make a stand in Britain, although the Coercion Act was powerless there. Their action can only be characterised as fright and flight, but not fight.

But to the credit of those Irishmen who were highest in authority, and who had helped to make the League so influential with the Irish masses, particularly with the non-agricultural classes—the artisans and mechanics of the towns, the intelligent and truly patriotic element of Irish nationhood,—be it recorded that they were busily engaged in creating a fresh power to combat with the foe. Although they publicly sanctioned the most hateful and degrading of slavish doctrines and mock legal and constitutional measures, they had determined on a patriotic and more manly course. Their continued attempts at “passive resistance” did not deceive the lynx-eyed foe; but it all but convinced their weak and timid colleagues, who would collapse at the very thought of hostility to the brutal destroyers of their native land. This element, so numerous in all provincial movements, is generally led by demagogues of considerable literary and oratorical ability, men who have great influence over the uneducated masses; and in moments of profound peace, when Ireland is silently fading away under the deadly influence of the invader’s poison, they can be heard addressing the multi-

tude in the most exciting harangues, symbolical of the terrible destruction they would in person hurl upon the enemy, if some far-away and imagined time or other circumstance of great moment had but occasion for the display of their martial valour.

But the "brains" of the League movement, those who united knowledge with patriotism, were exercising their intelligence as to the best manner to meet the emergency forced upon them. This had been under consideration for some time, but the crisis was now in its most acute stage; they felt the hour had come for Ireland to strike. Fortunately for the Irish cause, these men were invested with both power and authority—authority delegated to them not alone by Irishmen in Ireland, but the whole Irish race the world over; hence their actions were invested with legal power, and every order issued by these patriots was lawful and should be obeyed by all loyal and law-abiding citizens of Ireland. The British Executive in Dublin Castle was and is an illegal murder conspiracy, and is only cheerfully obeyed in Ireland by the invader's myrmidons, or else rebels and traitors to their native land. Obedience is wrung from the loyalist Irish patriot, as the brigands enforce their authority on their captors.

It is to be for ever deplored by loyal Irishmen that the manly and patriotic stand taken by the authorised leaders of the Irish race did not continue and grow in intensity, instead of slowly weakening until it faded out of sight; and that rampart treason supplied, and still supplies, the place of former heroic orders and whole-souled and determined resolutions.

This destruction of the patriotic government of national defence commenced from within their own ranks; they had not the courage to openly espouse the cause they were secretly creating, not even the courage to preserve the dignity of silence; but, under the delusive idea that they were deceiving the enemy, they condemned the results of their own secret orders, thus aiding the foe's diplomacy

without in any way convincing him of their freedom from association with the patriots, which he publicly pretended to believe, as he does to this day, to serve his fixed purpose—Ireland's depopulation. If they could not have publicly espoused the manly action of "legitimate self-defence" and continued in the enemy's country to direct the movements necessary to put in practice this resistance, they could, through secret diplomatic agencies, have addressed the Government and statesmen of every nation; and by public placards set before mankind, the justness and necessity of Ireland's resistance to bloodshed and tyranny enforced upon her by a foreign people who had invaded their country. These could have borne the collective signature of the "Government of National Defence." Let the enemy try and find out who were the brave men who composed this Government. They were for some time on the trail, but having satisfied themselves when all danger to their rule had passed away and when some of these men became valuable aids in their mission of removing the Celts from Ireland, they preserve their secret; not even permitting their coercion organ, the *Times*, to know the truth, although they are using this vile journal for the purpose of further degrading the men whom Ireland once honoured.

With the wealth and power this Irish Government of National Defence then wielded all this could be easily accomplished, and negotiations on behalf of Ireland entered into with European lovers of liberty, and possibly an alliance with some powerful Government whose interest and sympathies were antagonistic to the common enemy; but, in addition to the false diplomacy of moral cowardice, they permitted the weak and drivelling politicians, who were frightened at the enemy's vigour to resume sway in their councils, and so destroyed what was full of promise for their suffering and brutally tortured motherland.

The National Land League of Great Britain announced as an answer to Mr. Parnell's arrest, a public demonstration to

be held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, October 31, 1881, to denounce the despotism and high-handed tyranny of the arrest of the Irish leader and his colleagues by William Ewart Gladstone's orders, or, as he was then called in Irish circles, "Judas Gladstone"; and also for that Minister's summary suppression of the League.

Owing to the absence of the patriotic Irish members, who were, let us hope, engaged in more important work than public meetings, speakers were difficult to find, a panic pervading the ranks of the moral suasionists. The Land League Executive issued invitations to Irishmen, not members of the Land League, to speak in Hyde Park at the forthcoming demonstration. These Irish Nationalists were requested to attend a conference to be held in the Parliamentary chambers, Westminster, on the Friday evening previous to the great demonstration. The writer, with others, received an invitation to attend this conference. The room was crowded with a gathering of the leading Irishmen of London; Provincialists and Nationalists alike were assembled. This was the room which the Irish Parliamentary members usually occupied when in consultation; but this evening they were all absent. Around a large table in the centre of the room, the members of the Executive were seated. Their secretary, Mr. Frank Byrne, rose to read a letter. This patriotic gentleman, since much spoken of, had been in the service of the old Home Rule Confederation as secretary in Mr. Butt's days; and continued in office much esteemed by all who came in contact with him. Mr. Byrne had served with credit and ability in an Irish company attached to one of the French regiments, in the army under Bourbaki during the Franco-German War; and was interned with his corps in Switzerland. He was a faithful and valuable secretary of the League; and from his long association with the Irishmen in England knew the proper men to further the agitation. He had been an earnest and honest worker in the organised ranks of "moral suasion," and had to undertake a great portion of the labours necessary in organising public meetings. The League lost a valuable

officer when deprived of his services. When Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell accused him of betraying his political trust, Mr. O'Donnell talked of what he knew nothing about and made a false and cowardly charge. There has been betrayal, but it has not come from Mr. Byrne.

The letter which the secretary read at the meeting was an advice to reconsider the indorsement of the NO RENT MANIFESTO; the writer, who was Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, feared the Government might suppress the Land League of Great Britain, an organisation separate from its defunct sister in Ireland. The Nationalists present were surprised to hear such advice from Mr. Biggar, but supposed some timorous members of the party influenced him, they having caught the prevailing mania of fear or "expediency," which has covered so many sins of cowardice. The Executive was about to adopt the advice given in the letter when one of the members rose and protested. He said it would stamp the Land League of Great Britain as composed of cowards. Whatever opinion men might hold as to the wisdom of the NO RENT MANIFESTO, it was their united duty to endorse it now that it had been proclaimed by their imprisoned leaders. It was their duty to show Mr. Gladstone and his Government, that Irishmen could not be crushed by fears, or threats of imprisonment. He concluded by proposing that NO RENT should be publicly endorsed and inscribed on their banners at the Hyde Park demonstration of Sunday. When was there ever a gathering of Irishmen where manly counsels did not always prevail, if some bold-spirited speaker put them intelligently? The meeting which a moment before was about to adopt the platform of denying and ignoring the NO RENT doctrine of retaliation, now became most enthusiastic; the principle of NO RENT was carried by acclamation.

After the meeting was over, some portions of it broke up into small social knots, and one could learn from the manner and the remarks of some of the gentlemen in the company, that they were somewhat alarmed at the resolu-

tion come to ; they thought it very possible that it was a rash act in the then temper of Mr. Gladstone and the British people. But there were other people whose temper was just as unyielding and determined as Mr. Gladstone's ; and had they the power, the subsequent events would have been very different.

Some Irish Nationalists at this time formed the acquaintance of many of the leading English republicans, a small body of liberty-loving intelligent men. They tried to ignore, however, the national difference of the two peoples ; and disregarded the fact, that extreme as they were on all social issues, on the question of Ireland having a separate national existence they were as intolerant as the most bigoted Tory, whose rule and doctrine they were organised to overthrow. Their hearers could not repress a smile at the way they were supplying the very argument in their own persons, which they were trying to combat. On this subject their ideas of union were that Irishmen should become Englishmen. In their ranks were many amiable and liberty-loving ladies. Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Jessie Craigen were prominent among these.

This English organisation tried to get up a special meeting of sympathy with the Irish, and in condemnation of the Premier's policy. The meeting was held at Trafalgar Square on the Saturday afternoon previous to the Irish Hyde Park meeting. Mr. Gladstone's followers, the English working men, attended and broke up the meeting by physical force, dispersing the few English sympathisers with Ireland who attended to offer resolutions condemning the Liberal leader's despotic conduct. An Irish Nationalist speaking to Miss Craigen a few days after the meeting, tried to point out the impossible course she and others in their goodness of heart had undertaken. Those men, who broke up that meeting through bigoted intolerance and blind devotion to Mr. Gladstone, are to-day hailed as Ireland's coming deliverers. Save us from national lunacy !

Next day, Sunday, the great Irish demonstration was held

in London. The different sections of the procession began to form at Charing Cross, Northumberland Avenue, and on the Thames Embankment. Each section had banners with various appropriate mottoes; conspicuous among these was the banner of NO RENT. One procession, composed of over one thousand stalwart working-men, informed the public by its banner that they were the "English democracy of the East End"; at its head rode a fine, stalwart, handsome man, with coal-black hair and moustache; he wore a red cap of liberty *à la Français*. This English horseman was born in Cork, and judging from the profiles of the men composing the East End contingent, there was nothing English about them but their banner. Fresh bands of such Englishmen arrived, and the procession began to swell into immense proportions. All around could be heard the genuine cockney accents; the *h* was either absent, or in wrong company; but in spite of their tongue, they were as patriotic and warm-hearted Irish Celts as you could find in Connemara. Had the hills of Down or Dublin greeted their infant eyes, instead of London smoke and fog, they could not have been more ardent in their sympathies, more earnest in their intentions, or more self-sacrificing in their devotion to the sacred cause of Ireland. Grand old race of the green island of our birth, how magnificent you are in your love for the land of your sires wherever you may be born! For no matter how many generations in an alien clime, you are Irish of the Irish still—Titans in the strength of your sentiment, midgets in the weakness of your practical work, which is led astray and turned off into many channels through the cowardice, the vanity, and the self-seeking of your leaders. If Heaven would but send you a man who would be as great in concentrating your physical blows upon your enemy, as O'Connell was great in oratory and argument, you would stand before the world, second to no other race in the family of nations.

There were seven vehicles, from which the speakers were to address different portions of this vast multitude. Each

vehicle, or platform, was numbered conspicuously on the outside. Men with corresponding numbers on tall staffs, to be used as marking posts, were sent on in advance. They took up their positions at regular intervals of a straight line in Hyde Park. Each carriage drew up opposite its correspondingly numbered staff. Mr. Frank Byrne was ubiquitous ; he had a lot of details to look after, and he performed his work, as usual, well and satisfactorily.

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell was the only member of Parliament present, and whatever has been the course of this gentleman's unpatriotic and pro-British actions of recent years, he must be done the justice of stating that at this period he was unremitting in his exertions in the Provincialist programme of arguing with England. The Irishmen of London were there in their tens of thousands. We have seen a great many Irish processions, from O'Connell's days in early childhood down to recent years. This Hyde Park demonstration was fully equal to any of them. What forcibly struck the speakers as they looked back from the carriages where they were seated at the giant procession as it passed Marlborough House, was that there in Britain's capital was a huge foreign element, men who would of course unite with Britons on all social questions ; but on the Irish National question they were totally distinct as a people. It was when looking back at the immense procession, that it began to dawn upon us what power these men, if properly organised and led, could be to Ireland. Britain was already invaded by a determined enemy if this power was properly wielded by a man of brains. *En route* to Hyde Park there could be recognised Mr. Phillip Callan, M.P., standing on the steps of the Reform Club, a mere spectator ; he apparently had not the moral courage to take an active part in the huge gathering.

In the carriage where the writer was seated were three speakers, one of them since a member of Parliament, who made a very able address, and another an English working man (and the promoters of the meeting wished it to be considered

English), a member of several trade and social organisations, who had been a Chartist and marched under Feargus O'Connor ; and yet our Chartist Englishman was born in the county of Kerry!

The English masses who lined the carriageway on either side, listened to the speeches ; but for aught these speeches affected them, these good Londoners might as well have been citizens of that Eastern city in the Arabian tales whose inhabitants were turned into stone. The cheering and the applause came from the Irish processionists. They protested in their thousands, and no doubt surprised and possibly astonished, the good Londoners by their enormous numbers. After resolutions were passed and strong speeches were delivered, the meeting dispersed and quietly went home ; and notwithstanding the magnificent and gigantic procession, when Irishmen awoke the next morning Mr. Parnell and his brother members and the rest were still in prison. . . .

United Ireland of October 22, 1881, published the following stirring editorial :—

“For two years the people of this country have been assembling in thousands, solemnly declaring before Heaven that never would they cease their efforts, night or day, until the curse of landlordism was swept from this fair island. Were those vows to God and man but the braggart froth of craven cowards? Or were they the resolute promises of men who inherit the valour and chivalry of an ancient race, whose souls neither fire nor sword, neither the gibbet nor the dungeon, could subdue to slavery. . . .

“The time has come—the very hour has struck—that demands the sacrifice, be it fraught with sorrow or with suffering, which brave men in all ages have willingly made for the divine right to live as freeman in the land the Lord has given them. ‘Let knaves and traitors stand aside.’ With or without them, and despite their cowards’ counsels or treacherous backsliding, landlordism must be stamped out ;

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its very roots must be dug out of the earth and cast like rotten faggots into the fire."

The cartoon issued with this number displayed Britannia, a hideous figure, in the foreground; Gladstone, with a demoniac scowl of vengeance on his face, on her right; and underneath the motto, taken from the Premier's speech in the Guildhall, London, "Resources of civilisation."

Since Manuel Cervantes wrote that powerful and admirable satire upon the knight-errantry of his age, nothing more extraordinary has ever been penned by a sane gentleman, writing for intelligent people. Were the Irish people even besieging the enemy's fortifications and attacking them with clods of grass, and had their leader spoken of these missiles and their effect upon the ramparts of the foe as if shells from Krupp's guns were bursting over the besieged fortress, it would appear the essence of absurdity. But when such extravagant language is applied to an attack of not even sods of grass, but to the hurling of epithets against an armed enemy, we know not which to be more astonished at—the marvellous strain of thought on the part of the writer, or the credulity of the people whom he was addressing in the editorial columns of the leading Irish Provincial organ. What can be thought of a people who can select men of this class for leaders? If it were not known that the quiet, determined manhood of Ireland had nothing to do with this fustian and gasconade, Nationalists would despair of their people.

What time had come? What hour had struck?

To depict Gladstone in hideous cartoons and hurl double-distilled adjectives at the foe—was *this* the hour that had struck? When was it that men's souls were tried by fire and sword in the case of agitation? When the time actually came that men did dare the "gibbet and dungeon" for Ireland and hurtled something stronger than words at foreign rule, the newspaper containing this fiery editorial could find no words too strong to condemn them; it went far beyond

the London *Times* in its language. If Ireland is to be freed by “braggart froth,” this journal has supplied a plentiful supply of ammunition.

The epithet “Judas Gladstone” was then used in the same way as “Bloody Balfour” is to-day; the agitators are brilliant in the application of choice names. The brave Boers never used such language; they did not despise the strength of their foe; but neither did they exaggerate his power, and cowardly condemn their own; calmly and unflinchingly they faced the danger, putting their trust in Him who helps all brave peoples, who manfully try to help themselves.

United Ireland of the following week thus described the then situation:—

“Our last word is to the Irish race across the ocean. Our gaze turns from ferocious England, and turns towards the west. In the hands of Irish America lies our fate; upon the amount of assistance at hand for those who may have to endure eviction, depends disaster or triumph. Now, as never before, apathy among our transatlantic brethren means defeat, or death. Now, or never, one glorious effort on their part means certain victory. Our backs are turned to Britain, our faces towards the west. When our voice is heard again, it will be in the shout of victory.”

The generous-hearted Irish-Americans poured out their money without stint. Mr. Patrick Ford, ever foremost in Ireland’s cause, collected through the columns of the *Irish World* \$400,000, besides the remittances sent by other channels. But there came no victory, only continued coercion.

Mr. Wm. O’Brien was arrested shortly after the appearance of this article. A blank was left in the editorial page on which was printed: “Silence more eloquent than tongues of fire.” Had this editorial silence continued and other work taken its place, results must have been different; but the curtain was rung down by weak-nerved, vacillating leaders on manly action.

Mr. Gladstone's agents were now using force in all directions. His murderous hirelings were supplied with a new bayonet, keenly sharpened to kill off the Irish. One of the most brutal massacres that can be recorded occurred at this period, the savage and cowardly shooting and stabbing by Mr. Gladstone's hired assassins of helpless women and young girls. This Belmullet massacre will leave a stain on this Liberal Premier's escutcheon that the ocean cannot wash out. On October 27, 1881, there was a gathering of people at Grawhill, near Belmullet. The crowd was composed of women, young girls, and boys. The constabulary received orders to strike terror into the people; these orders came from Dublin Castle. They were told not to hesitate to slay. These brutal and licentious orders received the sanction of the hypocritical Liberal chief, then Premier of Britain, and with whom the Irish Provincial renegade members have formed an alliance—an open alliance with criminals, men guilty of the murder of their people. No rebuke ever fell from the Premier's lips, to any one directly connected with this crime. English apologists, if such exist, must admit Mr. Gladstone had a criminal and guilty knowledge of these murders. After they took place the assassins were not in any way punished; on the contrary, they were rewarded. The officer in charge of the enemy's armed men that morning determined to disperse the people that were gathering, and to scatter them in a summary manner. He ordered the British hirelings to fire a volley of buckshot into the crowd of women and children, and then to charge them with the bayonet. He wished to try the new pattern sword bayonet recently supplied to them. Numbers of people were wounded by the volley fired by the British assassins, and, screaming for mercy, they fled in all directions, closely pursued by these butchers in the foreigner's pay, who used their sharp knives stabbing and gashing the flying people. Numbers of women and girls were wounded severely, and they fled to their homes covered with blood, seeking concealment; for discovery of their gaping wounds would lead to imprisonment under the

criminal and assassin rule of William Ewart Gladstone. And along the road they pursued, could be seen the gory stains of the inhuman and merciless Liberal Government of Britain ; for a red trail—a trail of blood—marked the road over which the stabbed women fled to try and hide their gaping wounds. But two among the group could not fly ; two women, one an aged mother, and the other a fair young girl just blooming into womanhood, fell in the gory trail of foreign massacre. Mrs. Mary Deane, a widowed mother, was shot dead by the volley of buckshot that inflicted wounds on many other women, and also children ; and a young maiden, Ellen McDonagh, was brutally stabbed to death by Gladstone's butchers' knives. And Irishmen to-day are indignant at being accused of association with murderers, and yet are standing unblushingly before the world the associates and friends of the foul assassins of these helpless women. There comes a shudder of horror over Irish Nationalists when they think that the men they once believed patriotic, could stain their hands with the blood of Ellen McDonagh and Mary Deane, by clasping them in those of their slayers.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, one of the few honest English Liberals who never believed in the sanctimonious Mr. Gladstone's Liberalism, thus commented on the Belmullet murders in his paper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

“If Lord Beaconsfield had been in office instead of Mr. Gladstone, the Liberals would have viewed such proceedings as they are now taking, through very different spectacles from those now in use among them. The hurrying off to prison of sick and suffering men, such as Sexton, Dillon, and O'Brien, on mere suspicion, would have evoked emphatic expressions of disapproval, and no end of effusive eloquence against the Tory despotism. Or if Ireland had been Bulgaria, Montenegro, or Greece, the language used, and the feelings expressed, would have nothing in common with what is now in vogue. Nothing can surpass the withering sarcasm which Continental politicians of every class cast upon this new phase of ‘nationality interest,’ as they call it, developed in

her Majesty's Government. The men that have so often stood before Europe as the friends of every slave shivering in his chains, are now themselves putting in force as remorseless a despotism as is operating in Moscow."

The winter of 1881-82 was one of continued tyranny; every attempt at public expression of opinion was suppressed by Mr. Gladstone's orders. The *United Ireland* newspaper was suppressed; every copy printed was seized, and the bookkeeper arrested. Detective Chief Mallon and his corps of Bashi-Bazouks held high carnival. The *United Ireland* was however printed elsewhere, and numbers of copies of the suppressed newspaper were circulated in Ireland. The Dublin newsboys always had some copies secreted on their persons, which they sold to those they thought they could trust. The little fellows, with Irish instinct, hated British rule, and felt delighted at helping to outwit the English, which they did not alone in Dublin, but all over the country. . . .

Mr. Parnell was permitted to leave Kilmainham on parole, an unprecedented event with prisoners. The insinuating and crafty Premier had another plan in his prolific brain with which to crush the Irish; this parole was act the first. A relative of Mr. Parnell's died in Paris, and like the tempter who displayed gold before the eyes of his intended victim to lure him to his destruction, so did Mr. Gladstone hold before the eyes of the imprisoned Irishman the tempting allurements of freedom. Mr. Parnell need break no promise that would be considered derogatory to his honour; on the contrary, the whole concession was to seemingly come from the Premier. If Mr. Parnell would only—ah, that terrible small word, if,—promise to support Liberal rule in Ireland! Mr. Gladstone knew how easily Mr. Parnell could make this appear a victory for the agitators, and that in the joy of what they (the Irish) would be taught was a victory, they would not see the underlying purpose of destruction, which the English Minister had in view. The death of Mr. Parnell's nephew supplied the necessary pretext to commence the programme by inducing Mr. Parnell to walk into this skilfully laid trap.

Mr. Gladstone's humanity was supposed to be the motive for this unusual permission to Mr. Parnell to get a holiday from Kilmainham. . . .

One thing which Mr. Gladstone did not calculate on, was the display of temper made by his agent in Ireland, Mr. Forster. This man, strong to bitterness in carrying out Mr. Gladstone's instructions, held an intensified feeling of hatred towards the Irish people, and particularly towards their Parliamentary representatives. He refused to agree to Mr. Gladstone's change; he had not the depth of character and duplicity of his more able and wily leader. He could play the wolf, but not the fox. Mr. Forster's resignation followed. But for this Mr. Parnell's letter, apparently to Captain O'Shea but in reality to Gladstone, would have never seen the light of day. Mr. Forster read this letter *en route* from Kilmainham. When Mr. Parnell some time afterwards read it to the House Mr. Forster noticed an omission, and a very important one. Captain O'Shea, who had handed Mr. Parnell a copy of it to read, had doctored it; at whose instructions and by whose advice it is easy to guess. The omitted words were: "And would, I feel sure, enable us to operate cordially for the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles"—an engagement which when read in the House drew down cheers from the men who cheered Davitt's arrest, and every atrocious act which Mr. Gladstone and his Government perpetrated. It was Mr. Forster who noticed the omission and supplied the correct copy to Mr. Parnell, who was, be it remembered, reading his own letter from the gaol. But this alliance did not take place; this promise could not be kept in the face of subsequent events. Mr. Gladstone could not accept it, nor could Mr. Parnell give it. Mr. Parnell was saved for a time against himself, though the men who saved him never looked upon the question in any such narrow spirit.¹

¹ Since this chapter was written, twelve months ago, Irish events have hurried the Provincial cause to rapid decay. The Tory Commission is now sitting (December, 1888). The evidence of Captain O'Shea, Gladstone's and Parnell's confederate in negotiating the Kilmainham Treaty, conveys to Irishmen the horrifying news that Mr. Parnell was meditating surrender to the enemy as

But what was the effect upon Irishmen all the world over? Why this. They believed that it was a victory—that, in the language of more recent date, “they had won all along the line.” There are to-day thousands of honest, well-meaning Irishmen who still firmly believe that the result of the Kilmainham Treaty, were it not for another “ruinous” event, would have been a great victory for the Parliamentary party. The writer remembers once hearing a Russian gentleman in Paris state that he thought the Irish people, were a people difficult to “educate”; that they believed more in noisy outside display of their patriotism, than the subtle silent workings which are necessary to procure grand results. This so-called victory left the Irish people in the self-same condition they were in before. If the release of men confined in gaol unjustly, is to be called a victory, they should celebrate one every month. But the whole race, or, rather, it should be said, the noisy section of it, were out with bands, and banners, and bonfires, to celebrate their victory. The portion of the press in Ireland which was “tinctured” with a little nationality, gave double-headed headings to celebrate Mr. Parnell’s release. The Irish-American journals which got their information from the leaders at home, proclaimed it a victory. And the joy of the Irish people was unbounded at such glorious success. Ireland has had many of them since; in fact, there are one or two victories weekly. The arrest of an Irish Provincialist is a victory; and his release is a great victory. For a gentleman not to wear prison clothes—which he styles a degradation—and to persist in so refusing, is a victory. When his clothes are stolen by the prison officials, and another suit, spite of all the vigilance of the enemy’s officials, is smuggled in to him, it is a victory—a very great victory indeed. And the honest, patriotic tailor who made these clothes, and the faithful

early as June, 1881; and this without the knowledge of his colleagues. His overtures were, however, rejected by the British Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone’s wish that all papers in connection with Parnell’s treasonable surrender in Kilmainham should be destroyed—which was obeyed by the go-between O’Shea—illustrates the treacherous baseness which association with British Ministers breeds in Irishmen, who enter the enemy’s Parliament with patriotic ideas.

Irishman who ventured to risk a few months' imprisonment to bring in these clothes, considered it a victory ; and they all chuckled and laughed secretly, at how they had outwitted Balfour and his gaolers. And no doubt if it could be prudently done, the gentleman who brought inside these clothes, and so risked the penalty of the British law for the possible term of three months, would receive a public reception and be presented with a banquet, and his name enrolled in the annals of fame, to show posterity what great Irishmen, and what daring Irishmen, lived in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Alexander of Macedon, Hannibal, Scipio, Julius Cæsar, Turenne, the Prince of Condé, Washington, Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke, and not forgetting the "great and only,"—all their victories by flood and field combined together, would not amount to the numerous victories which these Irish crusaders have won in their glorious mission of shaming England.

Mr. Forster on the day of his departure, which no one in Dublin knew would be his last as Chief Secretary, left for Kingstown and dined in one of the yacht clubs ; he afterwards went on board the mail steamer, his family leaving Dublin by the mail train in the usual manner. Lord Cowper, who also resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy, went out in state. There were great rejoicings in the Provincialist ranks at the release of Mr. Parnell, and several bands turned out to celebrate what was regarded as the great victory ; for the Irish people did not know that in making the Kilmainham treaty Mr. Parnell had made a most cowardly and disgraceful surrender to the enemy, and promised him his alliance, and that of the Irish Provincial party— an alliance he could not publicly carry out, owing to the current of events. Strange to say, the police had orders not to permit these Irish rejoicings ; they kicked in drums, and beat the bandsmen with their own instruments ; they revelled in the unbridled licence of wanton brutality ; for although Mr. Forster had resigned, a new chief was in office who evidently was about to repeat his predecessor's bloodstained *régime*,

inasmuch as the same peaceful and pious Liberal Premier ruled the land.

Ireland had yet another cup of horrors to drink. A cup filled with blood of young children was held to her quivering and agonised lips, by the assassin *régime* of foreign Liberal rule. In Ballina, County Mayo, a number of young boys, mere children, the eldest of them not much beyond the age of twelve years, went out in childish delight to parade with an extemporised band of tin whistles and drums, in celebration of the great "victory" of Mr. Parnell's release. The brutal hirelings of Gladstone in their lust of blood, carrying out Dublin Castle orders, fired a volley of buckshot into the band of children, and the crowd of boys and girls that followed the band listening to the music in innocent enjoyment. The tunes the poor children played were national airs which gave pleasure to their simple, poverty-stricken auditory, many of them barefooted and hungry,—one of the blessings of British rule. The merry laughter of happy childhood, however, was in an instant changed to screams of agony and pain ; and with cries of fright and horror the children ran from the "Grand Old Man's" murderers and quickly fled to seek the refuge of their humble homes. But the brutal British-paid assassins gave chase, and ruthlessly stabbed, cut, and gashed all they overtook, till their knives were dripping with the blood of these Irish children. One little fellow, Patrick Melody, aged twelve years, reached his doorstep besmeared with his own blood ; and in the presence of his horror-stricken father, the murdered child dropped down dead.

Oh, infamy of infamies ! the presence of the accursed and demoniac rule of the Briton in Ireland ! This bloody massacre of the children of Ballina took place on Friday, May 5, 1882. Who was chief of Britain's murder bureau in Dublin Castle when these horrid crimes were perpetrated ? Not Forster : he was gone. The man responsible for this cowardly and brutal assassination was the incoming chief, Lord Frederick Cavendish. A thrill of horror ran through the ranks of the Nationalists. A new-coming British chief heralded his ap-

proach with the massacre of children ; gouts of blood were on his crimson-stained feet as he implanted them next morning on the sacred soil of Ireland. The Ballina slaughter was known in Dublin that memorable Friday night. Irishmen felt that this continued cup of horrors had become too agonising to bear any longer with impunity.

XV

THE SIXTH OF MAY IN THE PHŒNIX PARK.

THE morning of Saturday, May 6, 1882, awoke the citizens of Dublin to witness the completion of their "great victory." Earl Cowper and his Secretary, the much-hated William E. Forster, had departed ; the news of the resignation of the latter, and his retirement from the Cabinet, had evoked joyful acclamations throughout Ireland. The Irish rejoiced at what they considered the discomfiture and political destruction of their arch-enemy Forster, little heeding—for unfortunately they do not give these grave questions enough of thought—that the same Government of their enemy remained in power ; that alien rule, with its iron and bloody hand ready to scourge them, still continued with all its vicious authority, prepared whenever it thought necessary to assert itself by cruel deeds ; that the master-mind of Mr. Gladstone, under whose directions and authority the numerous horrors of the past winter took place, remained still the controlling influence ; that the man of Leeds and of the Guildhall, London, was still ready with his "resources of civilisation" and his determination to make his "words resolve themselves into acts ;" that not one single armed soldier or policeman was removed from the yet unconquered island of Ireland.

The Ballina massacre of helpless boys had occurred the previous day. This was after Forster's retirement. It could not be called even a cessation of the saturnalia of blood, with which Mr. Gladstone's rule drenched this fair island. As

firm and determined as cruel and unscrupulous a man was sent by Gladstone to replace Forster. The Irish people were soon to learn that the "Red Earl" would intensify and redouble the horrors of the preceding *régime* by the hangings of innocent men; that while in Mr. Gladstone's first agent's time, "suspicion" haunted the land and hundreds were cast into prison at the mere dictum of an ignorant policeman, under Mr. Gladstone's second agent perjury would run rampant over the country, and packed and drunken juries mock justice by deciding on the issue of life or death. They were also to learn that manufactured perjurers would be created to swear away innocent lives, learning whatever lessons Spencer's agents instilled into them—infamous and degrading wretches termed by the enemy "informers," although they never had any connection with the events they were instructed to swear to. The Irish people—or that portion of them represented by the boisterous element—did not know and could not have foreseen these things, else they would not have resorted to joyful acclamations when silence and work would have more suited the situation.

It was no time for the hallelujahs of victory, but the sober interval for preparation to guard against the new attack, which the enemy was concentrating to deliver. He had not drawn off his forces, but simply changed front for a fresh and more vigorous assault.

A slight haze hung over the Dublin mountains on this morning of a memorable day in Irish history. Bew Heder (Hill of Howth) loomed grimly from behind the mist, standing there the silent sentinel of Dublin's magnificent bay. As the morning advanced the curtain of mist raised, and the sun shone out in all the brilliancy and beauty of an Irish spring morning.

All was bustle and preparation in official quarters; the throne-room in Dublin Castle had on its best costume to welcome its new occupant, the coming Viceroy of that Imperial throne upon which the sun never sets. In the different barracks in Dublin, preparations were being

made for the ceremonies of the day. Briton's red-coated defenders were burnishing up their arms and accoutrements. Bit and snaffle were brightened in the cavalry barracks by the foreign soldiery occupying the city. Those quartered in Ireland's capital were to make a brilliant display that day to honour the incoming vice-king, and to overawe the natives of the invaded island by the martial valour of their appearance, the bravery and dash of their clanking accoutrements and championing steeds. A guard of honour of infantry, accompanied by a band, was sent out to Kingstown. The war-ship in that splendid harbour was covered with bunting in honour of the event, and her tars, in holiday uniform, were waiting the signal to man the yards and to hail the incoming vice-king with a royal cheer. The guard ship's guns were all ready to fire the viceregal salute, that boom of British artillery which heralds to as yet unconquered Ireland the news that another master has come to try to rule her, sent from that island against which she has kept up in every generation—ay, in every decade of years—the unceasing struggle for native independence. The citizens of Dublin arose that day to witness one of these gorgeous pageants which British rule, making its advent in Oriental pomp, gives so frequently to the gaze of Ireland's metropolitan city.

John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, Mr. Gladstone's newly-appointed Lieutenant in Ireland, had arrived, and with him came Mr. Forster's successor, to continue and carry out the English enemy's despotic rule in that unyielding nation. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, had graciously consented to send Earl Spencer as her Majesty's Lord Deputy to reign over, and represent his most puissant sovereign in that portion of her Majesty's realm called Ireland; to lighten up the darkness of the lives of its people by the brilliancy of his presence, and to cheer them with the graciousness of the favours thus extended. Such is the cant of the Irish flunkeys.

The portfolio of office which had fallen from Forster's

indignant hand was bestowed upon Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lord Hartington's brother. The new ruler of Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, came with special instructions from the master-mind of hypocrisy and tyranny, the unscrupulous and sanctimonious English Premier. He came to take charge of the bureau from which Ireland is plundered, reviled, and assassinated—for the vice-king reigns, but does not govern. The new Lord Deputy, however who came to Ireland at this time, soon after assumed the reins of power by virtue of his position as a Cabinet Minister.

The new Chief Secretary—who had that morning invaded the island with all the emblems of force, surrounded by the naked steel of Britain's soldiery emblematical of the wounds and death this usurping Government was inflicting on the natives of the country—true to the instincts implanted in all of those men who came to Ireland on the same bloody mission of destruction, sought private conference as soon as he could with the Permanent Under-Secretary Burke, whose hands were imbrued with Irish blood; as every one of his predecessors, without one single exception, have also been.

In due time the Viceroy arrived by special train at Westland Row. There he was met by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and town councillors, and presented with one of those fulsome addresses which degrade Irishmen. When my Lord Spencer, in all the dignity of his immense auburn beard, made his appearance in the street and mounted his horse, the news was flashed to the park, from which place the roar of artillery gave a welcoming salute, the clash of the "present arms" and the military words of command were heard as the band struck up; and with all the *éclat* and pomp of military display the viceregal procession started. The flashing of the steel as the sunbeams leaped from bayonet, sword, helmet and accoutrement, the various and many coloured uniforms of the staff, the waving plumes and clashing cymbals, all made up a gorgeous pageant sufficient to make glad the hearts of Victoria's loyal and faithful Irish serfs.

As Lord Spencer's brilliant procession proceeded on its route, the Castle tradesmen and the West British parasites who live on their country's ruin tried to raise a cheer. While it was passing Trinity College, the rising generation of sub-inspectors, judges, and stipendiary magistrates shouted with all the strength of their lungs. At length the new rulers reached the Castle, and the Lords Justices administered the oath. Earl Spencer was hailed with acclamations as the British vice-king, and stood commissioned by foreign usurping authority to dispense what they term law and justice, and also whatever imprisonings and hangings he deemed necessary to keep the unruly Irish obedient to British sway. Thus commenced a memorable and historic vice-reign with every joy that could animate the British heart.

The day wore on, and holiday-seekers went in all directions for pleasure. Few cities have such beautiful and varied surroundings for enjoyment as the capital of Ireland.

In the Phoenix Park the young grass was fresh and springy, here and there speckled over with pink-eyed white-rimmed daisies, and dotted at occasional intervals with golden-yellow buttercups. The hawthorn trees were beginning to bud with promise of the wealth and beauty of those lovely and fragrant blossoms, which we miss so much from our American home. Numbers of people were walking about, enjoying the balmy air and luxuriating on the springy turf. A polo match had attracted a number of holiday-seekers, who watched with interest the various changes of the game. All was quiet. Peace and joy ruled there but for the myrmidons of a foreign power. Soldierly and police were to be seen here and there in groups, the armed enforcers of alien rule. Custom has in a measure blunted the susceptibilities of the average Dublin citizens, and they try not to let their pleasures be marred by these agents of despotism. There was no apparent change in the disposition of the usual guards, who lounged about carelessly but always ready, like the tiger, to spring upon their prey. . .

The sun had scarce descended behind the western horizon, when a strange rumour arose among the citizens. Weird and wildly tragic was this awful story. Men shook their heads with incredulity. It could not be true. But slowly, very slowly and gradually, the rippings of the truth came nearer and nearer to the whole community, gathering confirmation by the varied repetition of the same sanguinary tale. Eager tongues astonished the many wondrous ears that listened to the dreadful statement: "England's two Secretaries have been done to death in Phoenix Park! Impossible! It could not be true! What desperate men could perpetrate so daring a deed? What, in the clear light of a May evening, within a short distance of the Royal Irish Constabulary barracks filled with armed men, in the public park of a city garrisoned by eight thousand English troops, and filled to overflowing with police and detectives whose special duty was to watch for political malefactors against the peace of England? No! no! it cannot be possible!" was ejaculated by many a doubting tongue. . . .

In the exhibition palace, Dublin, all is gaiety. There is held this evening within that glass building, a grand musical promenade and a series of concerts. All the beauty and brilliancy, which the burgesses and their wives and charming daughters can add to the dazzling throng, are present. The beautiful melodies which float about the building are intermingled with the sweeter strains of Irish music, and rippling among these sounds come the merry laughter of the light-hearted promenaders, and the ringing, musical laughter of young girlhood, which is thrilling in its magic sweetness to the ear. All sounds are blended in one harmonious whole. The perfume of rare exotics, and the fragrant wild freshness of the spring flowers, make redolent the atmosphere. At the refreshment counter, the clinking of glasses is heard and the merry badinage of young men, who are exchanging repartee and compliment with the pretty barmaid who has served them. Fresh strains of music burst forth. 'Tis a march, and

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two or three military bands playing the "Turkish Patrol" go by. The last sound of their cymbals is scarce over when there rushes from the entrance down the main aisle of the building, along the line of beautiful statuary, a young man—perhaps a quiet-looking young man at ordinary times, but at present he appears to labour under a strong excitement. His face is pale, his lips compressed, his eyes look strangely wild. He whispers something into his friends' ears as he passes along. They look astonished and incredulous, but grow serious. More people crowd round him. The gaiety is hushed, the hall is quickly emptied, the annexes of the building give forth the revellers to the outer air, and a quiet solemnity takes the place of the recent jocund fun. One citizen addressing another says in a hoarse whisper, certainly not in tones of sorrow, "England's two chief rulers in the country are slain in the park." The other starts back and exclaims, "No! no! it cannot be true!"

The Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, is filled with a happy crowd. Dublin citizens love music; Carl Rosa's unrivalled opera troupe is in the city, and this evening they sing our countryman Wallace's melodious opera, *Maritana*. The Trinity College students in the gallery are unusually noisy between the acts; they have become a nuisance to the rest of the house; their conduct savours more of the rowdy than that of the gentleman—and yet from the ranks of these rowdies will come some of Ireland's magistrates and police officers, to dispense and manipulate alien rule in the country. A strange rumour and whispering is heard among the audience; the curtain scarcely falls upon one act, when it is rung up again for the next. Several noticeable cuts are made in the music; it seems the intention of the conductor to rush the opera through as quickly as possible. Some of the audience attribute this to the conduct of the students, but when they get out into the open air there is whispering, with anxious, solemn looks, and the tragic news is conveyed from one to the other, "England's Secretaries have been killed in the park"; while

there comes back the same response, "It is not true! it cannot be true!"

It was true, perfectly true. There in the sight and presence of Britain's newly-arrived Viceroy, the two Secretaries were slain. Was there no chivalrous Irish patriot to stand between them and the death stroke? No! not one; none of those who loudly express regret and condemnation to-day. Strange coincidence! strange fatality! Near the very spot where his brother Hartington stood looking on as the police bludgeoned the Dublin citizens, lay the dead body of Britain's Secretary as if in bloody protest against British rule.

Oh, horror! horror! good citizens of Dublin. What can mean this fearful tale of blood? Good Christian Irish people, tell us? You have been for a long time supping off horrors and cruelties, till the sanguinary cup seemed overflowing. You have seen your leading merchants and business men go to gaol without any form of trial or accusation, even young ladies sent in a despotic manner to prison cells. Your people have been shot down and bayoneted as it pleased your alien rulers; but then—they were mere Irish that were slain. Nine women were shot down and stabbed near Belmullet by Gladstone's Royal Irish, but this was in furtherance of British law; and be ye obedient to those in high places, oh, patient Christian countrymen! Old Mrs. Deane was shot in the throat and slain. Ellen McDonagh, a simple peasant girl, was stabbed to death. And yesterday, but yesterday, seven little boys in Ballina were shot and stabbed by Britain's Bashi-Bazouks; one, a tender child of twelve years, expired at his father's feet. Why should Irish peasants have feelings of agony and suffering? Why should they wail their dead? Such luxuries belong to the British who control the destinies of Ireland. How dare any wicked and abominable men violate their edicts? The majesty and dignity of British law must not be questioned. Irishmen should draw a mystic circle to hedge round the persons of those who represent that almost sacred law, Britain's code of blood in Ireland.

There have been no Irish patriots from the day of the Ballina

and Belmullet murders to the present hour, to publicly state that if they were present they would stand between Mary Deane and her buckshot assassins, between Ellen McDonagh and the butchers who stabbed her to death, between Patrick Melody and his murderous assailants who wantonly robbed him of his young life. No! not one!

What a day for British rule in Ireland! The morning saw the invaders brimful of hope and joy for the coming day, preparing for a grand pageant: caparisoned housings on the mettled steeds that were to bear such precious freight, the glitter of gold lace and steel, flaunting feathers and all the trappings and pomp of state.

Night's shadow had scarce fallen when hark! the alarm and the panic. The grim spectre death has come among them. There are mounted orderlies riding in hot haste, carrying messages to the regimental commanders in the different barracks of the now fully excited city. These orders are to the British colonels to have their men under arms all night. They know not what to expect. There is an unseen foe in their midst that bodes no good to British rule in Ireland. They begin again to realise that they are quartered in a hostile city, among as yet an unconquered people. "When the truth cannot be clearly made out, what is false is increased through fear." The very absence of knowledge magnified British terrors. All was confusion in their councils. What matters now the arrest of men who only protest, and peacefully ask for home-made laws? The "suspect" and "village tyrant" of yesterday, becomes the very guardian, almost the saviour, of Castle rule to-day. What have their resistance been? Mere words that pale into insignificance in the presence of this mysterious, dreadful, and daring attack.

Restore the harmless Land League so wantonly suppressed. Can it be that from its grave came this spectral visitor to carry out this fearful determined deed? As one walks through the streets of the city, one cannot help marking the pallid faces of the police who execute British misdeeds upon the mere Irish. Note how nervously and carefully they tread

their way, as if some mystic foe was about to spring upon them from some unseen hiding-place. This morn, this very morn, these men stopped some boys who were rejoicing over the victory of Mr. Parnell's release, parading as bandsmen and playing national music. These employees of the invader in the unbridled licence and wantonness of power, clubbed the bandsmen and smashed their instruments. To-night, how changed and timid are their uncertain movements! What unusual midnight cry is that? It is the newsboy shouting the exciting news; his papers are quickly bought up by eager purchasers. For the first time in the recollection of the Dublin press, Saturday midnight papers are issued.

Let this daring act be placed in its proper place in history, at least by Irishmen; for what the enemy has called "crime" read in golden letters, "patriotism" and "virtue." God bless and strengthen the arm of every brave patriot who will destroy the fomenters of infamy in his native land! It was an act of daring; by such acts are prostrate nations ennobled.

All sublime conquests are more or less the reward of daring. It was not enough that Parnell should foresee it, when on Monday, September 17, 1877, he said in Killmallock that "it is our duty not to conciliate, not to beg, not to crave from England. In whatever field we struggle, whatever weapons we employ, let us show we are patriotic Irishmen": nor that O'Brien should preach it when he penned the fiery words; "To the brave descendants of an ancient race, whose souls neither fire nor sword, neither the gibbet nor the dungeon, could subdue to slavery. The time has come—the very hour has struck—that demands the sacrifice, be it fraught with sorrow or with suffering": nor that Biggar should prepare for it, when, in Parnell's presence at the Cork banquet, he publicly stated that if the constitutional course they were pursuing in Parliament failed in its objects, he thought Ireland might be able to produce another Hartman, and probably with better results. All honour to these men's noble sentiments! It was not enough that Parnell should foresee it, that O'Brien should preach it, and that Biggar

should prepare for it. The INVINCIBLES had to do it. As a great revolutionary writer expresses it: "The cry '*Audace*' is a *fiat lux!*"

The onward march of the human race requires that the heights around it should be ablaze with noble and enduring lessons of courage. Deeds of daring dazzle history, and form one of the guiding lights of man. The dawn dares when it rises. To strive, to brave all risks, to persist, to persevere, to be faithful to yourself, to grapple hand to hand with destiny, to surprise defeat with the little terror it inspires, at one time to confront unrighteous power, at another to defy intoxicated triumph; to hold fast, to hold hard—such is the example which the nations need, and the light that electrifies them. The same puissant lightning darts from the torch of Prometheus and the steel blade of Joseph Brady.

XVI

AFTER THE MURDERS—FOREIGN OPINION.

THE morning of Sunday, May 7, dawned on a feverish, anxious city. The cry of the newsvendors giving the latest news of the previous night's tragedy, could be heard in every thoroughfare. For the first time since men communicated their ideas to each other by the medium of the printing press, Dublin city published Sunday newspapers, and each edition was bought up as fast as it came from the publishing room. Every rumour and *canard* was eagerly discussed, and the information circulated by the British authorities, no matter how absurd, found its way into the city journals. Groups of men could be seen outside the different churches, discussing the gravity of the situation. Various opinions were expressed and debated by these good citizens. Among the small Sunday gatherings of the people, groups of men who had just come from divine service in their churches could be heard to express themselves approvingly of the tragic deed of the night before. Though in some cases they spoke guardedly, yet the smile of joy that lighted up their faces and flashed from their eyes, revealed the depth of their feelings. There are peculiar mannerisms by which Irishmen convey their real sentiments to each other, even though their tongues speak differently. This gift is not possessed by any other people. It is born of the long ages of slavery which has so eaten into their souls that even the best and bravest and most daring of the race unconscious to themselves, are its possessors. . . .

The Dublin carmen brought numerous visitors to the Phoenix Park that Sunday. A kind of mysterious fascination drew the people there ; crowds assembled over the brilliant greensward, and groups discussed the question of the hour in all directions. The early comers, in their love for mementoes, had removed portions of the earth where the slain British Secretaries were found ; and by midday a perceptible hollow was guarded by the police to stop the visitors from relic-hunting. Not far from this place a small group of serious, earnest men, apparently mechanics of the most intelligent class, were listening to a speaker who was giving his views upon the situation. He was interrupted by an elderly man, who exclaimed, " If it had been old Buckshot Forster I could easier understand it. The whole affair is a puzzle to me ; this man Cavendish had no time to do any harm. And if what we have heard the last few days is true, Gladstone was going to remove all coercion and give us back our Parliament in a few months. All our members are rejoicing over the great victory, and this is a strange way to celebrate it in Dublin. I tell you it will bring ruin upon the country."

The first speaker replied : " Let us look at it from the standpoint of the men engaged in this daring deed ; that is, if they were Nationalists, and not Orangemen, as some people say. From their view they would not agree with you. Had they killed Forster the world would have said it was the act of personal and political revenge ; the lesson read to England would be, ' Send us kindly disposed Chief Secretaries, and we will cordially receive them ; it is not your rule we quarrel with, but Forster's tyranny.' The slaying of the British Secretary Cavendish was not an act of personal revenge. He had never been identified with any action that could create this feeling. In his person the office of Britain's chief officer was struck down. It was British rule in any manner which these men protested against. As to the Under-Secretary, Burke, he was a tyrant, but, after all, a mere tool in the hands of his chief. He could have been

easily killed at any time ; a man who went about the city so much, and who moved in gay circles, must have given many opportunities to his foes. I do not believe either man was slain accidentally. This matter must have been as well planned as it was successfully carried out. It was a brave and daring action in the presence of so many guards ; the slightest hitch would have surrounded the actors with numerous foes. The suddenness of the attack, and the unusual weapons, must have paralysed their British guardians, and the men were gone when they came to their reason. The papers are trying to make it appear that these men were not guarded ; that is British policy to say so now ; but any one who knows anything of the park yesterday evening must be aware that there were armed police and detectives scattered round. It is not convenient for them to acknowledge this, and no doubt with the many distorted statements that will hereafter be told of this tragedy, this story will be published and believed. Had one shot been fired, how quickly these scattered guardians of British rule would have clustered round, and in almost a twinkling the constabulary would be on the scene with shotted rifles and fixed bayonets ; and these men would have been surrounded, captured, or shot down. These probabilities must have been in the mind of their leader ; these men must have gone there prepared to take all chances, death, or capture—which would mean death,—or else a daring and, for them, fortunate escape. What puzzles me is the complete mystery which shrouds the whole affair ; all seems imaginary speculation, and there appears to be no official information of any kind." The speakers continued their debate. Everywhere the subject was discussed ; avoid it how one might it was continually introduced ; it was an event which perplexed and caused great excitement in the public mind.

The guardians of British rule in Ireland, *i.e.*, the police, were given orders on that Sunday to guard the exterior of taverns, and every place of public resort. Any visitors to the Dublin taverns were placed under temporary arrest and

their persons searched, the police carefully reading every scrap of printed or written matter found, seizing anything which their imaginations could distort into suspicious documents, and taking the names and addresses of the men arrested. To carry this out effectually was a very difficult task, where these employees of the alien power had reason to suspect nine-tenths of the inhabitants of a city with over two hundred thousand inhabitants.

On Monday morning those not engaged in any employment—and these are numerous in every Irish city and town—could see the steam launch belonging to the British warship stationed at Kingstown harbour sailing up the Liffey, having on board the most approved grappling irons. The detectives in the employ of the enemy, were trying to recover a little of their lost prestige. They wished the public to believe that they were in possession of information of great moment, and to further the ends of what they called "justice" they were keeping it from the press. They allowed it to be published that they knew the men engaged in the tragedy, and that they held important clues to their whereabouts. These men they described as four fierce-looking persons in the garb of sailors, of American appearance. They also stated that these desperadoes, when leaving the park, killed the driver and the horse; and in order to conceal and leave no traces of their crime they threw car, horse, and driver, into the Liffey. It was to recover these that the seamen of the Royal Navy came from Kingstown in their launch; to grapple and bring to light this necessary evidence. Although the British tars worked very diligently for several days, however, they were not rewarded by success in their search. Neither vehicle, horse, nor man, could be found. But the enemy insisted he was well informed, and permitted portraits of the men they were in search of, to be published in the London illustrated press.

Of course it was enough for these men to be enemies of British rule in Ireland, to satisfy the English public that they must be hideous-looking individuals. The portraits

published were of the lowest type of English civilisation, but were believed to be authentic by the British masses.

Early on Monday morning, Dublin city was placarded with two British proclamations: one bearing the signature of the "Red Earl," chief of Britain's banditti in Ireland, the other signed by Charles Stewart Parnell, lately the beloved and respected Irish Provincial leader, but who on this occasion played the part of chief of Ireland's cowards, the offerer of consolation and assistance to Ireland's brutal and unrelenting foes. Earl Spencer's proclamation bore the royal arms of the neighbouring island at the top, which was sufficient to show even Irish patriots who could not read (if there are any of these in Dublin) that this document was both illegal and criminal. The proclamation of the Irish leaders could not bear the arms of Ireland without armed force to protect it. But this proclamation of theirs was an act of treason against Ireland, for it expressed sympathy towards Ireland's invader and enemy, and condemned the secret armed soldiers of Ireland who struck down the new chief of these invading foes.¹

The proclamation of the Dublin Castle officials commenced with the usual "Whereas," and set forth that certain persons not having the fear of God and British displeasure before them, "did maliciously slay and murder in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Saturday evening, May 6, 1882, Frederick Cavendish, known as Lord Frederick Cavendish, her Majesty's Chief Secretary of State for that portion of the United Kingdom called Ireland, and also Thomas H. Burke, her Majesty's Under-Secretary of State for the same portion of the United Kingdom": "This is to inform all good people that the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling will be paid to any one who will give such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator or perpetrators of this murder, and also the further reward of five thousand pounds is hereby offered

¹ Captain O'Shea's description of this Parnell proclamation in his evidence before the London Commission displays the treason of the Provincial leaders. This proclamation was brought to Mr. Chamberlain's house by Parnell before it was issued, and no doubt shown to the enemy's Cabinet Minister.

to any one who will give private information, and a free pardon is guaranteed to any such informant other than the actual perpetrators of the crime. Done at Dublin Castle, May 8, 1882, in the forty-fifth year of the reign of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. (Signed) SPENCER."

It was the first proclamation of this inauspicious and blood-stained vice-reign.

The West British proclamation was written by a man in frenzy and panic, a politician, not a patriot, who compelled the frightened Mr. Parnell to affix his signature to the document, without giving him scarce time to read what was about to go before the world. We have been credibly informed of this unfortunate and disastrous occurrence, the first downward step that has removed these men so far from the Irish patriot ranks, by a reliable authority. It was posted alongside Spencer's proclamation, and attracted greater attention from the Irish people than even the Castle document. It fell like a thunderbolt among the patriotic men of Dublin city. It read as follows:—

" To the People of Ireland,

" On the eve of what seemed a bright future for our country, that evil destiny which has apparently pursued us for centuries has struck at our hopes another blow which cannot be exaggerated in its disastrous consequences. In this hour of sorrowful gloom we venture to give expression to our profoundest sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity which has befallen our cause through this horrible deed, and with those who determined at the last hour, that a policy of conciliation should supplant that of terrorism and national distrust. We earnestly hope that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world, that an assassination such as has startled us almost to the abandonment of hope of our country's future, is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct. We appeal to you, to show by every manner of expression, that amid the universal feeling of horror which the assassination has excited, no people

feel so deeply a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy with those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prosperity and reviving hopes it may entail consequences, more ruinous than those that have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation. We feel that no act that has been ever perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles of the last fifty years, has so stained Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice, that stain will sully our country's name.

“CHARLES S. PARNELL.

“JOHN DILLON.

“MICHAEL DAVITT.”

Anything more infamous never was done by trusted men against their nation, since Arnold went over to the British and tried to surrender West Point to America's enemy. Neither O'Connell nor Mr. Butt ever at any time showed anything more than an invisible sword, but these men were associated with revolutionists. The party of action built up their movement, believing they were sincere and pure patriots. When Mr. Parnell told O'Donovan Rossa in Philadelphia that he purposed calling on him before he left that city, he was then a staunch patriot; and although sincere in advocating quiet and peaceful measures, he did so because he believed that they had not been properly tested, and that he could succeed in “shaming England” into surrendering Ireland to its people. But he never condemned the men who thought differently; on the contrary, he sought their aid and assistance. They had every reason to believe that Parnell would prove himself a worthy descendant of the gallant race he sprang from, and that when he found that words were useless he would resort to blows. When Mr. Kennedy in Troy gave him a donation for bread for his starving countrymen, and also handed him five times the amount for lead, Mr. Parnell could not mistake the belief so openly expressed by many of

his supporters. When Mr. Biggar told him and the crowd in Cork, that Ireland might need another Hartman, was there no significance in the words? This proclamation is an indelible stain upon men that Ireland loved and trusted; they should have held their peace and let Britain do her worst. She is doing that to-day (1887), and did it also under the sleek Gladstone and his despot underling, Spencer.

The Irishmen in Dublin city, when they turned from reading the Castle proclamation, rubbed their eyes and looked again at its companion document; they could scarce believe the evidence of their senses. They read it over carefully, noting every sentence. Some shook their head in disapproval and silently walked away, not exchanging words with each other.

The enemy's police and officials were pleased with the message of condolence to Britain and her seared hearts. The seared hearts of Mary Deane's family, of Ellen McDonagh's parents, of Patrick Melody's sorrowing mother, the invader's brutalities, his murders in Belmullet and Ballina, did not call for any notice from these recreant Irishmen. But the slaying of a new tyrant sent to carry on these infamies was called the "assassination of a friendly stranger." Spirits of our patriot dead! It is enough to make you turn in your graves to hear men, the beloved of Irish Nationalists, term an invading foe a friendly stranger.

It was a study in Irish human nature to watch the features of the various readers—the knitted brow and gathering scowl of wrath, the pale face and startled, astonished look of some. The feeling manifested was not only approval and sympathy with the tragedy, but also that innate detestation in the Irish heart, of men calling themselves patriotic, who go out of their way to condemn any act done against the infamous tyranny of English rule. Groups of men were gathered together discussing Parnell's proclamation in suburban Dublin; they seemed very outspoken in their condemnation. One old Irishman said: "Musha, the devil's cure to them! So they thank Gladstone for sending them to prison by doing the

Government's dirty work. Och, but imprisonment takes the pluck out of the best of them." Some speakers endorsed the Irish Parliamentary leaders' address, and most heartily approved of every word. Others criticised and condemned it as uncalled for. "John Dillon," said one intelligent-looking speaker, "publicly stated in the House of Commons, he would shoot any landlord who attempted to dispossess him of his farm, and believed before God he would be justified; and here, in what I must call craven cowardice, he condemns the killing of an arch-evictor, the delegate of that robbing Government which is trying to evict our whole nation, and which protects and aids the landlords." "Hush, Felix!" said one of his comrades. "I tell you," replied the other, "I have no patience with these men and their English proclamation. It should be torn down and walked upon, to show Irishmen's contempt for these renegades. They call this Englishman, Cavendish, a friendly stranger. He was an invader, who came here to carry out the usurping foreign Government's mission of murder and plunder. What other reason had he to leave his English home? He was as much an invader and robber as the Dane who was killed at Clontarf. If every one of these foreign delegates were killed when they put foot upon our shore, we would protest against their insolent assumption of coming here at all to assume in any manner the *role* of governing us—protest in a more manly way than by this perpetual talk, which I am hearing since my boyhood and which I am heartily disgusted with!" "Well, Felix," said one of his hearers, "I must admit there is strong force in your reasoning." "I tell you," said the other, "I would not give the snap of my fingers for the death of Burke, England's paid instrument. But God strengthen the arm of the man who struck down Cavendish, England's Minister, who came to plunder and murder our people; for take British rule in its mildest form and it is nothing but highway robbery, and destruction to our hearths and homes." Walking away, he said in solemn tones to his sad-looking and thoughtful friends: "The proper course for Irishmen is to destroy all

these blood-stained invaders. They are all—mild or tyrannical, serpent or wolf—invading robbers, who would not visit our country but to assassinate and depopulate the nation.”

But the capital of the Irish nation was determined that it should not stultify the faith of generations of patriots, by submitting in silence to these two infamous placards. The Executive of the I. R. B. issued a national proclamation, in condemnation of the cowardly utterances of the Parliamentarians as follows :

“ ‘ God save Ireland.’ ”

DUBLIN, *May 8, 1882.*

‘ To the Irish People and all Lovers of Liberty, and particularly our Brothers of the I. R. B. and Kindred Organisations.

“ As there seems to be a grave misunderstanding as to the aim and scope of the late executions at Dublin, we the Executive of the I. R. B. hereby request all the aforesaid to withhold their opinion of this matter for the present, and to refrain from the expression of sympathy at public meetings, which tend to humiliate Ireland and to give aid and comfort to England.

“ As to the monster Burke, he has preyed upon the lives and liberties of his countrymen for many years, and has deserved death a thousand times at our hands ; and as to Lord Frederick Cavendish, the lineal descendant of the infamous Lord Broghill, who hanged the gallant and patriotic MacEagan, Bishop of Ross, at Carrigadrohid, because he would not betray his country—his very name stinks in the nostrils of the Irish people by the iniquities of his brother, Lord Hartington, and the wholesale evictions of his father, the Duke of Devonshire, thereby driving thousands of the rightful owners of the soil to the poorhouse, exile, and death.

“ This organisation has tolerated the vagaries of Mr. Parnell and his late treason-mongers until he has filled the bastiles

in our country with the victims of a useless Parliamentary agitation, which left 20,000 persons homeless last year, and drove millions of the flower of our people to exile. This ceases to be harmless when a truce is made by which he himself and his friends are allowed to go free, and eighty of Ireland's bravest sons are left to languish in prison to be exiled or assassinated, and these the men who by the so-called 'outrages,' opened the prison doors to Mr. Parnell and his friends.

"If England really wished to deal fairly by Ireland, why did she not issue a general amnesty, by which the prison doors would be opened and thousands of our exiled brethren who now pine in foreign lands could return in safety and honour? Instead of this Mr. Gladstone sent emissaries to the venerated head of the Catholic Church, who by lies and false representations, have deprived thousands of our poor, persecuted people of the comforts of religion, by turning our altars into political platforms. Let us ask the people of Ireland, Are there no classes of the people to be considered except the farmers, and of what avail will it be to Ireland if a selfish class is firmly rooted in the soil and becomes thoroughly loyal to England?

"We ask our friends in America to ponder on our desperate circumstances, to think of a brave and honourable people driven to despair by witnessing the white bosoms of our women torn open by the bayonets of English mercenaries, and our children of tender age shot down in the highways, while our wails of anguish are stifled in our blood.

"We are convinced that no true prosperity can exist in Ireland so long as England possesses her custom-houses, these allowing her manufactures to pass into Ireland duty free, thereby leaving our Irish mechanics unemployed, and the enormous war tribute exacted by England taking away the produce of the land, thereby forcing the Irish people to starve.

"Now, furthermore, we call upon all our brothers in America, particularly the advanced Nationalists, to aid, by every means within their power, the men who have carried

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out this execution, and we hereby further declare that they deserve well of their country.

“By order of the

“EXECUTIVE OF THE I. R. B.”

As the week slowly passed and no news with any truthful appearance presented itself, men wondered more and more. Those who mingled with Irish Nationalists could see a quiet smile of joy now and then flit over their features when the memorable event was discussed. After the first burst of indignation at the Parnellite proclamation had swept away like a hurricane, men began to smile and look knowingly at each other, and shake their heads and give a quiet laugh when the denunciation of the Parliamentary triumvirate was mentioned.

It would be useless to tell these men that this proclamation of the Parnellites was published in all seriousness, and with no reserve of diplomacy whatever. Already the lessons of deception had entered into the Irish masses, leaving them completely at the mercy of ambitious politicians whom they mistook for patriots. They felt (or a large number of them did) that the stronger the denunciations, the more heartily was this deed endorsed by the leaders of the public movement. These men's personal associations and past speeches could have for these people no other meaning.

These, and many other speculations and surmises, troubled the public mind of Ireland. False and misleading information, then and since, was permitted to percolate through the National ranks. This historic and immortal event has suffered at the hands of weak friends and unrelenting foes; it has been covered over by the vile excrement of renegades, as well as enemies. It has been befogged by the vanities of weak and inane minds, who sought to be known as the comrades—when they were merely the companions and associates—of Titans; they who were among them, but not of them. It has suffered and been assailed by the malignancy of the foe, but much more grievously by the slander of traitors and the folly of weaklings, the latter, froglike, seeking self-

glorification, while the traitor was digging a grave for his own self-degradation. They have slandered, with foul abuse, their nation and the cause for which heroes have suffered. Great historic event! Brave men will salute thee. You will remain a landmark for all time, to tell the tyrant that Ireland was not disarmed, that his edicts were powerless; to speak to him in words of fire, that the brave nation had manhood to strike and courage to dare—courage that can only be supplied by the supernatural conviction of the God-given justice of its cause—for the patriot needs a higher order of daring than even the soldier of the forlorn hope, surrounded by his comrades in all the pomp and panoply of glorious war. Let slaves and cowards whine as they may, they cannot obliterate the glorious 6th of May from the pages of Irish history.

The Irish leaders of the public movement evidently issued their proclamation when suffering under nervous shock; it bears on its face its own contradiction. Not content with madly rushing to the enemy's rescue at a momentous crisis when the Briton's rule in Ireland was quivering under the effect of the mysterious lightning stroke so fiercely dealt at his presence in the country, they permitted their official journal, *United Ireland*, reinstated in Dublin by the enemy's permission, to aid the invader by its vain attempts to cast the stain of crime upon the unknown patriots. They allowed, or possibly instructed, the editor of that journal, Mr. O'Brien, a man with the volatility of a windmill and the fanaticism of an illusionist in his faith in the use of words to free nations, to publish an editorial upon this historic incident worthy of Britain's murder organ, the *London Times*, attacking his own countrymen who tried to hold the breach when the foe had imprisoned the orators. This paper may possibly be found in a few years in alliance with the man it to-day calls "Bloody Balfour," as it is now singing the praises of the "Red Earl," Spencer, whom it charged—and truthfully—with having bloodstained hands, red with the life-current of his murdered victims. Not one of the Orange rebel organs, the *Daily Express* or *Mail*, or even the *London Times*, could approach it in the use of ferocious

abuse and misleading statement levelled at the Irish party of action at this time, accompanied by an extraordinary and misleading cartoon.

A somewhat similar cartoon appeared one year later in England's comic journal, *Punch*. It was shortly after Carey's information became public. This cartoon in *Punch* was in Tenniel's best style. It represented Britannia and Erin, two female figures, clad in classic drapery. Erin was of course in grief, and was shown leaning for comfort and consolation on her beloved sister Britannia, whose protecting arm was thrown about her companion's form. Britannia looked fiercely and wrathfully before her. She was holding by a string a bulldog, which was sniffing the ground, and underneath were the words: "On the scent." Events proved that the bulldog got on a false trail. If he had been a keen brute what a dainty dish there would have been to serve before the king. Or perhaps, as it now appears more probable, it did not suit the vile purpose of the bulldog's master to develop matters too much. He was content with his knowledge, and was determined to use it for his own purpose, the complete subjugation of the Irish nation, aided knowingly or unknowingly by the men it loved and trusted.

Vain folly of tyrants! Nations cannot be so easily destroyed. As a great writer expresses it: "The protest of the right against the fact persists for ever. The robbery of a people never becomes prescriptive. These lofty swindles have no future. You cannot pick the mark out of a nation, as you can out of a handkerchief."

The arrests made haphazard by the police at this time told every one that the British officials had altogether lost their heads. English visitors in Dublin were much frightened, and all sorts of absurd stories were put in circulation. On the night of the "suppression," a London merchant came into his hotel in College Green at a late hour. He was in a complete state of nervous prostration. His death-like face, protruding eye-balls, and chattering teeth, denoted a condition of abject fear.

He was a poor representative of the fire-eating John Bull. He had scarcely strength to ring up the waiter, and when the attendant came he tried to articulate, "brandy." After applying himself to the stimulant, he summoned courage to tell the few gentlemen in the room what caused his fright.

When the rumour which came to the hotel reached him, he went up to the Castle to make inquiries, and the exaggerated stories he heard frightened him. He turned out of his way down the quays, and was roaming there the victim of an excited imagination. He was too nervous to ask any stranger to direct him as to the proper road home. At last he met a sergeant of police, who told him he was walking away from his hotel. The sergeant, producing a lantern (an unusual article with Dublin policemen), drew the slide and threw the light into several doorways as they passed, looking for mysterious lurkers. The policeman, much frightened, told the English gentleman, whose name and address he placed in his notebook, that the authorities feared trouble that night; and that the Government thought it very probable there would be a "rising in the city." They were not at all satisfied at the deep silence with which the news of the Park tragedy was received. When he had escorted the Englishman to the corner of Parliament and Dame Streets, he left him, pointing out the route back to the hotel. He particularly cautioned him against walking on the footway, and told him to keep by the tramway lines in the centre of the street, and he would then be safe. What this Englishman had to fear during so short a walk in the usually peaceful city of Dublin, he knew not. The danger was in his own imagination. The wretched demoralisation which takes possession of British employees, police, and detectives when they think that the Irish are preparing to strike back, shows that the old maxim, "He is thrice armed, whose cause is just," acts upon the nerves of Ireland's persecutors.

The English merchant whose fear the police sergeant helped to intensify on that famous Saturday night, left Dublin a few days after, making a business visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne *en*

route to London. He and two friends were arrested in Newcastle; the police having learned that they had come from Dublin, these sagacious officials concluded they must have been participants in the recent tragedy. After the inconvenience of temporary arrest they were of course released. This, and numbers of other cases of a similar nature occurring in both countries will illustrate the sound sense and good judgment of British guardians of the peace, and especially the secret service police of the kingdom, when political prisoners are sought after. The intelligence of these men is always at fault in revolutionary cases unless they are supplied with information. Of course if they once get a clue, they will follow it up to all possible success; but any quiet man, with resolution and no bluster, can easily beat them in any, even the most dangerous, undertaking. Nationalists have sometimes wondered, reading of the many arrests made at this time, if any of the real parties thought of the lines of Livy, "By flying, men often meet their fate."

The following week Dublin began to settle down into a calmer feeling; the newspapers were announcing important arrests in every edition, and of course the detective department had it impressed upon the newspaper reporters that it was in possession of grave and important information; and that it held a clue, which, in the interests of justice, it could not allow to be published.

The action of the Dublin patriots rang with a clarion sound over Europe. It was discussed in Cabinets and Courts, and in every gathering of diplomats. Ireland was forcing herself into the European question. . . . The bared steel of the Phoenix Park gleamed in the face of Europe, and the nations and the peoples knew that Ireland was in earnest, and that she would never cease to toil and to face death, until the sunburst gleaming on her green banner flying proudly over Irish soil, witnessed the consummation of her hopes and the fulfilment of her destiny.

The peoples of Europe, who were confounded at the

peculiar and contradictory tactics of the agitators, seeing an economic question put forth as if it were a national demand, became alive to the importance of the position ; and when the winter's horrors, like the Bulgarian atrocities only disguised in more hellish cunning, had passed over Ireland and that unhappy land seemed prostrate beneath the British marauders, suddenly, as if a perpetual and darkened eclipse had burst into sunlight, there shone forth upon the path of liberty, the upheaving of an indignant nation ; in the broad light of day Britain, personified in the new Minister of her banditti rule, fell prostrate beneath the arm of outraged Ireland on the grassy sward of the Phoenix Park. Irishmen ! read what the European press has to say of your country. The *Citizen*, writing of this great event, said : " This is evidently a war of extermination—that is, of Ireland's extremists against monarchical England. For them a country, where in broad daylight four resolute men stab officials of high position, does vastly more for the designs of revolution than does Russia, where the Nihilists hide underground, dig mines, and resort to timid means instead of striking straight and openly at the heart. . . . We hope the English Government will resume a policy of repression. The dagger having once commenced its work, the struggle will go on mercilessly and end in the triumph of Ireland aided by the co-operation of revolutionists."

Through the cowardice of those to whom Ireland intrusted her destiny, and who are trying to sell her over to her extortioner, William E. Gladstone, she has ceased to strike ; but nevertheless, the war, as spoken of by this European writer who so nobly sympathised with her sufferings, has not ceased. It goes on without mercy. Ireland sitting helplessly bewails her fate, as she is taught to keep on wailing, while the foe unmercifully strikes her hourly.

The Russian organ, the *Golos* of St. Petersburg, wrote thus upon the Irish situation :

" We think that the tragical death of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke proves that Mr. Gladstone was

profoundly mistaken in supposing that Mr. Parnell and his friends were the real leaders of the Irish movement, and that peace could be obtained by mere agrarian reform. The movement is political, and not entirely agrarian, and there is a secret party behind the Land League which aims at nothing short of overthrowing English authority."

This journal, the organ of Britain's rival in the struggle for Eastern empire, could not understand that an agrarian reform could be called a national issue, as if reform, either agrarian or of any kind, were possible under foreign tyranny. The affair in the park at Dublin showed Russian journalists and statesmen that Ireland had determined and brave men ready to make sacrifices for her freedom, and that she would be a useful ally in any coming complications.

The *Rappel* of Paris, the organ of the great French poet, the illustrious and immortal Victor Hugo, and also numbering among its contributors Louis Blanc and M. Vacquerie, all then living, made these remarks upon the 6th of May :

"Such an event, happening just when Mr. Gladstone has liberated the Land League leaders, shows how implacable is Ireland's hatred for England. It is not so much a political and social insurrection, as a war of independence, that seems foreshadowed."

The Irishmen who were the actors in this immortal drama, held the independence of their country absolute and free from all British control and influence as Ireland's only hope and redemption; and those who live hold fast this precious and undying faith in their country's regeneration by manly deeds.

M. Henri Rochefort, whom Mr. Parnell had visited to gain the aid of his powerful voice for Ireland, writing in the *Intransigent*, said :

"The cannon is the *ultima ratio* of kings and the dagger is the *ultima ratio* of subjects. . . . Ireland immediately saw that she was trifled with, and she replied to this irony with the dagger. This style of reply, perhaps useless in Russia,

where the officials, however ferocious, are generally brave, has already produced considerable results in England, where the cowardice of the shop-keepers who govern her is inveterate."

M. Rochefort concluded a very ably written article by citing the case of the Austrian Gessler and William Tell, as a proof that tyrannicide answers; and by regretting that Orsini did not kill Napoleon III., which would have saved France from the calamities of 1870.

The Austrian newspapers were astonished at this unprecedented Irish action. The Vienna *Presse* thus alluded to the subject: "We wonder how the men could escape from such a frequented place as the Phoenix Park. We do not doubt it is a political murder, but who can have been the perpetrators?"

The *Mot d'Ordre*, in its comments on the Phoenix Park tragedy, said

"We hope that the Irish will show they are worthy of liberty by not allowing themselves to be lured by a few paltry concessions. We exhort them to continue the struggle, without truce or mercy, to reconquer their independence. We have not to trouble ourselves with the means by which this transformation will be effected. The change of policy of the English Ministers leads us to hope that violence will not be essential to the triumph of justice, but even if some excesses are to be feared and deemed necessary, we should not indulge in hypocritical lamentations on the fate of privileged victims of this defence of property based on confiscation and fraud."

Brave Frenchmen! The men who would try to reconquer Ireland's independence see their unhappy country in the grasp of politicians, who have given to the nation a narcotic; but soon, very soon, they expect that the effects of the drug will have passed away, and that awakened Ireland will stretch out her limbs and shake off Gladstonism and this Provincial agitation which is a mockery and a sham, and once

more embrace the doctrine of Tone, and Emmet, and her glorious patriots.

The *National Zeitung* of Berlin, a journal which has from time to time published many a political *communiqué* from Europe's great statesman, the Iron Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, wrote upon the new Irish attack upon her foe :

“ There is no doubt here we have a political murder . . . It is possible that the deed of horror expresses the disappointment of the Irish conspirators, at the nomination of Lord Frederick Cavendish. But it is equally credible that it is traceable to the men who will hear nothing of the compromises effected between Gladstone and Parnell, who are averse to any diminution of the hostility existing between Ireland and England, and who desire to carry on the movement till their country is sundered from Great Britain.”

The *Bataille*, a French journal, writing on the subject, said :

“ By executing Cavendish and Burke the unhappy slaves of English land law publicly declare that pseudo-liberal measures cannot satisfy them ; that the time is past for political jugglery, for that trifling which always conceals some snare ; that they have a goal in view, with a firm resolution of reaching it—namely, Irish independence.”

How clearly these foreign journals understood the real meaning of the 6th of May in Dublin ; and yet Irishmen all over the United States permitted themselves to believe that the release of Mr. Parnell and the resignation of Mr. Forster, made up an Irish victory. When Irishmen study more carefully the intrigue and duplicity of English Ministers towards Ireland, they will be slow to believe in victory until it is actually obtained. When the Irish flag, the standard of an independent nation, flutters in the breeze over the ruins of Dublin Castle, then, and not till then, will victory be assured. To accomplish this let Irishmen take a lesson from their enemy Mr. Gladstone, and let their words take the shape of acts.

The *Marseillaise* commented upon the Irish situation :

“Thus it is no longer at simple landed proprietors that the musket balls of Ireland are aimed. They strike down the Queen’s delegates, in broad daylight. We pity the victims, but the immense pity we feel for the horrible situation of the Irish people, forbids us to show too much sympathy. Ireland, since the first day of the conquest, has been in a state of legitimate self-defence. If, at the cost of a series of outrages, she succeeds in casting off the terrible yoke which the sister island imposes on her, what friend of humanity would think of blaming her for it?”

Irishmen will do well if they reflect upon the situation of their country, and look on the position of their nation as seen by European eyes. Strange to say, the Irish National journals in free America had not anything like the intelligent criticism these European journals published of the 6th of May in Dublin.

The *Citizen* criticised the manifesto of the Land League leaders. The English journals were exceedingly displeased with the tone of the comments printed in this paper. In its columns it substituted “execution” or “suppression” for what they termed “murder.” It said :

“This manifesto explains itself. There are two organisations in Ireland, one public, the other secret. The former pretends to keep within the limits of legality, and for form’s sake is obliged to protest against the terrorist measures. The above manifesto has at bottom no real significance.”

The *Citoyen* of Paris said :

“The Gladstone Cabinet resolved to change its tactics, force proving powerless to checkmate force. The Ministry were determined to try trickery. Then they liberated the suspects, received the Irish members with mellifluous compliments, and lastly sent to Ireland a man of reconciliation—Lord Frederick Cavendish. This statesman and his lieutenant, one hour after having taken command of the island, have been summarily executed by the agents of the Land League. . . . If the Government removed coercion it was not out of humanity, but from impotence. It is right that the Irish

should take advantage of the situation. . . . The triumph of independent Ireland is certain. Thanks to a secret organisation composed of tried men and considerable capital furnished by international combinations, the Land League will one day or other win. . . .

“The means must be adapted to the circumstances. Since in Ireland and Russia there is no liberty, Irishmen are forced to employ what weapons are left to them.”

The Dublin *Irishman*, the property of the Parnellites, spoke very differently from their official organ, *United Ireland*; and gave more strength to the belief of the Dublin men—that the Parnell and Dillon proclamation was a ruse to deceive the enemy. No Irish journal in the American continent spoke with a more patriotic ring, than did this newspaper published beneath the shadow of Dublin Castle. The Dublin *Irishman* said :

“Without excusing crime of any character, or for any purpose, we hold that aggression is always followed by retaliation, and that repression is invariably the cause of outrage. It is not in Ireland alone that hostility on one side begets enmity on the other. Human nature is the same everywhere. No nation suffers injury without making an effort in its own defence. The English people ought to remember that we did not begin the bloody strife which has lasted for seven hundred years. Let them remember it was they who first declared war upon the people of this country. With armed bands they invaded the island, slaughtered the inhabitants, seized their lands, and took possession of their worldly goods. Year after year for centuries, the English forces perpetrated many outrages in the catalogue of crime. As the Irish race could not submit to murder, robbery, and conquest, it fought and struggled against the stream of invasion which continued until recent days. Thus the war has been brought down to our own time, not of our own will but because the rapacity of the invaders was never satisfied.”

These opinions of the European press and the article of the

Irish journal, speak eloquently in support of the patriots' action in the Phoenix Park. The Parnellite proclamation called the tragedy cowardly. We question if ever any of the three men whose names were affixed to that lamentable document, will ever dare near as much for Ireland. Three or six months' imprisonment for howling at the British is the pinnacle of their martyrdom. The London *Times*, Ireland's bitter enemy, was compelled to admit that this slaying of the Secretaries was a daring action. This admission was wrung from it. Ought not Irishman who attempt to belittle the heroic acts of their more self-sacrificing countrymen to hide their heads with shame?

The *Times*, speaking of the tragedy in its issue one week after the event, in a howl of rage said :

"The crime itself was not only brutal, but defiant and insolent. No one who has not actually examined the surroundings of the scene can be adequately impressed with this fact. All Dublin and many others examined the locality, and they see plainly what it all means—that the secret societies have challenged the whole power of the Executive, the Lord-Lieutenant, the constabulary, and the military, in the very heart and centre of their stronghold, and that they have inflicted a blow which will be all-powerful for evil in the immediate future, if the authorities are baffled."

That was so. The INVINCIBLES sought their foe in the heart and centre of his stronghold. They went there prepared to give Irishmen, and the enemy, a lesson that will long be remembered. And as long as daring deeds and heroic actions to redeem suffering nations are cherished by mankind, so long will these patriotic Irishmen receive a niche in the temple of fame. There, surrounded by the military, the constabulary, and within sight of the Lord Deputy, in broad daylight, they "suppressed" British rule in the person of the chief invader. Not in this generation, perhaps, will the sacrifice be appreciated by their countrymen for whom some died and others suffered ; but when the green island assumes her rightful place among the European nations, and the

banner of independent Ireland shall be flung to the breeze, free men will remember that, amid the hideous night of oppression that William E. Gladstone gave to Ireland, there flashed a steel blade, like a star, a guiding light of liberty, amid the black inky gloom of tyranny, and Irishmen will place the 6th of May in their calendar of great and memorable anniversaries.

XVII.

SPENCER'S "BATTUES OF HANGINGS" — THE BLOODY ASSIZE—ACCUSING SPIRITS.

AS soon as the excitement into which British Ministerial circles were thrown by the 6th of May tragedy had subsided, and the Land League leaders had resumed their normal condition after the terrible fright which permeated their ranks caused by the incident in Dublin, the machinery of British Parliamentary rule began its accustomed work. As the machine ran in the usual groove, it met at this time with no unusual friction. The now weak and puny resistance of the Irish changelings was not perceptible. What a contrast to the bold, determined, and outspoken opposition of one year ago, that is, so far as Parliamentary opposition in an alien assembly can be so characterised ! Mr. Gladstone, pale, weary, and irritable, was suffering under a twofold trouble : the death of his friend and colleague, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was a relative of his wife, and the wound inflicted on his vanity by the upsetting of his deep-laid scheme for the pacification of Ireland. Yet the lesson which the Irish Secretary's death taught him stung him to the soul ; he scarce gave a moment's reflection to the many lives which were sacrificed by the policy he enforced in Ireland and in the Transvaal, although many who lost their lives in that bloody struggle were his own countrymen. He had thrown off the mask of amiability, and was fully determined to strain every engine of persecution to the uttermost, to make

stubborn Ireland subservient to his will. His new Crimes Bill, which he originally intended to introduce under the plea of having to combat with Irish secret societies—as admitted by Mr. Chamberlain one of his Cabinet, at a subsequent date—was made more stringent by the addition of a new clause, a renewal of the Star Chamber Inquisition of a few centuries back. This clause was restored to a British Act of Parliament, by the enlightened and liberty-loving Premier who had denounced before the world the despotism of Neapolitan prison life, and who wrote so appealingly to the humane peoples of the world of the imprisonment of Silvio Pellico. He was now again forging fresh fetters for unhappy Ireland. This inquisition clause compelled men who were arrested and charged with no offence to testify to their own opinions and actions and those of their friends, before Mr. Gladstone's "Grand Inquisitor," Mr. J. A. Curran, in Dublin Castle. . . .

Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Crimes Bill into the British Commons, and after passing that chamber it went in due course to the House of Lords, and on the famous anniversary of a battle in Ireland between two foreign kings, July 12, 1882, the British sovereign's consent was given to the measure, and it became law.

On Wednesday, July 5, 1882, there were arrested in Dublin city some four or five men under the "suspect" provisions of the expiring "Protection of Life and Property Act," soon to be succeeded by its sanguinary relative, entitled the "Prevention of Crimes Act." Amongst these prisoners of the English enemy were Daniel Curley, Edward McCaffrey, and Peter Doyle, names which became familiar a little later. The cause of their arrest was suspicion of being identified with the killing of John Kenny who was executed for treason,—giving information to the British enemy,—which had resulted in the seizure of some arms belonging to the Irish Republican Brotherhood. The British suspected these men of being energetic in the I. R. B. ranks, and without a tittle of evidence to connect them with the



JAMES M. SMITH
Engraver 1845-1850



DANIEL CURLEY.
Executed May 18, 1883.

execution of Kenny, the enemy arrested them on vague suspicion.

James Carey, since much spoken of, was imprisoned for the same cause. Previous to his arrest under the "Suspect" Act, and a day or two after Kenny was shot, Carey, in talking to an Irish Nationalist of this occurrence, said, in reply to some remarks made to him: "It would be a terrible thing to be shot as a traitor and to be really innocent; it is not so much the loss of life as the stain and degradation on your memory, and then, think of the infamous name which would be attached to your children and their posterity. It is too horrible to think of." Carey was really sincere in these expressions; he had the Irishman's horror and dread of the name of "informer." He would have shuddered with disgust and repulsiveness himself, if he could have been shown at that time, the picture of his future degradation. There was not money enough in the British Treasury to have purchased Carey's betrayal of any secret of importance, and yet he carried within him that speck of rotten cowardice which, plagueslike, spread itself over the whole frame, destroying the goodly proportions that were there before.

These men's arrest at this time, had no connection in any manner with the crime with which they were subsequently charged, though rumour, in her career of falsehood and exaggeration, has since spread such reports abroad.

A few days after Carey's imprisonment, one of his tenants, named John Fitzsimon, who noticed him making secret visits to a loft in the tenement house where this man lived, hearing of his arrest, was curious enough to pay a visit to the loft and see what was secreted there. He found two surgical knives, and a very expensive and valuable rifle. Tempted by the large reward, and suspecting they were in some way connected with revolutionary business, of which he probably knew nothing and was one of the utterly indifferent, he visited the police and made his bargain for their surrender. The Government considered it had got a prize, but this prize was not very long in its possession before its capture was

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known to the Irish Nationalists ; the secret filtered through the supposed silent portals of Scotland Yard. The authorities did not publish the account of the seizure until some time after Carey's release, which occurred, owing to the expiration of the "suspect" Act, late in September. . . .

The new engine of torture, which was invented by the diabolical side of the Premier's statesmanship, called the "Crimes Bill," was now about to be put into practice ; and the most astounding and infamous of crimes were to be enacted in the light of day, sanctioned by the pirate rule of Britain. Murder was about to be perpetrated by the invader's myrmidons, under the outward forms and ceremonies of law. It was not alone that these courts were illegal, having no authority for their existence in Ireland save the mandate of a foreign Government ; but according to the enemy's own supposed authority they were an outrage, and a lie on anything that men could call justice, so glaring and brutal was the system of manufacturing what was termed evidence, and the packing of hostile Irish traitors as jurymen—men who were prepared to bring in any verdict that the enemy's lawyers required. Men also sat on the bench who represented that foreign law, and who went there with the deliberate purpose of hanging and imprisoning any men arraigned before them, utterly indifferent as to whether these men were associated with the so-called offences or crimes charged against them. The enemy's object was to strike terror into the community, and make his rule so feared, if not respected, that the Irish serfs would not dare to dream of any opposition to his sway but would bow and cringe inwardly, as they did outwardly through their weak-nerved Provincial leaders. . . .

The first Special Commission under the Crimes Act opened in Green Street, Dublin, early in August, 1882.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, in its issue of August 11, commented on these trials in its editorial column : "Yesterday at the Commission Court the first jury trial under the Crimes Act took place. John O'Connor and three others,

all natives of Kerry, were placed in the dock charged with having, on the 17th of March at Fahey in the county of Kerry, attacked the house of Mrs. Murphy, the widow of an officer in the army. Under the ordinary law the men would have been tried in Kerry, where the alleged offence took place ; but availing himself of the provisions of the Crimes Act, the Attorney-General moved the case to Dublin, and under the same measure, a special jury was impanelled from a joint county and city panel. The Crown exercised their right to challenge on a wholesale scale, and no less than nineteen persons, some of them most respectable citizens, were ordered to 'stand aside.' The facts of the case will be found reported elsewhere. All the prisoners were convicted, but the jury accompanied the finding with a strong recommendation for mercy ; and sentence was deferred."

The Dublin *Freeman* of the 12th of August, further alluding to these trials, observed: "We are unwilling to credit the rumour that the court have resolved that juries exclusively, or almost exclusively Protestant, shall determine in some cases the liberty, in others the lives, of the prisoners on trial at Green Street. Yet colour is lent to the report by the fact, that yesterday in the capital case, just as on the previous day in the Whiteboy case, Catholic gentlemen of admitted respectability and position were ordered to 'stand aside,' when they took the book to be sworn. To the gentlemen in question no stereotyped trade objection can be alleged, and the inference therefore is that they were shoved aside from their duties as jurors, simply because they are Catholics. If this is true, an odious and, it was hoped, obsolete practice has been revived, and the course if taken, as unnecessary as it is injudicious, must naturally cause indignation and resentment in Catholic circles. The notion that such men as Edward Lenehan of Castle Street, William Dennehy of John Street and others whom we could mention, could not be trusted to find a true verdict according to evidence in county cases brought to Dublin for trial, which is the simple and only

inference, is offensive in the extreme. The representatives of the Crown could not venture to publicly make such a declaration. Yet the names of the gentlemen specified, appear in the public list of the rejected. The matter is one that calls for inquiry and explanation. For the present, we will only express our regret that the representatives of the Crown should deem it necessary and expedient to boycott Catholic special jurors of the city and county of Dublin. That this has been done, we fear there is no doubt, and we apprehend that no other interpretation of the action of the Crown can be given than that Catholic gentlemen are subjected to the shocking imputation, that they are not unprepared to violate the solemn obligations of their oath in cases which are supposed to arise out of political agitation in the country. Would the managers of the Crown prosecutions in Green Street dare openly to make such an accusation?"

It is difficult to characterise this article; it was evidently written by a narrow-minded bigot, a serf and slave to foreign rule in Ireland. Is it an Irish Catholic gentleman's duty, any more than an Irish Protestant gentleman's, to perform England's office in upholding her monstrous system in Ireland? These gentlemen who were so told to "stand aside" were honoured by the request. They were loyal Irishmen, and not rebels and traitors to Ireland, whom the enemy could count on returning what verdict suited the almighty majesty of the usurping foreigner, and his courts in the country. They were not told to "stand aside" because they were Catholics, but because the enemy believed them honest Irishmen, who would not stain their souls in his degrading service. It has been proved to the satisfaction of Irishmen, even of those who hold narrow and bigoted views, that England's hirelings hugged to their heart any Catholic as well as Protestant who would do her work of infamy in the island of the Gaels.

The Nationalists of Ireland had been struggling for years to remove the monstrous British lie that Irish nationality meant nothing but subserviency to one particular form of Christian

worship ; and that it also meant persecution, if successful, to all non-Catholics. In the history of falsehoods which have been circulated and believed in by deluded mankind, there has been no more atrocious and wicked lie than this British mendacity, except its counterpart which is equally mischievous—Mr. Gladstone's "Home Rule," which will be spoken of further on. The great heart of Ireland is throbbing with love and devotion to all her children ; she knows no difference between them, be they but honest, leal, and true. Irish Nationalists, sincere, pious, and faithful Catholics as many of them are, would rise up in indignation and repudiation if any such unheard of doctrine as the British enemy preaches, were attempted to be put in practice, at the faintest hint of prejudice against their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. They revere and respect the memory of their great Irish Protestant patriots, whom England done to death for loyalty to their native land. No ! Protestant fellow-countrymen, your Catholic brothers say to you :—

“ We have no curse for you and yours,
 But friendship's ready grasp,
 And faith to stand by you and yours
 Unto our latest gasp—
 To stand by you against all foes,
 Howe'er or whence they come,
 With traitor arts, or bribes, or blows,
 From England, France, or Rome.”

“ We do not hate, we never cursed,
 Nor 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 following letter, published in the Dublin *Freeman*, explains itself :—

“ THE JURY IN THE HYNES MURDER CASE.

“ IMPERIAL HOTEL, DUBLIN, August 13, 1882.

“ DEAR SIR,—I think the public ought to be made aware of the following facts : The jury in the murder case of The

Queen *v.* Hynes were last night 'locked up,' as it is termed, for the night at the Imperial Hotel, where I also was staying. I was awakened from sleep shortly after midnight by the sounds of a drunken chorus, succeeded after a time by scuffling, rushing, coarse laughter, and horse-play. Along the corridor on which my bedroom opens, a number of men, it seemed to me, were falling about the passage in a maudlin state of drunkenness, playing ribald jokes. I listened with patience for a considerable time, when the door of my bedroom was burst open, and a man, whom I can identify (for he carried a candle unsteadily in his hand), staggered in, plainly under the influence of drink, hiccupping, 'Halloa, old fellow, all alone?' My answer was of a character that induced him to bolt out of the room, in as disordered a manner as he had entered. Having rung the bell, I ascertained that these disorderly persons were jurors in the case of *The Queen v. Hynes*, and that the servants of the hotel had been endeavouring in vain to bring them to a sense of their misconduct. I thought it right to convey to them a warning that the public would hear of those proceedings. The disturbance then ceased. It is fair to add that not more than three or four men appeared to be engaged in the roaring, and in the tipsy horse-play that followed. I leave the public to judge the loathsomeness of such a scene upon the night when these men held the issues of life and death for a young man in the flower of youth, when they had already heard evidence which, if un rebutted, they must have known would send him to a felon's grave. These facts I am ready to support on oath.

"WILLIAM O'BRIEN."

This description, so graphically given, shows the class of men who performed the mockery of trial over Irishmen whose political views were inimical to the stranger's rule, and who were arrested to glut the vengeance of the gentle and peace-loving Mr. Gladstone, who was the high priest of the oracle "justice to Ireland."

Many Irishmen will remember the case of the killing of Head Constable Whelehan in a contest with some peasant labourers who, called themselves "Moonlighters," and of the evidence of a suborned perjurer named Callanan. Some men with conveniently short memories held up their hands in horror at the infamies of the brutal Tories—and brutal they are and have been. Some English Liberals denounced the Tory Government for the hiring of this degraded wretch. This self-convicted thief Callanan was first engaged under the Government of the sanctimonious Mr. Gladstone, and during this scarlet *régime* very probably performed some secret infamies for his paymasters, they not requiring him on the witness table. He was one of the infamous legacies which the Tories took over from Mr. Gladstone when, amid Irish rejoicing, it came to be their turn to take the reins of office.

The "Red Earl" and his *entourage* in the government of Ireland, were indignant at Mr. Gray, editor of the *Freeman*, for publishing such an *exposé* of their hanging machinery, and notwithstanding the two blessings—as Mr. Dawson would term them—conferred upon Mr. Gray, namely, the office of High Sheriff of the city of Dublin, and membership of the "Imperial" Legislature, he was brought before the commission presided over by that Solomon and Daniel comprised in one man, Judge Lawson, whose memory to Irishmen is as "pure" as his judgments were "just."¹ He was arraigned before his lordship, we cannot say for judgment—for that decision was no doubt settled at the privy council of Castle conspirators of which this tyrannical judge was a member—but for sentence.

The following scene took place in court:—

MR. GRAY.— . . . Was it not my duty as a public journalist, being informed they had been drinking in the public billiard-room, and——?

JUDGE LAWSON (interrupting angrily).—I think you had

¹ See Appendix A, p. 547.

better not make any statement of the kind, for it will not at all assist your case.

MR. GRAY.—I will not follow up those statements further.

JUDGE LAWSON.—I believe them to be totally devoid of truth. It was a most respectable jury, and the foreman said all were perfectly sober, and I believe him.

MR. GRAY.—My lord——

THE JUDGE.—Mr. Gray, you had better not repeat these statements at all. If an action for libel were brought against the man who wrote this article, then you might be justified in trying to justify your action, but in the present instance you are not. The charge is that you committed a contempt of court by writing these statements.

MR. BARRETT, of Kingstown (the foreman of the jury). The jury courts the fullest inquiry into their conduct.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.—As writer of the letter I wish——

HIS LORDSHIP.—Sit down, sir.

Mr. Gray tried to justify his position, but he might as well have tried to get back the snow which fell in his childhood. His sentence was decreed in the Castle.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.—Do justice to Mr. Gray.

HIS LORDSHIP.—Remove that man; he has no right to be there at all.

MR. O'BRIEN.—My Lord——

HIS LORDSHIP.—Remove him at once from the court.

A police constable then touched Mr. O'Brien on the shoulder, and he arose and left the court.

Judge Lawson then proceeded to pass sentence on Mr. Gray. After a long preamble, he said:

“I therefore feel bound, in the exercise of the undoubted discretion which is vested in me, both to imprison and fine. Accordingly the sentence of the court is that (it appearing that these articles committed contempt of court) you Edmund Dwyer Gray be imprisoned for the term of three calendar months, and pay a fine to her Majesty the Queen of £500;

and after the termination of that three months to give securities (yourself in £5,000 and two securities in £2,500 each) to be of good behaviour and to keep the peace for the term of six months; or in default to be imprisoned for a further term of three months. Let Mr. Gray be now taken into custody."

The officials of the court were puzzled what to do; there was no precedent for thus arbitrarily arresting a High Sheriff; but the instructions of the amiable Judge Lawson were from a higher source, and from a man equally as amiable and just, the sanctimonious Mr. Gladstone. The order was repeated in still more peremptory tones. Thus Mr. E. D. Gray, High Sheriff and Imperial Legislator—which honours O'Connell had opened up to him—had to go to prison; for that great Irishman whom Mr. Gray and his friends were doing honour to, a few days previously, by unveiling his statue, had neglected to place a barrier, by some oversight, between Irishmen and arbitrary arrest; so that Mr. O'Connell's "Imperial" Legislators have often since, and recently, aired these honours as inmates of a gaol.

Mr. Gray, a loyal subject of the House of Hanover, who always scolded those wicked physical force men and tried to lecture them into a fitting state of respect and reverence for the authority of that good and great Hanoverian lady who wears the crown of the Guelphs,—Mr. Gray was sent off to Richmond Bridewell, escorted by a troop of Hussars, and there he was taught that wholesome moral lesson: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well."

Mr. Gray's paper, the *Freeman*, complained that Catholic jurors were told to stand aside. That they were so told is unquestioned, but, as stated, it was not because of their religion, but because of their National tendencies or supposed National tendencies in the eyes of these gangrened employees of the "Grand Old Man." The foreman of Francis Hynes's jury, Mr. James Barrett, J.P., who so heroically defended his brother jurors, was a Catholic of the Catholics. He was the devoted servant, and faithful friend, of his

Eminence Cardinal McCabe, the then Archbishop of Dublin. No man could look with more horror than he did upon Orangemen; he hated them as a faithful henchman of Mr. Gladstone, and as a West British Liberal; he looked upon them with horror as a zealous son of the Church. . . .¹

This assize over which Judge Lawson, presided, produced a generous supply of perjury on the part of the witnesses, an equal abundance of prejudice and cringeing servility on the part of the jury, and of bitter unrelenting partisanship on the part of the judge, who was also one of the Executive Council who ordered these arrests, the subjects of which he was to go through the mockery of trying. This assize turned out enough victims for the scaffold and dungeon for one short, maiden effort of the Crimes machine, which must have made glad the heart of the benevolent Mr. Gladstone, from whom all blessings flow to Ireland. . . .

Mr. William O'Brien, in his paper, went so far as to state that Lord Spencer hanged these men, full well knowing at the time that they were innocent; but that he wanted victims. In this very strong statement, he was endorsed by his Parliamentary colleagues; and there is no reason, as already stated, to doubt the truth of this most damning indictment.

This "Bloody Assize" was the opening of gentle John Poyntz's mild sway, which was only different from Forster's by its quadrupled cruelty. Where Mr. Forster arrested as a "suspect," my Lord Spencer arrested with the full determination, right or wrong, if not to punish the actual perpetrators of these alleged local crimes, at least to hang or imprison somebody, no matter whom, if he was a hostile Irishman. And behind these Irish tragic scenes sat England's gentle Premier, Mr. Gladstone, guiding and controlling his Irish lambs. The good shepherd sat playing the same soft dulcet strains to which the lamblike Mr. Forster danced. He had now attuned his pipes to a sylvan measure, which the

¹ See Appendix A, p. 547.

“Red Earl” ambled to with grace and ease ; and the judges juries, and perjurers trod the goodly measure in excellent time, in such perfection that the court-house dock became a very shambles, while Mr. Marwood (the common hangman) also ambled with such vigour, that the gentle English shepherd’s victims were bowed into eternity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARREST OF INVINCIBLES—THE "STAR CHAMBER" INQUIRY.

ON the night of Friday, January 13, 1883, and the morning of Saturday, January 14, the British forces, or that portion of them comprised under the name of detectives, policemen, and marines, made a swoop on several houses in Dublin city ; and in the small hours of the Saturday morning made prisoners of fifteen new victims. Many of these men were arrested in bed. It was evident that the British officials expected resistance, for they went armed and in sufficient numbers to overcome all opposition. The Irishmen arrested, were not expecting these midnight visitors, and whatever arms they were possessed of were safely put away. The police procured no weapons, neither did they seize any documents ; probably there were none of these latter to seize.

The British love of bringing in their naval forces at every imaginable contingency, has been mentioned. At this period of the British invasion of Ireland, they were compelled to reinforce their occupying army in Dublin city, by sending a large contingent of marines to do police duty or what the invaders so termed in Ireland, where the seeking for and arresting of Irish Nationalists who are opposed to alien rule form the greater portion of these so-called police duties. For in spite of the great power of the invading army and police, Irishmen will continue to plot and to endeavour, if not to drive away, to at least make the enemy feel he occupies a hostile country.

The writer remembers arriving in Dublin about this period, and when entering a cab to drive to the hotel he noticed a stalwart stranger take his seat beside the driver. On arriving at the hotel he asked the cabman who his fellow-occupant on the box-seat was ; and he replied in the humorous tones of a Dublin carman : " He is guarding you. He is one of the marines that the English, God bless them ! sent over to take care of us." The cabman shrugged his shoulders, and went off with a broad grin upon his expressive face. The writer entered the hotel, deeply grateful for the care taken by her Britannic Majesty's Royal Navy.

The men arrested in this midnight raid were : James Carey, Thomas Martin, Joseph Hanlon, Peter Doyle, Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Robert Farrell, John Dwyer, Henry Rowles, Edward McCaffray, Daniel Delany, Joseph Mullet, James Mullet, Peter Carey, William Moroney, and Daniel Curley. On the morning of January 13, 1883, they were arraigned before the sitting magistrate, and without the slightest evidence being offered, or any charge preferred against them, they were remanded for one week and committed to prison without bail.

These arrests came about in this way. As already stated, when James Carey was arrested as a "suspect" six months previous, John Fitzsimons, his lodger, discovered arms in the loft of the tenement house. The old man at first did not acquaint the British officials with the news, but secreted them in another part of the attic. He took no further action. Some days after this Mrs. Carey, accompanied by a man, as afterwards stated in evidence, entered the loft. Fitzsimons, on the alert, watched them, and nervous that his prize might escape, cupidity overcame his fears. He rushed to the police office and returned with the officials, who found the arms where Fitzsimons pointed out, Mrs. Carey and her escort having left the premises after an apparently fruitless search, if that was their mission.

When the enemy discovered the peculiar class of arms

seized, he felt satisfied he had got the first clue to the 6th of May "suppressions" and was convinced he had the actual weapons used.

It might reasonably be expected that a wealthy Government could command agents of sufficient ability and judgment to keep secret what it considered an important clue in the discovery of the revolutionary organisation that had inaugurated a new species of warfare against them. But this was not so. This seizure had been scarcely affected, when, from the supposed sealed doors of Scotland Yard, it reached the ears of the Irish National Government. The British officials boasted in circles which they considered confidential, of their fortunate capture. They said that they had discovered in the person of a respectable Dublin mechanic, the leader of these terrible conspirators. It will be remembered by those who read the opening of these so-called trials that the British believed, or for some purpose wished the public to believe, that Carey was a leader among the INVINCIBLES. The action of the British agents in Irish political affairs has been one series of stupid blunders. They were now, they considered, in possession of a valuable clue; and having, as before mentioned, crowed about their victory, they set about trying to follow up the traces so opportunely placed in their hands. Having no specific indictment to bring against Carey, they felt compelled to release him in September, at the expiration of the "Suspect" Act; it was, however, a convenient excuse to let him out, and to watch his movements. This they did, but no clue—not the faintest—was derived from this careful espionage. Time passed; they began to despair of unravelling any further portion of this mystery, when another chapter of accidents dropped something into their arms unexpectedly; then these astute and wise British agents, called, as if in sarcasm, "secret police," got a more important clue still.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Justice Lawson arbitrarily sent a British-connection-loving yet withal a leading Provincialist to prison, Mr. E. D. Gray, the High Sheriff of

Dublin city. Judge Lawson's whole career was passed in the British service, and like a good many of his colleagues he confounded gentlemen such as Mr. Gray—who like the hero in Marryat's story, wished to argue the point with the English—with those men who believed in the potency of using the "point" to get rid of foreign usurpation. Consequently Judge Lawson was bitterly disliked in all National and Provincial circles, probably more so in the latter, as the "Constitutionalists" concentrate all their energies in strong feeling.

After Mr. Gray's sentence, this feeling of dislike to Judge Lawson was intensified, and detestation of the judge was the prevailing sentiment in all circles in Dublin.

One Saturday night the citizens were surprised to hear that, in spite of his guard, a man had attempted to shoot the judge in Nassau Street, near the Kildare Street Club House; but that he was overpowered and captured. The account stated that the man was noticed by Lawson's guard—which consisted of three armed marines and four armed constables—to act in a strange manner; twice crossing the street he was seen to approach the judge; the last time he was stopped in the act of drawing a revolver and was captured. The name of this man was Patrick Delaney.

Judge Lawson left his home carefully guarded and walked down Merrion Square, then up Leinster Street and on towards the Kildare Street Club; he was proceeding *en route* to his destination at Henrietta Street, to attend a dinner given by one of the so-called legal societies. Patrick Delaney was evidently following the judge for some purpose, and was suddenly seized with the impulse of shooting him. It is not believed that that was his original mission, and if, as reported, he was a member of any revolutionary movement, he must have violated his instructions.¹

The Latin races have a large amount of mercurial and excitable characteristics, very noble in some cases, but when this feeling controls the judgment it frequently leads to

¹ See Appendix K, p. 570.

disaster. Delany was influenced by nervous excitement ; he literally got intoxicated with recklessness ; he was no more master of his own actions than a man under the influence of alcohol. He ran up to the marines guarding the judge, and clutching one of them by the arm, loudly whispered, " It's all right." He then crossed to the College railings on the opposite side and as quickly re-crossed, repeating this movement twice ; then suddenly appearing in the presence of the judge, he was overpowered by the guards and brought off, a struggling captive, on an outside car to gaol.

It would be difficult to tell whether Delany or the judge's guards were the most stupid ; it was evident that Judge Lawson's life was very little guarded by his five armed protectors, and Delany, if he was sane, could easily have shot him at that time. Why they did not arrest this excitable madman on his first approaching them is incomprehensible, considering the special duty they were on. Delany's arrest was the pin-hole by which the British hoped to brighten their vision. No statement could be got from their new-made prisoner ; but they knew they had him in their power, and were prepared to apply moral torture, in order to wring some information from him.

He was defended by lawyers who are a part of the machinery of foreign rule in Ireland—a monstrous inconsistency, which had been practised by Irish revolutionary Nationalists for many generations. James Stephens was the only Irish leader who did not stultify himself by making defence in a British dock. The Irish people are not properly educated on this important principle ; they think they are deserted by their friends if not defended by lawyers. The British, as a matter of course, will either hang or imprison any enemy to their rule they can capture ; and these mock trials have no bearing on the result. Irish patriots have no right to complain ; it is a death struggle which means either death to the invaders, or the invaded.

Irish patriots know they face death or imprisonment, in every move they make ; but it is their duty, in spite of these,

to strike the foe, when, and how they can; they must face the issue boldly; men must die sometimes, and a nation which cannot command the sacrifice of her sons will always remain subject to foreign power. Ireland has plenty of brave daring men to take every chance and face any danger to serve her, but their leaders are unfortunately weaklings and too fond of agitation; their cowardice and hesitation are strangling their unhappy country.

Patrick Delany was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Then commenced Delany's ordeal. The British secret police all this time were busily gleaning what information they could as to Delany's associates, and the men who employed the lawyers who defended him. They carefully traced the antecedents of these men and their friends. In the midst of their espionage and care, guarding all their hirelings by an unusual display of armed force, Dublin was startled by an attack made on one of the twelve men whom William O'Brien exposed for their infamous conduct; one of the brutal jurors of the murdered Francis Hynes. This man had a miraculous escape. With all their precautions and care, and armed as they considered themselves in every possible way against the Irish enemy, here was another and nearly a fatal swoop made by their mysterious foes, and the men, whoever they were, that attacked the British juror, disappeared, leaving no traces of their whereabouts.¹

Another proclamation was hurriedly issued; the Dublin Castle rulers were alarmed. Spencer, who was carefully guarded by half a troop of cavalry, looked anxious and careworn as he rode through the streets of the hostile city. Did Spencer's guards preserve his life while he was enforcing his Crimes Bill, and enjoying his "battues of hangings," from the accidental and impulsive attack of some outraged native of the island? Possibly yes. But not from any Irish organised assault. There were men in Dublin who would

¹ See Appendix L, p. 571.

have attacked him in open day, and even in defiance of his uniformed banditti have slain the tyrant. True, the greater portion of these patriots would have fallen in the assault. There are times in the history of nations when such sacrifices are not only a duty but become imperative. Such was the condition of Ireland at that time.

The Castle proclamation, in addition to the original rewards of £10,000 and £5,000, supplemented these by a reward of £1,000 for the slightest useful hearsay evidence. But all in vain, for Irish Revolutionists are foremost in the history of mankind in their faith and loyalty to each other. In every revolutionary epoch in Europe or in any country, there were more erring and traitorous slaves to be found, than can be traced in Ireland's history. The contrary false statement has been so circulated abroad by the infamous, slanderous and treacherous foe, that even some Irishmen believe this abominable lie. British gold has manufactured perjurers, and for Britain's own vile ends these men were dubbed informers, or traitors; but from the ranks of the patriots they have succeeded in but very few instances. And in modern times, all these of any notice have been executed in spite of British protection.

Not one man, not even the poorest or humblest within the ranks of the INVINCIBLES, ever for a moment felt dazzled by these enormous bribes; other Irish movements have had one or two foul traitors in their ranks, but inside this heroic organisation not one, not a single individual, would betray to the foe any important secret for the wealth of the British treasury.

These rewards brought a plentiful crop of perjurers; the police, especially the higher and more venal officials, tempted by the gold, aided in procuring these. This outside information, the Castle people knew, was fabricated by those who volunteered these statements. They turned these people over to George Bolton, their infamous Crown Solicitor, a useful instrument to manufacture any evidence necessary to murder an Irishman by the mockery of a trial.

They had Delany in their power, and were determined to squeeze the very soul out of him by every species of mental torture, until they got him to admit that he knew certain men, whom they suspected of being members of the hostile organisation ; but beyond this, Delany would not go at that time.

Remembering the capture of arms in James Carey's house, learning who his friends were, and coupling these facts with Delany's admissions in prison, they commenced a number of haphazard arrests. These men were brought before John Curran, the presiding genius of this secret "Star Chamber," and, subject to his legal scalping knife, they were examined by this suave Mephistopheles, the cruel counterpart without the ability, of Goethe's creation. Strange to say, this man had been engaged to defend Mr. Parnell, Mr. Egan, and other traversers in a previous trial. What a satire on the employment of lawyers in a political trial where the enemy controls both attack and defence !

Among the principal "Star Chamber" arrests were James Carey, James Mullet, Daniel Curley, and Joseph Brady. Bolton's staff of perjurers were at hand to identify these men ; the Castle people were determined to convict some of them in any event. They were examined, and every ingenuity used to extract information, but all to no purpose.

The British felt compelled to make this plunge, for the Dublin and other anti-Irish jurors in their interests were getting panic-stricken after the attack on Juror Field. They were asking for protection in open court ; the Government felt they must make a *coup d'état*, or their mock constitutional machinery would be useless ; already the INVINCIBLES, or some body of men, had put it sadly out of gear.

One fact they had made up their minds about—this mysterious conspiracy was purely of native growth. Their hackneyed cry of foreign elements, and transatlantic origin, was of no use here. The men suspected had never been out of Ireland.

These suspects were brought before England's inquisitor,

John Curran, to undergo the crucial ordeal of having their intellects put in competition with this trained master of fence in words, this able and subtle lawyer. Around them were displayed some of the forces of the enemy, ready to obey the slightest nod from their suave chief Mallon, who, cat-like, watched every movement, now and again purring as he looked in the eyes of the black-browed inquisitor on the bench. . . .

Any man in possession of the key to the revolutionary situation, could readily understand from the questions put by Curran, that the British were completely at sea. Dickens's gentleman who got the head of Charles the First into everything had a counterpart in that black whiskered, sallow-faced inquisitor, for a priest, or one who passed as a priest, got into every other question put by him. The young lady in Thackeray's novel who played "Such a getting upstairs," never performed that classic piece with a greater number of variations than did Mr. Curran in his attempts to try and get upstairs into the intellects of the prisoners before his seat of torture ; but that wise and well-informed pincers of alien rule in Ireland put questions easily answered. The priestly gentleman he was alluding to, the head of Charles the First in his queries, had no more to do with the event about which he was trying to elucidate information, than Thackeray's tune and its performer. Inquisitor Curran was mixing up different and distinct undertakings, and with his pestle was pounding in the mortar the different ingredients to make an excellent "olla podrida ;" but instead of unravelling the threads of what he termed "a terrible conspiracy," he was confusing himself, and puzzling those he questioned as to what he was really driving at. Oh, wise grand juries who bring in British verdicts so complacently, what Solons are you ! One thing he succeeded in doing with the men before him who were determined to admit nothing : they actually went so far as to deny knowing one another. This might be called superfluous caution and bad judgment, but the subtlety and deep schem-

ing of the Inquisitor must be recognised, as well as the oiliness of his feline friend Mallon, who kept purring his sweet song of friendship and advice into their ears "to tell all," accompanied by the basso threats of the inquisitor, "Answer this question, or I'll have you on the table" varied with, "Answer, or I'll commit you,"—for Joseph Brady was detained in prison two nights; but from none of the men could any threats wring the smallest useful information. James Carey, and Kavanagh the carman were firm through this trying ordeal and in their lack of knowledge; and the Inquisitor dismissed them. Thus ended the Castle torture scenes, Act 1.

These three officials of the enemy, Messrs. Bolton, Curran, and Mallon, had now completed their arrangements, and, as mentioned in the opening of this chapter, at midnight on January 13, 1883 they made these fifteen arrests, unaware of what the ramifications of the INVINCIBLE movement were. They considered that hour the best to select to arrest men whom they knew, if in any way identified with the Phoenix Park tragedy, could not easily be captured if on the alert.

From the number of men afterwards released and not brought to trial, the enemy evidently made these arrests on very vague suspicion; they succeeded, however, after a short time in procuring a witness from the prisoners, though apparently a man who could scarcely be said to belong to the National ranks. He was, however, useful to them in a measure by his public appearance on the witness stand, in corroborating the lies about informers which they were pouring into the ears of the imprisoned men. The name of this witness was Robert Farrell.

Farrell's first appearance on the witness stand was on the second day's trial, Saturday, January 2, 1883; nothing of importance was elicited; another remand was asked for, and of course granted. Farrell's evidence gave the clue to the press, that the British were on the right track. At first the newspapers were sceptical of any results coming from the

trials. But Ireland's foreign rulers had little real information ; so far the thumb-screw and rack of mental agony had weakened no man ; their work was still undone.

They now commenced a system of moving the prisoners about in special squads, and, with subtle cunning, tried to impress on the minds of one batch, what information they had procured from the others. Mallon purred away among them with his claws carefully concealed, suppressing his rage with great care ; but the softer he purred, the more was he on the alert to capture a witness from among the men.

The third day's examination, Saturday, January 27, 1883, came, and still no informers. Were ever torturers more to be pitied ? During these two weeks the prisoners had been suffering a thousand deaths in the artificial terrors and agonies with which intellect, when devilishly applied, can harass those in man's power. At this third examination the enemy demanded from their satrap on the bench a longer remand ; the men felt they were standing the ordeal well, and wished their fate decided ; the innuendoes and slanders on their character, were told to them by their visiting relatives.

In the meantime the detectives were on the lookout for every man they suspected, and succeeded in capturing two additional prisoners, Thomas Caffrey and John Fitzharris, the latter known by the sobriquet of "Skin the Goat." It has often been a puzzle, reading of these events, that these two men last arrested were not assisted in leaving the country ; they had ample time to have crossed the Atlantic from the time of the first arrests ; it was deplorable neglect, to say the least of it, somewhere.

The fourth day's preliminary trial came, Monday, February 5, and no fresh evidence ; another remand was asked for and granted. The arrest of Fitzharris enabled Mallon to put a ruse into practice to try and procure another witness. He knew that there was a personal difference between the car-drivers, Kavanagh and Fitzharris, a matter of long-standing dispute. One morning they were both brought from their

cells, and taken to the prison courtyard. Kavanagh's outside car was there, and Mallon told him to get upon the box and drive around the yard, to see if Alice Carroll would recognise his seat on the box. This girl had sworn that she followed the car on the night of the attack on Juror Field—a piece of concocted and wilful perjury. Her story was false from first to last. During the time Kavanagh was driving round, Mallon engaged Fitzharris in conversation. Mallon purposely assumed an air of great mystery and earnestness while talking and listening to Fitzharris's replies, the subject they were discussing having no reference to politics. The superintendent's unusually solemn manner was noticed by Kavanagh, and he feared Fitzharris was giving information; a scowl of wrath was visible on his face; Mallon thought the poison was working. He ordered Kavanagh down, and told Fitzharris to take his seat upon the car and drive round. With a look of triumph on his face, Mallon commenced making notes of the imaginary information, furtively watching the effect on Kavanagh, to whom he did not speak. After a few turns he called Fitzharris to him, and seizing him confidentially by the collar, he whispered some pleasantries in low tones. Fitzharris suspecting this display of friendship was to induce him to give information, secretly enjoyed the discomfiture of Mallon. But Mallon entertained no such idea; he knew torture would not wring any knowledge from Fitzharris. He used Fitzharris as a trap to weaken Kavanagh, and to induce him to become a Crown witness. He dismissed both men, and 'after the lapse of about an hour he entered Kavanagh's cell, and commenced a friendly conversation with him, telling him that all the men had volunteered to become approvers for the Crown to save their lives, and that "Skin the goat" had made a clean breast of it that morning. Kavanagh had been told a portion of this story before, but always received it with sullen silence. He was enraged with Fitzharris, and having witnessed the cleverly arranged manœuvre of Mallon that morning, believed that he was telling the truth. He replied in angry tones that he would get

even with Fitzharris, and volunteered to give evidence. At first Mallon appeared to hesitate ; he had so much evidence already (the usual stereotyped British lie), but afterwards he accepted. Kavanagh was brought before the master spirit that guided the perjurers, George Bolton, and the INVINCIBLE cardriver forgetting in his temper the horror, infamy, treason, and certain fate of the dreaded " informer," had his information taken down and arranged by Bolton for Saturday's trial.

On Saturday, February 10, the fifth preliminary examination took place. The British were confident they had a trump card in the cardriver, and were certain that the fortress of concealed information was tottering under their blows. When Myles Kavanagh was called to the witness table, there was great astonishment visible in the faces of the men in the dock ; more especially was this noticeable in the nervous action of James Carey, who had hitherto displayed an air of aggressive bravado, kid-gloved, and smoking cigars to and from the court-house to the prison. But when Kavanagh's evidence was analysed, it did not appear to throw very much additional light on the situation. He was not aware, according to his statements, for what purpose he was used by the orders of those who controlled his movements ; he was an Irish Revolutionist who obeyed his orders unquestioned. His drive from the park on that 6th of May evening was the sensational *pièce de résistance* of his evidence. The Crown asked for a short remand until Thursday, February 15.

After the evidence of Kavanagh, the British felt the necessity of getting either Carey, Curley, or James Mullet, as witnesses. They considered these men could give them some clue to the intricate labyrinth which perplexed them. Having these men completely in their power, they spread broadcast on the wings of calumny the statement that all three were only too eager to purchase safety by laying bare the secrets of their heart to the British officials. This scandal was so cleverly concocted that the families of all these men

believed the story true of the others. A writer observed, alluding to some one who professed to despise this hideous monster, "Calumny, sir! You do not know what you disdain. I have seen the worthiest of men all but ruined by it. Believe me, there is no wickedness however ignoble, no horror, no story, however absurd, that you may not make the idlers of a great city believe, if you set yourself to it. And we have people here so clever at the work. . . ."

This calumny has eaten away the characters of most reputable men in the National ranks ere now; how much more easy could it work its vile ends to steal away the good name and honour of these imprisoned men! Those who knew him would as soon believe that Robert Emmet offered to turn informer, as Daniel Curley. He was one of God's noblest creations, and had always been a true, honest, and fearless Nationalist. Mr. James Mullet was of an impulsive nature, a man who often acted without thought, and might possibly under such impetuous feelings commit acts of indiscretion, but treason never; he was a true and manly Irish Nationalist and the very soul of honour. It was a foul lie, to try and blacken this brave Irishman's name with this false and unsupported charge. It is possible that Carey, who was weakening, believed this story of the other two men; but they did not think so of him. What some people in Dublin feared came true; Carey's wife was the first to move. She went to Mallon, as she expressed it, to save her husband, and being in possession of the information known to him, satisfied Mallon that he would have a trump card in placing Carey on the witness table. Kavanagh's appearance as a witness helped to corroborate Mallon's statement that he was keeping back other important testimony, and urged on by the appeals of his wife, Carey finally succumbed. At first he was indignant at his wife's statements, for along with his lifetime's detestation of an informer he dreaded the doom that would always remain suspended over him as chief traitor to his comrades; but the belief implanted in his weak mind, that it was a race between Curley and himself decided the issue

—for this foul lie was purred out with proper emphasis by the feline Mallon. So Carey fell, and the machinery of British rule in Ireland dreamed they had found a saviour.

The man was now sold over to his wretched destiny. He, who the previous day had before him a patriot's death, was now steeped in the slime of poisonous treachery, and his name stained for all generations, not only of Irishmen, but all patriotic liberty-loving mankind. By one fell stroke he had precipitated himself from virtue to infamy. The British enemy tried to get information he did not possess, and some of which was not true but merely the offspring of their own suspicions. Every kind of gossip which ever came to Carey's ears, they tried to distort into evidence. Mr. Frank Byrne, the Land League secretary, Carey never saw in his life. These two men had never met, and yet this gentleman was included in his list of suspected persons. It may be said of Carey in the lines of Seneca, "Courage leads to heaven, fear to death." He was dead to every feeling which hitherto animated him; every shred of news he could give to the Treasury solicitor, Mr. Bolton (whose own infamous career was exposed later on), he did, and Bolton put them together. His Phoenix Park story was a miserable picture; Carey was ordered away before a blow was struck. He was a coward and so fell, and with the aid of his more contemptible *confrère*, George Bolton, the two worthies tried to save British rule in Ireland.

Of the officers or Executive of the INVINCIBLE movement, neither Carey nor any other Crown witness could offer the faintest conjecture. And when the Privy Council read the information of their leading witness, Dublin Castle was very much dissatisfied at Carey's limited knowledge. Speculation of the wildest and most reckless kind took the place of absolute information; no man whom they suspected of hostility to their rule, was safe from attack and possible arrest as an INVINCIBLE.

The one advantage of Carey's evidence was the seeming truthfulness with which they could now invest the coming

trials, by putting so important a witness as a man they called a leader, on the witness table. Yet, after all, in a conquered country this did not so much matter; their perjurers could easily satisfy the partisan and prejudiced juries, selected from their own ranks, to bring in suitable verdicts.

But they hoped—and strained every energy—to spread demoralisation through the Irish revolutionary ranks, and among the masses of the Nationalists; they particularly wished the people to believe they were possessed of information of the most secret and important nature as to Irish projects; and they impressed, through the press and other channels, upon the Irish masses, the fact that Carey was the head of the Dublin organisation, and that he organised the movement to betray it. Several of the Provincialists played into their hands by ringing the changes on this absurd statement. There may have been a little panic in the ranks of the Provincialists who had changed front by embracing doctrines more extreme than those hitherto adopted by the party of action—there were a few of those revolutionary neophytes, but the men who are to be counted on, when active work against England is made possible, looked upon these bogus terrors with indifference. “Constant exposure to dangers will breed a contempt for them,” so that the feline Mallon and others of his species, will have more purring to do before they succeed in planting such feelings in Nationalist Irish circles as they would wish to see there.

The morning of Thursday, February 15, 1883, the sixth day of the preliminary examination before the police magistrates, saw no change in the previous hearings. Carey, who had committed treason the day before, stood for the last time in the dock beside the men whom he had already betrayed. Near by him was his young friend Joseph Brady, who greeted him with the usual friendship. Carey's youngest child, a few months old, had Joseph Brady for sponsor, for James Carey had always professed great personal friendship

for Brady—the godfather of his young babe, against whom Carey was as merciless as against Daniel Curley, whom he believed had premeditated the same treachery as he himself had already practised. Truly saith Cæsar, “In extreme danger, fear feels no pity.” How degraded had Carey become through that wretched vice of cowardice! And yet his defection was not the cause of his companions’ death, as some of the people think. Their deaths were certain, even if Carey or Kavanagh had not mounted the witness table or given to the enemy the slightest information.

British suspicions, as already stated, and the evidence of their trained perjurers, would have enabled them to go through the form of trial successfully; it would only have necessitated a little more hard swearing on the part of their witnesses, which made little difference to those well-paid satellites of British law in Ireland. But Carey’s defection gave the British Government the opportunity of posing as the great moral reformer, and the more indignant the Irish people grew, the more lavish in their condemnation of Carey’s infamy, the more they were playing the British game of showing to the world how horrified the good citizens of Dublin were at these wicked opponents of British rule in Ireland.

And Mr. Torquemada Curran stroked his beard in his inquisitorial chair in the Castle, and began to dream of a judgeship in the near future. And the detective chief Mallon licked his lips with satisfaction, and purred his song of pleasure at the result of his labours; promotion and gold were hanging suspended before his pleased vision, soon to be all his own. And Treasury solicitor Bolton, who was preparing the legal machinery, the forms by which Britain sends her Irish enemies to the scaffold and the dungeon, also saw before him a rich harvest of gold to spend with his associates. The presiding genie of Downing Street, Mr. Gladstone, was pleased at his agents’ work, and money was supplied unstintingly from the British Treasury.

On Saturday, February 18, 1883, in the Court-house, Kilmainham, the British Government in Ireland launched its great

thunderbolt—James Carey, as a public informer ; and in order to impress upon the world the importance of their new witness they were particular in giving his social status as Town Councillor to the press. Dublin city was astounded, all Ireland was horrified, and British journals rang the changes on Irish treachery and duplicity ; and the good Irish newspapers which are always inveighing against English misgovernment, read their countrymen a moral lesson on the evils of secret societies and of the great benefits of peaceful and legal agitation. . . .

In the British Commons about the time of these INVINCIBLE arrests, a debate took place, which gave Mr. Gladstone's former Irish taskmaster, Mr. Forster, an opportunity to make a violent attack upon Mr. Parnell ; and to accuse that peace-loving Irish leader of being the principal cause of crime and outrage in Ireland. Mr. Forster's attack was a very violent one, and he marshalled all the facts which his position as Chief Secretary enabled him to furnish. These acts in the agricultural districts which Mr. Forster spoke of were the outcome of British misrule and plunder, and were more naturally the outcome of moral agitation than physical resistance to alien rule. In the footsteps of a peaceable agitation, these retaliations for injuries always take place ; they are in no sense any opposition to the cause which fosters these injuries, and are in fact more an injury than a service to that cause ; for although the people are advised to peacefully follow a certain course and they will be sure to win, they cannot resist the temptation of enforcing this programme by physical attack upon those of their neighbours who resist its mandates by taking evicted farms, and other acts of mercenary selfishness, which draw down retaliation ; and so the national hatred of tyranny is wasted, warring upon each other for the benefit of the common enemy, which is not the landlord nor the policeman, but the diabolical master of both these scourges—foreign rule.

XIX

TRIAL OF THE CAPTURED INVINCIBLES—EXECUTION OF BRADY AND OTHERS.

ON Monday, April 9, 1883, the curtain arose in Green Street court-house, Dublin, upon the mock ceremonial entitled the trial of the INVINCIBLES. . . .

Escorted by a troop of dragoons, and preceded by mounted police, comes the black caravan from Kilmainham Gaol. The clatter of the accoutrements and the glitter of drawn sabres, suggest the escort of a prince or potentate rather than the careful guarding of five INVINCIBLES. The doors of the van are unlocked, and out step, in the midst of these armed British, Joseph Brady, Daniel Curley, Thomas Caffrey, Timothy Kelly, and John Fitzharris with the appearance and mien of spectators. They do not look like principals in the bloody drama that court-house is about to witness. Not one of these men but know they face certain death, and yet they are the only light-hearted men there. A few days before, walking in the prison ring during recreation hour, Timothy Kelly, with the merry raillery of the noble boy's light heart, said jokingly to Joseph Brady that they had good necks for the rope ; and they laughed and passed along that Irish badinage which might better suit a scene of festivity than the confines of a prison. Not all the artificial terrors of British vengeance could rob them of their gay Irish hearts. . . . The grand jury find true bills against Joseph Brady, and his trial is fixed for Wednesday ; by and by the grand jury return true bills against the other four.

Wednesday morning comes, and Joseph Brady takes his stand within the dock. He is now alone, more utterly alone than even the absence of his comrades and former companions could make him feel. He is there without a friend or one kindly look of sympathy. The cheers of the outside crowd have died away, and the mock ceremonial, the certain sequel of which he knows so well, has commenced. Mr. McCune, his solicitor, has not deserted him, but otherwise he is utterly neglected. His enemy, the British, has to appoint counsel to defend him, a defence which he knows can be of no avail, but which his teachers taught him is one of the necessary ceremonies to be observed on such occasions; and the absence of all friends and means to employ counsel brings home to his manly spirit the bitter, humiliating feeling that he is utterly neglected. That the basest treason and cowardice rest somewhere, he feels and knows, but cannot and does not know at whose door they lie. The counsel for the British makes his statement of the case.¹ Mr. Porter's opening words he does not heed, but he listens when he hears his enemy's lawyer speak thus:

"This case should teach one lesson—that there could be no honour among members of such a society. The men who had instigated it and warmed it into life, the men who had supplied it with funds which encouraged it to carry on its designs, had fled to foreign lands. If there was any proof of how conspirators deserted those who were leagued with them, it was furnished by the fact that the Crown had, even in this case, been compelled to provide the means for defending Brady from this terrible charge."

Mr. Porter was wrong: the men had not fled to any foreign land. A few, very few, were compelled—not to glut British vengeance by their deaths—to come to America. But the men at the head of the movement had not fled; there was no need for them to do so. Still their cowardly and craven spirits had fled, and selfishness had taken their place. Had they manhood and the practical knowledge they should have

¹ See Appendix G., p. 559.

possessed, they could have given joy to Joseph Brady by the only defence practical for Irishmen. There were plenty of brave men in Dublin only too eager to carry out some plan of attack upon the foe. Even while Mr. Porter was speaking they could have made Dublin ring with the INVINCIBLES answer—that they had not fled, but were still determined to do or die. Alas, for Ireland, her leaders were cravens. . . .

On Friday, April 13, 1883, Joseph Brady's so-called trial ended. An English writer who was present thus described the scene: "There was a rustle and movement in the court as the jury rose from their seats and retired to consider their verdict. . . . From the door at the back of the gallery, the foreman of the jury was seen descending, followed by his colleagues, to take his place in the accustomed seat. Without a moment's delay the judge was summoned, and the prisoner was brought up from below. He may have known from the fact of the jury having returned, that he was a doomed man; yet he braced himself up boldly to meet the sentence, and stood there, with head erect, facing the court as if he at least could never say die.

"Very slowly the jury passed into their box, looking every one of them, pale, and burdened with the weight of the awful responsibility resting upon them. As their names were being called over, Joe Brady took several long breaths and threw his head up and his chest out; but that he, too, felt the moment an awful crisis, was apparent from his restless shifting of position and the constant twitching of his face. Then came the solemn words, 'Are you agreed upon your verdict? Do you find the prisoner Joseph Brady guilty or not guilty?' In a scarcely audible voice the foreman said, 'Guilty,' and the clerk of the Crown repeated it once more to make sure Joe Brady was not overcome by the verdict. The emotion he felt, he managed to conceal, as far as was possible for any man to do. He fell back upon that tremendous reserve of strength of will, resolution of purpose, and stubborn pride and hatred which evidently belong to him. . . .

“The judge directed the clerk to ask the formal question of the prisoner, whether he had any reason to allege why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

“Joe Brady’s reply was characteristic of the man. ‘I am not guilty!’ he half hissed, half shouted out, with a strong Irish accent, and with a voice husky with passion. ‘I am not guilty of the charge!’ he shouted again, and savagely denounced what he called paid informers ‘who had sworn falsely against him.’ Then he ceased.

“The judge, leaning forward in his chair, proceeded to say that the verdict was a necessary and just one. Once again the dauntless occupant of the dock shouted out that he was not guilty; but the judge rejoined in solemn tones that he felt it his duty to state that he perfectly concurred in the justice of the verdict. He formally, amid profound silence, passed the last dread sentence.

“As the warder summoned him to withdraw, he turned to his counsel, and said in a voice of cheerfulness: ‘I thank you, Dr. Webb; I thank you, Mr. Adams.’”

Joseph Brady was sentenced to be hanged on Monday, May 14, 1883. . . .

The Blackrock station-master, who had the manhood to acknowledge personal friendship and intimacy with Joseph Brady, at a time when to do so required strong moral courage, thus describes his young friend, and a morning’s ramble they had together: “I remember a day spent in Joseph Brady’s company. The boy liked my society, and I enjoyed his. No two youths ever started forth together for the enjoyment of a holiday, half so light-hearted, jocose, and happy as did we that morning. Joseph Brady, as usual when on holiday rambles, was neatly dressed in a well-fitting black frock coat and gloves; and altogether he was ‘a very pretty fellow.’ The day was beautifully fine, and as we were being carried along by the base of Killiney hill, which overhangs the bay, I permitted my fancy to take wing along the brown hillside, to nestle among the Swiss cottages and brushwood which cover it; and his fancy joining mine, both seemed to leave the

shore, the hills, and gambolled as butterflies in sunbeams. On reaching Bray we walked down the esplanade, and on to Bray Head. I felt in Brady's society that the youthful side of my dual nature developed itself, and 'I dreamed I was a boy again.' Nay, I was a boy again, and as boys do not bother about politics we enjoyed that pleasant Wicklow ramble together, which comes back upon my memory with sadness and pleasure: sadness that one so young and having such noble traits of character, which grew upon me in his society, should be so sacrificed; pleasure that I can recall past happy hours. Joseph Brady was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old; he stood about five feet ten inches in height, with dark-brown hair and incipient moustache. His step was light, buoyant, and firm, his small and perfectly formed feet appearing to grasp the ground with the tenacity of the human hand. His mien was erect and graceful, giving him the appearance of a greater height than he possessed, while it neutralised, or seemed to lessen, his massive proportions—proportions in such perfect harmony that the youth stood before you as splendid a specimen of humanity, as was ever seen in the flesh, or represented in sculpture. He carried his head well but not stiffly thrown back, displaying a throat which for softness and the delicate beauty of nature's colouring, rivalled that of many women. His well-shaped mouth was furnished with a perfect set of white teeth, which glistened when he smiled that quiet smile which denotes and begets confidence; and his brown eyes were soft, expressive, and unfathomable."

On Monday, April 16, Daniel Curley was placed in the dock. The jury, as in the Brady trial, were called upon fines of one hundred pounds each, but many men preferred paying this large sum, rather than occupy the jury box during these political trials. Of course these men were drawn from a special class, every one of them British or pro-British, and consequently were people who could afford to pay high fines. The same machinery which was employed in the previous trial,

was again set in motion, with the same fatal result. Mr. Curley was, as a matter of routine, found guilty.

Daniel Curley was a respectable master carpenter, who executed small contracts in Dublin City and suburbs. It was in the carrying out of one of these he got acquainted with Mr. Kinsella, the Blackrock station-master, who was very courteous in his disposition, and obliging to mechanics in leaving their tools in the station. Mr. Curley was a skilled mechanic and a very intelligent man with a strong will-power. As an Irish Nationalist he had given all the years of his yet young life to his country. He was a sincere and practical patriot. Mr. Kinsella thus describes him :

“Daniel Curley was a man about thirty-two years, slightly built, but well formed, dark curly hair, full beard and moustache ; of a retiring and quiet disposition. His face bore a thoughtful cast, which, however, became animated and pleasing when in friendly company, and its really handsome expression, on such occasions became more enhanced than otherwise, by its being slightly pitted with pockmarks.”

He was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, May 18, 1883. He addressed some remarks to the court before receiving his sentence, and in conclusion said he loved his country, and was ready to suffer for her. As he left the dock he called out : “ God save Ireland ! ”

On Thursday, April 19, Timothy Kelly, a young man not yet twenty-one years old, was put on his trial ; but the jury disagreed. He was again put on trial the following Monday, with the same result. This annoyed the British lawyers. Michael Fagan was put upon his trial Wednesday, April 25. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on Monday, May 28. In the few words which he addressed the court, he said he was a Fenian—in other words, an Irish revolutionist—and he would die one. Thomas Caffrey was induced to plead guilty, and was also sentenced to death. Patrick Delany, who had, owing to his strange conduct, been first arrested, and who since Carey’s treason had been giving the

British what information he knew, came into the dock and made a statement which was evidently prepared for him by the Crown solicitor, Mr. Bolton. The judge went through the form of sentencing Delany to be hanged ; but the "Red Earl" reprieved him as a reward for his services.

Fitzharris, the cabman, was placed upon his trial for the capital offence, but acquitted. He was subsequently found guilty of conspiracy. Fitzharris—or, as he was sometimes called, "Skin the Goat"—was a humble, faithful, and loyal Irishman, a man who tried to practically serve Ireland, and one who was indeed a genuine worker in her cause.

The youth Timothy Kelly was then put on trial for the third time. This trial satisfied the British lust for Irish blood. The brave young boy was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on June 9. He acted in the same manly, determined manner which characterised his friend, Joseph Brady.

Lawrence Hanlon was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He said, on leaving the dock, in a fearless manner, "I will not be the last," meaning that as long as the British flag flew over Ireland, there would continue conspiracies, killings, and hangings. Joseph Mullet, a very superior young man, above the average in education of his class, and a very bright and patriotic Irishman, came next. Mr. Mullet was no relation of Mr. James Mullet, though some of the papers at the time said they were brothers. His patriotism and superior intelligence told him that it was mockery to call these ceremonials trials. He refused to acknowledge the British jurisdiction in Ireland, was found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. He told the court that there were men who would remember, and avenge him. Let us hope for Ireland's sake that Mr. Joseph Mullet was not wrong in his opinion of his countrymen.

During the trial of Timothy Kelly, evidence for the defence was offered, including testimony as to character. Mr. O'Brien, the West British judge, interrupted the witness by exclaiming petulantly: "Respectable! Highly respectable! Of course he is respectable. The terrible thing connected

with this dreadful conspiracy is, that they are all honourable and respectable men who are indicted." This was an admission wrung from the instrument of British law, as to the character of the men who were arraigned before him as INVINCIBLES, and ought to be a sufficient answer to the reptile press of Britain which assailed these men with every imaginary vile epithet. . . .

On the day before his death, Joseph Brady's mother visited her brave son, to bid him a last farewell. The lying slanders circulated by the usurper's detectives and hirelings, against the character of these imprisoned Irishmen, had horrified this Spartan Irish mother. The supposed eagerness of these men to supply the enemy with information that would lead to future captures, and aid him in breaking up the INVINCIBLE organisation, then supposed to be preparing for action in Dublin, caused her patriot soul to recoil with indignation at the vile slander. When final leave-taking came, and she was taking her last look upon her heroic offspring, struggling with her grief, she cried out to him: "Joe, if you know anything don't tell it; bring your secret to the grave." Joseph Brady was worthy such a mother; Mrs. Brady deserved such a noble son.

On Whit Monday, May 14, 1883, Ireland was in mourning. Dublin City and suburbs, wont to be so gay on this public holiday, wore a saddened, sombre look. . . . Joseph Brady, calm and self-possessed, walked inside the prison to the scaffold, reciting the prayers of a Christian man who hopes soon to meet his Maker. In a few minutes the bolt was drawn, and another life had gone to roll up the record of Gladstone's infamous rule in Ireland. The black flag was raised aloft, and as the crowds of Irish people outside saw that emblem of death, they fell upon their knees, and with a half-suppressed wail of anguish, prayed for a departing soul. . . . The succeeding Friday witnessed another scene of agony; the crowds outside in prayer, saw two aged men standing near the prison, who strained their eyes towards the

fatal flagstaff; they were the father and father-in-law of the dying Nationalist. With a thrill of horror they saw the death signal. Another son of Ireland had fallen beneath the British glut of vengeance. "God be with you, Daniel Curley!" was the cry outside the prison walls, by the weeping, praying crowd, principally composed of women, which we re-echo from a sad heart.

Michael Fagan met his death as became his manly, spotless life. Young Kelly asked to be allowed to spend his last hours in the cell from which his friend, Joseph Brady, had departed to the scaffold; and from that, for him, hallowed dungeon, the brave and noble boy walked to his death. They all died for Ireland. Had not the polluted foot of the invader desecrated and made havoc of their country, their lives would have been as peaceful as citizens of free nations, who dwell beneath the shelter of their own national banners

XX

DYNAMITE WAR IN ENGLAND—SHOOTING OF JAMES CAREY—TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF O'DONNELL.

SHORTLY before the INVINCIBLE trials in Dublin, all Britain was terrified by an explosion in Whitehall, Westminster, supposed to be caused by dynamite. They were still more intensely horrified and alarmed at discovering a nitroglycerine factory in Birmingham. It has been stated that the small explosion at Whitehall awoke the British to the knowledge of their dangerous position, exposed to these acts of war in their capital by their indefatigable and unrelenting Irish foe, which put all their sentinels instantly on the alert. It has been further stated that this explosion was irregular and warned the enemy. A pistol shot saved him from the eighty-ton guns about to be trained upon his fortress; the garrison was aroused from its dream of security by this ill-timed signal, and so saved London from what promised to be a frightful catastrophe. Intense was the horror and detestation, and universal was the panic in England; severe condemnation was expressed both publicly and privately. Many good peaceful, well-meaning men, never caring and utterly and criminally heedless of the fearful infamies and cruelties that their Government (their own creation) carried ruthlessly and recklessly into other lands, more especially into Ireland, used an abusive term to describe their Irish foes. They styled them "dynamite fiends." There is an oft-used proverb that curses, like young chickens, come home to roost. This vitu-

perative slander used by this robber nation to characterise Irishmen, truly and faithfully describes themselves. What scene in modern history could equal the brutal slaughter of the Basuto women and children in the African Koppil? These British dynamite fiends have been most ferocious and satanic in their career of blood, and in their callous indifference to human suffering.

The dynamite war in England created a panic while it lasted; no Englishman was safe from arrest, the most peaceful-looking man if he happened to carry a black bag was immediately pounced upon by the keen-scented British police; and the consequence was that lawyers, barristers, and their clerks were put to the inconvenience of some hours' arrest, and the necessity to give positive proof of their identity. Commercial men were subject to the same annoyance. Hotels were emptied of pleasure-seeking strangers, who feared to remain in a city that was practically in a state of siege, fearing that possibly the buildings they sojourned in might be blown up over their heads. Underground railway travel became risky, and the mysterious dread of unseen danger unhinged society. Business was becoming ruined, and had the dynamite war continued in any steady manner, had the British dynamite fiend been attacked continually at home with his own weapon, England would have been suffering under a worse coercion law than she gave to Ireland. The latter had no manufactures, or industries of importance, to destroy—they were already wiped out of existence; but Britain was differently placed, hence the greater commercial damage caused by this new, mysterious, and overshadowing war of destruction. It was Ireland's coercion given back to her tyrant and invader—England.

Possibly the "dynamiters" did not realise this. People, who have not time or opportunity to study these questions will speak of the actual destruction—which did not amount to much—the moral panic, which was widespread, and the upheaval and paralysis of business as a very disastrous effect for so trifling a cause. Sir William Vernon Harcourt

was arrested at Dover on his landing from France. The police smiled with incredulity at this huge "dynamiter," announcing himself as the British Home Secretary. A temporary delay occurred, before even the mighty Sir William was released by his own police force. The annoyance to British liberty was so great that members complained in the House of Commons. In reply to one of these questions Sir William V. Harcourt, in pleading the necessities of the times, stated the incident of his arrest as a palliative to other gentlemen who suffered similar inconveniences. Had a foreign fleet been anchored off Gravesend, and were its gunboats steaming up the Thames, this nation of shopkeepers could not possibly have been more frightened. Their pocket felt it, too, in the loss of trade. Pleasure seekers had fled from the terror-stricken metropolis.

Britain whined, and abused, and painted the horrible "dynamiter" in glaring cartoons. A man with this euphonic designation was depicted as a person of repulsive appearance, with a gorilla-shaped mouth. He was supposed to have a thirst for bloodshed, and his natural proclivities were the killing of women and children. The daily press spoke of this latter iniquity, but the same journals that recorded the death by dynamite of the many thousands of Basuto women and children, have not up to the present been able to substantiate the case of a single death during the dynamite scare in Britain. Britain's cowardly screams for pity when she is struck by her foes, no matter what persecutions she has compelled them to endure, is most degrading to a nation that boasts of her bravery. After the Park tragedy she went howling over the world, and when she tortured the wretched Carey into becoming an informer, she struck wildly in all directions. She begged France to surrender two Irishmen to her, Mr. Frank Byrne and Mr. John Walsh.¹ Their complicity she took for granted, and although these gentlemen proved their whereabouts on the 6th of May, and that they had not been in Ireland for months before or since the

¹ See Appendix M, p. 571.

tragedy, she tried to force the French Government to surrender them to her tender mercies. She knew they were enemies to her rule in their country, and that sufficed. At the time of this dynamite war she came to this country (America) with all sorts of preposterous requests, asking of this great nation, to whom she has always been, and is to this day, bitterly hostile, to help her against her foes, the Irish. The press here considered they were well acquainted with these men termed "Dynamiters." An article in the *New York Herald* voiced the feelings held by a great number of the American people, then and now. This journal observed, speaking of the dynamiters: "We publish their utterances, and invite England to see what stuff these patriots are made of. But England refuses to see. She keeps up a wretched pother about men whose names are a jest for comic paragraphists here. Statesmen gravely recount in Parliament the terrible doings of fellows whose antics are an unfailling amusement to the American population, and this makes such men think themselves of great importance."

The *New York Herald* was no doubt wondering at England's stupidity at taking *aux sérieux*, the actions and words of the men whose utterances appear from time to time in the *Herald*, and other papers. English statesmen, though they have a blundering police to serve them, are not so blind as to think the gentlemen whom the *Herald* alludes to, are of serious injury to her. English statesmen know that these men, albeit their strong language, have no more to do with the dynamite war against England than they have to do with an eclipse of the moon. Many of these men are no doubt sincere in their hatred and wishes to hurt England, but they have neither the means, nor the ability, to fulfil their desires. Many Irishmen are inclined to think that the men who have carried on this war, are to be found in the ranks of men who have been publicly denouncing it at the same time. These latter fancy that by doing this they are taking a leaf from England's book, and practising the same hypocrisy towards her which she has been doing for generations towards Ireland. Had this dynamite

war continued, and these men by their actions, given the lie to their words, no Irish patriot would have so much to blame them for ; but the very hypocrisy they were practising, undermined the public conscience, destroyed the work they were engaged in, and as all false teaching must end by doing, wrought disaster and confusion to the cause. If this war was wicked and unjust, it should have never been put in practice ; but believing, as they and we believed, it was both honourable and just, the dire necessities of the time pleaded trumpet tongued for its continuance. It was ruinous and degrading, either by criminal silence, or by blending in with some men who were earnest in their condemnation, to have aided in poisoning the Irish mind and decidedly antagonised many noble-hearted Americans. They permitted to be placed upon the shoulders of a few men the responsibility of a sacred cause—men who, no matter how sincere they might be in their expressed hostility to England, had no association whatever with this dynamite war. The American press was misled, the Irish people were misled, but the English enemy was in no way led astray. Many of these men whom the *New York Herald* assailed were quite willing to accept the title, while the real men who are the educated and dignified representatives of a noble race, whose advocacy of a principle would have had an immense moral effect and elevated this subject to the proper position it should assume in the unhappy and strangled condition Ireland finds herself in, are trying to carry on the strife against her assassin. . . .

The police, detectives, and the machinery of alien rule, had a white elephant on their hands in the person of James Carey. His protection was necessary for British prestige. The English, no matter what their feelings toward Carey might be, knew that the duty of safely guarding him was imperative. All this time they were having circulated, every kind of imaginary slanders, to try and disgrace revolutionary movements. They struck at the irrepressible Irish patriot through James Carey. It was noised through the press that

Carey committed several murders and other crimes, which, owing to the hatred he inspired in the Irish masses, they were only too ready to believe, and on his person was concentrated the vengeful feelings of the Irish people instead of being hurled on the enemy. The deaths of his friends and comrades were left upon his head, and not where they rightly belonged—on that of the merciless invader. James Carey had been through life a thoroughly honourable man and a practical Irish Nationalist; and until he weakened in prison never did a previous dishonourable act. Had he been mated to a patriotic companion, his name to-day would not be stained by the cowardly treachery he fell into. Not a single spark of vengeance animated the breasts of the revolutionary court-martial that sentenced him to death. A soldier who deserts to the enemy in time of war, is always shot in the presence of his comrades if captured, no matter how valiant or honourable his previous career. It is absolutely necessary to enforce discipline, and in Ireland's case it was most important to show Irishmen that no precaution on the part of the enemy could guard so notorious a traitor from swift and certain punishment.

One who knew James Carey well, and who suffered the loss of all he had in life at his hands, thus describes him: "When first I knew James Carey he was an earnest and an honest man—honest in his earnestness for the cause he had espoused. He was in fairly good circumstances, and with his business knowledge, comparative youth, and energy, might have accumulated wealth, had he not become an 'Invincible.' The slanderous tale of his having joined the patriots with the intention of betraying them, is only that of men who have ever used such cant to excuse their cowardice in refusing to join anything practical. In the triumph of right, no matter by whatever means achieved, none would have triumphed more than Carey; none hated England and her West British dogs with a hatred more intense than his. In the name of the great God Who knows all hearts, let us think only of his sufferings and his ruin, let us extend to his memory only silence and charity, leaving with meekness his sins to his

Saviour. His age was about thirty-seven. He was of medium height, well but not heavily built, lithe and active, with a liberal supply of faded brown hair, full beard and moustache, the latter covering his side-mouth as do the down-hanging lips of an English mastiff."

The Government of England decided on shipping Carey off to Africa ; he was not consulted, nor indeed did he know what land they considered best for his safe keeping. The secret of his destination was learned, but a report also came from well-informed sources that matters had been changed, and that New Zealand was to be his home. Men who belonged to Dublin would be useless for his "execution." A man, still living, volunteered to go to New Zealand, and was sent on the first part of his journey. When information came that Capetown was Carey's destination, Patrick O'Donnell, an Irishman not in any way connected with Irish politics in London, took passage in the *Kinfauns Castle*. The tracking of Mrs. Carey and her family was easy, but among the many reports spread by the detectives with a purpose, was one that Carey would not leave England with his family. The other reports were dismissed by men who were accustomed to sift such news, but this information was considered probable ; and the course thought best to be taken, was to communicate with a certain resident then in South Africa, and to trace Mrs. Carey to her final destination.

Carey, as is known, joined the *Kinfauns Castle* at Dartmouth. What transpired on the voyage out, makes it apparent that although Carey and O'Donnell were good friends, Carey was ever on the alert, for a fearful danger haunted him. He was never alone with any one man. On arriving at Capetown, Carey, accompanied by two fellow-passengers, one called Williams and the other, who went by the sobriquet of "Scotty," went ashore. They entered the City Hotel, Waterkant Street, for refreshments, when Carey commenced talking about Irish politics. He said the English were a people too base to live. If he had his way he would exterminate every one of them. "Ireland for the Irish, that's

my motto." This nettled the Scotchman. So Scotty retorted, "What would you do with it? Why you would eat one another up." "Do you mean to say we are cannibals?" shouted Carey in a violent passion; and his hand was on the throat of Scotty, who would have been choked but for Williams who interfered. What Carey's object was in ventilating such opinions it is difficult to say; perhaps he wanted to get on friendly terms with any Irishmen who would be in the colony; but what is more probable they were his real feelings, which he could not repress.

He and his family changed at Capetown to the *Melrose*, a vessel leaving for Natal and Durban. Patrick O'Donnell changed with him. O'Donnell paid the difference to go to Natal, Carey's destination. On Sunday, July 29, 1883, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, Carey and O'Donnell were together, this time alone. O'Donnell swiftly drew his revolver and shot Carey in the throat. When shot a fearful expression crossed his face, and gurgling out "Oh, Maggie, I'm shot!" he ran towards his wife's cabin, followed by O'Donnell, who shot him twice in the back. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "I saw the last and fatal shot fired at Carey. I was just thinking of having a lie down when the first shot was fired. In common with others I rushed to the spot, just in time to see, to my intense astonishment, my friend O'Donnell following up, firing a last shot into the neck of my respectable and intelligent friend, Mr. Power. I saw the latter (Carey) stagger and fall, while at about the same moment O'Donnell was vigorously seized by several pair of hands, my own included, and made secure. For a moment I could not understand what had taken place; but I shall never forget the wild look of horror and surprise which appeared on the face of the dying man, as his wife and others bore him up."

Carey was carried and placed upon a table in the cabin, where he expired. . . .

Patrick O'Donnell was cheered on landing a prisoner in

Africa after the execution of Carey. The marvellous Irish race, which covers the globe with its patriotic love for the land of its sires, was to be found on the dark continent, with the same revengeful feelings against British rule in Ireland. When will a master mind arise to weave into one united bond this glorious national sentiment, not to parley with England but to strike her everywhere and anyhow, until she surrenders back to the children of the Gael, their plundered birthright independence? Patrick O'Donnell was brought before a magistrate in Capetown, but the British feared he would not be convicted in the colony. As a rule the colonial English are more liberal in their ideas than those who dwell in their native land; and the Irish and Dutch elements, which might affect the jury, were in full sympathy with Patrick O'Donnell. England was determined that O'Donnell should die, and the gentle Gladstone ordered his removal to London, where he knew he would have no trouble in hanging him with all the ceremonial of a trial beforehand.

Patrick O'Donnell was sent to England under a strong guard. Every precaution was taken to prevent the faintest chance at escape. He was guarded by a British colonial company of soldiers while at Capetown; and was well guarded on board H.M.S. *Athenian*, in which vessel he was sent back a prisoner. Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, communicated with the Portuguese Government, and at Madeira, a place of call *en route* to England, soldiers lined the beach, so that none of the dreaded INVINCIBLES could communicate with the ship. The native boatmen were ordered not to go within hailing distance of the steamer. Mrs. Carey and her family returned by the *Garth Castle*. The same precautions were taken in her case; the shore at Funchal was patrolled by the Portuguese soldiery in a similar manner. The British thought that the Irish, like themselves, made war on women. The *Athenian*, with Patrick O'Donnell on board, arrived in Plymouth Sound on September 17, 1883, and, carefully guarded, he was brought to London and imprisoned in Millbank Convict Prison. He was brought up at Bow Street

Police Court on Tuesday, September 19, and remanded for a week. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to keep him in safe custody ; but the Irish crowds flocked round the court to cheer his going in and coming out, crowds which the agitators always speak of as English working men when they want to score an imaginary victory. Mrs. Carey and her family arrived safely in the *Garth Castle* on September 24.

Patrick O'Donnell was not left undefended like Joseph Brady and his comrades. Everything that money could do in the way of procuring able and skilful counsel for the defence, was done. This was principally due to Mr. Patrick Ford of the *Irish World*, an Irish-American gentleman who has done many noble and generous acts for Ireland, and in her behalf. He opened an O'Donnell Defence Fund in the columns of his paper. Mr. Finnerty, of Chicago, started a similar fund simultaneously. The money poured in unstintingly ; the generous, warm-hearted Irish-Americans, to whom Ireland is indebted for many and countless favours, gave to this Defence Fund unsparingly.

Mr. Ford, who has never been in the revolutionary ranks, has yet done for Irish revolutionists many kindly and generous acts. The British enemy, both in Parliament and in their journals, insist that Mr. Ford is a "dynamiter." Nationalists are often forced to smile at the stupid blunders Englishmen make when they discuss Irish affairs in any manner. Mr. Ford kindly came to the aid of the families of the dead "INVINCIBLES" by collecting and distributing money to them, so very much needed and so opportune at the time. Most Irishmen fully endorse the principle upon which Mr. Ford acted with respect to the men who pleaded guilty ; an Irish Nationalist who acts in this manner, stultifies his principles and, by implication, casts odium on his comrades, giving England a moral victory. This should be specially condemned as treason. But at the same time the strain that these men must have endured should be remembered, and the terrible mental torture they all had to suffer.

Knowing full well that their leaders on the outside had weakened and deserted them in a dastardly manner, under the circumstances all pity the weakness which yielded to the temptation of a shorter term of imprisonment. It is to be regretted that their families, who had no share in this weakness, were not looked to. Mrs. Edward McCaffrey was a most patriotic and deserving Irishwoman. It is sincerely hoped that the Dublin Nationalists have long since seen to their wants and necessities. General Roger A. Pryor, a leading American lawyer, and a firm and devoted friend to the cause of Irish independence, was engaged by Mr. Patrick Ford and sent over to see what could be done for Patrick O'Donnell. The Irish patriot knew that he was remembered by the Irish race the world over. General Pryor's hands were tied by his London colleagues. They were lawyers to the tips of their fingers, and could only look at this trial from a purely legal standpoint. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., since Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, a life-long Provincialist, both able and gifted lawyers, feared the prejudice of General Pryor's pleading for an Irishman before a jury of Englishmen, whom they were trying for what was simply an act of war against Britain; for her prestige was struck down when Carey fell on board the *Melrose*.

The principal reason for General Pryor's presence was this. Had he been permitted to act as Irish Nationalists had wished, namely, to demand, as an act of courtesy, permission to defend an American citizen, the Gladstone Administration would have been compelled to have, by a refusal, placed on record a very discourteous precedent, and given a snub to the American bar. Or, if given permission to speak, General Pryor would have intelligently and sympathetically voiced the real feelings of Patrick O'Donnell's friends, and placed on record Irish-American opinion of the whole proceeding. As to prejudicing the jury, that was already accomplished, both by Mr. Ford's advocacy and General Pryor's presence. But after all is said, why take part in these mummeries called trials? They really play into the enemy's hands by the very

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fact of recognising them as such by a defence. Patrick O'Donnell took his life in his hand. He executed, on Carey's person the punishment due to treason, and, being unable to get a trial in Africa, he expected, as a matter of course, England would hang him. It is Irishmen's business not to waste their money on trials, but to carry on the war against the foe with redoubled vigour.

The line of defence adopted by the lawyers was simply a diplomatic surrender to British interests, and was a weakening of the great prestige attached to O'Donnell's successful act; for this prestige enraged the British intensely. The O'Donnell lawyers tried to prove that Carey was killed by O'Donnell in a struggle, Carey having attempted the life of O'Donnell. If the defence was really true, then O'Donnell did nothing more than any man would do, namely, protect his own life; and there would be neither honour nor heroism about the matter, and England could not be blamed for being unable to guard Carey's life when he himself threw it away in a quarrel. The absurdity of this defence was too apparent to any intelligent man, for O'Donnell was not content with disabling his so-called opponent by firing one shot, but, with the unflinching resolution of the revolutionist determined to punish treason, poured into the traitor's body two succeeding shots, which he did when in pursuit of the flying informer.

On Friday, November 30, 1883, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the trial of Patrick O'Donnell commenced at the Old Bailey, London. Judge George Denman presided, and the Crown was represented by the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, and Messrs. Poland and Wright. In addition to the two able lawyers already mentioned, the prisoner had present on his behalf Mr. McInernery from Dublin, and General Roger A. Pryor from New York. Mr. Guy was the solicitor for the defence. Patrick O'Donnell, well guarded, was brought into court. He stood erect and boldly defiant, in all his natural dignity and his splendid physique, for the Donegal peasant was a man six feet in stature. The trial closed on Saturday

evening. The jury, who appeared to give the case great attention, came back to court three times to get fresh instructions from the judge. It is claimed that the last time the jury returned the judge's remarks were partisan and hostile to the prisoner, and decidedly unbecoming the so-called purity of the ermine; but Irishmen have reason to know that this robe, as far as Irish political trials are concerned, is of very inky blackness indeed. Most of the leading judges and lawyers of the American bar, in published interviews, condemned in strong language this Judge Denman's concluding words as very unjust and unfair, and highly unbecoming in a judge. But Irish Nationalists cannot see anything different in these political trials, from what is in perfect keeping with the peculiar war waging between the invaded Irish and their invaders, the British. When the jury retired for the last time, General Pryor said to O'Donnell, "I fear they will find you guilty this time;" to which O'Donnell responded, "I don't care a —;" and when the jury reached their verdict, he was the most unconcerned man in the court. The brave soldier knew from the first his fate, and braced himself to endure it as became a Christian and an Irish patriot. General Pryor, afterwards discussing this trial, said that he considered O'Donnell even a greater hero than Emmet, for one had all the advantages which a classic education and a cultivated mind can bring to ennoble man in the hour of suffering, but O'Donnell was an untutored, unlettered Irish peasant, yet he bore himself with the unassuming dignity which he displayed throughout the trial, investing in his person an additional lustre on the holiest cause which men in all ages have ever offered up their lives for freedom for their native land. O'Donnell was determined to tell the judge in open court that he was an Irish Nationalist, and was ready to die for his principles. He felt he was deprived unjustly, of the right of speaking which the formula gives to a dying man. The British do not like these declarations of principles from the dock. They know the propaganda of Irish National doctrines from such a rostrum has a very potent effect with the

unconquerable Irish race. O'Donnell, enraged at being deliberately and cunningly deprived of the right of speech, shouted as he left the dock : " Three cheers for Old Ireland ! Good-bye, United States ! To hell with the British and the British Crown ! "

He was sentenced to be hanged on Monday, December 10, 1883.

Great exertions were made by Irish-Americans to try and get Patrick O'Donnell reprieved. On December 8 a deputation waited on the President, consisting of the following members of Congress : Messrs. Cox and Robinson (New York), Morrison Springer and Finnerty (Illinois), Leveve and Foran (Ohio), Murphy (Iowa), Mabury (Michigan), Lamb (Indiana), MacAdoo (New Jersey), Collins (Massachusetts), and O'Neil and Burns (Missouri), to induce the executive to interfere. President Arthur cabled to the American Minister, Mr. Lowell. About this time Mr. Hewitt, a member of Congress for New York, introduced and passed a motion in favour of the executive taking action in the O'Donnell case, he being an American citizen. It has been said by good authority that Mr. Hewitt afterwards waited on the British Minister in Washington, Mr. West, informing that gentleman that there was no serious meaning in the resolution. England evidently thought so, for her Government declined to interfere.

The *Chicago Citizen* thus commented on the O'Donnell case : " The result of the O'Donnell trial will be to make party violence henceforth reign supreme in Irish politics. The conviction of O'Donnell has ended for ever in the Irish mind, all hope of even ordinary justice from Englishmen. We will never again raise a cent to defend any Irishmen before a British court, and never assist or advocate contributions, unless for the purpose of striking terror into England. . . . O'Donnell will doubtless hang, but the Irish race will not fail to avenge him. England shows no mercy ; let Ireland no longer show any." Mr. Finnerty has always taken a manly stand in Irish National politics. He is one of the few public

men in America who had always had the courage of his convictions. The whole of this proceeding, this deputation and attempt to save O'Donnell's life, while it was very noble as an act of mercy, fully reveals how imperfectly educated in Irish matters, are the great mass of the Irish people in America. Is it reasonable to expect that England would permit the man who so lowered her prestige in Ireland and before the world, to escape the scaffold? Some people see nothing in this bloody struggle on England's side, to complain of. If Irishmen are so silly as to think they can make war on England with impunity,—and O'Donnell's act was a deliberate act of war,—they are not of the material freemen spring from. Mr. Finnerty's paper tells us that O'Donnell's conviction has ended for ever in the Irish mind, all hope of even ordinary justice from Englishmen. A Nationalist would hope it has; it is nearly time that these farces called trials of revolutionists, were not participated in by Irishmen. If a lawyer of eminence is engaged to defend them, is this man not one of the enemy's men playing a part? He is trying to save his client at the expense of the cause which his client has been identified with, possibly to use afterwards any information he procures, to aid his country, Britain, against the colleagues of his former client. The gentlemen who defended O'Donnell, were compelled to play into the British Government's hands, in trying to save his life, and many Irishmen were doing the very same. After Carey's death it was of the utmost importance for the British Government to impress, especially upon the Irish race, the fact that O'Donnell was not an emissary of any Irish revolutionary movement; and there is no doubt that they have succeeded with a great many. All O'Donnell's friends were aiding them in trying to recover this lost prestige. Numbers of Irishmen in America were unconsciously helping England's diplomacy in the course they were pursuing. Which is the greater consideration: the life of the Irish nation, or the life of a man?

Patrick O'Donnell was attended by Father Fleming in his spiritual exercises. He was most cheerful and resigned to

his doom. He said to the good priest, the day before his death : " I am quite ready to meet my fate. I have done my duty." On Monday morning, December 10, he met his death. There was a crowd in the street looking for the black flag, the signal of death, but there were few Irish there. A London street was no place for them. They were praying for a dying brother, and their dying nation. Opposite to the place of execution, was his brother, Daniel O'Donnell, who gazed with tear-blinded eyes on the flagstaff that was to tell him his noble brother was no more. A few minutes, and the dread signal was visible. The Donegal Irishman was utterly alone in the foreign capital, the metropolis of the people who have been killing his race for generations. His grief-stricken heart tried to find consolation in his dead brother's sentiments, " He had done his duty ;" and the grief-stricken man added, he died nobly.

The next day Joseph Poole was hanged in Dublin for another political offence. Truly the " Grand Old Man " was keeping up his " battues of hangings," as William O'Brien termed them.

Among the gentlemen who held high carnival this week of death, can be read the names of Lord Mayor Dawson, who presided, Messrs. Davitt, Sullivan, Sexton, O'Brien, Biggar, Gray, O'Connor, and Healy, and several other Irish Provincialists, and of course the guest of the evening, Mr. Charles S. Parnell. Lord Mayor Dawson made one of his usual graceful and telling speeches, and presented Mr. Parnell with a cheque for the trifling sum of thirty-eight thousand pounds sterling, a slight token of regard from the grateful Irish people for all the benefits he had conferred upon them. Mr. Parnell, stimulated by the gratitude of his countrymen, made a most energetic speech. He told his hearers that Ireland was held in bondage by 30,000 soldiers and 15,000 police, which as yet were the slight obstacles to perfect freedom. He was succeeded by that great orator and self-sacrificing man upon whom the mantle of Lord



PATRICK O'CONNELL
The Irishman, 1885

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PATRICK O'DONNELL.
Executed December, 1883.

Edward and Wolfe Tone has fallen, Ireland's beloved Mr. Michael Davitt, who responded to the toast "Ireland a Nation," and painted in glowing language and beautiful imagery, the splendid and magnificent career of Ireland a nation. The trifling obstacle of the 30,000 soldiers and 15,000 police did not count ; they were no sort of opposition in his path to freedom. Other speeches and songs followed, and the wine cup encircled the Rotundo Hall. The revelry was at its height. They felt indeed that "Ireland was great, glorious, and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea ;" and there is no doubt, if these lines are repeated often enough, as a Buddhist does his prayers, they will serve as an invaluable and unfailing recipe to free nations with. The old-fashioned, wicked way of making war is exploded, and these æsthetic changelings have indeed a respectable and sovereign remedy. Their beauty had expanded with the good things before them, and so they called in the world to rejoice with them. The following cable message was sent by the Lord Mayor of Dublin to the president of the National League at Chicago :

"Twelve hundred Nationalists (*sic*) in meeting here in honour of Parnell, greet America and send thanks for her sympathy.
DAWSON."

And the brainy and brilliant Irish-American to whom the message was sent, replied as follows :

"Irish America salutes Ireland, re-echoes her cheers for Parnell, and will never cease struggling with her for liberty, until it is achieved.
ALEXANDER SULLIVAN."

What a lot of fustian and sensational claptrap, the whole thing reads to any practical man! The Lord Mayor thanks his Irish-American friend for this American sympathy. They deserve sympathy, and need it, to hold a banquet near the hall of death, to cheer while two Irish Nationalists were sleeping in the enemy's prison, each in a condemned cell. It was thought at the time that Irish

America was striving to get Patrick O'Donnell reprieved. Some wicked men who said they represented Irish America, waited on the President with that object. These Irish Americans were re-echoing no cheers for Parnell, but were in deep sympathy with O'Donnell ; and the struggles for liberty mentioned in Mr. Sullivan's cablegram have been certainly carried out by sending well-filled purses to these changelings, which has been repeated again and again with overflowing generosity. And the changelings are having Ireland freed by banquets and cheers, and repeating these successful formulas about the Emerald Gem.

XXI.

PARNELLITES AS "OPPORTUNISTS"—"HOME RULE" AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

IN the early spring of 1884 *United Ireland* exposed an unspeakable scandal which permeated the British *employés* of Dublin Castle. The persons implicated in these unnatural orgies, were the principal officials engaged in getting up the Crown cases against the Irishmen who had been recently hanged and sent to penal dungeons. . . .

Those who now (1887) peruse *United Ireland* can see in every number, the way it writes up the English alliance of Gladstone, Spencer, and Co., and will be able to refresh their memory by the windmill politics which Mr. O'Brien teaches Irishmen who read this organ. Writing on these Dublin scandals *United Ireland* had the following editorials. March 1, 1884, under the heading of "Pleasant Particulars": "We have just had the satisfaction of furnishing Lord Spencer's esteemed detective director, James Ellis French, with the particulars demanded by that official, as ordered by his allies of the Court of Queen's Bench. . . . A copy is also at the disposal of Lord Spencer, whenever he chooses to call for it at this office; and in the interest of public decency it would perhaps be as well if his Excellency would no longer feign ignorance of the class of ruffians retained by him, on the plunder of the tax-payers. In our opinion the inhabitants of Sodom were respectable members of society compared with some of the scoundrels employed by her Most Gracious Majesty to govern

Ireland from Dublin Castle. Let Lord Spencer turn to the affidavits and say whether the public, who regard the Castle as a den of tyranny, will not henceforth be justified in deeming it a sink of iniquity as well. Why, if he be not in league with French, does his Excellency not compel the wretch to press forward his prosecution against us? Whose fault is this? . . . Surely, however, the Lord-Lieutenant will not tolerate that the case of French *v.* O'Brien should sink out of sight, as a dropped order. We now challenge him with all and sundry other of French's bottle-holders, to pick up their man and send him to us if they dare." In the issue of May 24, 1884, under the heading of "Official Compounders of Felony," it stated: "Mr. Trevelyan has now confessed that Colonel Bruce and himself, and doubtless Earl Spencer, inquired as to French's abominations and had ample *prima facie* evidence that the charges against him were true, but determined to observe a benevolent neutrality towards the gentleman because (at their instigation) he had brought an action for libel against this journal. Was there ever an admission that so completely identified the Irish Government, as accessories after the fact, to a nameless crime?"

The editorials from *United Ireland* ought to be convincing proof that there is no genuine and steadfast nationality in agitators, who are swayed by every breath of wind that stirs up British politics. Think of the man who penned these articles, associating, and in alliance with, Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, against whom he brought this infamous and horrible charge. Think of men who call themselves Nationalists, sitting down to dinner with Lord Spencer, against whom they brought such horrid accusations. It is simply monstrous. The credulity of Irish people in believing that any set of men can be sincere Irish patriots who practise such inconsistencies, is, to say the least, astounding. Mr. Parnell exposes Mr. Gladstone's coercion and then creates him his chief; and he is hailed as Ireland's deliverer.

In the debate on Gladstone's Coercion Bill Mr. Parnell speaking in the British Parliament, said: "Public opinion in

this country, generally seemed to forget that it was an act of the most drastic severity that had ever been passed against Ireland. ('No, no,' and 'Hear, hear!') The right honourable gentleman the Chief Secretary [Mr. Trevelyan] said 'No, no!', but if they compared the provisions of the Crimes Act with the provisions of other Coercion Acts, they would find the former were more sweeping and numerous than those of any Crimes Act that had been passed. They had powers under the Crimes Act to establish a special commission of judges for trial without jury for certain offences, powers for trial by special juries selected from the country and city panels, with unlimited right of the Crown to order jurymen to stand aside, and giving unlimited right of challenge—a power which has resulted in the selection of juries for the trial of the gravest offences, from the very class who were smarting in pocket, in prestige, and in reputation from the result of the Land League agitation, and from the result of the legislation of the Government; and who were unable to approach the consideration of those grave political and agrarian cases which were brought before them with that judicial form of mind which it was imperatively necessary for jurors to have. . . . They had provisions in the Crimes Act for the appointment of tribunals of summary jurisdiction, and intimidation was defined in such a way as to render it impossible for a speaker to address any meeting without breaking the law, unless he had a lawyer by his side to tell him what to say. (Hear.) . . . Power was given to the police to arrest persons after sunset, which, as he should show, had been very extensively used. . . . Power was also given to arrest strangers, to seize newspapers, and to make searches by day or night. . . . There was power given to the justices to summon witnesses, and to examine them privately, and to commit them to prison without trial for an indefinite term. . . . The jury to try Francis Hynes were almost exclusively composed of persons drawn from the class of the Castle tradesmen, or persons dependent upon the aristocracy for their livelihood, or persons on terms of friendly intimacy

and companionship with Lord Spencer and the Castle officials."

What an *exposé* of the Grand Old Man's rule in Ireland! This was the change which Irishmen hailed when Forster resigned; and which, Heaven help the race, they hailed and cheered as a victory. This description of Mr. Gladstone's Crimes Act is accurate, and ought to show up the hypocrisy of this amiable Englishman, when, for personal ambition and party purposes, he chose to denounce a less drastic—but yet infamous—Crimes Act introduced by his English political opponents, the Tories. What a shuttlecock Ireland permits herself to be made by these brace of tyrants, the Liberals and Tories of Britain! For any removal of these tyrannies Mr. Parnell was exposing, he might as well have been addressing the waves on the seashore. He would find the angry inflowing tide of oppression, as unchanging in its order, as Canute found the sea when he wished to teach his country a lesson. Mr. Parnell was addressing a foreign legislature and appealing to the public opinion of a foreign and hostile people, whose interests and opinions were, and are, antagonistic to the well-being of the Irish race. . . .

Mr. Gladstone in a public utterance tried to excuse himself for the state of Ireland; and as a matter of course attached all blame to his predecessors, the Tories. He was too busy about the Bulgarians to think of the Irish. This practically was his own confession. *He*, good, angelic man, the great patriarch W. E. Gladstone, whose venerable locks wave round features that look so benevolent now in Irish eyes—*he* of course was not to blame; it was those wicked, cruel Tories. The Dublin *Freeman*, Mr. Gladstone's great Irish admirer, commenting upon this speech of the English Minister's, felt compelled to condemn and reprove its dear friend "Achilles," and thus criticised him: "Mr. Gladstone's description of Lord Salisbury's interpretation of former Liberal declarations is strictly and literally applicable to the Premier's own recapitulation of recent Irish history. That recapitulation is a pure and perfect work of the fertile imagination of

the Premier's. So inaccurate and so absolutely untrue a statement of facts, which should be fresh in the memory of every man pretending to a smattering of political knowledge, we never yet knew made by a responsible statesman, speaking on a great political occasion. It is simply amazing that, in order to catch a passing cheer, Mr. Gladstone could have brought himself to make such recklessly inaccurate assertions, which he ought to have known would not have been allowed to pass unchallenged for one single day. It was a humiliating confession for the Premier gratuitously to make, at the time he was assailing the position of Lord Beaconsfield and seeking to supplant him, he, the statesman of all others who was supposed to have made the Irish question his own, and so engrossed with the Bulgarian atrocities, so anxious to secure the eviction bag and baggage from Europe of the unspeakable Turk, that he did not know—we quote his own words—the severity of the crisis that was already swelling upon the horizon in Ireland, and that shortly after rushed upon us like a flood. Mr. Gladstone is no more accurate in his forecast of the future than in his retrospect of the immediate past. His prophecies with regard to the National party need not seriously disquiet him."

As the Irish people are now hoping (1887) with an anxious hope, for the return of the "Grand Old Man" to power, so at this time, midsummer, 1885, they were eagerly praying for the downfall of him whom they then termed "Judas Gladstone." Such has been the effect of legal and moral agitation upon the people that they appear to eagerly welcome a new tyrant so as to rid themselves of the despot in office. And yet there is no real, but an imaginary change, which takes place in Ireland. The self-same destructive rule of the foreigner flows on, as unchanging as the rivers rush to the sea. The much-prayed for opportunity came to the Irish Parliamentary party. Certain conditions in Mr. Gladstone's Budget were disapproved of by a large section of his own countrymen, and on Monday, June 8, 1885, the Liberal Government was defeated. The

vote for the second reading of the Budget Bill was 252 against 264, leaving the Ministry in the minority by twelve votes. The thirty-five Irish Parliamentary votes were recorded against Mr. Gladstone's Administration. Great was the joy in the Irish Parliamentary ranks, joy which not only spread over Ireland but wherever Irishmen dwelt. Here in America their countrymen were as enthusiastic as they were at home. Had British rule in Ireland been blotted out of existence, there could scarcely have been more joy expressed, than there was at the downfall of the Minister who to-day is their idol and their chief. Strange effect of false political teaching on a truly national and patriotic race.

The Irish provincial journals at home and here in America, were brimful of enthusiasm and delight at what all called a great Irish victory. Here was positive proof of the potency of Parliamentary warfare, where a most powerful British Ministry was struck down by the Irish vote. Had the Irish members voted with Mr. Gladstone, he would have had a majority of fifty-eight, or had they refrained from voting altogether the Ministry would have had a majority of twenty-three votes, more than sufficient to keep them in power. And this was a clear demonstration of what a great factor in serving the Irish national cause and compelling Ministers to listen to Ireland's demands, the Irish Parliamentary party was, under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. Thus reasoned the agitators; and on the strength of this great victory for Ireland they began to draw easy pictures of Ireland's future, all to be won by legal and moral agitation. They never stopped to think that had the 62 followers of Mr. Gladstone who absented themselves, and the eight who voted against his Budget scheme, voted with their party, "the Grand Old Man" would have had a majority of 68, in spite of their 35 votes recorded against him. These 70 dissatisfied British Liberals did not count. It was all the great victory of the Irish 35. Neither did they, in their exultation, take into consideration the 229 British Tories who voted with them. No, the whole honours rested on their Parliamentary shoulders. It was no lessening in any way to

their great victory, that there had been a new Franchise Bill enacted, and that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone had settled a compromise scheme of Parliamentary redistribution soon to be passed into law, which necessitated a dissolution of Parliament in the autumn, to be followed by a general election. This fact made not the slightest difference, and they exclaimed, like the Iron Duke, when years after the battle he revisited the field of Waterloo, "It was a famous victory;" and as Mr. Gladstone could not have been defeated at the time without their voting against him or absenting themselves from the division, we will, after mentioning these slight drawbacks, most ungrudgingly accord to them the laurels of victory. And after joining in the universal shout of joy, we will ask in a natural manner: Gentlemen, where are the fruits of your triumph? They are not visible, neither can they be imagined. These Parliamentary contests have been ever barren of results to Ireland, and this particular Irish victory was no exception to the general rule

The joy in Ireland was fanned into a blaze of enthusiasm by the Provincial press. *United Ireland* published one of its famous cartoons in brilliant colours. It depicted Lord Spencer running swiftly away, pursued by the shades of his victims, who, clothed in graveyard cerements, pointed before them with outstretched arms and bony fingers. There was a villainous scowl on the Lord Deputy's face; and the fiery red of his hair and whiskers added to the ferocity of the countenance depicted by the artist. Around his neck was coiled a hangman's rope, and in his hand he carried a satchel on which was labelled "Crimes Act." Underneath was the legend "The Red Earl's Run."

The editorial which accompanied this celebrated picture was in no manner less emphatic in its condemnation of the Liberal *régime* of blood in Ireland, and had the characteristic title: "So much for Buckingham."

The editorial observed: "Earl Spencer has gone the way of Mr. Forster and Mr. Trevelyan. He came in and went out with the Crimes Act. He staked his all upon cowing

Irish spirit, and strangling Irish organisation with that bloody instrument. He stopped at nothing, not at secret torture, not at subsidising red-handed murderers, not at knighting jury packers, not at police quarterings, blood taxes, the bludgeoning of peaceful meetings, the clapping handcuffs and convict jackets on members of Parliament mayors, and editors, not at wholesale battues of hangings and transportations by hook or crook, nor at burying the proofs of his victims' innocence in their graves."

No language used by revolutionists to characterise the *régime* of Gladstone's second agent in Ireland can be found stronger than this used in Mr. William O'Brien's paper, the leading organ of the Irish agitators, and which is a truthful *résumé* of that atrocious time. And to-day Irishmen are told to look for the salvation of their country from the men who pursued "wholesale battues of hangings." What short memories these agitators have!

The writer in *United Ireland*, the mouthpiece of the Irish party, speaks the plain truth when he states—"Earl Spencer came in and went out with the Crimes Act." But how can the agitators reconcile this statement with the opening lines of a certain proclamation posted in Dublin, two days after the "Red Earl" landed in Ireland, signed by the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party, which began thus: "On the eve of what seemed a bright future for our country"? Was the coming of this English Lord Deputy "the bright future" which these men killed? Was this Earl Spencer the promise and fulfilment of "bright hopes," which they taught the whole Irish race to shout for, as a great victory? Read again the terrible charge, these men's official organ brings against Lord Spencer. He stopped "not at burying the proofs of his victims' innocence in their graves." And this man, Earl Spencer, was the apostle of the great Irish victory gained by the departure of Forster, a man whom they themselves charged with greater crimes than even the man called "Buckshot Forster" committed. Since this powerful article was written, accompanied by its cartoon called the

"Red Earl's Run," the sentiments of which were also endorsed by the other Irish journals, two of the most honoured of these Irish members dined with Lord Spencer. Did they feel, as they touched his hand, that it was stained with the blood of his innocent victims? Did they shudder when they sat at the table with the man, whom their official organ called, by implication, such a terrible name?¹

On Tuesday, June 16, 1885, the Dublin National League held its usual meeting nine days after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. T. D. Sullivan of the Dublin *Nation* (the author of many stirring and spirited ballads) was in the chair. The defeat of the brutal Liberal Minister was a subject of great congratulations among the leading National agitators; it was hailed as a victory for Ireland, just as the next advent to power of this very same brutal coercionist will be regarded as another omen of victory. What monstrous delusions and deceits are practised upon the credulous Irish masses to keep them from uniting upon the only course left a bleeding nation. Mr. Sullivan, in the course of his remarks used the following words, speaking of the Foreign Ministers sent to

¹ Since this history was written, the march of events has shown that the Provincialist leaders have fallen away from their early hostility to British rule. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who speaks in such scathing language of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, in the above editorial, thus addressed himself to a Birmingham audience, in 1888. "My memory does remind and does rebuke me for having said harsh things, much more harsh and cruel things than were ever said of Mr. Bright, of another great Englishman—Earl Spencer. (Loud cheers.) And Earl Spencer has taken the noblest vengeance that ever fell to the lot of man. (Cheers.) For my part I have never cringed to mortal man—(cheers). . . . but I tell you candidly from what I have seen of Earl Spencer, from what I have known of Earl Spencer's career since he quitted Ireland, I would black the boots of such a man—(cheers)—and I would think it no dishonour (cheers)."

Compare this language not only with the article "So much for Buckingham," but with any of the various editorials during the Castle scandals, where Earl Spencer is accused of screening the most infamous of social criminals, and what can thinking minds conclude, when they also know that this man, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, is not only a prominent leader of the Provincialists, but an idol of a certain class of Irishmen, who are carried away by public passion and not by public judgment, when they make heroes out of such very trashy clay?

Mr. O'Brien has not informed mankind what remarkable virtues Earl Spencer displayed in consequence of which the secret torturer and suborner of red-handed murderers—as Mr. O'Brien styled him in 1885—should be deserving of such lavish praise, that Mr. O'Brien in 1888 would consider it an honour to be this once secret torturer's shoeblack. Ireland! Ireland! to what depths of degradation are these weathercock Provincialists seeking to drag you down!

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govern Ireland : " They came here one after another for the purpose of suppressing the spirit of the Irish people, and destroying the nationality of the country, and they had to go away beaten and defeated men while Irishmen lived and flourished. On no occasion had the people better reason to rejoice than they had to-day, for two reasons. One was that hardly ever had a more bitter and determined enemy of this country come to it, and left it, than was about to leave it in the person of Earl Spencer ; and hardly ever did an Irish meeting assemble on an occasion of this sort with brighter prospects before it, as far as the rights and liberties of the Irish people were concerned, than was before them to-day."

See how this agitator hugs the delusion to his soul that the enemy's Viceroy was leaving the country beaten, when he knew that another would succeed him. What is it to Irishmen, whether their chains are called Liberal or Tory ? They gall the same, and clang just as loud in the ears of slaves. Foreign rule is a hideous crime towards Ireland, no matter which wing of the assassins orders the slaughter. Spencer was not leaving Ireland beaten ; he had left behind a rosary of corpses for this pious agitator to pray around—as his brother agitator, Mr. O'Brien, put it, " burying the proofs of his victims' innocence in their graves." Note how he tells his credulous hearers that Ireland's prospects were never brighter. What are the prospects this would-be patriot speaks of as bringing hope or brightness to Irishmen's rights and liberties ? The coming of Lord Carnarvon and Hart Dyke, two Tories, to replace Lord Spencer and Trevelyan. What an insulting prophecy. What a falsehood, whether believed in by its utterer or not, to tell the Irish people that the coming of Carnarvon, the Englishman who deluded Mr. Parnell with the hypocritical promise of Home Rule, was an occasion for rejoicing ! And when Irishmen remember that this same Mr. T. D. Sullivan, who denounced Spencer as the most bitter and determined enemy of Ireland, actually took his blood-stained hand and sat down to dinner with him,

Irishmen should stand aghast with horror. Heaven, where are thy thunderbolts to hurl upon these men : renegades to nationality and honour, who would try and drag their suffering motherland into the abyss of degradation and infamy ; who take the criminal's hands, shutting their eyes upon the crime ; who eat with an assassin, as they themselves accused this Englishman of being ? And yet they would slander the memories of the purest patriots that ever died beneath God's glorious sunlight for the redemption of their nation from foreign slavery.

The effect of the vote on the Budget was the resignation of the Liberal Premier, and the formation of a Tory Ministry under the leadership of Lord Salisbury. Thus, after five years of the most tyrannical system of government known in Ireland during the present century, the Liberal, Mr. Gladstone, fell from power. Is it because of the greatness of his cruelties during these five years of horrible persecution that the Irish agitators to-day style him the "Grand Old Man" ? To most people's idea, there is something iniquitous in the grandeur of a Minister whose task-master in Ireland buries his victims out of sight to destroy the proofs of their innocence. The Tories were scarcely more than in office, when fresh hope sprang up anew in the hearts of the Provincialists. The papers began to inform the Irish public that there was every probability and possibility that the Tories would give Ireland "Home Rule." That accomplished Londoner (as he recently styled himself) and British Parliamentarian, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in an article published in a leading American review, demonstrated to his own satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of his readers, excellent reasons why "Home Rule" should and must come from a Conservative Government ; and the most powerful argument—and the most convincing to those who believe in legal agitation—he employed was the statement that a Tory Government alone could expect to carry such a measure successfully through the House of Lords. Other articles appeared on this subject. *United Ireland,*

writing on the situation immediately after the resumption of power by the Tories, in its issue of June 19, 1885, said : "Circumstances *plus* the Irish party, however, make it practically impossible to carry a Coercion Bill, even if they introduced it ; and the result probably should be an estrangement between them and the Orange faction here, of which the Irish party should not be slow to take advantage. Once the English Conservatives throw over the landlord party, the Irish question is settled. The Radicals will give the rack-renters no assistance, and after the dissolution they would simply be a little knot of half a score of malcontents, unworthy even to be called a rump. In the Upper House alone they would constitute any difficulty, and even there it would be easy to reduce them to impotence. If, therefore, either now or after the general election, Conservatism cuts off its Orange tail, the prospect of an amicable arrangement between the two countries would be infinitely improved.

"The English landlords have hitherto been led by a supposed community of interest to stand by their Irish brethren. But we live in the days of the democracy, and the centre of power has been stripped even from the whilom aristocratic party ; from the drawing-room to the workshop they must suit their policy to the necessities of the hour.

"On religious and educational grounds, the views of the majority of the Irish people approach much nearer to the English Church party than they do to the Radicals, and as all outrages would come to an end once the landlords evacuated, there is no reason in principle why as large or larger measure of self-government should not be granted by the Tories as by the Whigs. Its passage would be immediately facilitated, if brought in by the Conservatives.

"A Liberal Opposition could not obstruct it as their opponents could. The Lords, of course, in which Lord Salisbury has a large majority, would follow his lead. On the whole, it seems to us possible that, if the Tories are now wise, they may, in spite of the extended franchise, capture almost a sufficiency of English and Scotch electors at the

dissolution by a generous Irish policy, and that with the help of this country a majority might be secured.

"It is probable, however, that some time must elapse before the views of Lord Randolph Churchill, influential as he now will be, can permeate his colleagues on the Irish question, while of course the landlord party will work heaven and earth against him. The bait is tempting, but will English Conservatives be hooked by it? The alternative put before them is intended to frighten them into the acceptance of the offer, it is said. The road is clear before them, and it remains to be seen whether they will be so foolish as to diverge from it, in order to be slaughtered at leisure in an ambushade by the combined Irish and Radical forces."

Mr. Gladstone, shortly before his defeat, had intended to renew the worst features of the expiring Crimes Bill; this was well known and afterwards publicly stated by several ex-Ministers. The Tories, in the face of an approaching dissolution and general election, could not dream of doing anything so rash as to introduce such a measure while the possibilities of six years of power were trembling in the balance. So they were compelled, in spite of their real inclinations, to forego that pleasure until after the election; hence Mr. Gladstone's Bill was allowed to expire. Any one who will carefully read over this article of *United Ireland*, cannot but smile at the political prescience of the writer in the face of recent occurrences. They will remember that this article was penned by a man thoroughly familiar with Parliamentary warfare, who knew all its intricacies, and was well posted in the tactics and relative strength of British parties. Whatever writers may accuse the Irish party of, they must one and all admit that in Parliamentary knowledge they are accomplished and able men. But it is this very familiarity with British parties on party questions, which blinds them to the real situation. They are so much accustomed to see all issues solved by a combination in Parliament, that they are convinced they can solve this "Home Rule" question in a similar manner. They cannot see—such is the influence of their surroundings—that

this international issue is not soluble at the ballot-box, that the interests of the two nations are directly antagonistic, and no combination of Parliamentary parties can reconcile such gigantic interests, in which the life of one nation and the supremacy of another is involved on the western coast of Europe. As well might Spain decree by a vote in her Cortes that Gibraltar must be restored to her, as Ireland dream that her deputies could ever effect such a change peacefully, or that the votes of her members would compel any combination of British parties to give Ireland over to her own people, to make laws and to govern her as the colonies of this scattered empire govern themselves. In the whole of this article in *United Ireland* there is not a single mention of trade, manufactures, or commerce. The old cry of the land, and that worn-out bugbear the landlord, seemed to be the only change which self-government was to bring to Ireland, even if obtained.

There is one extraordinary passage in this article which clearly illustrates the confusion of mind these able men seem to have on this "Home Rule" question; for whenever they approach this subject one would think that the British Parliament not only changed their Irish souls, but robbed them of their intellects. What do the writers in *United Ireland* mean by "as large or larger measure of self-government" to be given Ireland by these rival enemies the Tories and Whigs? Self-government means exactly what it states. There can be neither larger, nor smaller, used to qualify it. A people must either govern themselves, or not govern. There can be no lesser or greater in the question. Do the Provincialists mean that a portion of "Home Rule" can be given to Ireland, and yet be live self-government? Would they be satisfied, like one of the claimant mothers before Solomon, to take half the child, thereby destroying its life by the severance of the executioner's sword? It is feared that they have some such wicked dream. Why do they not see—or are they blinded—that the mutilated corpse would have no animation? There has been a growing fear among Irish Nationalists that some

of these men contemplate this foul treason to their country ; else what is the meaning of getting freedom by instalments ? The British Minister who conjures up in his fancy, the idea that the Irish question would be even temporarily settled by such a bleeding fragment, makes a great mistake. The changelings, with their apparent power and prestige would be powerless, despite all their promises. The great heart of the Irish race beats true to the core to their motherland, and although many have been deluded into trying Parliamentary agitation, they certainly mean no less a crown of nationhood for their country than do their physical force brothers. The belief entertained by the *United Ireland* writer as to Lord Randolph Churchill being in favour of "Home Rule" is another proof, if needed, of what flimsy foundations they try to build the Temple of Truth upon. This article was soon after answered by an interview being brought about between Mr. Parnell and Lord Carnarvon, the Tory Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at the latter's suggestion and wish. The Tories wished to get the Parnellite support by giving vague and empty promises in return. So the British Earl commenced a conversation on "Home Rule" with Mr. Parnell, without exactly compromising his colleagues—with whose sanction and approval, no doubt, the interview was permitted—and asked Mr. Parnell the leading question to a British statesman—If Ireland got "Home Rule," would she, like Canada, protect her manufacturers against England ? Mr. Parnell supposed she would, and Lord Carnarvon replied that he thought there would be some trouble over this. However the interview passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Parnell, although he could not place his hand upon any definite or tangible promise, yet came away fully satisfied that the Tories would give Ireland "Home Rule." In fact it was almost a Cabinet question already, and this delusion so filled the soul of Mr. Parnell that it pervaded every speech he delivered during the general election. The Liberals were of course made aware of this interview, and commenced making overtures to their late foes, the Parnellites. It was a case of

Codlin and Short between Ireland's rival tyrants, with no sincerity in the promises of either. *United Ireland* had an article on the Gladstone overtures entitled "Baiting the Trap." It stated: "Never could we have believed the Gladstone Government could have stooped to the acts which they are now attempting, in order to curry favour once more with the Irish people."

What strange political jugglery has taken place since. How different the Irish newspaper speaks to-day of the Liberal statesman, who remains the same in heart, and must remain so as a British Minister.

Mr. Davitt, at this period, had a tiff with *United Ireland*. He had written a smart and petulant letter to that paper, in reply to some comments of theirs on his letter to a Sheffield Radical club declining an offer made by them, to represent an English borough in Parliament. In his refusal to accept the nomination, he stated that he did not think that all the best men in politics should be sent to Parliament. The natural inference to any intelligent reader would be that Mr. Davitt considered himself included in the ranks of the best men in politics, which displayed a proper appreciation of himself. No doubt in ability as a speaker, and earnestness in agitation, Mr. Davitt was right in placing himself on the pedestal labelled "Best"; but not wishing to be discourteous to the Englishmen of Sheffield, he sent a letter to *United Ireland* stating that his real reason for declining the nomination for a seat in Parliament was his decided objection to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. *United Ireland* got nasty over this letter from Mr. Davitt, its editor and proprietors being duly sworn members of Parliament. And it may be remarked, *en passant*, that this oath-taking is a matter for each gentleman's own conscience. Mr. Davitt being one of "our pure patriots," as the term is used, was perfectly justified in satisfying himself as to how far the taking of this oath might stain his original purity. In the course of *United Ireland's* remarks on Mr. Davitt's letter, it went on

to say "that since Mr. Davitt's declaration in a letter published in May, 1882, that 'a noble vision' had dawned upon his views, many persons supposed that he had waived his objections to take the oath." The writer in *United Ireland* appeared to have the inclination to hum over the couplet from *Patience* :

" Oh, what a very, very pure young man
This pure young man must be."

Mr. Davitt was indignant with the writer in *United Ireland* recalling his letter of the "nobler vision," and retorted by saying that his noble visions did not contemplate oaths of loyalty to Ireland's enemy, but from his point of view more effective methods of bringing down the enemy's twin strongholds—landlordism and Castle rule. The letter concluded thus: "Had you not in your ill-tempered and unfair article of last week broached this subject, I should not trouble you with any letter upon it, but when you deliberately and maliciously try to place me in a false position before the country, and not for the first time, you shall not be permitted to do it again with impunity."

Irish Nationalists are very much afraid that their pure and noble countryman displays a slight flavour of losing his temper with his friend Mr. William O'Brien. What the dreadful punishment he alludes to, when he states that his friend will not again be permitted to misrepresent him with impunity may be, they cannot imagine; possibly the same destructive weapons with which he means to attack the twin strongholds. Irishmen have a vivid recollection of reading a certain speech delivered since, by this pure and noble patriot at Chicago, in which he very plainly pointed out that the most "effective method of bringing down the twin strongholds" was by talk; and disclaiming all the naughty, wicked things which Mr. Finnerty spoke of. So that there was really no difference between his views and Mr. O'Brien's, and it is supposed that they have made friends long ago. The "nobler vision" alluded to by Mr. O'Brien was a letter

written by Mr. Davitt on his release in May, 1882. Here is an extract: "If in the hot blood of early manhood, smarting under the cruelties and indignities perpetrated in Ireland, I saw appeal to force the only way of succouring her, upon my graver thoughts, in the bitter solitude of a felon's cell, a nobler vision appeared, a dream of the enfranchisement and fraternisation of the peoples, and of the conquering of hate by justice." None but a truly pure and noble spirit could breathe these lofty sentiments. What a wholesome moral lesson it should have taught those incorrigibles who carried the National sentiments they first learned in the hot blood of their youth and early manhood into their maturer years, even until their heads were tinged with the winter's rime! If they could but see what the dream of the "fraternisation of the peoples" has done for the dreamer, how prosperity and success have crowned his nobler visions! As he rose up the golden hill of fortune step by step, how he must have pitied the deluded comrades of his early years, who lingered in the vale of sorrow below, and to whom no graver or nobler thoughts came in their solitude! Then, as his intellect was developed more and more by the clear bracing atmosphere of the loftier regions he had reached, fortune redoubled her smiles and the "fraternisation of the peoples" grew with more sublimity, and still loftier and nobler sentiments animated his being. 'Twas then that he conceived the idea of a visit to the Holy Land. What a splendid field for the philanthropic sentiment of "fraternisation" had he here before him, the glorious achievement of uniting the human family in one brotherhood of peoples! In his wanderings before visiting Jerusalem he could make a happy blend of the democracies of France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Spain, Egypt, and any lands he chose to visit to fulfil his "nobler vision," including all the various tribes around the early home of Christianity. For as this noble vision is based on ignoring the national differences and the conflicting interests of the Irish and British working classes, would it not be well to spread this "fraternisation" all over? On his way to

Bethlehem Mr. Davitt visited Rome, with the pious and dutiful object of paying his respects to the Holy Father ; but, strange to say, the Pope declined the interview. Mr. Davitt's modesty must have kept from his Holiness the knowledge that he of the “nobler visions,” one of the “best men” in Irish politics, was craving an interview. As yet the world has heard nothing further of the success of this Eastern journey. Irishmen may feel certain that Mr. Davitt daily waxes stronger in love and “fraternisation”; perhaps the time will soon come when hate will be conquered by justice and by love, and when those twin strongholds spoken of by Mr. Davitt—“landlordism and Castle rule”—will melt away beneath the fervour of his “nobler visions,” and the love born of “the fraternisation of peoples.”

XXII

THE ELECTIONS OF 1886—THE PARNELLITE POSITION.

THE Parliament which had been elected with such hope for Ireland in the spring of 1880, was dissolved. The promise of great things, for which the Provincialist organs greeted the Premiership of Mr. Gladstone and the Chief Secretaryship of Mr. Forster, had failed. The same journals which hailed Mr. Forster's advent with good omen, sent a howl of execration on his departing footsteps; his coming and his departure were both Irish victories, and Mr. Gladstone's defeat was another Irish victory. It will be remembered how hopefully Mr. Parnell wrote of the general election of 1880 in his letter to the *Chicago Daily News*. He stated: "It is incorrect to suppose that Liberals are rendered independent of the Irish members . . . should the Liberals refuse to accede to our demands they can be very promptly reduced to order . . . The Irish party know what they want, and are determined to have it rendered impossible that the most powerful Ministry can withstand them."

The Tower of Babel was nothing near to the height to which these men have built up a tower of delusion, to mock the Irish race with. When the sitting was peremptorily closed, and when the thirty-five members were ignominiously expelled the House, where was the power to reduce the Ministry to prompt obedience? When Gladstone reached the Coercion Act, why did they not make it practically impossible for him to do so?

Will Irishmen ever learn the lesson that this agitation should have long since taught them: that they might as well attack the strong fortress of Metz with bonbons, as to dream of the folly of shaming England, or talking her into giving them over the management of their own affairs?

Although hailed with delight as the benefactor which allowed coercion to disappear, the Irish, in acknowledging the Tory Government, were a little more moderate in their expressions of joy, and acted with more commendable prudence than they did a little later on. County conventions were held to appoint candidates for Parliament. In nearly every case Mr. Parnell dictated the nomination. There can be no fault found with this. If Parliamentary tactics had anything in them, Mr. Parnell was most likely to know the men he wanted. This history does not purpose going into any detailed statement of this election. It was remarkable in one respect only: that since the Legislative Union with Britain it was the first time that Ireland had a franchise, whereby she could publicly place on record her detestation of foreign rule. The world—that is that portion of European and American civilisation which takes any passing interest in these things—knows well the actual state of Irish feeling. What meant the insurrections of 1798 and 1803; and the '48, '65 and '67 movements? Had they not some part in educating the public mind as to Ireland's real sentiments? This general election merely endorsed what every one knew: that the overwhelming majority of Irishmen claim the right to govern Ireland, the right to make their own laws in Ireland, by Irishmen for Irishmen. The statesmen of Europe, men who move large armies and who have made a study of international questions, such men as Bismarck, Giers, Kalnoky, Schouvaloff, Ignatieff, and scores of others, know the real issue between Ireland and Britain. They are keen watchers of every incident on the European chessboard. When such small places as Greece, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, or Bulgaria come within the sphere of their operations, how much more important is Ireland, which is larger than any three of these

united. If Irishmen would cease their mock "Constitutional" programme, material help might come to them in the clash of European nationalities ; but they must show the nations they mean to help themselves by deeds and sacrifices, not by talk and bombast.

This general election, claimed as a victory, was quite in keeping with this oft-repeated childish cry ; it was simply the expression of national will for self-government. These eighty-five representatives were to be either the recipients of the national demand, or else of national humiliation. The elections of these delegates were termed "victory." Indeed that of each particular one was regarded as an occasion for national delight.

During this election the Irish Parliamentary party were as bitter against Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals, as to-day they are their much obliged and faithful servants. Mr. Parnell, speaking in Mayo, November 3, 1885, said : "Speaking for myself, and I believe for the people of Ireland and all my colleagues, I have to declare we will never accept anything but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, and to make our land a nation ; and to secure for Ireland, free from outside control, the right to direct her own course among the peoples of the earth."

These words are the true doctrines of Irish nationality, but they can only be accomplished in spite of the enemy, never with his voluntary consent. The speaker, true to his irresolute character, directly contradicted this speech by his subsequent conduct in Parliament. Mr. Parnell very properly opposed Mr. Callan in Louth. This election was an exciting one, owing to the Callan faction offering great opposition. It was during this election that Mr. Parnell, November, 1885, made his famous public promise. His words were : "Men of Ireland, so sure as the sun shines in the heavens to-morrow morning, so certain shall Ireland have Home Rule before two years."

It is long past two years since these memorable words were spoken, and Ireland is to-day in bondage, her deputies insulted

and dragged off to prison, and the certain "Home Rule" as far off as when O'Connell promised it over forty years ago; and it will for ever be a myth until Irishmen are determined to attack the foe who withholds it.

The new redistribution of seats enabled the Home Rulers to successfully contest one of the Liverpool Parliamentary divisions. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, an admirable strategist and a firm believer in Parliamentary warfare, a thorough West Briton but an honest Provincialist who believes Ireland's destiny is to be perpetually wound up in the British Empire and British interests, was selected as the proper man to stand in the "Home Rule" cause. It is the fault of the people who call such anti-Irishmen patriots. Mr. O'Connor, however, is a humorous, able speaker and a most accomplished writer.

The following manifesto was issued by the Parliamentary party:—"The Liberal party are making an appeal to the confidence of the electors at the general election of 1885, as at the general election of 1880, on false pretences. In 1880 the Liberal party promised peace, and it afterwards made unjust war.

"To Ireland, more than any other country, it bound itself by most solemn pledges, and these it most flagrantly violated. It denounced coercion and it practised a system of coercion more brutal than that of any previous Administration, Liberal or Tory. Under this system juries were packed with a shamelessness unprecedented even in Liberal Administrations, and innocent men were hanged or sent to the living death of penal servitude; twelve hundred men were imprisoned without trial; ladies were convicted under an obsolete Act directed against the degraded of their sex, and for a period, every utterance of the popular press, and of the popular meeting, was as completely suppressed as if Ireland was Poland, and the Administration of England a Russian autocracy. The representatives of Liberalism in Ireland were men like Mr. Forster and Lord Spencer, who have left more hateful

memories in Ireland than any statesmen of the century. The last declaration of Mr. Gladstone was that he intended to renew the very worst clauses of the Coercion Act of 1882."

The Irish Home Rule party then spoke truth, but they are speaking the very reverse to-day. The statesman whom they denounced for his intention to renew the very worst clauses of the Coercion Act, they hailed a few months after as their deliverer. They made this Englishman their leader, which position he still occupies. They spoke of Gladstone's Administration in Ireland as an autocracy, but every British Government is and has been the same. The present Tory Government is practising acts of despotism; and if the Liberals under Mr. Gladstone were returned, they would, of course, continue the same despotism. Dividing British rule into parties is Ireland's unfortunate weakness; no such thing exists. Foreign rule is foreign rule under Gladstone, Salisbury, or any other Briton. Mr. Parnell, addressing the Liverpool electors at this time, also made a violent but yet just attack upon Gladstone's Irish Government. The monstrous inconsistency of praising the same Gladstone to-day, is humiliating to Irishmen. What aggravates the situation is the degrading manner he has led so many of the Irish race to follow in his footsteps.

The result of the general election of 1885 was: Liberals 333, Tories 250, Irish 86, Independent 1.

This showed a Liberal majority of 83, not counting the Irish votes; and this Liberal majority was gained in spite of the direct opposition of the Irish vote, although this vote went as the Parnellites directed. What silly statements Irish leaders make in trying to convince their countrymen that the vote in England is an important factor in deciding elections. The vote must necessarily be small, numerically, and no matter how well organised—and it is believed that its organisation was, humanly speaking, as perfect as it could be during this election—it can only turn the scale when British parties are

fairly equal. The Irish in Britain are some of the best of their race, brave, resolute, and determined ; but useless, like the men at home, at present. This agitation has them in the torpid sleep of desuetude. A "brainy" leader would find these men invaluable, but not for voting.

The position of parties was most favourable for Mr. Parnell. The leaders of legal agitation never before dreamed of such a position—eighty-six votes of a solid united party, every man pledged to vote with the majority! What ecstasies of joy would Mr. Butt have felt, if he had had such a determined and united following? What great things would he not do? Surely, if ever agitation can be successful, it is now! Mr. Parnell cannot be boasting. It is only a question of the measure of Home Rule, he tells his countrymen; the rest is all but an accomplished fact. The Tories and the Irish, united, left Mr. Gladstone in a minority of three. This enormous Liberal vote came from Britain; not one Liberal was elected in Ireland; so that the much spoken of English working-man, according to these returns, voted for Mr. Gladstone even when the Irish democrats opposed him, for this campaign of 1885 was fought out to the bitter end in direct hostility to the Liberals. Every engine the Irish party could use, was used against Mr. Gladstone and his following, and yet he received this large majority; but when Mr. Gladstone appealed to the British working man on another issue, one year later, there was an opposite result.

The Tories would be in the minority, if the Parnellites changed sides, by 109 votes. So that the Irish Parliamentary party could not possibly hope for a more favourable position,—it would indeed be impossible,—than that which they now enjoyed. If this story, told the Irish people by the three great leaders of the doctrine of arguing England out of Ireland, O'Connell, Butt, and Parnell, had ever a shadow of power to show, this was surely the time. Mr. Parnell is in the saddle, neither British parties can hold power without his vote; he is on the summit of the fortress, and can not only sweep the foe in front, but take them by

flank and reverse fire. If this victory is possible, surely it can be gained now. Alas, for generations of folly and untold wealth spent in its pursuit! It was utterly and completely impossible; such a means to free a nation never came into the brains of any practical, sensible people. Men who take to this course, simply want public life, ambition and promotion, honours and wealth. They are members of the British Parliament, and by virtue of that office, servants of the British sovereign; to style such men Irish Nationalists, as were Ireland's patriots of '98 and other men since, who have dared the dungeon and the halter for their native land, is to trail the noble title of patriot in the gutter of British party politics. Willingly or unwillingly they must become the allies of one or other of the enemy's political parties, and die either disappointed men, or else respectable, quiet-going West Britons.

The new Parliament assembled at Westminster. Mr. Parnell and his eighty-five followers took their seats in the confidence of strength and near approach to power. In their sanguine mood victory was in sight, it was within their grasp; they had but to snatch it and the field was won. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, speaking at a reception at that time, said in glowing language: "After seven long centuries of struggle with various success, how proud it is for us to know we live in the time when victory has been achieved, and that we are alive to witness the day when Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth!" "Gone for ever was coercion," said Mr. Parnell, "and gone for ever the time when the Briton was our master."

If Ireland ever sees the time these gentlemen spoke of, it will be when the red flag of Britain goes down before the blows of a battling nation; when Ireland defeats Britain in the field, then, and not till then, will Ireland receive self-government. Cowardly teachings and more cowardly examples—for braggadocio and blustering over three or six months in gaol, is not the bravery that freeth nations—

relegates this time to the Greek Kalends ; independence for Ireland is postponed to the same indefinite period.

The Tory Government, whom Mr. Parnell had been in alliance with against the Radicals, and who held before his eager gaze the tempting bait of " Home Rule," met the new Parliament, which opened on Friday, January 21, 1886. They had scarcely more than permitted the new Legislature to assemble when their Irish policy was announced ; and through their mouthpiece, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, they informed the House of Commons that they proposed to bring in an Irish Coercion Bill, and a Bill to suppress the Irish National League. Great was the rage and indignation of the Parnellites. What a descent from the mountain top of hope from which they gazed on " Home Rule ! " What were they to say to their countrymen, whom they had inflated with the same confidence which animated them ? To be insulted and flouted by a minority Ministry to which they had given every possible aid and comfort during the recent general election—a Ministry that had held out such delusive promises now so rudely dispelled, the rosy dream which they and their people so foolishly indulged in. It was really too much to endure. And yet this treachery on the part of the Tories failed to teach them the old lesson—that British parties are the same in their government of Ireland.

A few nights after, the Tories were defeated on an English measure and compelled to resign. Once again Mr. Gladstone resumed the reins of power, and all was expectation as to what course the old Liberal leader would take. If he refused the Irish " Home Rule," then indeed would they be driven to despair. That Mr. Gladstone foresaw the possibilities of introducing some measure with the title of " Home Rule " attached, is evident from his previous careful utterances. Mr. Justin McCarthy informed the public that Mr. Gladstone had been a convert to " Home Rule " for eight years. If Mr. McCarthy meant self-government for Ireland, that conversion is yet to take place. In 1881, in the London Guildhall, when Mr. Gladstone announced the arrest of Mr. Parnell in the melo-

dramatic manner already recorded, it will be remembered he used these words: "It is not even on any point connected with what is popularly known as 'Home Rule,' and which may be understood in any one of a hundred senses, some of them perfectly acceptable and even desirable, and others of them mischievous and revolutionary." These words, spoken by the English Premier at a time when he was imprisoning the Irish leader, the advocate of "Home Rule," plainly tells us what was running through the mind of this aged statesman. Mr. Gladstone's definition of Home Rule was evidently "one of the hundred senses most desirable" to Englishmen, but most undesirable to Ireland. Genuine self-government for Ireland would be, in the Grand Old Man's imagination, both "mischievous and revolutionary." The Leeds *Mercury*, which seemed to understand the aged Liberal in December, 1885 before the Tories were defeated, thus spoke on this subject: "Mr. Gladstone's plan is for a Parliament in Ireland to deal with purely local affairs. The proposal is subject to very large limitations. . . . Duties of a protective nature shall not be imposed on British goods in Ireland."

The very key to the situation is foreshadowed here. Ireland's great interest is manufactures. England's great interest is that Ireland should continue to be deprived of these rival industries. So long as Ireland can be made a "dumping" ground for English wares, manufactures in Ireland are an impossibility. Ireland needs a Legislature to make her own laws, and to legislate for every internal interest. Irish industries for her people, towers giantlike above the rest of her requirements. This Leeds paper, speaking of a possible forthcoming Bill, declares it to be shorn of the one great need for Ireland—the means of giving employment to her people.

Mr. Gladstone's return to power was almost simultaneous with the breaking out of a famine in certain parts of the West of Ireland. England's slow poison, starvation in Ireland, now and then becomes a serious epidemic, which is an inconvenience to Britain as she prefers the Irish to die in the usual, regular course. Another famine fund was started in

America the previous year. Mr. Parnell had assured the world that this was to be the last begging box that should be sent round to feed the hungry Irish. Mr. Patrick Ford generously started a famine fund in the *Irish World*, which Mr. Davitt undertook to distribute. . . .

Mr. Gladstone had to encounter, in his promise to give Ireland "Home Rule," English prejudice and English hostility. English interests he could easily appease, for he was determined to make no concealment whatever that he would not allow the Irish people to create manufactures, or build up industries. He knew the Irish people were so much engaged in agriculture that they were ignorant of their greatest weakness—lack of employment for the people,—as they were also ignorant of their great physical strength as against Britain. But British prejudice against any seeming Irish autonomy he knew was a powerful factor against him ; and he also had to be careful not to offend the Parnellites, who held the greater portion of the Irish people in the hollow of their hand. He did not at that time know how far he could venture with these men, and had to feel his way carefully ; for one false step, he thought, would precipitate them into the arms of the revolutionists. In this Mr. Gladstone found very soon he was wrong. These men, particularly the leading spirits, had so convinced themselves, and afterwards the great masses of their countrymen, that "Home Rule" was near, that the action of the Tories shook Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants from the pinnacle of hope almost to the depths of despair. They saw before them, if Mr. Gladstone did not come to their rescue, a speedy dethronement from all the honours, emoluments, and advantages they enjoyed as leaders of the Irish people, and which entailed very little risk in return ; or else the choice of continuing their leadership as physical force revolutionists.

If Mr. Gladstone refused to entertain "Home Rule," as the Tories did, the Opposition would of course support them. The Irish people would not submit to carry on the "splendid

nonsense" of agitation further. Irish America would use its money for the purchase of rifles and other weapons of destruction ; and great as was Mr. Parnell's power, he knew he could not hold it if the cup of hope, which he so recently held to Ireland's lips, was dashed to the ground by the course of events. Mr. Parnell and the greater portion of his party who controlled the league, knew they had neither the courage nor self-sacrifice necessary to lead a revolutionary movement. They had practical proof that they were deficient in the stamina of real patriots, such as Wolfe Tone, George Washington, Robert Emmet, or Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and that they only possessed sufficient courage to die for Ireland in a song, or in a speech, before cheering and admiring auditors. They remembered vividly the feelings they experienced when the Park tragedy sprung upon them, when, without a moment's reflection, animated with the most cowardly terror, they issued a proclamation reckless of whom or what they were assailing ; in their abject fright they were not masters of themselves. Consequently, if Mr. Gladstone did not come to their aid, they had no alternative but to step down and out from their pedestal of wealth and power ; or else join their countrymen in preparing to fight Britain. This meant facing real "dungeons, toils, and chains," and not the martyrdom of three or six months' imprisonment, to come out freemen with honours easily earned.

This was the position of the two leaders, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell ; both were anxious to keep down strife, and both feared the effect of a refusal of " Home Rule " on the minds of men who were prepared to make any and every sacrifice for Ireland ; both knew that the great masses of the Irish people, at home and abroad, were sound on the question, no matter how misled they might have been by interested and weak leaders. Mr. Parnell knew very well that his following in the House was not the stuff from which to manufacture revolutionary soldiers. They were mere Parliamentarians ; weak, both physically and morally, on this issue. There were among them, it is true, many who had been good men, but

they were corrupted by their surroundings. The great majority had no such patriotic courage as animated the men who fought at Lexington, Bunker's Hill, Vinegar Hill, and Noxlow. It is one thing to quote these men's heroic deeds, but another thing to put these deeds into practice.

Mr. Gladstone had then before him a difficult task: to preserve Ireland to Britain, by inducing Irishmen to continue their agitation and not turn their thoughts to what might prove too powerful and dangerous for Britain to crush—Irish revolution; for be it remembered that Britain could not accomplish by her arms anything approaching the dreadful destruction of peace. The lesson taught by the Boers had given him serious disquiet, and the complications which he feared would arise among strong European Powers, added to the wealth and power of the exiled Irish, convinced this able and far-seeing statesman that some measure with the name of "Home Rule," was necessary to accomplish his purpose. Had he known how far he could have ventured with the Parnellites he would have had less trouble; but this he was unaware of; each party was afraid of the other. Mr. Gladstone had not the faintest idea of giving Irishmen any control of their own affairs; what he tried to do was to create a shadowy Parliament and Government altogether under British control. But to do this, and please the Parnellites, he knew it should have some outward semblance of reality, no matter how hollow it was inside; nevertheless, in investing his measure with this outward semblance he invoked hostile British prejudice even in his own Cabinet, although he was giving Ireland less than Chamberlain proposed as to material advantages in local affairs, which in neither case could have affected Irish national wealth. Mr. Gladstone's Bill bore all the trappings of mock sovereignty. He knew the sentimental side of the Irish character, and that the name of anything called a Parliament, sitting in College Green, would fill them with joy and enthusiasm—although it bore the same relations to a real Legislature as a stage fight does to a real battle—and that the results of victory, when all was over,

would be the same for Ireland. He saw that the Irish were delighted when their Dublin Municipal Council changed the city flag to the national colours, degrading the immortal green of the nation to the mere emblem of a municipality. Britain always hopes to see the Irish banner the flag of a corporate town, but never the standard of a free and independent nation. The changing of Sackville Street to O'Connell Street, and the conferring of the freedom of the city, the capital of an enslaved nation—these toys and gewgaws pleased a certain section of the Irish people; why not give them another toy? So he would open the murderous Yeoman's Parliament House in College Green, and let them have mock "Home Rule!"

But in trying to conciliate Ireland by giving her a toy dressed up as self-government, he offended the prejudices and susceptibilities of the sentimental side of John Bull. He could not convince several members of his Cabinet that this yielding to Irish aspirationists did not in principle seem a violation of the supposed Union between these hostile nations, even although he gave away no material advantage, and surrendered no control whatever. Several secessions from his Cabinet delighted the Irish, for why should English Radicals of such prominence as Hartington, Trevelyan, Bright, Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James, leave the Cabinet if great concessions were not meant? If Irishmen, however, reflected more on the situation, they would soon see that the Radicals are more hostile to "Home Rule" than even the Tories, for they are nervous of the question of trade and manufactures. Eventually it was announced that the long-expected "Home Rule" Bill would be introduced on April 8, 1888.

XXIII

INTRODUCTION OF THE BILL OF 1886—CRITICISM OF THE MEASURE—A FOREIGN RULE BILL.

ON Thursday evening, April 8, 1886, all the *élite* of the clubs and drawing-rooms of Belgravia and Mayfair, the diplomatic and representative world of fashion in London, all who could procure seats or standing room, were crowded into the Commons chamber of England to hear Mr. Gladstone's speech asking leave to introduce a Bill termed "Home Rule" for Ireland; and which measure the great commoner was to explain to the country. Royalty was represented by the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Albert Victor, two probable occupants of the British throne. Irish hearts and hopes were centred round the chamber in Westminster. . . .

As Mr. Gladstone rose the House was hushed in silence; every ear in that densely-packed chamber was strained to catch each tone of his musical voice, and to drink in every word that fell from the lips of that aged statesman, truly styled by Mr. John Dillon the "master of misconception"; a title stamped upon his name with ineffaceable letters by the marvellous manner he introduced a measure which more firmly riveted the foreigners' chains upon Irish limbs, and which he, with the audacity and effrontery of custom, called "Home Rule"

Mr. Gladstone spoke for over four hours, and during that time he skilfully wove a net so intricate that it has apparently

enmeshed the intellects of the greater number of the human race, who have since discussed this so-called "Home Rule" from many standpoints, but not that we are aware of, from the actual position, that position which will for ever remain in discussing this Bill—the non-existence of the smallest particle of "Home Rule" in Mr. Gladstone's Bill so-called, and the existence of a strong measure of coercion, veiled under the clause which created the Irish Executive.

Mr. Gladstone entranced, stupefied, and set his hearers wondering by his marvellous power of language, his wizard-like jugglery of phrases, his creation of some hypothetical castle, only to demolish it in the sweeping tornado of his sentences. Now he proved to Englishmen what a grand benefit his Bill would bring to them; and then turning to the Parnellites, he showed them what a great future their country would enjoy under the beneficent blessings his Bill would bring to them. He had even the astounding audacity to tell Irishmen it would confer upon them greater and more glorious results than if the war for independence in '98, of immortal memory, had been crowned with success, and not, as it was, smothered in blood by his brutal countrymen, the foreign settler yeomen, and their no less brutal hirelings, the Hessians. This man's stupendous ability appeared to paralyse them. First this great magician marched through his subject, then trotted, galloped, and finally charged. In the grand *mêlée* of his sentences, his hearers were lost in astonishment. They knew his meaning must have been superbly magnificent, but 'twas so hidden in the brilliant cloud of verbiage, which cantered, galloped, and charged unceasingly by, that this rested only in their fancy. It was the master mind of misconception drugging his Irish hearers.

Numbers thronged to St. Stephen's to be charmed by the stately music of those marshalled sentences, and to admire the way in which, like a cloud of skirmishers, they either concealed or scattered facts. The eye and the ear were dazed at the musical rhythm of their delivery. It was the genius of the master of language, the successor of a long line of great

orators. To see and hear this aged statesman, crowds of representative men and beautiful women, titled personages, soldiers of fame and men of letters, thronged to Westminster. The importance of the subject was lost sight of, in the eminence of the expounder. But for Ireland the importance of the subject was her life or death. Pauline Deschappelles did not linger with more devotion on the honeyed words of the Prince of Como describing his palace amid eternal summer, than did Erin hang upon the words of that aged Briton. But the palace of the prince was not more a creation of Claude Melnotte's poetic imagination, than was "Home Rule" for Erin a vision of ideality which that wondrous wizard, William Ewart Gladstone, conjured up to try and appease Irish discontent without in any way satisfying it by a single substantial concession.

When Mr. Gladstone left general principles and began to state the provisions of the Bill in detail, there must have been great anxiety among his hearers. To the astonishment of those Irishmen present—Parnellite Members of Parliament and visitors, who expected that after the impassioned exordium just delivered the forthcoming Bill would contain some great and genuine material concessions which would benefit their country—Mr. Gladstone distinctly told them that the promised Irish Parliament would have no power whatever over Irish tariffs or Irish trade. In the language of this master of misconception, the absence of the keystone from his promised arch called "Home Rule" was thus explained: "There are exceptions of what I may call practical necessity for ordinary purposes. The first of these is the law of trade and navigation. I assume that as to trade and navigation at large, it would be a great calamity to Ireland to be separated from Great Britain."

How this giant intellect must have despised the puny minds he was addressing both before and around him, especially the men whom Ireland had delegated to demand self-government, when, after an opening address of almost unexampled advocacy

of Ireland's cause by a British statesman, after sentences filled with such brilliant promise, he could continue the same speech by boldly advocating the unbroken robbery of Ireland by the uninterrupted deprivation of her commercial independence! What concealed irony must have been in Mr. Gladstone's mind, when he, in such keen and satirical language, unblushingly told the Parnellites that "Home Rule" in its vital point would be, if granted to Ireland, a great calamity! It will be remembered that a short time previous they had heard him announce that the success of the Irish war of independence could not convey to that country greater blessings than he was about to offer her; and now they listened to his deliberate declaration that the corner-stone of Irish prosperity—the control of her trade and her tariff—would continue to remain under the control, and at the disposal, of a foreign nation.

But although Mr. Gladstone, by this "exception of practical necessity," left his Bill worthless so far as Irish prosperity could be promoted by its provisions, was there not enough "Home Rule" left to strengthen the hands of the Irish people at home; some modicum of power by which the complete demand would be by-and-by wrung from the British; some plausible pretext for fresh constitutional agitation, or additional power to renew the struggle in another place? It is this delusive cry of gaining freedom by instalments, which the Provincialists use to the Nationalists to induce them to join their ranks.

The orator continued, using very momentous language: "My next duty is to state what are the powers of the proposed legislative body. The capital article of that legislative body will be that it should have the control of the executive government of Ireland, as well as of legislative business. The problem of responsible government has been solved for us in our colonies. (Cheers.) It works very well there, and in perhaps a dozen cases, in different quarters of the globe, it works to our perfect satisfaction. As I have already said, the administrative power by a responsible government would

pass under our proposals with the legislative power. Then, sir, the legislative body would be subject to the provisions of the Act in the first place as to its own composition."

There is no equivocation here ; it conveys to every one who understands the English language a plain statement that the Bill would create a responsible Irish Ministry. There was naturally great joy in the Irish heart ; here was a most important "stepping-stone" to self-government conceded, for who could or would be so ungracious as to doubt the sincerity of this eminent convert to Irish "Home Rule" ?

When Mr. Parnell arose to take part in this important debate, there must have been great anxiety in the Ministerial ranks. Had the wizard tongue of the Grand Old Man persuaded the Irish representatives that their best policy was to accept the Bill, even shorn as it was of any material benefits ?

They had not long to wait. Mr. Parnell's usual cold delivery was this evening changed to effusive compliments, warmly and lavishly bestowed on the British Premier. The cool, careful statesman, who was wont to carefully weigh every promised measure coming from a British Minister, seemed only too eager to grasp at the seeming points of advantage, and to hug this promised measure with delight. He and his followers were straining for some solid and substantial success to show the Irish people, after the many years of agitation supported by generous remittances from the American Irish. This visionary promised measure must not only be accepted, but magnified in importance before mankind, especially in America, where their great financial support came from, and from whence they hoped an impetus would be given to unloose the generous American purse to replenish the Provincialist treasury.

Mr. Parnell paid his chief, the British Premier, every possible compliment. He said : " He has drafted this Bill, he has explained it to the House, in a speech of extraordinary eloquence. To Ireland I suppose—to none of the sons of

Ireland—at any time has there ever been given the genius and talent of the right honourable gentleman, certainly nothing approaching it in these days. But there are undoubted great faults and blots in the measure. . . . He has seen his officers leaving his side one by one and drawing their swords, as the right honourable member for the Border Burghs [Mr. Trevelyan] did to-night, against him. And he has, I suppose, to shape his measure to meet the tremendous opposition which has been involved. But there are several points which it will be our duty, when the measure reaches the committee stage, to oppose very strongly, and to press for other serious modification and amendment.

“There is another point to which I wish to allude—namely, with regard to vote by order. As explained by the right honourable gentleman, the first order, selected by a fancy franchise, is given the right of hanging up any Bill for three years. I understand the words of the right honourable gentleman to be these—‘Three years or until there is a dissolution, whichever is the longer.’ I think that that would indicate three years as the minimum of time during which they could hang up a Bill ; and, if a dissolution did not take place before three years, the Bill would be hung up for a still longer period. I should be glad if I were mistaken on this point ; it is possible that I may be ; but in any case, whatever the period might be, it would be absolutely in the power of the first order, in which, from the nature of the case, the popular party in Ireland could not obtain many representatives, to hang up any measure they pleased, and so to bring the proceedings of the Legislature to a deadlock.”

Mr. Parnell criticised the organisation of the so-called Irish Parliament, which was a stupendous insult and will be written about later. How eagerly the Irish Parliamentary leader apologised for the deficiencies of the promised measure on the plea that Mr. Gladstone had encountered tremendous opposition in framing the Bill. But the principal and vital deficiency in the measure, which Mr. Gladstone so deliberately showed the House when he, in effect, said the proposed Legis-

lature would have no authority whatever—no power conceded to it to develop and create Irish manufactures, this capital and supreme right of which the British would still deprive the Irish people—was completely ignored by Mr. Parnell. The man who publicly stated so many times during the then recent general election that "We would never accept anything but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, and to make our land a nation, and to secure for Ireland, free from outside control, the right to direct her own course among the peoples of the earth," was now willing to accept a measure which could not bring to Ireland the smallest prosperity. Under its provisions no possible increase could come to the national wealth; that much was definitely settled. Whether it would bring increase to national power depended upon the fulfilment of the Premier's plighted words, publicly expressed before the world from the rostrum of the British Commons. Mr. Parnell spoke of altering the measure in committee. If great principles could be inserted at the committee stage, then any coercion measure could be accepted on the second reading, on the plea that the Irish would so change it in committee that it would emerge a measure creating Ireland an independent nation. But Mr. Parnell was not talking to the members of that House when he spoke of changes in the measure in committee; he was speaking to the great outside world that does not understand the details of such questions, and more especially the great Irish American public who are completely ignorant of the routine of British law-making.

The one bright spot in this measure was the creation of an Irish Ministry. This would give Ireland the opportunity to create a public Irish Government, an emblem of authority around which the nation could rally in demanding the vital deficiencies absent from the present Bill. The Parnellites cabled to America and Australia the joyful news that the Bill was a perfectly satisfactory measure, and, lacking a few unimportant details could be accepted as a satisfactory settlement of the Irish question. Public sentiment and

public passion pervaded the Irish masses the world over. Alas! there was no public opinion based on reasoning judgment. Every city and state rose up to honour the Grand Old Man; congratulations which exhausted all the adjectives in the English language, were cabled to Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, complimenting the British statesman and the Irish Parliamentary leader upon the wondrous good things they were about to give to sorrowing Ireland. Subscriptions flowed with unstinted generosity from these warm-hearted donors; Americans and other races vied with Irishmen both in the liberality of their gifts, and the enthusiasm of their praise.

In Ireland the same encomiums were heaped upon the Bill; the Irish race all over the world was impregnated with great joy. The Parnellites had been successful beyond their expectations. No one for a moment stopped to criticise the source of the universal delight; the Irish leader's description was accepted, without the smallest reservation, as a great truth—the British Prime Minister had introduced a genuine "Home Rule" Bill, which was certain, eventually, to become law.

To the names of Gladstone and Parnell, was added the name of the illustrious and immortal Robert Emmet; some few thinking Irishmen shuddered at the blasphemy, but the mercurial Celt was, for the time, drunk with the excitement of the news told to him by the Parnellites, as the tale of a glorious success.

Mr. Gladstone, the master juggler of words, had introduced his Bill which he called "Home Rule" for Ireland. It would be impossible for any Irish Nationalist of experience, who knew the character of the English statesman, to attempt to pass any just criticism on the measure until the actual Bill itself was in their hands. That the legislative body had grave defects, both as to composition and powers, were very apparent; but whether these were such as to destroy its usefulness altogether or only to impair them, was also a

question to be decided when Irishmen had the Bill before them. One thing was placed beyond yea or nay, so far as Mr. Gladstone's words could place it. It was stated publicly in the House of Commons, it went from the portals of that chamber to the world from the lips of William Ewart Gladstone, England's Prime Minister, that Ireland was to receive a responsible Ministry; an Irish Constitutional Government such as Britain enjoys, such as the Dominion of Canada or the self-governing colonies enjoy.

Good men would reprove any scoffer or doubter who would have the courage to say that this great British Minister could make so public a statement, and afterwards permit it to be proved a falsehood.

The same is said to this date, should any doubters question Mr. Gladstone's sincerity in the many public promises he is so lavishly making to Ireland. These rebukes come from good men who have had neither opportunity nor leisure, even if they had the capacity, to study the actual issues between Britain and Ireland, and the strong and binding interests which must for ever forbid any British statesman giving to Ireland what her Parliamentary representatives demand. As well ask a British Minister to establish an Irish Republic.

All over the United States, public meetings were called to endorse the Bill and congratulate the great Liberal English Minister. It is one of Ireland's losses that her exiled sons, who are so devoted to her, do not understand the intricacies, shifting diplomacy, and backsliding of British Ministers in their dealings with Irish politics. Honest and straightforward themselves, they gauge other men by their own generous, truthful natures; and how could they be expected to doubt so plain a statement from the lips of a man so eminent as Mr. Gladstone?

One of the remarkable facts attached to the public enthusiasm over Mr. Gladstone's Bill for Irish Home Rule was this, that during all those public meetings and cordial thanks and congratulations they were applauding a myth,

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for there was actually no Bill whatever in existence. Led astray by the Parnellite endorsement, these public meetings were held almost spontaneously, and the premature approval and hearty endorsement of resolutions were all too previous, as the measure approved of might and possibly might not, when presented, be the same Bill which Mr. Gladstone described in the British Commons some days before.

On April 16, after receiving thousands of kindly thanks and grateful expressions from over-enthusiastic Irishmen and Irish Americans, the Liberal Premier gave the Bill to the world. There was not the smallest criticism attempted; the current of praise had become a torrent, and the man or men who would have stopped to point out grave defects would have been swept along in the tornado, as a venturesome sculler who had the temerity to approach too near the Niagara cataract would be dashed into fragments by the rush of the giant waters. The increasing and unstinted praise it received from its numerous admirers was deafening; the roar of the mighty waterfall could not more effectively efface the tones of the human voice, than did public sentiment in Ireland and the United States drown the smallest attempt at criticism. . . .

Few among the most ardent supporters of the Bill cared to read it over; its provisions were almost altogether unknown, as if they were immaterial. Strange to say, not only the Parliamentary Parnellites but other public men took for granted that it was a "Home Rule" Bill, without in any way studying the details of this most important measure for the future of their country. Tory hostility was the red rag that blinded their judgment, by provoking their passions. The stupidity of the British Tories is proverbial. For once Ireland has reason to feel thankful for the insane bigotry of this stupid party.

Editors of public journals in the United States wrote leading articles praising Mr. Gladstone's "Home Rule" Bill. As for the Parnellite organ, *United Ireland*, to say it was in spasmodic ecstasies of delight, is to faintly describe the heroics of this

remarkable Irish journal. All the Provincialist newspapers over the country were unstinted in their praise; and if we lived in the days when heathen mythology was religion, Mr. Gladstone would have been deified and enthroned in Olympus, like the Roman Emperors of old, among the nation's gods.

One eminent American newspaper, friendly disposed towards Irish aspirations as it understood them, and indeed as Irishmen publicly permit them to be taught, commented on the Bill from time to time with approval. In one of its editorials it stated that the forthcoming Irish Administration would have the selfsame power and authority in Ireland, as British Ministries enjoy in Great Britain. Imaginary Cabinets were printed in British and Irish papers, in all of which Mr. Parnell and his ablest lieutenants were appointed to power in the promised Irish Ministry.

Leaving all these brilliant pictures, and turning to the official document offered to British law-makers by the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, as taken verbatim from the Bill, we read the provisions for the creation of this Irish Executive, as follows:—

“VII. (1) The Executive Government of Ireland shall continue vested in Her Majesty, and shall be carried on by the Lord-Lieutenant on behalf of Her Majesty with the aid of such officers and such councils as to Her Majesty may, from time to time, seem fit.

“(2) Subject to any instructions which may from time to time be given to Her Majesty, the Lord-Lieutenant shall give or withhold the assent of Her Majesty to Bills passed by the Irish legislative body, and shall exercise the prerogatives of Her Majesty.

“VIII. Her Majesty may by Order in Council from time to time, place under the control of the Irish Government for the purposes of the government, any such land and buildings in Ireland as may be vested in or held in trust for Her Majesty.”

This is the only part of the Bill which defines the powers of

the Executive, or Irish Government, on this important question. The rest of the Bill is necessarily silent. This should corroborate Mr. Gladstone's speech describing this measure as the capital article creating an Irish responsible Ministry.

What is the meaning of this? It only means that Mr. Gladstone's "Home Rule" Bill was a Coercion Bill. It means that the promised Irish Ministry resolved itself into an irresponsible despot, controlled alone by the elastic authority (so far as Irish interests were concerned) of the British Sovereign's Privy Council. This autocrat could, in as many minutes as it would take him to affix his signature, suspend the Habeas Corpus Act or proclaim martial law as he judged it necessary for the preservation of British power in Ireland, free from all Parliamentary control whatever; for although he could prorogue the Irish Parliament at will, that body had no power—not the least—over his actions. And this man, Lord-Lieutenant and Irish Government all in one, was Mr. Gladstone's idea of "Home Rule," to quote his own words, perfectly acceptable and even desirable.

Some writer has stated that it is better to be good than great. In the face of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary and unmerited popularity, it does not seem so. The public promise of a responsible Ministry was not fulfilled within the four corners of this Bill. There was nothing surprising in the leader of the Holland deputation telling Mr. John Dillon that Mr. Gladstone's conduct to the Boers was the blackest treachery known to history. Mr. Gladstone repeated himself to the Irish; for no less a term can faintly characterise the foul turpitude of this soft-spoken Minister.

The legislative powers given to the Irish Parliament were an insult to the Irish race. The whole measure could only be described, as it is in the title of this chapter, "A Foreign Rule Bill," a measure to more firmly rivet British shackles on Irish limbs, accepted by men who apparently were so fascinated and stupefied by the voice of this treacherous charmer that they were to freely present themselves to receive the foreigners' gyves.

The Dublin Parliament would not only be deprived of all control over trade and navigation, but also over that much-spoken-of grievance, Irish land; and also the public purse. It was given the power of levying taxes, but in the same clause the British or Imperial taxes levied in Ireland were removed from its legislative power. It had not the power to disburse or control one penny. So many were the exceptions of practical necessity, in the words of the master of skilful misrepresentation who created the Bill, that it might be asked what laws could this mock Parliament pass.

But the stupendous and crowning insult of all was the organisation of the legislature, wherein the pro-British or Landlord and Orange rabid foes of Ireland would sit in the same chamber as the followers of Mr. Parnell. These hostile classes were termed in the Bill the First Order; these gentlemen held a three-years veto power over every action of the legislature. Think of this power given to such men as Major Saunderson, Rev. Mr. Kane, Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, and political firebrands of that school! It is difficult to believe that it was not intended to make Irish Assemblies ridiculous before the world. A bear garden would be a haven of peace compared to the scenes that would occur in that powerless legislature. All the government patronage would lie in the hands of the irresponsible autocrat, sarcastically termed the "Irish Government." Every office that drew any emoluments from the public treasury was in his gift. He was the lord and master of Ireland's destinies. The legislature could not appoint a speaker without the consent of the First Order.

To further illustrate their helplessness, it may be pointed out that if the landlords chose to repeat the horrors of Glenbeigh and Bodyke, this mock Parliament was not only powerless to introduce any measure of an agrarian nature, but could not even pass a vote of sympathy; and that it was liable to be vetoed by the First Order for three years. In this respect they had not even the power possessed at present by the Dublin Corporation.

Thomas Davis, the great Irish patriot and founder in great

part of the Young Ireland movement, seems to have had the gift of prophecy. In 1843, in one of his admirable Irish essays, he seemed to foreshadow such a proposition coming to Ireland, called self-government. The dead patriot, writing on this subject, said : "A mockery of Irish independence is not what we want. The bauble of a powerless Parliament does not lure us. We are not children. The office of supplying England with recruits, artisans, and corn, under the benign interposition of an Irish grand jury, shall not be our destiny. By our deep conviction, by the power of mind over the people, we say no ! We are true to our colour, 'the green,' and true to our watch-word, 'Ireland for the Irish.' We want to win Ireland and keep it. If we win it, we will not lose it ; nor give it away to a bribing, a bullying, or a flattering Minister."

But what position will the Parnellites occupy in Irish estimation, when the noise of the present excitement has died away and mankind can calmly see the situation ? There are men who have the audacity to style themselves Irish Nationalists, who speak of Emmet and Davis as if they held these dead patriots' godlike sentiments on independent Ireland. Some of these Irish followers of ex-Coercer Gladstone go to the grave to insult the memories of Ireland's sanctified martyrs when they tell us that if Emmet or Davis were living they would be found their associates. To even repeat it, appears an outrage on the glorious and pure-souled dead.

If there were no other reasons for Irishmen to condemn these false agitations, which corrupt and destroy well-meaning men and turn them into renegades and traitors, the conduct of the Irish followers of this Whig Minister should be sufficient condemnation of all such pernicious movements. They not only accepted this insulting Bill, which would more closely fasten British chains around Irish manhood, but they actually had the bold effrontery to say that it would be a final settlement of the seven-centuries struggle for Irish freedom. One of Mr. Parnell's close friends said, during the

debate : " If the Irish people might be allowed to speak for themselves through their representatives, he might say they were quite satisfied with the Bill, and regarded it as a final settlement of the question."

What foul, black, and unnatural treason! For the first time since the Norman invasion Britain could claim a legal right to Ireland, sanctioned by the votes of her delegates freely elected, if this infamous "Foreign Rule Bill" had become law. A final settlement of the question it would have indeed been, for Ireland would have required no other measure of law from her invader.

Even as it is, the poison which this "legal agitation" has impregnated into the nation has made her sick unto death. Justin McCarthy on May 2, 1886, one month before the second reading of the Bill, said : " My forecast, then, is this—Mr. Gladstone's measure will not pass this session, will not pass any session, in its present shape. But all the same, Mr. Gladstone has already carried 'Home Rule.' No Parliament will ever again attempt to carry on the imperial business until it has settled the 'Home Rule' question."

Irish Parliamentarians are not too difficult to please ; unfortunately for Ireland their prophecies do not always come true. In the course of this debate Mr. Parnell, who seemed eager to accept this fraudulent measure, was twitted about a passage in a Cincinnati speech ; the exact words were found and cabled over next day. These were the sentiments then expressed : " Not one of us will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." Mr. Goschen, an ex-Liberal, but who has gone over altogether to the Tories, delivered a speech previous to the division on the Bill, in which he said : " It has been shown that the British Parliament is not inclined to consider Mr. Parnell its dictator. (Loud cheers.) During the recess I heard one, now a Minister of the Crown, say he was certain that Mr. Parnell would be dictator in the coming session. I think that Mr. Parnell's followers will now acknowledge that there are limits whereat they see many

who are prepared to grant some legislative autonomy to Ireland, would draw the line. The House will remember the first reading of this Bill, and will recall the Right Honourable Chief Secretary for Ireland's repeated allusions to certain dark subterranean forces. We do not hear so much thereof now. They have withdrawn to a great extent, though not entirely from the light. The curtain has been dropped over those terrible times and tragedies which have scarcely faded from our memories. The alarmed Home Secretary of the Premier's last Government is now able to reappear as Chancellor of the Exchequer with great jocularly and light-heartedness, to make merry over what he calls the melodramatic turns. I wonder whether this began on the day when he first pinned on his arm, over the Ministerial uniform, the Home Rule badge of the Parnellites to wear. (Loud Opposition cheers.) We know that a truce has been proclaimed and that a part of the dark subterranean forces have been told off to terrify British public opinion. They are simply holding their hands, though. The devil is still working in some parts of Ireland." (Cheers.)

Mr. Parnell followed Mr. Goschen, and his speech reads with strange interest after studying Mr. Gladstone's Bill. "We have had this measure accepted by all leaders in every section of national feeling in Ireland, also outside of Ireland, in America, and in every country where Irish people are found. (Cheers.) We have not heard a single voice raised against the Bill by an Irishman. (Cheers, and cries of 'Oh!') Certainly not by any Irishman of national opinion. Even the terrible *Irish World*, a newspaper which has not been on my side for the last five or six years, says that the Irish race at home and abroad has signified its willingness to accept the terms of peace offered by Mr. Gladstone. (Cheers.) I say that as far as the Irish people can accept this Bill, they have accepted it without any reserve, as a measure which may be considered the final settlement of this great question."

The more one plunges into the maze that these Pro-

vincialists would lead Ireland through, the more fresh and startling surprises beset our path. Here is a man of education and ability who cannot possibly have any love for England. He had succeeded up to then in deceiving the Irish people; he actually mesmerised them. Whatever devilish power this British Parliament gives to Irishmen it not only destroys themselves, soul and intellect, by its wizard influence, but it makes them the terrible medium of casting a soporific influence over their race. This young man started out in the morning of public life with high hopes thrown around him; he had energy and ability, and what appeared an unconquerable determination never to yield or surrender to Britain, unless on his own terms—absolute self-government for Ireland. And now he threw away his gage of war, and surrendered all his public vows, for a foreign Bill which could only bring coercion and chains to Ireland. He besought the Britons in that chamber to vote the second reading, in the most abject and whining terms, on the strength of his promise that this Bill would be accepted by the Irish people as a final settlement of the outstanding quarrel of seven centuries. Think of his own words uttered a short time previous; think of these sentences in his Liverpool speech, where he distinctly stated, "I believe a halting and inefficient measure would be fatal to the interests of both England and Ireland," while a little before this sentence he informed us that "nothing in the world would induce him to accept on behalf of the Irish people anything but the fullest and completest control over our own affairs." And with these words almost hot upon his lips he publicly makes this statement in Parliament, on the second reading of a measure falsely labelled "Home Rule," a measure which he had not the courage to criticise.

Irishmen will note that from the day Mr. Gladstone produced his Bill until the present hour, not one of these so-called public leaders dared come before the world to point out a single blessing or benefit its provisions would confer upon Ireland. They have been challenged to defend

their conduct, which must be characterised as treason to the cause of Ireland, in not denouncing and exposing this insulting measure of the British Premier's. Whatever differences of opinion there may exist in the minds of the moderate Irish Provincialists as to the proper methods by which self-government can be procured, upon this Bill there can be no differences; and within living recollection of Irish dealings with Britain, or any authorities that can be read, no one can cite an instance of anything with so misleading a title. Within the four corners of this Bill there is not one concession, or surrender of control, to the Irish people. On the contrary, as pointed out, it conserves and concentrates foreign control in the person of a single despot. What motives induced the stupid and bigoted Tories and their allies the "Unionists" to reject this measure, we know not. But the people have not fallen so low in intelligence that the stupid blunders of a stupid party form a sufficient guide to point the path which they should take on their road to freedom. The Bill was rejected by 30 votes in a rather full House, 311 voting for the measure and 340 against: 94 Radicals, filled with short-sighted prejudice, changed sides, deserting their leader and voting with the Tories—anything to strike down the Irish. It appears that both sides fought this battle out, filled with narrow-minded bigotry of each other, and that the merits of the Bill or the details of the Bill, guided neither party. For Ireland's honour it was a fortunate escape. . . .

On May 20 the "Peace Preservation (Ireland) Act" was read a second time; it was the renewal of the Arms Bill, which deprived the Irish people (or was supposed to do so as far as British law could be enforced) of having or knowing the use of arms. This Government, which posed before the world as a "Home Rule" Administration, and which received the full Irish vote, all the Parnellites joining its ranks, introduced and passed into law a coercion measure with which they would not dare insult Britain. And yet this Ministry

and their Parnellite allies, had the audacity to tell Irishmen they were going to give them the government of their country. This Bill permitted the police in Ireland under British rule, to enter the home of any Irishman they chose, at any hour, to search for arms. During the short term of six months in which this "Home Rule" Ministry governed Ireland, Mr. John Morley aided the landlords with the forces of the Crown to tear down the humble homes and dismantle the roof-trees of 10,848 people, who were evicted during the period that Lord Aberdeen was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. So corrupt had been the teaching of the people that the Dublin trades turned out on the occasion of the departure of this evictor of near 11,000 people, and Irish Americans received him at dinner and receptions when he came to this country (America). Parliament was dissolved shortly after the passing of the Irish Coercion Bill, and the "Home Rule" issue was put to the English people.

In Ireland, of course, the elections were about the same, but in England a fair and honest test was applied to the truth or falsehood of the statements so persistently made by Irish leaders of the sympathy of the English working classes with Irish aspirations,—a most silly and injurious doctrine to spread among Irishmen. As well tell the Alsatian working-man that the German artisan is in favour of his being restored to France. Even this would be more probable, for there are no such clashing interests as exist between the British and Irish working-man. Mr. Gladstone termed the election as an issue between the classes and the masses: there could be no such issue between two nations. Had Ireland a manufacturing class they would be hostile to the British manufacturing class; but she has not. And so the Irish factory worker, in so far as his labour took away the demand for British wares in Ireland and lessened the employment of the British factory operative would stand in the same position towards the English artisan as the Belgian and French artisan does to-day. There are men who dream of a noble ideal called the millennium; but the Great Creator has made man-

kind different in race, language, and ideas, and until the doctrine of nationalities is swept away, this universal cry of the masses and classes will be always utopian when applied to the peoples of different nations. If applied in Britain under a British Government, or if applied in Ireland under an Irish Republic, there would be some meaning, although there might be questionable judgment, in the cry. The nobles of different nationalities, the aristocrats of Europe, have no such common interests. They meet in the social circle with the pleasure of cultivated, travelled intellects. Still they rush to war on each other for the common bond of nationality which unites themselves and the wage-earners of their nation. Side by side, shoulder to shoulder, up to the cannon's mouth they march together, aristocrat and democrat, for the honour of their flag and the glory of their fatherland.

The English election of 1886 ought to be an instructive lesson to Irishmen who are carried away with this idea of English working men's sympathy. That there are many sincere, ardent believers in honest Irish "Home Rule" among Englishmen is not to be questioned, but they do not amount to any appreciable number which would affect the issue, and never possibly can. Irishmen who have had ample opportunities of studying this question in radical clubs, where their nationality was not dreamt of, understand this fully. The electors who voted apparently in favour of Irish "Home Rule" really voted for their idol Gladstone, whom nothing could shake in their estimation. It was simply blind, unreasoning devotion, such as animates the masses of most peoples. If Mr. Gladstone veered round and denounced "Home Rule" under the influence of some other motive, they would vote for him all the same. Look at the election returns of the previous year, when Mr. Gladstone and the Irish were directly hostile, and yet Britain rolled up the immense majority of 83 in his favour, in spite of all the powers of the highly and perfectly organised Irish vote. The results of the general election of 1886 were as follows:

Conservatives, 316 ; Unionists, 77 ; Liberals, 191 ; Parnellites, 86.

These figures show a falling off of sixty-five votes in the united polling of the Liberal party from the previous election ; and their union with the Irish lost them these English working men's votes, which they received when directly opposed to the Irish working man. But then the Unionists were, and are, more bitterly hostile to Irish "Home Rule" than even the Tories ; so that their votes count in here as the record of the same sentiment, which makes a total of 142 working men's constituencies (that is, as Liberal constituencies are counted by the Irish Provincialist agitators) who changed on the Irish "Home Rule" question, for no other issue disturbed the British mind : nearly one-half of Mr. Gladstone's following deserted him. And these Irish Provincialists crow about the English democracy, because, forsooth, 191 constituencies remained faithful to their idol the "Grand Old Man." The mischief these men are doing in Ireland is incalculable, when they preach to the people who have no other sources of information, this misleading theory of the English democracy. A writer, during this election, spoke of the working man's vote thus : "The working men of Finsbury, St. Pancras, Tower Hill, Southwark, Preston, Clapham, Fulham, Dudley, Mile End, and Chester, all working men's constituencies, voted against Irish 'Home Rule.' The last-named place, Chester, is the more remarkable because at the last general election their votes were 3,000 for Gladstone, and only 66 against. Dudley is one of the instructive incidents of the election, a town of Worcestershire with a population of 100,000. Mr. H. S. Sheridan has been its member for thirty years, less some months. Last November, as a Liberal, he polled over 6,000 votes, and was elected by a majority exceeding 1,000. This week he stood as a Gladstonian "Home Ruler" ; his vote was cut down to 4,500, and his Conservative opponent of last year, Mr. Brooke Robinson, beat him by 1,930 majority. And yet Dudley is not inhabited by dukes or earls, nor even by rich and idle commoners living on their

money. It is a community of artisans, working in iron. They make nails, chains, cables, grates, and there are glass factories as well. Not much chance for classes here, one would think, and yet a Liberal majority of 1,156 has been converted into a Conservative majority of 1,930. Will Mr. Gladstone explain?

“Or will he explain West Ham? This not too euphonious name covers the metropolitan constituencies West Ham North and West Ham South, and they may be called a felicitous example of the political nomenclature adopted in the Redistribution Bill. West Ham is well described as a huge colony of working-men, in which the classes are represented by little more than the clergymen who labour among them. Last November the borough was altogether Liberal—sent two Liberals into the House of Commons by good majorities. It now turns round and sends two Conservatives. Mr. Cook, who won it as a Liberal by 719, is beaten as a “Home Ruler” by 727. Mr. Leicester, who won it as a Liberal by 1,000, loses it as a “Home Ruler” by 306, and Mr. Leicester is himself one of those horny-handed sons of toil, in which name he and Mr. Joseph Arch jointly appealed to other horny-handed sons of toil—the phrase is theirs, not mine—to vote down Lord Salisbury.”

Another writer speaks thus of this general election: “The contest in England, in which we see the Radical vote has been transferred to its enemy the Tory, is not reassuring; and it will not be easily forgotten that for the first time since the passing of the Reform Act of '32, Birmingham, the pulse of the caucus and the Mecca of Radicalism, has returned a Tory rather than support Gladstone's moderate measure of justice to Ireland. Your British Radicalism, that section of it which we always thought the truest and best, and which has Mr. Chamberlain as its god and master, is as hollow a mockery as anything that exists between Land's End and John o' Groat's.

“I am here tempted to quote *ad rem* from a private letter which I received last night from a prominent member of the Irish party who has been stumping England for the Minis-

terialists. 'From what I have seen it is evident we shall lose this time. I have been told that many of the Liberals who declare themselves against Gladstone, now say they will support a Unionist on the ground that the "Home Rule" question has been sprung too suddenly on the country. Still those who oppose the old man for this reason now express their belief that "Home Rule" is inevitable and declare they will support Gladstone next time. Wonderful are the ways of the Saxon!?'"

XXIV

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION—A PLEA FOR ACTIVE MEASURES.

THE result of the General Election was the return of the Tories to power; this time a distinct mandate was given by the British working man: "Hold Ireland by force! Coerce her as you will. We, the democracy of Britain, endorse your proceedings by our votes!"

The people of England are undoubtedly responsible for Irish misgovernment, and Ireland's war is with the people of England. They created this Coercion Government and its predecessors. By their votes they repeat the words used eighteen centuries ago. Speaking to the Irish they exclaim, "Their blood be upon our heads and upon our children." It is for Irishmen to reflect upon the nature of this sanguinary determination of these foreign usurpers in Ireland.

The murder at Youghal, the murders at Michelstown and all the recent horrors, were the result directly of this election in England. It is the English masses who created Irish tyrants; with them rest the guilt and responsibility. They were asked to let Ireland go in peace. But by their votes they fiercely answered, "No! Coerce these Irish!"

The Provincialists, many of them interested in the continuance of their public movement, feared their countrymen would become disheartened, and might begin to think for themselves and question the wisdom of this legal and moral agitation. They were busy trying to cheer the drooping

spirits of the faint-hearted, and particularly impressed upon them that there would be no coercion. Not that this bugbear amounts to anything ; Ireland's normal condition is the infamous coercion of foreign rule. Mr. Justin McCarthy, speaking on this theme at that time, said : " People in their drawing-rooms talk of coercion, but people in Cabinet councils know better than to talk or think of anything of the kind. A great majority of the Liberal secessionists are pledged as deeply against coercion as the Gladstonians, or, for the matter of that, as the Nationalists themselves. . . .

The Tories finished the short session of 1886 without asking for any additional powers of coercion for Ireland. These so-called laws are a part of that vile hypocrisy which Ireland's destroyers practise. They have absolute power with or without these measures, and hirelings drunk with blood, to carry out the most infamous atrocity on the people, and courts which mock justice with the brutalities they practise under the name of what they term law. In the session of 1887 they passed a permanent Coercion law with provisions enough in the Bill to enmesh in its villainous seines the Irishman who would breathe a hostile breath against the rule of the British banditti. And this is the fruit of this mountain of folly and delusion, which has led the people astray from the path of freedom trodden by other enslaved nations—this crime of trying to compromise with felons, which commenced with O'Connell and now lives in decrepitude under Parnell. Its laurels are a permanent act of coercion, for these respecters of the robber's law to bow down to, or else to shriek and howl against.

The British Liberals gave a banquet in honour of the Irish party's having merged into their ranks ; they received with honours, the man who desecrated the name of Charles Stewart Parnell. The English drank the health of their sovereign, joined in the toast by their Irish guest. Did Charles Stewart Parnell see gouts of blood in the wine, when he raised to his lips the glass in honour of that throne which

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rests on the skulls of its murdered victims, as written by his noble-hearted dead sister in her exquisite poem on the Belmullet massacre? Did her bones rattle in the cerements of the grave, when the man who bore her brother's name sat down to partake of the hospitality of Ellen McDonagh's assassins?

The British, always eager to welcome Irish renegades to their ranks, drank with honours and profuse compliments, the health of their new adherent. Did there glimmer on the walls of that banquet hall, words spoken in loyal and patriotic Wexford where Ireland's '98 war for independence had birth: "Englishmen may speak a kind word of me when I am dead"? The man who represented the speaker of these words in Wexford, arose to respond to his new allies' toast. And quite in keeping with his associates and his change of front, he grossly insulted his countrymen in his speech. During the course of his remarks he used these words, pregnant of slander: "The diminution of crime showed the gratitude of the Irish towards the Liberals." In the name of an outraged, deceived, and betrayed nation, for what did Ireland's sons owe gratitude to these Liberals? Was it for making the land ring with the shrieks of the wounded and the dying? Was it for massacre and persecution? Was it for manufacturing the most demoniac perjury ever created by demons? Was it for murdering Irishmen by the gibbet? All these crimes Mr. Parnell accused them of. Was it for Morley's eleven thousand victims of eviction? Was it for these Liberals' Coercion Act disarming his people, that this man spoke of Irish gratitude; or did he mean the contemptuous and audacious insult hurled in the face of Ireland when Mr Gladstone gave to the world a Bill to more firmly chain Ireland in British manacles, called out of derision "Home Rule"? He, who bore an honoured name, told these British persecutors of Ireland that Irishmen were criminals, and that they stopped their crimes out of gratitude to them.

The evictions of 1886 continued through the winter. The

British fiends revelled in the luxury of wanton cruelties. To the evictions in Glenbeigh were superadded the horrors of burning cabins. The unhappy people saw the fire lap around the blazing roof-trees of their humble homes, and the glare of the conflagration light up the valley, reflected from the steel points of the bayonets raised aloft in the arms of Britain's butchers, ready to drink in the life gore of fresh victims at the slightest show of opposition. Where, then, was Ireland's manhood clothed in the justice of her cause, and the God-given sacred duty of self-defence, to smite the fountain of infamy that caused these crimes? Not to strike the mere hirelings alone, but the brain that conceived and permitted this devilry—to slay him as the pure-souled patriots struck down Britain's robber chieftain in the Phoenix Park. Alas! for Irish freedom and Irish manhood, those who would dare all for their suffering motherland were compelled to remain inert, while the waves of folly and false teaching were passing over their agonised land.

True, there were Provincialists at these evictions who presented flowers and consoling words to the unhappy victims—flowers and kind words to a dying people!—but no words called on them to suppress, to destroy these assassins, and drive them as other reptiles were driven from the island. They bade them be of cheer, for soon their hopes would be realised and smiling peace would dawn upon this war-stricken nation. Who were they that were supposed to bring this blessed peace? They were the men whose hands were dripping with the blood of the Belmullet and Ballina massacres, the butchers of women and helpless children, the suborners of perjury, the kidnappers of delicate women, the men who buried their victims out of sight so that they would not rise up in bloody witness against them; the merciless, hypocritical, and brutal Liberal assassins of England. Oh! land of mountain, stream, and valley, clothed with the verdure and beauty of God's glorious garments, how often have your pure rills been stained with the blood of your children, your grassy slopes and towering mountain sides

bathed in the heart current of your dying sons. And here, in the clear light of day, under the canopy of heaven, with the glorious sun smiling down upon this stricken yet beautiful island, men harangue the people in the very face of the evictor, and deceive their bleeding countrymen with the false promise that another nest of foreign assassins will bring consolation to the bosom of an afflicted nation.

The horrors of Glenbeigh were succeeded by the cruelties and agonies of Bodyke. Under the teachings and guidance of these agitators the people were instructed to barricade their cabins and build fences and dig intrenchments, to offer what they called "rational resistance" to the enemy's evictors. What were the weapons these poor people were advised to use against the armed foe? They attempted opposition by flinging cans of "boiling water mixed with lime, oatmeal, and other deleterious substances," as charged against some prisoners captured by the enemy. Who were these prisoners? Thirty women and little girls, eleven old men and boys. God help our people! Has this delusive agitation reduced them to the humiliation of women and girls trying to fight the armed minions of Britain?

Take this scene from the Coolgreany evictions, one of the many scenes where the invader carried war and extermination among an unarmed (and by the agitators, a disarmed) people:

"The garrison consisted of five men—Pat Grennell, the owner, Thomas and Joe Grennell his brothers, and John O'Neil, a blacksmith who suffered eviction himself on a previous occasion, Thomas Boulger, and Peter Gibson.

"The Emergency men descended one by one through the aperture in the roof. They had axes in their hands, and the cry arose from the startled people, 'They have hatchets! they have hatchets!' A moment of suspense followed, and a few police, with difficulty, climbed on the roof. Before they were able to enter the house, one of the garrison, Peter Gibson, was thrust forth bleeding from the face. Tom Boulger, after a fierce struggle with these desperadoes into whose hands he had fallen, was also ejected through the narrow hole. He

was besmeared with blood, the result of the struggle which took place in the darkness inside where the Emergency men must have seriously beaten the occupants. Thomas Grennell was thrust out next. He also bore the marks of the brutal violence of his assailants. The blood poured from a wound in the head. His face was deadly pale, and on being lifted down from the roof he fainted in the arms of the policeman. The unfortunate man was dragged in this condition through the bushes of the fallen trees."

This disgraceful scene is called offering "rational resistance" to eviction. The Provincialist leader who proposed this absurd and wicked course lacked sound judgment ; he was in search of the sensational and not the practical. Why did he not take his place inside one of these cabins, and fight with those men whom he advised to face, unarmed, the dangers of an encounter with the enemy's wretched Emergency tools, who were well armed ? Had these Irishmen, about to be evicted, been properly and intelligently instructed ? If they were to offer serious resistance, they should have armed themselves with rifles and revolvers, and actually defended their cabins against attack ; or else they should have given up peaceful possession. No sane man can call the opposition offered, anything but contemptible. It is degrading and disgracing the country to see the easy manner these people, who are supposed to be prepared for a struggle, are evicted. He who advised these proceedings was making Ireland a pitiful exhibition before Europe.

What has been the results of this crusade of shame, this legal and peaceful means of procuring self-government for Ireland ? The whole Irish race was at first carried away by the enthusiasm evoked by fiery and eloquent speeches, and physical opposition in the British Parliament. Irish Nationalists of every shade of thought have helped this movement to the best of their ability. Many who years since felt the fallacy of the agitation, saw its weakness which was visible to every European student of international

politics. Yet they remained silent, hoping against hope that Parnell's vision would not remain clouded by a false theory. When the British insulted the Irish members by turning them out of the chamber, it was accepting the depth of degradation, both personal and national, to return to that House. Were they equal to the crisis which they helped to create, and forced on them by the British, they would never again have crossed the threshold of that assembly, but have told their countrymen that all attempts to appeal to British justice were hopeless; that Irishmen had but one course before them, either to take other action, or disappear from the island. This was expected to be the reply Parnell would have sent from France, instead of advising perseverance in a folly, excusable in a young man with no political training, but not in Mr. Parnell at that time, who must have seen there was no peaceful solution of the deadlock of conflicting interests, and should have had the courage of his convictions. Like Patrick Henry and the signers of the Declaration of Independence, they should have told their countrymen they were prepared to make every sacrifice for Irish self-government.

But when the die was cast, and Ireland precipitated into the struggle, treason grew rampant in the ranks of her statesmen; and the gallant men in the gap were left unaided. When the brains and intelligence of Ireland's manhood should have been at the service of the glorious struggle these men inaugurated, it was a case of desertion and cowardly neglect, the blackest perfidy known in history. Secure in the belief that their treason to Ireland would never see the light of day, these leaders were not content with this cowardly desertion, but they themselves and their friends joined the enemy in a campaign of foul, black slander. This atrocious lie stalks abroad at this time of writing.

Since the Provincialists started the Land League, Ireland has lost 550,000 in population. Had Britain slaughtered 1,000 of these in fight or in any kind of physical resistance to her rule, or even 100, would not these Provincialists com-

plain of the ruin the Nationalists were bringing on the country ?

All the while English rule was rapidly clearing the people away ; the whole movement, from the foundation of the Land League to the present hour, has not improved even the condition of the farming class. There may be, of course, a few exceptions here and there, but the great masses of the agrarian community have been great sufferers. The reduction of rents in Ireland is most misleading. Some time ago the Marquis of Ely visited his property in the county Wexford and accepted fifty per cent. reduction off his rents. This reads like a great boon to his tenants, but when one comes to examine the cases, it is discovered that, even with the fifty per cent. reduction, the farmer is at a loss. The farm produce has fallen fifty per cent. in value, consequently the farmer, after paying his landlord the rent reduced by one-half, finds the balance he has left also reduced by one-half. What, then, must be the condition of the farming community where the landlords will only reduce the rents by fifteen, or twenty-five per cent. ? There, people must be in a state of hopeless pauperism. But this rent reduction is not due to any influence which the League, as an organisation, has been able to bring to bear upon the landlords as a class. It is the great fall in prices which has made these rents impossible of collection ; the landlords see this and are compelled to accept the inevitable. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate, than this fact, the hollow and mocking claims which the League leaders have made from time to time when telling the world of the various means by which they hoped to keep the people fixed in the soil,¹ while all the time they have been powerless and could not succeed. Words are poor arguments against the evictors' bayonet, but hot water and lime are the sublimity of ridicule—ridicule which they are heaping upon the Irish cause by

¹ In England, where there was no agitation on this agrarian question, the rents of farms were voluntarily reduced by the landlords. Greater reductions were given than all this noisy and misleading movement, led by Irish Provincialists, backed up by hundreds of thousands of dollars sent by their exiled kindred, could claim to have accomplished.

their sensational attempts at "rational resistance," while all this silly clap-trap of victories and the near approach of "Home Rule" is being taught the Irish people. The destroyer of the Irish race at home—and that destruction means their effacement as a distinct people from the face of the earth—has gone on unceasingly in his peaceful havoc, causing more material loss to Ireland in the bone and sinew of a nation's wealth—her people—than could the most sanguinary war that mankind has been ever cursed with. The following are statistics of evictions for nine years previous to the Land League, and eight years and six months since its creation. The reduction in agricultural values in a great measure caused this increased exodus, but the League, powerless to save, helped to swell the number of evictions by its petty irritation of the landlord tyrants.

EVICTIONS.		EVICTIONS.	
<i>For nine years before the Land League.</i>		<i>Since the Land League's creation.</i>	
1869	1,741	1878	4,679
1870	2,616	1879	6,239
1871	2,357	1880	10,457
1872	2,476	1881	17,341
1873	3,078	1882	26,836
1874	2,571	1883	17,855
1875	3,323	1884	27,025
1876	2,550	1885	15,428
1877	2,177	1st half year 1886	10,848
	22,889		129,708

We could only procure statistics for the first half year of 1886. This was during the mild "Home Rule" government of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Aberdeen, and Mr. John Morley. A very pretty showing for these saviours of the people. It will be noticed that during 1882, when the League was four years established and one year after Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill which was to root the people in the soil, the evictions amounted to the enormous number of near 27,000, or 4,000 more than the total evictions for the nine years previous to the creation of this powerful organisation—powerful in the splendid nonsense of large meetings and strong language—the National Land League. The sincerity and earnestness of the men who founded the League we do not question, but

they either lacked ability, or fell off in sincerity, when in 1887, after proving the utter fallacy of solving this question by further meetings and speeches, they advised the Irish people to continue this nonsense further and to broaden and deepen the agitation, whatever that meant. It is apparent to any student of the Irish question who understands British interests, that the public leaders of the Irish people did not understand, or appear to understand, that the evils under which the farmer struggled were not confined to pernicious land laws. The absence of industries crowded the people on the land, and no change in these land laws alone, could remedy this grievance. Think of a whole people agitating for the removal of the landlords, when the fact remains that over 300,000 tenant farmers in Ireland could not obtain a decent livelihood if they were presented, without one penny repayment, with the fee simple of their small farms.

Had they, as in self-governed Britain, various industries to give them employment, by which means they could earn food, clothing, and comfortable homes for their families, the land evils would affect the owners more than the tillers, as in England, where numbers of farms are left in the hands of the landlords, the farmer finding other pursuits more profitable than land cultivation! . . .

Let Irishmen remember how Mr. Gladstone kept his promises pledged before the world ; his present promises are as publicly made. He came to power in 1880, and, in the language of Mr. Parnell, imprisoned 1,200 men without trial ; even ladies were imprisoned. To further quote Mr. Parnell, he hanged innocent men on perjured testimony, although his agent in Ireland was made acquainted with this fact. Other men were sent to penal dungeons, and are still suffering on the same perjured testimony. These are the words of Mr. Parnell speaking of a man who deceived Ireland before, who also foully deceived the Boers. As Mr. Dillon expressed it, all the time he was detaining the Holland deputation with false promises in London, he was hurrying out veteran regiments

from India to put down the Boers with bloodshed. As the Hollander said to Mr. Dillon, whose words Mr. Dillon quoted in Dublin: "It was the blackest treachery ever practised." Mr. O'Brien said that when the five years of Mr. Gladstone's Government expired, he buried his innocent victims out of sight. Either Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Parnell spoke falsely then, or they are betraying their country to-day (1887). Let the agitators who blindly worship these men, men once patriotic, elect at which period these leaders were false to Irish self-government. In which time was Mr. Parnell misleading his countrymen—when, in addressing the Liverpool electors in November, 1885, he told the Irishmen of Liverpool, and through the press the Irish race everywhere, that he fully endorsed the "Home Rule" manifesto denouncing Mr. Gladstone, and that if he (Mr. Gladstone) was returned to power he would try and cheat them out of as much "Home Rule" as he could; or when he spoke so fulsomely in the House of Commons of the same Mr. Gladstone who had introduced a "Home Rule" Bill that was one gigantic cheat, and which Mr. Parnell there styled "a final settlement of the Irish question"? Whichever decision Irishmen come to, must be derogatory to the consistency and patriotism of the Irish leader. No man can reconcile these contradictory speeches, the one delivered in the Liverpool Exchange and the other spoken in the British Commons. The full text of the Bill is printed in this book,¹ and it challenges intelligent contradiction when it terms that Bill, in the words used by Mr. Parnell in Liverpool, a cheat.

After the Tories came to power, elected, as stated, by the English democracy, the agitators started what they called a war against the landlords, entitled "The Plan of Campaign." The latest statistics that can be procured of the evictions in Ireland are for the quarter ending June, 1887. The "Plan" was the subject of much unctuous praise by the organs of the agitators, whose weekly issues were accompanied by cartoons depicting the defeat of the landlords and the triumph of the

¹ This refers to the American edition.

Irish peasant, always pictured as having a comfortable, happy, and well-to-do appearance. Pat, according to these cartoons, was always victorious, and in most of these works of art he was helped by a sturdy English artisan. This "Plan," which cannot be honestly characterised as anything but "sublime bosh," was commenced in winter of 1886-87. To read the victories of this "Plan of Campaign" in the *Dublin Freeman*, *Nation*, and *United Ireland*, it would be reasonable to expect that at least the farming community were recovering from their troubles, and were becoming, in a measure, prosperous. What do the statistics tell? That the evictions for April, May, and June, 1887, while these journals were claiming victories, were :

Ulster	2,194
Leinster	1,246
Connaught	2,240
Munster	3,311
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	8,991

Nine thousand people in three months of the "Plan." As the newspapers were recording victories, the roof-trees of the cabins were going down before the enemy's crowbar brigade, threethousand people being evicted each month; while Ireland's Provincialists for whom the people are shouting themselves hoarse, having made an alliance with one wing of the enemy's army, told Ireland that if she patiently bore the blows the other wing is dealing her, when these ex-coercionists came to power all would be well. Was there ever in the history of the world a nation so basely deceived? These evictions are rather a rough reply to these gentlemen's claim of victory. During these three months there were evicted nearly 100 more people than for the three years previous to the League. During the years 1875, 1876, and 1877 the number evicted was 8,050, compared with three months—not years—of the Plan 8,991; 940 in excess. What can any reasonable man call this so-called powerful agitation but the most monstrous delusion that ever was sent to destroy a people? Ireland's only hope under the ringing blows now (1887) dealt

her by the Tory wing of the British foe is instant action ; and if she does not soon arouse from the torpid condition she is in, and her actual ignorance of the great loss of population that is draining away her life blood, she will be in a condition powerless to resist the assaults of the Liberal wing of her enemies (who, serpent-like, are now deceiving her by false promises) when they come to power. There is ruin and desolation over the land ; the reductions in the rent do not meet the necessities of the case, else why these evictions ? Whole districts of the country are being depopulated by the Emergency men of the destroyer, while all the time the citizens of Dublin are called to cheer and shout for victories. . . .

Mr. Gladstone in a speech delivered in the early part of this year (1887) contends that though Ireland formerly gained concessions from England through fear (what an admission !), any attempt of Ireland to repeat her former tactics would be like warring against Heaven now. England's strength as compared to Ireland is as ten to one. He would rather rely, he said, upon England's innate sense of justice.

England's innate sense of justice ! When did she ever display it to any nation she considered weaker ? She has been the bully and braggart of Europe since Waterloo. But for her allies in the Crimea she would have been destroyed ; the last fight in that peninsula was a British defeat, the attack on the Redan. She blustered before Europe and urged little Denmark into the unequal struggle with Austria and Prussia, only to desert her at the eleventh hour. She played the coward at that time in the face of Europe. This was in the days of her great Minister, Lord Palmerston. She bullied Russia in 1857, and tried to win victories by bluster ; and surrendered everything she claimed to Count Schvaloff, when that Russian statesman came to London to demand the real purport of the Salisbury circular after the peace of San Stefano. The secret treaty she made with Russia, and a copy of which was purloined and published in *The Globe* of London, did not abash her Ministers ; they went to Berlin,

and at the conference of the European plenipotentiaries went through the farce of opposing clauses in the treaty already signed away to Russia ; and then returned to England with the cant phrase, " Peace with honour."

This is the powerful nation that Mr. Gladstone threatens Ireland with, in his comparison of her strength to Ireland's. If Irishmen were true to themselves, and prepared for other emergencies than talk, Mr. Gladstone need not boast ; the Boers were only eighty thousand people, and they beat him in three pitched battles. Insurgent Ireland, if armed, would be no mean foe for this bragging Briton. The odds in numbers would not be on the side of the British, while every Irishman, or nearly all in such a crisis, would take the field. Britain could only depend on her regular forces. Civilian John Bull would permit the army and militia to do the fighting in Ireland ; he would attend to his business of money getting. Ireland had proof of this before when England was pushed hard for men in the Crimean and Indian Mutiny days. She could only get raw boys to volunteer, tempted by the increased bounties. John Bull is more fond of fighting battles over a tavern fire than in the field. He pays an army to do his fighting, and he thinks that is enough. But Nationalists do not at this moment advocate such a campaign ; war can be made in many ways. If Ireland is ever to be freed, this course can alone save her. Britain will never consent to give Ireland " Home Rule " peacefully. There is not the smallest trace of hope that such will ever come, upon the political horizon. On the contrary, there are vital reasons why England will never consent until she is beaten to her knees. Debating and dividing in Parliament will not do this.

The *Saturday Review*, in an interesting article speaking of the country's weakness in the event of war owing to the necessity of England receiving her food supplies from abroad, observed : " With one considerable fleet engaged in bombarding an enemy's ports, and another busy in protecting our coasts against even the possibility of invasion, and a third

cruising in Indian or Colonial waters, how many ships could be spared for the yet more essential work of convoying grain ships from America? It may be answered that this, as being the most essential function which the fleet would have to discharge, would be, so to say, a first charge on our naval resources. Then which of the other three are to be neglected? Are we to forego what might conceivably be the only means open to us of crippling our adversary, or to leave our own coast undefended? Or, if neither of these duties are neglected, which of the Colonies is it that is to be left a prey to the sudden descent of some daring commander? What is needed, if the supply of the country is to be really secure in time of war, is our navy strong enough to spare all the ships that are wanted for the protection of the grain ships, without unduly weakening any one of the three other fleets that will have each its work marked out for it. Can this, or anything like it, be said of the English navy. No!"

This article speaks very forcibly of one of England's very weak points in the event of war, but there is another, and that is her gigantic commerce. Her argosies are in every sea, laden with the world's wealth; these, in immense numbers must fall a prey to any enterprising European nation at war with her, who could command the services of daring and skilful commanders. Irish recruits could be had, in plenty, to reinforce England's enemy in manning privateers, in return for other assistance to enable the nation to shake off British rule. The united navies of Europe could not protect Britain's immense mercantile marine, scattered as it is in every sea, in all parts of the globe. So that England's greatness as a commercial nation would be her weakness in the event of that dreadful scourge, war. The war insurances on her merchandise upon the ocean would be enormous; this source alone would cripple and bankrupt her merchants. But how would Ireland find herself in the event of war, if she continues in her present course of petitioning England and playing that huge farce called "legal agitation"? British Ministers would bribe, flatter, and promise, always on the

brink of performing, but finding ready excuses in the exigencies of the situation, explanations which would be accepted by the men who could plead an excuse for Mr. Gladstone's insulting "Home Rule" Bill.

The war would be over, and peace made; Ireland would find the empty promises turned to frowns when danger had passed away. To open negotiations with England's enemy by the representatives of an open political movement seeking reforms, and admitting they were subjects of the British Crown and members of the British Parliament, would be the height of absurdity, if attempted by men who so repeatedly discountenance insurrectionary propaganda; they would be sure to meet with a rebuff. Not even the uncredited agents of Britain's enemy would attempt the preliminaries of an alliance with such moral and physical cowards. In one word, Ireland must sweep away every vestige of British Parliamentary agitation before the roots of nationality can thrive in her soil. She must away with this weak, puling cry called "Home Rule," which her foe will never peacefully grant her, and go in boldly for national independence and the destruction and suppression of her robber assassins, should they continue to imbrue their hands in the people's blood.

Ireland needs propaganda and national public agitation, that is, agitation to educate the public mind to strike the foe, and teach her people that they must pass through the fire of sacrifice before the virgin gold independence, purified by the furnace of suffering, can be their happy lot. They are enduring more agonies to-day than could be inflicted by either a guerilla war against the invader, or an open insurrection in the field, and a tenfold greater drain upon the national life. The delegation which Ireland now sends to the enemy's Parliament should be called home, and national committees formed, one public and another secret. The constituencies have now the power to see that the nation is not misrepresented in the alien assembly, by not being represented there at all. Irishmen have no business in that assembly of their

nation's assassins; by their very presence there, they, in a measure recognise the infamous robber rule they suffer under. They should keep the Parliamentary phalanx together, but let them be men whose aim is the establishment of an independent nation. Should any of the present group still retain their original fealty to their motherland, they should continue, as elected delegates, to stay in Ireland. This refusal of Ireland to be represented in the British Commons would give the nation a *locus standi* at once in the European national complications. To make this effective, let every member be pledged or oath-bound to remain at home, and not go to the foreigner's assembly. If any man violates this oath, or pledge, let him meet a traitor's fate. There would be no waste of Ireland's resources in agitation, no need to pay members—they could remain at home at their pursuits. If the foe declared the seats of the members who refused to sit as vacant, re-elect them. If they declared them ineligible for re-election, then elect others, working men or mechanics—any honest patriot would do. Ireland needs no more men who require to study the intricacies, filth, and political debauchery of British Parliamentary life. With the present franchise—while it exists—Ireland can retain hold of the representation, only for the purpose of not being misrepresented in spite of any British edict. No more false Nationalists could enter the British chamber; any member who went there would be stamped before the world as a reactionary, or representative of the rebel Orangemen or landlord traitors. He dare not speak in the name of Ireland; his words would carry no weight before armed Europe, the only public opinion Irishmen should solicit. More than their good wishes should be asked, and in every way possible material aid should be looked for at all seasons and at every possible emergency, to help the patriots at home to throw off the foreigner's galling chains.

Spread the light secretly and publicly among the people, not the question of the farmers' rent, but the full and perfect freedom of the nation. . . .

PART II

THE WAR OF REPRISALS. THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS

I

THE GENESIS OF THE INVINCIBLE MOVEMENT—THE PERSONNEL OF THE EXECUTIVE.

THE hour has come when the history of the IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLE organisation must be written. The slanders and false issues spread broadcast by the foreign usurpers in Ireland, and their "murder organ," the London *Times*, must be answered. The venomous attacks on Irish Nationalists by the organ of the Dublin Castle Assassination Conspiracy, have been not only acquiesced in by the Provincialist leaders, but some of these men have unhappily aided the *Times* by joining that hostile journal in its vile attempt to fasten crime upon the INVINCIBLES, and through them upon the Irish nation. These attacks can only be characterised as cowardly, for the Provincialists knew well that they could not be answered while one shred of hope was left them in the pursuit of their "Home Rule" policy, or what they have impressed upon the Irish masses as such. But at last there comes a glimmer of light, when the Truth can proclaim itself, and dispel by its pure rays the murky clouds that have darkened Irish intellects.

Several of the Provincialists have been honoured by an

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accusation—or charge, as it is termed—brought against them by the Dublin Castle Conspirators' organ. They have been accused by this London newspaper of association with the heroic bands of Irish patriots, which covered the green island in the years 1881-82-83.

Mankind has been grossly deceived from the date of the incident in the Phoenix Park, as to the nature of the Irish National movement, which caused the "turning down" of the chiefs of the enemy's Assassination Bureau on that memorable May evening to the present time. First by the panic which caused some of the Provincialist leaders to issue a misleading proclamation, which was apparently put forth by these weak-nerved men in fear of personal attack, and since by the action of the Provincialists, in reply to the London *Times*. Not satisfied with denying their alliance with the patriots, they wantonly assailed the characters of these men. These Parnellites denied that they were associated with criminals and assassins, as they foully called the INVINCIBLES, thereby staining their country's name with crime. Not only was this a further recognition of the invaders' right to rule them, but they were words of foul treason against their suffering motherland.

At the time they uttered these words they were, and are to this hour (December, 1887), in criminal alliance with British assassins—men whom the Parnellites themselves so characterised; men whose hands are red with the blood of the women stabbed and shot in Belmullet, and of the children brutally massacred in Ballina; men who sent innocent victims to the scaffold by the deliberate perjury of bribed and manufactured testimony; men whose reign of blood and despotism in Ireland was denounced in no measured language by these Provincialists, who are now in alliance with those they then so justly condemned. From William O'Brien's leading article "The Bloody Assize,"¹ to his famous cartoon and article "The Departure of the Red Earl," nothing could be more scathing, more bitter, and denunciatory than his

¹ See Appendix A, p. 547.

description of this conspirator against Ireland's freedom who is now his friend ; nothing could be more sweeping than the epithets hurled upon these Gladstonian Ministers by the "legal agitators"—men whom they now ask the Irish race to sing hallelujahs in honour of, praising these self-same Liberal Ministers whom they then accused of "burying their victims out of sight." Such is the slavish and debasing state to which "legal agitation" has reduced these agitators. At this date, they wear their chains with pride, and are trying to make their countrymen become, like themselves, willing slaves of the invader.

These public slanders on the Irish name must be answered. As no other appears willing to mount the breach, the present writer, an humble actor in these scenes, will attempt this thorny task. It is not alone a sacred duty to do so now—it is more, it is an imperative one !

The events which we are about to relate belong to that dramatic and living reality which the historian would neglect for lack of material, or else write the false and slanderous statements purposely circulated by the British enemy, who has the ear of the world. But in them are to be found the life, the palpitation, the quivering of Irish patriotism and self-sacrifice. Small incidents in the history of Ireland, some will say : but these are the foliage of great events, the forerunner of successful revolution. The epoch known as the INVINCIBLE period abounds in many such small incidents. The so-called judicial investigations of the enemy—these illegal and mock trials in Dublin—did not reveal anything but superficial and misleading knowledge. For a time, even the enemy's Government did not get to the bottom of the movement. Perhaps they have not yet got to the bottom of everything. But they know sufficient, both Tory and Radical Ministers—Salisbury, Gladstone, Balfour, and Spencer—to serve the interests of their own country and to prompt them to try and sap the source of Irish patriotism by pretended ignorance and misleading tactics the further to deceive the

too credulous Irish people. Each of these hostile parties plays before mankind, its allotted part in the great drama. On one side, we find an affected condemnation of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, and on the other, a simulated horror and indignation at the *Times'* charges. But both parties are equally determined to uproot, and if possible to destroy all active hostility against their rule in Ireland, by stamping with shame, disgrace, and, if possible contempt, all exertions on the part of Irish patriots—men who would bring force of any kind, even irregular weapons of war, to harass and in some measure destroy the enemy, whose brutal career of extermination is so rapidly decimating their country.

Both these British parties are playing a skilful and well-thought-out movement, by entrapping the Irish Provincialists to most effectively aid their purpose, and so enlist the sympathy of warm-hearted, impulsive, and unthinking Irishmen to unconsciously abet their rule by condemning the action of the only Irish enemies they fear—those men who, by small endeavours to destroy their country's foe, are trying to guide and spur the Irish nation on the path to revolution. By making this issue appear before the world as a case of slander by that venomous London paper, the *Times*, against the once universally loved Charles Stewart Parnell, the enemy hopes to reap the benefit of these so-called charges, by bringing the Irish mind round to the condition which will result in the unanimous condemnation of the INVINCIBLES as criminals—a position already publicly assumed by the Provincialist movement.

Revelations of prominent Irishmen being actually implicated in the creation of this hostile organisation, the invaders fear, would give such movements tone and prestige in the eyes of some Irishmen, and of mankind generally, which would be most injurious to British interests. These interests imperatively demand that all such knowledge should be suppressed. It would interfere with their purpose, it might seriously mar their great necessity—the eradication of every germ of national life in the Irish heart—and turn the sturdy

sentiment of nationality into a puny and meek Provincialism. It is for these British foes of Ireland, Tory and Radical alike, a vital necessity to crush out the seeds of active hostility to their power in the island, which, after their long reign of terror, might again develop and blaze up into a war for national independence.

They know their weakness as a military power, the paucity of their army, the great strain their various conquests make upon their military effectiveness, and if Ireland is not kept quiet by the deadly Provincial opiate—which they hope will lull her until the population becomes less than two millions—she might give them serious trouble and bring on for them a dreaded war, which would reveal the rottenness of their power and might presage the downfall of their ill-gotten empire. From *émeutes* might spring insurrection, and once the torch had set ablaze the inflammable materials which generations of horrible persecution have made ready for the hands of the daring revolutionary leader, who could say—who could positively assert—where the conflagration would stop? while there is, in addition, the possibility that some among the many enemies of Britain in Europe, urged on by interested motives, might come to the aid of the battling Irish, as France, liberty-loving France, helped the American revolutionists.

All these possible eventualities British statesmen foresee, and so they cunningly contrive to bring about such a state of things that the Irish people will assist their diplomacy; the horror and condemnation of the *Times* is part of this deep-laid scheme. In their chivalry in coming to the rescue of Mr. Parnell, the Irish Provincialists are unconsciously preaching a strange doctrine to their fellow countrymen. In effect they say, that it is a crime to slay a British invader, but it is highly honourable to be allied to the murderers of Ellen McDonagh, Patrick Melody, Mary Deane, Francis Hynes, Myles Joyce, and the numerous victims of British crime during Mr. Gladstone's rule of blood and tyranny, 1880 to 1885

Few of these Irish Provincialists but would stand back aghast, if they saw the conclusions mankind and history must draw from their misled action. We shall therefore bring to light, among the known and published circumstances, some things which have never been publicly known ; acts, or, rather, premeditated deeds, which were, alas, for Ireland, destroyed in the womb. . . . Most of the actors in these scenes have disappeared ; many have merged into the silent stream of national life that flows on quietly under the invaders' rule. Some others in Ireland to-day listen with bitterness and cynicism to the mountain of falsehood the enemy has built up, helped by certain Provincialists, men who seem to have betrayed their country to the foe. Others, again, are enduring the horrors of dungeons, toils, and chains, where not one ray of light can penetrate. It is perhaps as well it is so ; if these noble-hearted, though humble men, could learn how their honour has been assailed, their motives aspersed, the dignity of their country dragged into the mire with such foul treachery the deepest and blackest turpitude known in history, their load of torture would be doubled by this agony of falsehood. Could they hear this heaven-sent Minister, Mr. Gladstone, denounce the Tories for herding political prisoners with ordinary criminals, what would they think of his wretched hypocrisy, they themselves being living proofs of his own similar action ? Or perhaps the Liberal leader means that political prisoners are those only who talk for their nation's freedom, not the men who would dare to strike, or to preach such doctrines.

Some few of these men have gone into exile, and not the less bitter has been their lot ; calumny and ingratitude have been their persecutors. Others, and these the most fortunate, met a patriot's death on the scaffold. But the immortal spirit of liberty still lives on, whether in the heart of the exile, or the prisoner in the dungeon, or the ex-INVINCIBLE waiting in his native land.

And so these actors have disappeared. From the morrow, they were silent ; but what we shall relate we can say that

we saw. We shall give no names, for history relates and does not inform against; but we shall paint reality. From the nature of the subject of which we are writing, we shall show an episode, one side, and that certainly the least known, of the eventful 6th of May, 1882, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin; but we shall do it in such a way that the reader may catch a glimpse, under the gloomy veil which we are about to lift, of the real countenance of that historic tragedy.

When Mr. Gladstone violated all his promises made to Ireland—promises just as fulsome in their hope and sweetness as he is making to-day—when he outraged the liberty, supposed to exist, of the British Commons, in order to suppress Irish debate, and on the following evening turned the Irish members out of the House, he sounded the death-knell of continued “legal agitation” or alliance with those who advocated it, so far as the Irish Nationalists in Britain and in Ireland could at that time influence this feeling. He did more; he sent a quiver of rage and a thirst for retaliation into the Provincialists’ ranks—a feeling that for the time was more extreme, and led to more extreme results, than any ever entertained by the Nationalists up to that period. They were angered and outraged at Mr. Gladstone’s renewed violation of his promises—promises which they had kept up to this before the eyes of their countrymen, the Nationalists, whenever any of them hinted at physical force.

Froude, in condemning Mr. Gladstone for these promises, said: “Mr. Gladstone began with an acknowledgment for which he has been violently blamed, that the Clerkenwell explosion had enabled him to deal with the Irish problem. It is seldom wrong to speak the truth plainly. . . .

“Ireland, he told us, was to be governed henceforth by Irish ideas. Irish ideas in the only form in which they could force themselves upon the legislature were the ideas of those who most hated England, who defied the law as it stood, and enforced their own rival laws with knife and bullet.”

Exactly, Mr. Froude. Your last remarks as here quoted

indicate the feelings with which every patriotic Irish Nationalist looks upon the issue between these two islands. The legislature you speak of, has neither legal right nor authority to make any laws for Ireland, no more than it has for France. Ireland never surrendered her independence, and never at any time gave your British Parliament the right to legislate for her ; consequently, it is a piece of gratuitous presumption, impertinence, and usurpation, for this London legislature of your countrymen to make laws, and expect them to be binding on Ireland. They are illegal edicts, which are obeyed at the point of the bayonet. You defy justice and legality, and enforce laws with knife, bullet, buckshot, perjured witnesses, mock trials, juries selected from rebels and traitors to Ireland who are packed to record a sentence already decreed in Dublin Castle, and you murder your victim by the assistance of a rebel to Ireland who wears a wig and is called a judge, but who is a traitor to his nation and a hireling who has sold himself to a foreign Government for gold ; honour and distinction to him are the badge of treason which he wears before mankind. Ireland has never been jégally under British rule, has never been legally a part of the British Empire, and the pirate flag of so-called conquest flies there because of the force which her robber invaders use. Consequently the natives of the island have every God-given right ever enjoyed by a people to use both knife and bullet, and every implement that a brave people can use, to kill, maim, and destroy those barbarous invaders who have been carrying on for centuries a cruel war of extermination in Ireland, which war goes on, unceasing, to this day.

Mr. Froude, it is seldom wrong as you have said, to speak the truth plainly, and this is the answer Ireland would give you, if the moral cowardice or false policy of the leaders had not closed the lips of the people, in addition to the serfdom of British chains. These—these are the real sentiments of the great mass of the Irish race. But Mr. Gladstone does not believe with Mr. Froude in speaking the truth plainly. He believes in deceptive promises, which deceive the Irish people

for a time, but are certain to bring a reaction when they remain unfulfilled, as they did at this period of Ireland's history.

The passing of Mr. Gladstone's Coercion Act was the signal to fill the prisons with every Irishman that this benevolent statesman's minions in Ireland chose to suspect of loyalty to their country. Merchants and men of probity and position were crammed into gaol—there was no mockery even of a trial, no offence charged; no accusation or accusers. The invader was on the warpath, and his despotic edicts were obeyed. Among the earliest arrests was that of the gentle, but at this period uncompromising, John Dillon.

The rebel press in Dublin, the *Daily Express*, the *Irish Times*, and the *Evening Mail*, was delighted. These organs of Irish treason which were politically allied to the British Tories, and which invariably found fault with Mr. Gladstone, now applauded his firmness. He was the hero of the hour—the Grand Old Man, who had crushed out what they termed sedition. Ireland appeared, bound hand and foot, ready for the slaughter. The loyal Irish of all shades of opinion, Nationalist and Provincialist alike, saw that a crisis was approaching. Gladstone's dastardly arrest of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davitt enraged the most timid Provincialist. The blows that were struck by the enemy in quick succession, made all feel that Ireland should answer back in some practical manner.

The Provincialists said that to allow this state of things to continue would be to disgrace the Irish character for manliness, and to destroy the best interests of the country; that if a war for independence was not for the moment feasible, at least a war of retaliation should be at once entered upon.

At this time all eyes were turned on Mr. Parnell. The hour had come! Had Ireland found the man? Did the warrior blood of gallant old Ironsides course through the veins of his grandson? Had Ireland found in him her Wolfe

Tone or her Washington? Or did the blood of the descendant of a member of the Yeoman's Parliament predominate in the Parnell of our day? Had he the instinct of those settlers who talked mock nationality after their cold-blooded massacre of the '98 patriots? Which characteristic held sway in this then foremost Irishman? Would Charles Stewart Parnell show in this crisis of his country's fate, the unflinching resolution, heroism, and desperate daring of his brave grandsire, Commodore Stewart?

Mr. Parnell's visit to Paris, after his insulting expulsion from the British Commons, was watched with expectancy. At this time vague rumours began to circulate through Irish National circles of an approaching struggle with the foe. The Provincialists were bitterly hostile to Mr. Gladstone and his Government, and if vituperative language was a key to their intentions and to what they were prepared to do against their cruel and tyrannical enemy, these men were fast becoming far more extreme than the Nationalists whose cardinal doctrine had always been physical force.

Mr. Parnell's visit to these two great and patriotic Frenchmen, the illustrious and revered Victor Hugo, and the liberty-loving and pronounced revolutionist, Henri Rochefort, convinced the Nationalists in Ireland that something serious was meditated. All parties knew that there was no alternative left Mr. Parnell; he must either fight or accept willing slavery, and so basely surrender. There was no Irishman who for a moment dreamt that surrender was once thought of by Charles Stewart Parnell, so universally was he beloved and respected by the Irish patriots at this period.

That he had determined on fight of some kind the Irish people were satisfied, but of what nature the new war of retaliation should be, or in what manner it would develop itself, they knew not. They were willing to leave these things in the hands of the men whose duty it was to meet this emergency, forced on the Irish nation by the enemy. They were confident in the wisdom of Mr. Parnell and his associates, believing in their courage and in their indomitable deter-

mination to face the foe unflinchingly. Ireland was ready to support them to victory, or death.

Mr. Parnell's letter to the Land League Council in Dublin did not in the slightest manner undeceive the masses of the people; they looked upon this despatch as a *ruse de guerre*; they were satisfied it meant to convey to the people the opposite information and belief to what it appeared to express, for all knew they had a wily foe to deal with. The emphatic tone of the letter staggered some few men, but even these could not believe but that the grandson of old Ironsides would be equal to the occasion. The cowardly surrender expressed in the letter they attributed to the new school of diplomacy, then unfortunately taught the Irish people.

That Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues knew that they were arousing hostility into an active shape against them in Ireland, there can be no question. Their action was taken with the full knowledge of this fact in view. In the summer of that coercion year (1881), the British Ministers sent round a circular to the Constabulary officers in Ireland, asking each to forward his written opinion as to whether the people in his district were organised and prepared to take the field.

Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of Mr. Parnell at Leeds, and his appeal there to all British parties to unite in combined hostility to Ireland and the League, was a finishing stroke to peaceful counsels. This bitter attack, coming from the benevolent Mr. Gladstone, removed the last remnant of hope from the breasts of the wavering Irish Provincialists. What had been in embryo for some time, the determination to eventually take active steps against the hostility of the enemy's unmitigated tyranny, was at once adopted, and the organisation of the IRISH INVINCIBLES sprang into being. This new organisation was the inner circle of the peaceful Land League which the invader was striking at with merciless blows. This new and defensive power, to their eternal honour, was the creation of the Parnellite Irish Government. So unceasing now was the tyranny of the enemy, and so deaf

to all appeals of reason, that every man saw it was useless to attempt to solve the issues between the islands of Britain and Ireland peacefully. The invader would hear of nothing but absolute and degrading surrender, so brutal and licentious was the action of Mr. Gladstone and his despotic lieutenant Forster. The wanton arrests, the arbitrary and despotic conduct of the British officials, was too much even for the most peaceful; human endurance had broken down, the Provincialists were now fully determined to far outstep the previous action of the Nationalists and make Britain feel that Ireland was yet to be conquered.

It must be distinctly understood that the creation of this new and important Irish organisation, or rather the transferring of the braver and more determined members of the Land League into the NATIONAL INVINCIBLES, was not the work of subordinates in the Parnellite ranks. It was the action of those who governed the movement, men the very highest intellectually and authoritatively, and to whom were delegated the legitimate control and responsibility of meeting every exigency forced on them by the exasperated enemy. In a word, the INVINCIBLES sprang into existence by order of the Parnellite Government of Ireland elected by the Irish nation.¹ It will be recollected that, as has been written in an

¹ In the face of the events which have occupied public attention since this book was written, and the acted lie which the Parnellites in the concrete presented to the enemy's tribunal—a tribunal appointed by a foreign Government, without legal authority, to inquire into the manner a neighbouring nation chose to make war—these Parnellites, who collectively admitted they were loyal slaves to British rule in their country, indignantly repudiated all association with the "suppression" in the Phoenix Park, or knowledge of the military Parnellites who carried out that historic incident. In the face of this repudiation and the statement written above, and probable contradiction from men who think their connection cannot be proven, and others who possibly had none, we state most emphatically that facts, as stated in this volume, are known to the writer personally, and can be substantiated by plenty of living witnesses, which will bring this association lamentably close to the core of highest and supreme responsibility, and to the very seat and centre of actual power and authority.

There are good men who may possibly blame this *expose* of the truth, where they cannot shame it. In the words of Washington, speaking of the criticism he expected on the then newly-created Constitution—a diversity of opinions and inclinations on the subject had been expected by him—said he, "The various passions and motives by which men are influenced are concomitants of fallibility, and ingrafted into our nature."

This book shall not be published until events are ripe for its appearance, even to the most infatuated believer in arguing the enemy out of our country.

earlier chapter, many of the Parnellites—members of the British Parliament and others of the party—sought safety from the chance of arrest by leaving Ireland, but this possibly proper and prudent course ought not to have so terrorised them that their voices should be silent in the National councils at this crisis. To their shame, be it recorded, that they completely absented themselves from all direction of affairs. Five of these men were of secondary rank in the party, but then they were men of sufficient prominence to set a good example by their presence, and to help on whatever policy was decided on. Some one or two leading men were altogether absent from the scene, and too far away to take any part in the conduct of affairs. But the crisis was far too keen for these men to have remained away, if they were as patriotic as their countrymen thought. But every one of these men who were absent from the post of duty equally share the responsibility of the events which ensued, and are morally and legally bound to the action of their government in beginning a war of reprisals against the British foe in Ireland, and the creation of the IRISH NATIONAL INVINCIBLES.

Well and ably was the Parnellite Government assisted by the men whom it sent to spread the new organisation. All of these brave men were prominent Parnellite officials. In every province of Ireland the INVINCIBLE movement was spread by these patriotic Irishmen, who travelled under great difficulties, exposed to arbitrary arrest by the enemy's minions who were at this period watchful and alert. His hirelings and spies were scattered broadcast over the land. But no dangers could intimidate these brave Parnellite organisers. They enrolled the manhood of the League in the new movement. Irish blood was up, and the people were ready to obey the Parnellite Government in any undertaking. They felt satisfied that their leaders would adopt no policy but that which was honourable and necessary to meet the vicissitudes and necessities of the hour. It was decided by the Parnellite Government—which was also with two exceptions the Executive of the INVINCIBLES—that there was no

alternative but to meet the assassin rule of Britain by force. The enemy had trampled on his own Constitution, and torn into shreds the last strip of mock legality under which Ireland was supposed to be governed. A species of guerilla warfare was determined on (it was the Future making its appearance on the scene) to meet the relentless attacks of the invader. Britain's position in Ireland, they held, was that of the burglar who had broken into the Nation's home, to rob and waylay the residents. Assassination and misery followed in his train. The chiefs of Ireland's ravagers, the men from whose bureaux sped the orders of bloodshed and destruction so ruthlessly carried out by their armed hirelings, were termed by the enemy the "Chief Secretary" and "Under-Secretary of State." It was resolved by the earliest council held by the Executive of the INVINCIBLES, that these ferocious offices should be kept vacant by the continued "suppression" of their holders. This order was not levelled at any particular or special occupant of these bloodstained posts of the foe, but against all and every succeeding foreign invader who came to occupy these "suppressed" bureaux; and it was decided that as soon as a new-comer planted his foot on Irish soil, invested by the illegal and alien administration with the authority of either of these offices to perpetuate Britain's rule of spoliation, he should be at once "suppressed" in mercy to the Irish nation; and further that every satrap of Britain, carrying on and conducting her war of extermination in any part of the island, should be summarily "removed" from the scene of devastation. For "Britain in Ireland is as a beast exceeding terrible; his feet and claws are of iron, and the rest he stamps upon with his feet."

The Irishmen who promulgated these orders had the legal right to issue them. This authority was conferred upon them by the Irish nation. Ireland was at this time in the throes of agony, suffering under the *régime* of two of the worst enemies that ever controlled these bureaux of slaughter—W. E. Forster and Thomas Burke. These men wielded

the despotic authority granted them by the enemy's Parliament, and most brutally and recklessly did they use it. It was ordered by the Irish Administration that these murder bureaux should be, as soon as possible, made vacant ; that this foreign murder conspiracy against the Irish nation's life should be deprived of its chiefs. So long as the office of the enemy's Governor-General or Lord-Lieutenant remained a mere representative position, the occupier of it would remain unnoticed, but the moment he assumed executive duties and assisted in the murder of the Irish people, this office should be also made vacant.

This law was adopted irrespective of the individuals who assumed these offices of the enemy. Once the scarlet robe of Ireland's assassin was assumed by any man, he became Ireland's destroyer, and was compelled by the nature of his office to enforce the brutal policy of the invader, and all the horrors that followed in its train. The Irish nation did not war with individuals, but was determined to suppress these death-dealing systems established by their unscrupulous foe.

Rightly or wrongly the National Irish Government did not think the time ripe for an open appeal to arms. But it was hoped that these guerilla attacks might eventually lead up to a war for independence. It must have been seen by the INVINCIBLE Administration that in the suppressing of any of the enemy's chiefs a combat of some sort would probably ensue ; but they knew that from the blood of brave men, dying for their country, fresh champions would spring twenty-fold to take the place of the slain. These combats it was expected would arise owing to the watchfulness and vigilance of the foe, who guarded every possible place with armed men.

It may be said by men who live in free and happy self-governed nations, enjoying peace and blessings under their country's flag, that this policy of the INVINCIBLE Government was very terrible. Nothing, however, that Ireland could possibly do, could be equal to the atrocities perpetrated on her by her

foreign foe. By rapine and bloodshed he fastened himself on the soil of Ireland, and by bloodshed and oppression he maintains it. It is revolting to every manly sense of justice that the INVINCIBLE movement has not always been established in Ireland by her down-trodden people. Ireland must go through a bloody agony before she can throw off the monster that has fastened on her vitals.

To write anything further in extenuation or explanation of this truly needful policy would appear as if apologising or palliating what was both sacred, just, and truly lawful ; for Ireland never surrendered to any foreign nation the right to make her laws. Irishmen in seeking to conciliate prejudiced and hostile views, apologise and explain too much ; this pen shall try and not repeat it.

Although the I. R. B. organisation remained intact, going on with its fancied preparations to take the field against Britain, several of its leading spirits in Dublin joined the new movement. Among those who joined the ranks of the INVINCIBLES were some of the officers in the I. R. B. ; but as an organisation it remained a distinct movement.

Mistaking the new policy, as the I. R. B. did, and believing that it was merely an attack on landlords or other acts which took place during the land struggle, the I. R. B. Executive was officially opposed to it. And yet the moral cowards who belonged to the Parnellites have since tried to fasten upon the I. R. B. movement what they in their craven spirits meant to be odium—all the heroism, self-sacrifice, and valour of the military INVINCIBLES. Their own patriotism in creating the INVINCIBLES they shrank from, when action was once taken and the first step in the sanguinary drama completed. But for the Parnellites there would have been no INVINCIBLES ; all the glory of that short-lived struggle rests on the brave men who took the field, all the disgrace and the degradation on the statesmen who deserted and slandered them.

The Dublin INVINCIBLES were almost altogether composed

of I. R. B. men, either from members already enrolled, or ex-members equally brave, patriotic, and self-sacrificing. In country districts the INVINCIBLES were principally composed of Provincialists, members of the suppressed Land League. The daring spirits of all parties embraced most eagerly the active policy forced upon them by the enemy, which promised for their country, the only possible solution at this acute crisis.

When the brave organisers who were officially sent out by the Irish Executive to build up this new movement had returned to headquarters, the organisation still progressed, the enrolled men in Ireland spreading it among their patriotic brethren.

Of these devoted Irishmen, the advanced guard of the new movement, this history has nothing further to record. The man who organised Dublin was a veteran Nationalist, who, if circumstances permitted, would have remained to fight with the men enrolled there.¹ He did stay in Dublin for a while seeking results, but these were more difficult of accomplishment than those not engaged would think. He was removed from Dublin by orders, and thenceforth took no active part in the organisation ; and so does not appear in this history. Among the brave organisers of the INVINCIBLES in the country districts was a true and tried Irish Nationalist, although a prominent Parnellite² ; to this man great credit must be given for his splendid endeavours to build up the movement in the provinces. He did this under the very eyes of the enemy, while Forster's tyranny was felt in every village and cabin in Ireland. It was through no fault of his that the country INVINCIBLES did not make a redder record, and by so doing further paralyse the foe. He was recalled from Ireland at a very early stage of the movement. Some of his colleagues accused him of indiscretions ; those were probably only greater deeds of daring than they would do. Human nature is not perfect, and Irish patriots should look with kindly eyes on each other, and more hostile glances at

¹ See Appendix C, p. 548.

² See Appendix D, p. 550.

the common enemy. One thing can be written of this brave country organiser, that if his judgment was not always perfect, his patriotism had not a single flaw; he believed in but one course, one pathway to freedom—he believed that like all struggling nationalities, Ireland's duty was to smite her foe when and how she could.

This brave Irishman had no connection whatever with the Phoenix Park incident—although it has been so mentioned—excepting so far as he, like all of the INVINCIBLES, was a party to the policy of which it was the active exponent. From the enemy's standpoint of course such men are held responsible, and on that question Irish Nationalists take no issue; but if the invader wants to know whom to indict for that blow struck at his official destroyers, he must indict the Irish nation. The enemy may squirm and wriggle how he may over this fact, which he knows but dare not admit; the Irish nation is responsible for the glory, or the crime, whichever they now mean to call it. But the true pulse of the nation rejects the infamy of the latter term. The facts about that memorable event will be given in this history. This brave country organiser was abroad when the news of the Park event came on him with joyful surprise, through the public press.

The INVINCIBLES might be likened to the forlorn hope of a storming party, where every man ran constant danger of instant death; they could only be recruited from the best and bravest of the Irish race. They were not numerically great as compared with the I. R. B., but what they lacked in numbers they made up in efficiency. The material of which the organisation was composed, the *morale* and discipline that pervaded its ranks, were invaluable to Ireland, if properly handled and sustained by a firm and courageous executive. It was indeed an army of lions. It were well for the Green Isle if those who governed it displayed more leonine courage.

This organisation did not exist outside of Ireland. The Administration, for some motives of policy never known to

the INVINCIBLES, did not permit its spread to the United States. Hence Irish-Americans were completely taken by surprise when the 6th of May incident was cabled over the Atlantic, which want of knowledge produced a peculiar attitude on the part of some Irishmen in this country [America].

One of Britain's stock arguments and charges made against Irish Nationalists for the past two generations, has been that all physical force movements directed against her rule in Ireland have been of foreign origin, as the natives so love her rule they would never dream of revolting against it but that these foreigners compel them. This absurd statement the invader never applied to the INVINCIBLES—a physical force movement, the policy of which, if put into practice, was not the mildest form of assailing the unscrupulous foe ; and the revival of which they fear. This movement was composed of native-born Irishmen in Ireland, and they know that its principles to-day are espoused by the great mass of the devoted sons of that nation.

From this want of knowledge of the new organisation in other countries, a rumour was industriously spread abroad that this movement was hostile to the leaders of the suppressed Land League and the principles of Mr. Parnell. Possibly the idea, which Mr. Parnell expressed on board the *Scythia* when interviewed on his voyage to the United States, namely, that Ireland needed two organisations, one secret and the other public,¹ was in the minds of the INVINCIBLE Administration when it permitted this false statement to be circulated. All thinking Irishmen will agree with Mr. Parnell as to the necessity of two such organisations ; but they should be both national and true to Ireland. It should not be considered the duty of the public movement to denounce the active work of the secret one, especially if both movements had one and the same executive. To call this policy of falsehood and duplicity good statesmanship tending to deceive the enemy, is too infamous a plea for any honourable man to admit.

¹ See Appendix B, p. 54S.

The criticisms and condemnation of this INVINCIBLE movement by people who know nothing of its origin or the circumstances which created it, show what a fearful influence, tending to the destruction of all healthy Irish national life, is controlled by the pernicious teaching of British literature. Irishmen who agree in this condemnation seldom think of the dark stain on Irish morals placed there by the public teaching of the Provincialists, "that the end justifies the means"; that it is right to compound a felony by trying to come to terms with the invader.

British rule in Ireland in any shape or form is a felony, and as such is one of the most infamous and heinous of moral crimes. A band of burglars have burst into Ireland's mansion and gorged themselves with plunder of every kind, and when they fear that their booty is endangered, they never for an instant hesitate to add assassination to their numerous crimes.

From O'Connell's time to this day, the Provincialists have been associating with foreign criminals, doing evil that good may result. Perhaps they would explain their conduct as Louis Napoleon did the shooting down the French people on the Parisian boulevards: "*Je suis sorti de la légalité pour rentrer dans le droit.*" Irish Provincialists try to convince themselves that it is expedient to attempt to compromise with the foreign banditti, and by recognising their right to carry on centuries of pillage and murder, receive back for Ireland some share of the captured booty. But vain and useless have been all their endeavours, even though they publicly stain themselves with the crime of compounding felony. The felon will not restore the smallest moiety of his plunder. He still continues and will continue, unless destroyed by force, to debauch and destroy his victims.

All attempts at this period to bring about a peaceful solution (which was rank folly to try) were stopped by Mr. Gladstone, who forced the Provincialists into more desperate and daring channels.

With the determination of taking instant action against

the British, the INVINCIBLE movement was created ; but it is one thing to decree a certain policy, and another and totally different thing to put that policy into practical shape, and demonstrate, by accomplished deeds, the wisdom of the council chamber. Had open insurrection been decided on, it might have been easier commenced than what might seem a simpler programme.

At this time in Ireland there were several small country organisations that sprang into existence in each locality, by the pressure of the times and the atrocities of some tyrant of the neighbourhood. The small bodies of persecuted men have borne various appellations—"Whiteboys," "Moonlighters," and such names. These bodies are the irregular soldiers of the Irish nation. They are the guerillas that sometimes portend the presence of an army in preparation. They are Ireland's *Francs-tireurs*. They disappear and arise as the enemy applies the screw of torture, or as it suits his policy for the moment to ease the agony. While they are representative of the hostility of the Irish nation to the foreign invader, they have no representative mandate for their existence but Irish sympathy in their success as opposed to the enemy ; and very often this hatred of theirs is led into wrong channels through ignorance, and vengeance has often been wreaked on their own unhappy countrymen, who, by poverty and the degradation of slavery, violate these men's local combinations. This condition of things is the direct creation of the bloodstained invader.

With these movements, British Ministers, British interests, and British public opinion, have tried to class the INVINCIBLES. Their published account of the movement as to-day given to the world, and which they wish should go into the domain of history, is that of a small, irregular band of desperate men in Dublin city, under the control and guidance of the unfortunate James Carey, a man who was only for a short time a sub-officer of the organisation.¹

¹ This prevailing opinion of the small number of men enrolled in the ranks of the INVINCIBLES is further endorsed by Sir Charles Russell, M.P., in his speech

These irregular country movements had no affiliation whatever with the INVINCIBLE organisation, nor were they in any manner subject to the control of any central authority save their own local leaders.

The INVINCIBLE organisation was militant Ireland, the nation prepared to smite the foe. It held a higher mandate for its existence than any recent Irish movement at its birth. It was created by lawful and organised authority; its principles and its laws were those given to it by its Parnellite creators, who were the legal government of the Irish nation. As long as the cry "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" is believed in by mankind, the INVINCIBLE organisation must remain on record as the answer of the Irish nation to the suppression of the Land League.

There were, no doubt, many men in the Parnellite ranks in 1881 who would have opposed, if consulted, the formation of any such organisation; but they were not among the active and patriotic section. Even in the fulfilment of their own programme, however, if they had any during this epoch of blood and agony, they effaced themselves by their abject cowardice and fright, from all participation or assistance in the direction of Irish affairs. These men, who were puny weaklings in the crisis, became blatant and vituperative when all danger was past. Some few of the "brainier" and more patriotic of the Parnellite leaders and members of the government, received severe private criticism from some of these men who, from their well-known patriotism and devotion to Ireland, were suspected by these timid and nerveless Provincialists as the authors of this war of reprisals. There is no doubt that this section of the Parnellites are sincere believers in Ireland's destiny to be a province of the British Empire; these people talk of British murders in Ireland as a necessity forced upon the invaders by Irish resistance, and appear to think that any blow struck by their own oppressed

before the London Commission, when he computes that organisation as a body of thirty men. This speech of the great British Radical corroborates the writer's opinions as to the anxiety of both wings of the enemy to represent this hostile movement not only as criminal but contemptible.

country is a crime, and possibly, in this narrow and unpatriotic spirit, they may be sincere in their denunciation of the INVINCIBLES in Dublin, as they are sincere slaves and British flunkeys.

But this does not remove from their shoulders one iota of the responsibility attending the creation of this active movement; if they had authority at headquarters, they should have been there to give the Provincialist organisation their services. But in the face of facts around them, of circumstances that could not have been hidden from the most stupid—if they had not absolute information, they must have had more than a shrewd suspicion that the Irish INVINCIBLES and their own movement was the Land League, in a more active form. If this is not so, these men must have less than the ordinary perception of natural intelligence.

This history cannot be too emphatic in stating that the Parnellism of that epoch and the INVINCIBLES were one and the same in actual fact; the policy of this active movement, its authority, its armament (such as it was), sprang from the organised ranks of “legal agitation.”

As regards these men who now so wantonly denounce the INVINCIBLES (thereby aiding the enemy in crushing out all manly resistance to his rule), some of them, if not members, most certainly must have known or suspected the source from which the organisation sprang. If its policy, as these moral cowards state, was damnable, then the men who created it (but, unlike the brave workers, stood afar from contact or risk) must be classified by the same title. If the foul and villainous name of assassins is applicable to the manly and patriotic Irish soldiers who “suppressed” the enemy’s secretaries, the chiefs of the Castle conspirators whose official hands were freshly red with the blood of the children massacred in Ballina the very day before—if this black name of degradation is applicable to these self-sacrificing Irishmen who slew the enemy’s chieftains, how much more could it be used, and with thundering emphasis, to those among the very highest of

the Provincialists, from out of whose ranks the INVINCIBLE organisation sprang into being ?

The actions and principles of the INVINCIBLES were either right or wrong ; there can be no medium term. If wrong, the organisation should never have been created, and the name of Ireland stained with crime. Its creators by their own showing, then, are criminals. If right, it should be manfully upheld in the face of day, and no man should blush to own affiliation ; on the contrary, he should be proud to say, and proud to leave it as an honoured inheritance to his children, " I was an INVINCIBLE ! "

But these weak-nerved Provincialists are heaping slime upon their own names by these vile slanders. Circumstances and expediency—using these coward apologies—might compel silence ; but no personal danger or political exigencies can explain away these denunciations, or the black and damning stain they would fasten on the name of Ireland. The present writer upholds the action of those then patriotic Provincialists, who, when the hour struck, bravely stepped from the ranks of that delusive folly of " legal agitation " and called into being a movement to destroy the foe, to wipe out of existence some of the vampires fattening on the heart of their bleeding and prostrate country. Posterity will honour the action of these men, and in after-ages the names of those who are now slandered will be enrolled on the list of Ireland's pure and devoted patriots. Ninetenths of the Irish race to-day, at home and abroad, endorse the lesson taught Britain by the " suppression " of her secretaries ; and if Ireland strikes another blow, the public opinion of mankind will go with the weak but gallant nation whose vitality is immortal.

So horrified and maddened were all Irishmen, and especially several of the Provincialist leaders, at the brutal conduct of Gladstone's Chief Secretary in Ireland—his callous outrage of every Irish feeling—that a short time before the creation of the INVINCIBLE organisation one of the leaders of the Provincialists, Y——, then and now a Parnellite member of the enemy's Parliament, volunteered to sacrifice his life by going

to Ireland and publicly "suppressing" Forster; he was overruled by those of his colleagues to whom he made the proposition; from this came the policy afterwards adopted by the new movement. This then brave and gallant gentleman, who volunteered to undertake this mission, remains to this day one of the leaders of the Provincialist organisation.¹

¹ Since this book was written the Provincialists have split into two factions. One section continues to follow the leadership of Mr. Parnell, and the other and larger part of the Parliamentary party have chosen Mr. McCarthy for their leader. With the acted falsehood which haunts these movements trying to reform foreign rule in Ireland, the last mentioned faction call themselves Nationalists. They do not mean British Nationalists, as their avowed policy shows them to be. But to further deceive the patriotic, impulsive, and unthinking masses of the Irish people, these men, openly and really organised to perpetuate foreign rule in Ireland and to continue the flag of the invader in the island as the emblem of that foreign rule—these men have the audacity to come before the world with unblushing falsehood, calling themselves Irish Nationalists. The party spoken of in this book as Parnellite means the whole united Provincial movement as it was at the epoch written about. The INVINCIBLE written about here as a member of the enemy's Parliament, is now a prominent member of the McCarthyite faction, and still writes M. P. after his name.

II

THE ORGANISATION OF THE INVINCIBLES—THE ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE MR. FORSTER.

IN writing of the few scenes of action taken by the INVINCIBLES in Dublin, it will be impossible to do so without appearing to give undue importance to one or two central figures. The present writer would rather not have this task, but owing to the slanders and stigmas sought to be fastened on a great principle and a heroic policy, he feels it is a sacred trust and an imperative duty to his mangled motherland that the true record of a short incident—but a most determined and desperate one—during Britain's war of extermination, should be truthfully and plainly recorded, so that Irishmen who may feel the necessity of some similar movement to try and grapple with the hideous monster who is strangling their beloved country, should not have their minds poisoned by the enemy's lying and distorted statements, and the villainous conclusions which his press, led off by the London murder organ, would instil into their patriotic minds.

The INVINCIBLE Administration held a final council of war in a small foreign town, and commissioned three men to take charge of the conduct of affairs. These high officials were to consult with other members of the Executive from time to time, as circumstances and convenience would permit, one of the trio having ready access to these gentlemen as his

Provincial duties brought them together. Two of the gentlemen appointed to conduct active operations were not Provincialists ; they were the only men not agitators in the Administration. The rest of the Executive were High Officials of the Parnellite Irish Government.

One of these non-agitators was a man who had a reputation for desperate valour, but he soon disappeared from the scene. He went on a mission to Ireland with the object of visiting the various INVINCIBLE bands over the four provinces of that nation, but did not proceed further on his journey than Dublin. There he saw the sub-officers in charge of the Dublin organisation, after which he returned to the city which shall be designated here as headquarters. His subsequent duties were of a consultative nature. This gentleman will be designated as J——.

The other non-Provincialist was a brave and gallant gentleman. He was a man of superior attainments. This valiant soldier's services were unfortunately lost to the movement by illness at a very early stage in its career.

The third member of the trio in charge at headquarters might be called the mouthpiece of the Executive. He was subsequently their medium of communication in great measure with the man who afterwards took charge of active work in Dublin, but who at this period was not a member of the organisation.¹ This third member of the trio was in the confidence of all the leaders and of the Administration. He occupied a very responsible position, and will frequently appear in the course of this history. For intelligent following of events he will be named Q——.²

Q—— was a gentleman who in earlier years had been a member of the National ranks, but when he espoused Provincialism (so far as official connection went) his colleagues deposed him. This was an error if they meant by this that his sentiments had changed. He remained in heart an ardent Nationalist, and an unflinching advocate of stern measures against Ireland's enemy. The important affairs

¹ See Appendix F, p. 556.

² See Appendix E, p. 552.

placed unreservedly in his hands by the Executive of the INVINCIBLES, proved their confidence in Q—— as a man deserving of much trust. Had he been a dishonourable man he had the power of doing serious harm, which would have led to disastrous consequences. But although fully deserving the confidence reposed in him, loyal and patriotic to Ireland, he was totally unsuited for so responsible a position. Under the direct supervision of the able men composing the Executive he would have been invaluable, but left at times with uncontrolled authority, he had not the natural resources to be equal to the demand made upon his intelligence and judgment. He was a persevering organiser, for, although he did not leave the town where headquarters were situated, he enrolled in the ranks of the INVINCIBLES a number of good men. Of these, one of his earliest recruits was a patriotic Irish gentleman of polished and courtly manners and decidedly handsome exterior, who will be named R——.

Q—— and J——, acting under instructions from the Executive, consulted together and decided on getting R—— to purchase certain articles to send to Dublin. This mission was executed faithfully, but were it not that R—— knew that the exigencies of the time compelled his country to use these as irregular weapons of war, there was nothing unusual in these purchases as they were such as professional gentlemen require to get from time to time. True, the number was more than a single purchaser would at any one time buy, which R—— explained by saying he was going to the colonies. This incident, we have been informed, has been given to the world by the gentleman himself. With the exception of looking after the Provincialist organ on one occasion R—— did no other duties for the organisation. And this fact shows the want of judgment at INVINCIBLE headquarters, for R—— was a man of considerable ability and would have been able to have given the cause very valuable services. The Parnellite newspaper, *United Ireland*, had been seized by the enemy's police in Dublin; the in-





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vader was determined, so far as he had the power, to suppress every public expression of Irish opinion. The official Provincial journal was printed and published surreptitiously, and on the occasion when R— went to look after the arrival of a large parcel of one issue, the enemy, on the *qui vive*, had made a swoop and captured the newspapers, which made his journey abortive.

R— remained at headquarters for a few weeks after making the aforesaid purchases, during which time he enrolled two men in the INVINCIBLE ranks. He was then sent to a foreign resort. He spent several months in this European retreat, living quietly at an hotel. During his stay at this foreign hotel, Q— complained very bitterly of R—'s indiscretion in corresponding with him and others, but it is to be supposed that this was not R—'s fault: he was neglected in his retreat and compelled to write these letters. Some time after the Park incident a high official of the Executive sent the gentleman who organised part of Ireland, already mentioned, with certain orders to R—, who immediately left for the New World.

Why R— was not in the first instance sent out of Europe, instead of being kept for months idle in a European resort, or why he was sent away at all for the mere making of these purchases and not retained for some valuable active work, is one of the unexplained peculiar acts of the statesmen belonging to the INVINCIBLE Administration.

Another melodramatic act was the extraordinary manner in which R—'s purchases were sent to Dublin. With the exception of two articles retained by Q— those weapons were speedily forwarded to that city.

The peculiarity of the sending of these weapons to Dublin, caused a great deal of uneasiness, dissatisfaction, and want of confidence among certain leading INVINCIBLES in that city. A lady was chosen as messenger. There was no necessity whatever for this; the parcel could be easily brought into that city by the proper person to carry such

articles—a man. There was nothing very extraordinary or unusual in a man carrying out so simple a transaction. It, however, reflects the highest credit for bravery, devotion, and patriotism on the lady, but it also shows poor judgment on the part of whoever suggested such a messenger.

Unless the enemy was in possession of specific information, travellers entering Ireland were not searched. And if in possession of any knowledge, the lady would suffer in the hands of the enemy the same vengeance as a man. The only guarantee of safely bringing into Dublin any article which the Castle conspirators had prohibited, would be the secrecy of the transaction not the sex of the messenger. If the invaders' myrmidons were in possession of any information, this devoted Irishwoman would have suffered at their hands the same outrages as they would have dealt to one of the opposite sex. Think, then, of the fearful risk this brave lady ran, and the terrible consequences to which she was exposed.

It was cruel and unmanly to send a lady with such articles, and it was poor judgment on the part of some of the leaders. Ladies are very often invaluable emissaries in revolutionary times; but carrying weapons, unless under special cases of exceptional urgency—which did not arise here—is not part of those duties. One might as well ask ladies to use the weapons.

This matter has been given to the world before, in part, as a something which added lustre to this phase of Ireland's struggle against the foreigners' murder conspiracy. It proved the devotion to country of a brave Irishwoman, and at the same time displayed paucity of brains in those who ordered it. As this book is written for Irish Nationalists to read, it is important as a lesson to show where the great deficiency has always been in Ireland's struggle—the absence through moral cowardice of the "brainy" men at the council chamber. It is very far from the writer's wish to criticise, or to be severe on those who endeavoured to serve their land at this crisis. Ireland owes these patriotic men a deep debt of gratitude. Q—— and J—— were giving their best services

in the cause: it is a pity that that curse to Irish struggles called Prudence—which is often more personal than National—kept other and far abler men from supervising and controlling affairs in person. The members of the Parnellite Irish National Government should have seen that the momentous issue, which by their order Ireland was committed to, should be carried out with the greatest wisdom that matured judgments could bring to the nation's service

J——, who was a man of great dash and bravery, far more suited for the field than the council, was, it is said, an important factor in influencing the Parnellite Administration to change their policy to one of action against the foe, and it is very probable that the title given the new movement was of his creation. But although this may be true, the Parnellite member of the British Parliament, as already mentioned, had made his offer of personal sacrifice to suppress the then much hated chief of the Dublin Castle Murder Bureau, before J——'s arrival on the scene. J—— had one or two friends among the leading Parnellites, and his offer of service was no doubt the last straw that turned the wavering balance.

Soon after the delivery of the parcel sent by the lady, J—— visited Dublin, and had one or two interviews with the local council in that city. His intrepidity or valour had no opportunity to be placed on record. There was some expressed dissatisfaction at this among his Parnellite colleagues on his return, but the present writer thinks, unjustly. Whatever may be said of this gallant gentleman's judgment, his valour or daring is unquestioned.

About this time a man, who will be called K——, was enrolled in the INVINCIBLE organisation.¹ He had a short time previous become acquainted with Q—— and R——, and sharing the same Irish sentiments in this crisis, a bond of sympathy and companionship ripened very rapidly.

At one of these meetings Q—— and R—— approached

¹ See Appendix F, p. 556.

K—, and asked him to join the new movement, giving him a shadowy outline of its nature. They both knew K— was a firm believer in Irish National Independence, and from his expressed sentiments during their short acquaintance and from his antecedents, they considered he would make an available recruit. K—, from his early association with the I. R. B. and his mixing among Nationalists and Provincialists, felt satisfied that the party of action had some new movement in preparation which would speedily develop itself, but was completely astounded and surprised to learn the source from which this new attack was to spring on the enemy. To be approached by a prominent and trusted Parnellite official to join an active movement of the most extreme kind, in the very chamber where Parliamentary members sat to consult and arrange "Legal and Constitutional Agitation" staggered and astonished K—. He felt at the moment as if a veil had fallen from his eyes, and that the policy of shaming the invader out of Ireland was only a huge sham; that physical resistance to tyranny was the under-current of this gigantic movement. A strange whirl of emotions and thoughts was flying through his brain, undreamt of by his friends present. When he collected his thoughts he asked his querists if the gallant soldier (already spoken of as one of the trio appointed by the Irish Government to conduct affairs, and whom we will call F—) had any knowledge of the new National organisation. He was told that F— was already enrolled in its ranks. K— told his friends that he would give the subject his most serious consideration, and appointed the following day to meet them with his answer, in the same Parnellite chamber where this interview took place.

After parting with his companions, K— began to speculate on the unlooked-for, undreamt-of news which he had just heard. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the Parnellite movement, which he and his brother Nationalists looked on as political folly, had been all the time a secret National movement? If so, this accounted for the extraordinary conduct of the Irish-American National leaders in

supporting Mr. Parnell, which was an unexplained puzzle to "the men in the gap." On a little reflection he dismissed this idea, and concluded that the acute crisis had forced the Parnellite Government to take action in spite of themselves; but still he naturally wondered at the very extreme policy adopted. Again, he thought: Could it be that Q—, although a Parnellite official, was acting without the knowledge of the Parliamentary Administration? But on reflection he felt satisfied this was impossible; the intercourse K— had had at this time with the Parnellites convinced him that those in legal control and power must have given their sanction and authority, or Q— would never dare to broach so bold a policy in the sanctum of their chambers. With these conflicting thoughts rushing through his mind, K— sought his old National friend F—.

F— and K— had been friends for twenty years. They had been associated in revolutionary projects and some events which promised serious results, during the '65 and '67 epochs. F—, as already mentioned, was a man of ripened experience and judgment, and K— had every confidence in his patriotism and good sense, and sought him for information and advice as to joining the new National movement. He told F— of the interview in the Parnellite chambers, and of the conflicting and extraordinary emotions which it called up. F—, who, as he then learned, was a member of the new INVINCIBLE Administration, gave K— a full and detailed history of the National undertaking, which was the creation of those who held the Irish reins of office with the full sanction and voice of the Irish race. Everything told K— at that interview was in the fulness of time corroborated by the course of events, the history of which is given in these pages. F— impressed upon his friend the necessity of locking in his own breast at that period, the full and exhaustive statement of Irish affairs placed before him, and especially to leave Q— under the impression that he knew no more than any ordinary recruit to the National ranks.

K— attended next day to keep his appointment at the

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Parnellite chambers, where R—, who was deputed by Q—, initiated and enrolled him a soldier of Ireland's INVINCIBLES. There, in the Parnellite Parliamentary chamber, the temple of "legal agitation," K— received and accepted (not for the first time) the obligation of an Irish revolutionary soldier.

When his initiation had concluded, R— left the chamber, and Q— entering, told the newly-enrolled disciple that he wished him to initiate a new member, mentioning X—, a gentleman with whom K— had a slight acquaintance. After the revelation given him by F— nothing now astonished him, or otherwise he would have indeed wondered at the new recruit. X— was a gentleman of social standing, good means and highly honourable reputation, a prominent Parnellite, and to the outer world a firm believer in "moral suasion." In the same Parliamentary chamber where he himself was initiated K— repeated the ceremony to the new recruit. This newly-enrolled INVINCIBLE was a gentleman of superior social position, a man of education, and undoubtedly a sincere and faithful Irishman.¹

A short time after these initiations R— left for the Continent, as already stated, and so dropped out of the INVINCIBLE movement through no wish of his own, as he also does out of this history. In consequence the arrest of one of the INVINCIBLES in Dublin by the enemy's chief, Forster, (who caused the haphazard arrest under the vague charge of a "suspect,") K— was sent to Dublin. This Irishman, imprisoned by the Castle conspirators, was a brave, impulsive, and dashing Nationalist; he had been associated with patriotic movements all his life. His scorn of the enemy's myrmidons was openly expressed, and there were few people who knew him that were not aware of his sentiments.²

K—'s duty in Dublin during this visit was the filling of

¹ At this time of writing, X—, like many an ex-INVINCIBLE, is a Parnellite member of the British Parliament, and it may also be written that he is at this date (1891) a McCarthyite member of the British Parliament.

² See Appendix G, p. 559.

the office on the local council left vacant by the recent arrest, which he did by the promotion of one of the noblest patriots to whom suffering Ireland has ever given birth—a loyal young hero who sealed his devotion to his mother-land by the sacrifice of his young life. On K——'s return to headquarters he made an official report of affairs in Dublin, and had a series of interviews with his friend on the Directory. In discussing the aspect of the cause, the Directory decided that some man should be sent to take supreme control of the organisation in Dublin, and hold the responsible direction of whatever operations the patriots should take against the invaders. Although a number of volunteers could be easily procured to take this post of honour and danger, the difficulty was to get a man whose business habits and surroundings would leave him free to move, without drawing on him suspicion from some of the hydra-headed claws of the monster that ravaged Ireland.

At a meeting of the Directory F—— said that he knew an INVINCIBLE, a revolutionary comrade of former days, who, he was sure, would serve his country at this crisis; and whose business was of that nature that would permit him to move freely through Ireland without a shadow of suspicion from the foe. But there were important reasons why he felt disinclined to mention this subject to his friend, or ask him to accept so dangerous a position. The Directory overruled F——'s hesitation, and the proposition was put to K——. He accepted the responsibility on condition of receiving full control of operations, in no way hampered by either council or Directory, and that the Administration would promise to give him loyal and staunch support in all undertakings. Q—— conveyed to him officially, and F—— privately, that all his demands would receive due attention and prompt support from the INVINCIBLE Executive.

A few weeks after K——'s appointment to take command of the Dublin INVINCIBLES, F—— was seized with a dangerous illness, and on his convalescence he went abroad to a foreign watering-place to recruit his health; and at this critical

time Ireland was deprived of the services of this gallant gentleman and valiant soldier.

All this time the enemy's war of extermination went on ; every day the prisons received some fresh victims. The hideous devil-fish that polluted Ireland by his presence, was putting forth every one of his monster tentacles to suppress and crush out the smallest spark of national life. The massacre of the Irish women in Belmullet was followed up by the incarceration of Irish ladies ; and every day brought with it some new outrage to irritate and madden the already enraged Irish heart. A spark would have set Ireland in a blaze of revolution, but the leaders suppressed these smouldering fires, believing it would be insanity to attempt open warfare. Yet the enemy was depopulating the country quicker and with vaster destruction—himself escaping all the time unscathed—than if he were using cannon and musketry on the ranks of revolution. The British foe was thoroughly on the alert ; no precaution was omitted ; he was not to be taken by surprise. Forster was carefully guarded by armed men ; this was done as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the public mind. The enemy had a vague suspicion some attack was meditated by the Irish ; but of the nature of this, or what was the strength of the National movement in Ireland, all was speculation.¹ Some British alarmists exaggerated this in the eyes of the enemy's Government. This class was principally composed of Irish rebels and traitors, Orangemen, landlords ; and that slavish crowd, who are as ferocious as they are cowardly, like the pillars of the Settlers' Parliament in College Green, the sanguinary and brutal yeomen of '98. Others laughed to scorn the idea that the Irish worm would turn ; they believed slavery was so inoculated into the Irish soul that there might be "legal" protestations and a few country outrages on each other ; but an attack on any sanctified British official, or a "rising" as some hinted at, would be to confer on Irishmen a character for

¹ See Appendix H, p. 560.

daring in their own cause that these men considered preposterous. They ought, but for British stupidity, to be strengthened in these opinions by the number of threatening letters sent Mr. Forster, the offspring of puny minds filled with folly and ignorance; men who commit these absurdities have no intention of following up their threats. A trumpety package containing some kind of explosive was included in the mail of this hated British despot. The action of those blundering people seriously alarmed the object of these fierce menaces, and the enemy was armed *cap-à-pie* to meet all assaults.¹

The care taken of Forster even when in his own country was very little relaxed. An incident that corroborated this, occurred to K—— a short time before he assumed command in Dublin. On one night he was a visitor to the gallery of the British Commons, a place he occasionally went to when he had leisure and opportunity. Upon this occasion he was anxious to meet one of the members of Parliament then in the House, and leaving at a late hour, when the debate was growing tedious, he walked up and down before the building from Westminster Hall to the members' entrance. Standing gazing at that magnificent poem in stone, the old and historic hall, he was accosted by an elderly gentleman, who, he was afterwards told by the policeman on duty, was the London *Times* reporter in the House of Commons. This gentleman was apparently a great admirer of ancient and mediæval architecture. He spoke with an air and tone of a *cognoscenti* as he compared the differences between the modern buildings of the Houses of Parliament and the ancient Hall of Westminster; he rambled on in a pleasing style about York Minster and other ancient English cathedrals, a subject which he evidently studied with much interest.

As soon as this gentleman had exhausted the subject to his own satisfaction, he entered the House. Then K—— walked down to the members' entrance nearer the river; he had proceeded a few paces up that narrow passage when he

¹ See Appendix H, p. 560.

came face to face with W. E. Forster. As soon as the British Secretary saw the stranger advancing towards him (what must have been a usual event, or else why would K—— be permitted to enter), his whole manner denoted fright and nervous excitement ; his face grew instantly pale as if he was about to swoon ; he hurriedly and in a twitching manner placed the despatch box he was carrying before him to shield his person. Conscience makes cowards of us all ! All this nervous excitement was observed by K——, who, as he passed by, rapidly turned upon his heel and followed Forster, impelled by motives of curiosity to see how the adventure would end. It flashed like lightning through K——'s brain how easily this tyrant could at that very moment be shot. But K—— had no such mission ; his business to the House that evening was of a totally different nature ; he had no weapon on his person, even if he felt inclined to lay low the merciless despot who was trying to destroy his country, and who has a no less brutal successor to-day (1887) in Ireland.

As Forster emerged from the passage into the open air, he was followed at a little distance by K——, who overheard the Chief Secretary speak a few hurried harsh words to the policeman on duty ; although he did not catch the words K—— felt certain that their import was in some way relative to himself. In an instant Forster was surrounded by several men in civilian clothes who seemed to spring out of all sorts of corners ; these men K—— took to be Forster's London guard, but this night they did not display unusual vigilance. K—— related this adventure to some prominent Provincialists. It was convincing proof that whatever doubts were in the mind of the enemy's Government, their Irish Chief Secretary was alarmed for his own personal safety.

As soon as K—— had arranged some private business matters, his ostensible reasons for visiting Dublin, he assumed command of the INVINCIBLES in that city. He this time had to bring with him an official document, his commission

from his Government, which, when read to the local council, was speedily destroyed.¹

The INVINCIBLES with whom K— at first came into immediate association were the Dublin Council. This council was composed of four men, each of whom controlled a number of sub-officers, and these again had under their immediate command the rank and file of the organisation in the Irish metropolis.²

The new office created in Dublin by the Executive removed from this council all executive duties, so far as the decisions in the direction of active work which had hitherto been under their control. This responsibility was now deposited with the new officer, who had sole charge of the direction and guidance of all plans, the carrying out of which was left to his own judgment. But as all details of any attack upon the enemy should be entrusted to the patriotic men who composed this council, and who had to transmit all orders to their sub-officers, which again had to be conveyed to the INVINCIBLE soldiers, the principal advantage in this

¹ All correspondence which was necessary during the INVINCIBLE epoch was destroyed as soon as read. The greatest care was of course taken to have the smallest possible written orders or instructions issued; most of these passed between the officer in command and his Government. The hedging round with every secrecy possible, even of those engaged in this active movement from each other, was considered an important matter of discipline. And yet, when the London *Times* sprung the Pigott letters upon the world, a panic existed in the Parnellite ranks, and a terrible fear, born of the nerveless, craven natures of many of those men, took possession of them. They imagined that some real information was behind the Pigott letters, and, like all such crouching dispositions, began to suspect some of the men who had risked their lives for Ireland in trying to carry out the former Parnellite policy of being at this time in collusion with the enemy's murder organ. In their fright they knew not whom to suspect, but they fastened their foul, unmanly suspicions upon one or two of the living whom they had by implication more vilely wronged.

In the moment of panic and agony Mr. Patrick Egan, an honoured Irish patriot, came to their aid, and by his help they unearthed the *Times* source of information; then they felt relieved and could put a bold front before the world with lighter hearts. Not one INVINCIBLE, not even the humblest, would for all the gold in the Bank of England stand beside the brutal assassin journal that was trying to defame their bleeding country, although they looked with equal loathing and scorn on the cruel policy of falsehood and slander pursued by the once-respected Parnellites. The writer has this knowledge of the state of the Parnellite mind, from the mouth of the highest and most trusted of the party.

² See Appendix J, p. 563.

change was the unity in all plans of assault now centred in a single authority, and also the knowledge that the INVINCIBLE Government was directly represented by the presence of their new officer, which gave additional strength and *esprit de corps* to the Dublin organisation. This feeling animated the whole movement, irrespective of the merits of the man sent to take charge, for they felt confident that the Executive was working with them by its representative, and that all responsibility for further failures, should these be repeated, would rest upon other shoulders.

The officers that composed this council will be designated as L—, M—, O—, and the fourth was the unfortunate James Carey.¹ The late chairman of this council was N—, the "suspect" arrested by the enemy. The first duty of this council was to organise themselves, and although their new captain superseded the former duties of the chairman, it was necessary to appoint a successor to the INVINCIBLE whom the foe had in his toils.

Of the four men composing this council, M— was a man of more force of character, and more proficient in revolutionary knowledge than his colleagues. He was a respectable mechanic, and used to the control of men. He was also an officer in the I. R. B., and a staunch and active Irish Nationalist from his earliest years. Although a man of but moderate education, he was possessed of sound judgment and knew not the name of fear. He has since died on the scaffold for Ireland.

L— was a very young man, one of those godlike specimens of manhood created by a wise Providence, and endowed with supernatural gifts, to aid in the salvation of a down-trodden people. He was destined to be the advanced apostle who was to bear the beacon light, to point to the narrow path of travel by which his bleeding mother-land would emerge, newly born, in the sunlight of freedom. K—, on a previous visit, had appointed him to succeed the imprisoned N— upon the council. He died a martyr's

¹ See Appendix J, p. 563.

death ; posterity and an independent Ireland will revere his memory.

O—— was an earnest, sincere, and patriotic Irishman, an enthusiast, but one who never flinched when the order for duty came. He was a thorough Celt in the buoyancy of his disposition, but more subject to outside influence and the power of a stronger intellect than either L—— or M——.

K—— was perfectly satisfied that the brave comrades whom he found in that council would be always ready to do or dare anything that mortal men could do, for their manacled nation. He told them to select from among themselves the officer whom they wished to preside over them, more especially as this was now a subordinate office. The result by ballot was two votes for M—— and two votes for O——. K—— was compelled to exercise his authority, and appoint a chairman. He placed O—— in the vacant office. His personal predilection was in favour of M——; but as there was a local feeling apparent in one member against this man, and as the appointment was almost immaterial, he chose O—— to remove the faintest feeling that might mar harmony among the men with whom he would have to work out serious duties for Ireland. O—— was an ex-I. R. B. man, and a personal friend of Q——; the only man on the Dublin Council who had ever met that brave Parnellite official.

In discussing the best and most suitable place to attack the chief of the enemy's murder bureau, opinions were divergent. After hearing the suggestions offered by the men who were familiar with every part of the city, K—— decided he would drive over the ground and reconnoitre, before coming to a decision. He did so, and selected a part of the Dublin quays near the Park where the street narrowed, the houses in that section being built nearer the river. It was observed that when the enemy's chief drove abroad (at this time his movements became very irregular) that an additional force of police, spies, and detectives were placed along his route of travel ; all these, the Irish learned, were on the alert, armed and prepared for resistance. It was necessary that the

patriot force should be equal to that of the enemy. Armed INVINCIBLES in sufficient number were to be posted to guard all resistance from the foe. These men were to be in the immediate vicinity of the premeditated attack.

The "suppression" of this chief of the foreign murder bureau could be more easily carried out by the deliberate and almost certain death of the man or men engaged ; but this was positively forbidden by the Parnellite Government, who, in their morbid belief in secrecy, hoped that the men engaged would successfully get away by acting together, or, if not, that they should share all the same dangers equally, which will explain the careful planning necessary to accomplish results, under the peculiar circumstances of the time, with a numerous armed and watchful foe ever on the alert.

The movements of the enemy were very uncertain, and information of his intended goings and comings was always unreliable. Incorrect reports were spread abroad for purposes of deception. But one morning the INVINCIBLES had news, which was considered reliable, that the enemy would leave the Chief Secretary's Lodge about eleven o'clock, and, driving down the quays, visit the Castle for the transaction of some of his infamous duties.

The number of INVINCIBLES considered necessary, were concentrated in the neighbourhood of the scene where the attack was expected to take place, and a few men were posted within sight of each other to give the signal of the appearance of Forster, and to pass the news to their comrades. A vehicle was ordered to drive after the enemy's carriage, by which arrangement the INVINCIBLE on duty near the Secretary's Lodge would be made certain, by personal observation, that the chief of the British murder gang occupied a seat in the carriage. The man appointed to see that the enemy's chief left the Lodge, was the unfortunate James Carey. Carey's instructions were to ride down the quay, sitting alongside the driver, in the wake of Forster's carriage, giving the signal to the first INVINCIBLE sentry, whose duty it was to take up the signal and pass it along the line. Carey,

driving on the box seat, was instructed to see that these orders were obeyed.

At a meeting of the four INVINCIBLE officers, held the night previous to the meditated attack, Carey begged of K—, who presided, to remove him from the dangerous position he would occupy on the box seat of the vehicle following the enemy's carriage. He pleaded his large family as a reason for making this—for an INVINCIBLE—extraordinary request. L— and M— exchanged glances. Carey suffered in their estimation, and K— felt satisfied that he was a man of very weak nerves. There was no alternative but to grant his request, for to place a man with such physical infirmities in the position intended might endanger the success of the undertaking. The driver of the vehicle (who was an INVINCIBLE), with a comrade, was to give the first sentinel the signal, as soon as Carey saw Forster leave in his carriage. This order was to be conveyed to these men promptly.

On the morning of this expected attack K— left his abode to make some business calls. These visits were in the neighbourhood of the Park. The driver he usually employed was a man, so far as K— knew, in no way identified with Irish national affairs. He was a jovial fellow with a good honest face. He had a fast horse, of which he was proud. K— felt satisfied that not one carman in a hundred in Dublin city but would have proved loyal to him if any necessity arose. At this time the sentiment in favour of Irish manufactures was at its zenith, and a new factory to manufacture woollen goods about to be started, had its offices on the Liffey side of Park Gate Street a little above Kingsbridge. K— made a business visit to this office, timing himself so that his call would be completed and that he would find himself disengaged to arrive on the scene in the wake of the vehicle that followed the British chief's carriage; but he was detained by the manager's conversation a minute or two longer than he wished. How important minutes are often in the solution of great events! When K— mounted

on the outside car and told the driver to proceed quickly down the quay, he could see before him Forster's carriage speeding rapidly, followed at some distance by the INVINCIBLE vehicle. K——'s carriage drove at a rapid pace in the effort to overtake the swiftly moving carriage. Every second K—— was expecting to hear the sound of firing and the beginning of the attack ; but to his astonishment the carriage passed the place appointed, and nothing unusual occurred. The sentry, whose duty it was to signal the main body that the approaching carriage was the enemy's, was leaning against the quay wall, expecting to see Carey on the vehicle coming down the road and to receive from him the signal. He took no notice of the signalman on the opposite side of the road, who incorrectly thought that the signal was taken up. There was a number of idlers near, and the sentries could not tell but that they were INVINCIBLES. These lookers-on leaned over the quay walls, unconscious of the possibility of danger. The signalman who failed was incorrectly instructed ; he should have been made to repeat the order back again, to make certain it was intelligible. He was rebuked by his officer for the error, which was only his in part.

When K——'s car came up he hurriedly took in the situation. Two policemen and a sergeant were talking together at the corner of the bridge close by, and possibly among the many loiterers grouped about were some of the enemy's armed guards ; but, had the signal been properly taken up Forster would have been "suppressed" ; he who destroyed the people by bayonet, dungeon, and buckshot, would have perished by the bullet.

That night Forster left for Kingstown, sleeping on board the mail steamer (for the old tyrant was in a perpetual and restless condition of fright), and left for London next morning.

The INVINCIBLE officers were much annoyed at the misadventures of the day, and the temporary departure of the

enemy's chief from Dublin, who got off again unscathed. K—— gave the Dublin Council certain instructions, and at parting, he left the city for a time. The orders he gave the INVINCIBLE officers were relative to a morning attack on their enemy, when he arrived to re-commence his mission of blood. A short time after Forster made a hurried visit to Dublin. K——, who had received positive information of his approaching departure that night, sent a telegram to the Dublin officer; but although the men were in the neighbourhood of Westland Row at an early morning hour to await the arrival of the train, by another chapter of accidents the enemy escaped.

During K——'s stay in Dublin he enrolled in the INVINCIBLE ranks two revolutionary friends. These men were both invaluable additions to the national ranks. One of them, from the nature of his business and surroundings, could at a crisis render loyal service to Ireland; the other, as an active worker, could be useful in communicating with the INVINCIBLE officers in case of emergency. On K——'s return to Dublin he removed Carey from any consultative position on the council; his action in connection with the recent mishap, and the desertion of two of his men who left Ireland in fright over the recent failure, decided K—— in taking this step. Although this was done for the perfection of discipline, Carey's loyalty to Ireland was unquestioned. There was no man who had any right for a moment to suspect this after his record, and this was true at that time and long after. Carey remained a worker; all knowledge of the details of future movements was kept from him thenceforth. L——, M——, and K—— discussed these when together. Carey obeyed his instructions faithfully, care being taken that nothing of a nature requiring desperate courage was entrusted to him. K—— felt compelled to remove Q——'s friend O——, who had been up to this chairman of the council, and M—— was placed in his position. There was nothing to be said of O——'s courage or devotion to Ireland;

he was and is a sincere patriot ; but a foolish indiscretion, which in a less serious movement might be considered trifling, necessitated the appointing of another officer. O—— and Carey remained nominal members of the council, but all consultative duties were transacted when they were not present. One of the new members, P——, was at this juncture placed upon the council. K—— felt satisfied that with such intelligent assistance as L——, M——, and P—— could bring to the cause, this Dublin visit would carry out the policy of the organisation.

The same information was received by the patriots that the enemy's chief would leave for the Castle on his mission of blood, as on the morning of the omitted signals. This time arrangements were made which in all human probability would be successful. K—— was told by his officers that the INVINCIBLES were enraged at the number of failures, and would be sure to give a good account of themselves that morning. He arranged this time to be on the scene before the beginning of hostilities. He left his abode that morning expecting a sanguinary fight on the quay. A merchant who has his office and store not far from the scene of the expected encounter, K—— knew very well. They had become acquainted in Cork. He paid this merchant an ostensible business visit, intending to remain until the approaching enemy was in sight. Surveying the scene, he saw the usual idlers and police on the bridge, and others scattered in the neighbourhood ; he concluded there would be a sharp fight before the incident closed. Enslaved peoples require to be educated as the advanced guard to freedom ; street fights are the forerunners of revolution. The suppression of the brutal tyrant Forster, and the teaching of the Irish people a lesson by his death, seemed on the brink of completion.

As K—— walked up to where the men were posted, the INVINCIBLE vehicle, which had made a detour from the Park, came rattling along the quay, this time, as ordered, in front of the enemy's carriage. The British invader's equipage came thundering after in dashing style. As it drew nearer,

K—— caught a glimpse of female garments ; there were ladies in the carriage with Forster. A short time previous to this a band of Irish guerillas in the country had attacked a brutal landlord. The village tyrant escaped, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Smythe, who was by his side, was accidentally shot dead. No one deplored this lady's death more than the Irishmen engaged. The British press took up the howl of rage and slander, and with its million-fold sources of poisoning the ears of mankind, spread broadcast the cry that the Irish savages were murdering the ladies of Ireland. How few of those who read this piece of British news—which was cabled over the world—ever heard of the bloodstained scoundrels who pursued the women of Belmullet, stabbing and shooting them as the poor creatures fled before Forster's armed brutes who deliberately tried to murder them. Mrs. Smythe was killed by accident, but Forster's savages stabbed with positive and plain orders to carry out the intentions of their chief, by a premeditated massacre inflicting on these Irishwomen wounds and death.

It flashed upon K——'s mind that the scene where Mrs. Smythe lost her life might be expected here ; not a second was to be lost. The INVINCIBLE vehicle suddenly stopped, barring the passage of the enemy's carriage ; the coachman hurriedly reined in his horses, and the enemy was brought to a standstill. Close by stood L——, one of the bravest and most heroic of the INVINCIBLES. An order from K——, and the young officer promptly stepped from the pathway. Another instant of time, and as sure as the sun was in the heavens, the life of Ireland's tyrant would have been blotted out ; for a number of desperate men, brave sons of an outraged nation, were about to swoop down upon him and wipe out a small portion of the debt of massacre and persecution. Their hands were stayed by authority ; they knew that their young leader was controlled by some outside orders, the mystery of which strengthened the bonds of discipline.

An ejaculation and expletive of annoyance came from the enemy's coachman, who little dreamt how near he was to a

scene of bloodshed. The INVINCIBLE vehicle at a signal drove off, and the Secretary's carriage drove on its route; the whole incident was so rapid that before any of the enemy's armed guardians came on the scene, the entire affair was over. This event confirmed K—— in the belief that any attack made by the INVINCIBLES, would be finished before the sluggish foe would arouse to the nature of their danger.

No similar opportunity came again to the INVINCIBLES. The Kilmainham treaty followed quickly, and somewhat puzzled the Nationalists as to its real meaning, as Mr. Parnell was held in high esteem at this epoch. During the rapid march of events, however, the enemy was watched as usual. At length news reached the INVINCIBLES that he was leaving for London. There was no suspicion whatever of his resignation. Arrangements were made for the last time, and Brunswick Street, Dublin, was lined with armed INVINCIBLES. Early on this day Forster and his son were seen to enter a bank by one of the Irish scouts. This scout unfortunately left to inform the INVINCIBLE officer in charge of the whereabouts of the oft-sought enemy. But in his doing this Forster got off unnoticed. Forster stole away from Dublin Castle early in the afternoon; from what was learned of his movements afterward, stole away is the term applicable. He was, no doubt, seriously alarmed, while trying to preserve an appearance of outward calm. He knew what no one in Dublin then did—that that was his last day of holding his dangerous and cruel office.¹

He was well aware that he had so outraged the Irish nation under the orders of his chief, Mr. Gladstone, that no man, woman, or child in Ireland but would have received with joy the news of his death. He drove to Kingstown instead of going by train, and dined in one of the yacht clubs. The Royal Irish Yacht Club, it is believed, entertained the British tyrant before his departure.

¹ See Appendix H, p. 560.

The INVINCIBLES, unaware of his having left Dublin, were filled with enraged and bitter feelings at their many failures; they were now anxious to give him a parting shot. As K——, accompanied by a friend, approached Westland Row, he saw the men concentrating near St. Mark's Church at the end of Brunswick Street. On the way to the station K—— met the officer in command, who was superintending details. He stopped to talk with him a moment; the brave fellow told him that everything was right, that they would stop the enemy's carriage, as ordered, near the corner of Brunswick Street and St. Mark's Church.

In a few minutes after the enemy's carriage, preceded by one of the INVINCIBLES driving rapidly, came along. Forster's family, the officer in charge was told, were in the carriage, but not himself. This message of disappointment was followed by instant orders to concentrate at Westland Row; the order was promptly obeyed. At the railroad terminus discipline for a moment was broken; several of the INVINCIBLES, in the excitement of Forster's escaping again, rushed up on the railroad platform and ran along the carriages looking for their foe. Had the British tyrant been there he would have been shot, even if the man who did it was to be instantly killed. After the London mail train left, K—— had a consultation with M——; a few men, as sentinels, were ordered to be left in the neighbourhood, and after supper the rest were to take up their post at nine o'clock. The fact of Forster's family having left, convinced the INVINCIBLES that he would depart early in the morning, and, as his habit had been for some time back, leave for Kingstown by a late train, and sleep on board the mail steamer.

It was a miserable wet night and the men sought shelter in one or two places, posting sentinels outside who were relieved in turn. K—— had heard a rumour that Forster had left and was anxiously looking out to see some of the INVINCIBLE officers, to learn if there could be truth in the report. At the corner of College Place in Brunswick Street

H H

he met the officer he was seeking, and told him of the current rumour. The brave fellow would not believe it true, but he could not be spared from his post to seek for any verification. One of the INVINCIBLES' vehicles, the driver of which was a staunch and manly though humble patriot, and James Carey, were stationed at the Castle gate to watch the departure of Forster, who, the INVINCIBLES were certain from information they received, was engaged on business inside before his departure. K—— walked up Dame Street to the Castle, and saw Carey standing outside a tavern door a little above the *Express* office, nearly opposite the Castle, and near him the car-driver. Carey was smoking a cigar, and when he saw K—— he "enthused" a little. He said that from what he was told Forster was inside the Castle and would soon leave, and that the rumour of his departure was purposely circulated by the enemy. But the time came when the British Secretary must depart, as the last train for Kingstown was 11.45 P.M. The INVINCIBLES, after their long hours on duty, were compelled to leave for their homes, all their perseverance and self-sacrifice of no avail—so far not a blow struck!

III

THE ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS—THE PHENIX PARK MURDERS

THE INVINCIBLE Administration in their original orders conveyed instructions to K—— that the two chiefs of the invaders, who directed in Ireland the oppression and slaughter of her people, should be “suppressed.” The Under-Secretary up to this time was not attacked, as the office of his chief was to be first vacated by the “suppression” of the despot who lately held that post. When K—— was invested by the Administration with the command of the Dublin INVINCIBLES, he had legal authority from the Executive to carry out this policy in full. The time had now come when he should issue such orders, and leave to the INVINCIBLE Government the responsibility of confirming or countermanding all action. But though he made up his mind as to the orders he would give the men, he was determined that no action would be taken until he heard from the INVINCIBLE Government. He was satisfied to believe that wisdom controlled their councils, and no matter what were his own personal predilections that these men, having every advantage and knowledge of the position, would do what was best for Ireland under the circumstances.

On that Wednesday evening K—— saw M——, the officer who was chief of the Dublin Council, and gave him orders to have the men ready by Friday to “suppress” the Under-

Secretary. It required all K——'s authority to compel this man to relinquish the idea of following Forster to England. The Dublin men were enraged at the old tyrant escaping after all their toil, and many of them were prepared to give their lives for his. K—— pointed out to this Dublin officer that Ireland did not war with individuals; that Forster was politically dead, so far as their country was concerned, and to do him any harm now would be criminal; that for the present they would occupy their attention by vacating the office of the enemy's Under-Secretary, and that as soon as a successor to Forster was appointed by the British Executive, they should try and make this office also vacant by the "suppression" of the new invader the very day he landed on his bloodstained mission. The creed of the INVINCIBLES was "War to the knife." K—— ordered that the weapon immortalised by Palafox should be used instead of revolvers.

The enemy assassinated the Irish people by bayonets as well as gunshot wounds. As Mr. Parnell expressed it in his famous Wexford speech, Mr. Gladstone had supplied his Bashi-Bazouks with sharpened weapons of the newest pattern to use on the people. The officer who was in command of the military Parnellites felt that Ireland's answer should be the grim reply—cold steel. He then sent a despatch to the INVINCIBLE Directory, asking them to send instructions at once. Did the public change of front alter their course? What was he to do? Was he to return, or continue their present policy? While telling them he had given certain orders, but that before executing these he awaited their answer back, he conveyed no information whatever as to his plans; these did not belong to their province. In him was vested the authority to intelligently carry these out, which with his brave and heroic comrades he tried to do. What he wished to learn from the Parnellite statesmen of the movement was, if there were any truth in the statements published in the newspapers as to a surrender; or was Ireland's policy to continue unchanging, and her answer to the invader still to remain that of the Spanish nationalist—"War to the knife."

Whatever orders they should send him he was prepared to obey, doing his duty as a soldier by either attacking or retiring at their discretion. Such, in substance, was the contents of this important despatch, sent under cover to an official of the Parnellites, by whom it would be given to Q—— and delivered to the proper authorities. The Parnellite who received this despatch from Dublin remains to this day in the ranks of "legal agitation."

K—— naturally expected that whatever decision the Irish authorities came to as to the future policy of the nation, would be unanimous ; he never dreamed for an instant that he would hear subsequent cowardly denunciation. Although he well knew there were a great number of weak men, mere politicians, in the Parnellite ranks, he concluded that these men purposely or nervously stood aside and permitted the bolder and more manly spirits to control affairs. The panic which seized these politicians when the enemy began to strike might be over, but this display of fright proved that they were incapable of taking the helm during any crisis. It was only natural to think that these men would leave the ranks of the Parnellites if they suspected an active policy was adopted by those controlling "legal agitation." But having already voluntarily vacated their posts of duty, through personal dread of consequences, it was scarcely to be expected that the return of these poltroons, when the enemy appeared to grow more complacent, would influence the INVINCIBLE Executive ; especially as these runaways had only an indirect affiliation with the patriot organisations.

The next morning brought the astounding news of Forster's resignation, of an apparent change of front made by the enemy. This, coupled with the release of Mr. Parnell and the other prisoners, was a skilful diplomatic move on the part of the British Minister, Mr. Gladstone ; for while he did not surrender one iota of his authority, he influenced many of the credulous Irish Provincialists to believe there was some improvement for the better in the enemy's cruel rule. These

people so eagerly catch at any imaginary straw of consolation in the drowning state of the Irish nation!

The position K—— found himself placed in by the apparent compromise with the enemy was one of great responsibility. He was surprised that the Parnellite Administration had made no attempt to communicate with him, and if their Irish policy had altered, that they had sent him no despatch to that effect. Could it be possible that this apparent surrender was but a ruse to deceive the enemy? At this time he was in complete ignorance of the inner history of the Kilmainham treaty. He felt compelled to communicate with the Executive at once, and learn the actual state of affairs from themselves, for if at this crisis he returned to headquarters, the *morale* of the men would be seriously affected. The long period spent in trying to come upon the trail of the enemy's ex-chief in Ireland, with no results, had exasperated them; these unsuccessful attempts to suppress this murderous tyrant had imbued them with feelings of personal bitterness. With many of them the hatred against the man had grown stronger than that against the death-dealing official of the detested invader. K——, knowing the men he had to control—their desperate unyielding front to the foe, and how they would laugh to scorn, and rightly too, the idea that their unrelenting enemy, Gladstone, meant any serious surrender to Ireland by this new move—properly concluded that orders to prepare for instant action should be given the men. If the INVINCIBLE Directory were a party to this apparent disgraceful surrender, then upon their shoulders should rest the responsibility of any disruption in the ranks of the Dublin INVINCIBLES, and any irregular course that might ensue. He had no business whatever with any of the intricate details of statesmanship. His was the plain duty of the soldier, to try and destroy the murderous foe.

Friday morning brought to K—— the anxiously looked for despatch from the Executive. The active policy was still to continue, nothing was in any way changed. The Directory was astonished at the inaction of the men in Dublin (if these

good statesmen had had a little practical knowledge of this inaction!). K— was instructed to remain upon the ground and on no account to leave Dublin, as they would understand his presence there meant action.

P— was present as K— received and read this despatch. It was news that pleased them both, as a change of policy was feared. They concluded that there was a skilful game of political deception being played by the statesmen of the British and Irish nations. But now that K—'s authority was confirmed and a load of grave responsibility removed from his mind, he went cheerfully to carry out the attack already sketched out with M—, who waited K—'s presence to sanction action. K— concluded that the forthcoming action would strengthen the hands of the Parnellite Administration, and not allow Ireland to lapse into a weak and delusive policy such as the runaway Provincialists, if they got the upper hand, would again restore.

It will be remembered that one of the charges made against the actors in the Phoenix Park incident was, that that event was the irresponsible act of a small body of men without authority; and it was also stated that the Extremists—as the Irish Nationalists are called by some—were enraged at the peaceful Irish "victory" won by "legal agitation." This was a deliberate lie, purposely put in circulation by timorous and frightened men who knew differently. The facts are recorded here. It will be seen that this falsehood had no foundation whatever. K—, the responsible officer in charge, received the sanction and orders of the then Irish Parnellite Administration before striking a blow. This Executive, as already stated, was composed of responsible men of judgment and authority. If all of these were not present to give their sanction in person to the despatch sent K— in Dublin, they were represented by whoever they deputed this authority to; they cannot, even if so inclined, shift the responsibility on to the brave Dublin soldiers, who, like the military of any nation, were carrying on the war declared by their statesmen. . . .

Even if K—— did not communicate with his Government, but after the departure and resignation of Forster proceeded therewith to carry out his full original instructions, they were the responsible authority under which he and the Dublin patriots were acting. They knew he was on the ground, in furtherance of the National policy. If this policy had changed (which it had not then), a despatch from these Parnellite statesmen would have made the 6th of May an impossibility. To their undying honour they sent, at this crisis, the patriotic despatch mentioned to their commanding officer in Dublin. Hence let it be emphatically expressed here—that the honour of this tragic event rests on the statesmanship of the Parnellite movement, no matter how many of these men of the weak and timid section now attempt to slander and vilify the brave Irish soldiers who obeyed official orders, and who have written in Irish history a page that brightens this black epoch of British savagery.

When K—— arrived at the Phoenix Park he met the INVINCIBLE officer in charge of the entrance gate; the men were reconnoitring with a view of learning something of the Under-Secretary's movements. K—— told him that unless the undertaking could come off at once, it was better to postpone it until the following day; that a new chief of the invaders' "murder conspiracy" was coming, whom it would be their duty to "suppress." He then left instructions with M—— to attend with his colleague at an assigned rendezvous, where they would decide on the plan of campaign for the following day. In the meantime K—— entered the Park, saw the other officers, and instructed them to dismiss their men.

That evening L—— and M—— met K—— at the appointed rendezvous; the arrangements deemed necessary for the following day's attack were discussed, and all emergencies which might arise, should they be successful in coming on the enemy, were provided for, in so far as they could provide for these possible countermoves. The INVINCIBLES were eager to wipe out their past misadventures, and were in a perfect

state of discipline. Both the officers assured K—— that he could rely on every man facing the enemy unflinchingly, if necessary; that they might be shot down in the Phoenix Park, but that they would neither fly nor surrender. If forced by a superior attack of the enemy, it was decided to make it a life or death struggle.

Early that day, while the INVINCIBLE officer and K—— were engaged in conversation at the Park gate, a troop of Hussars of the enemy passed by. K—— observed these mounted troops, and said to the officer that these soldiers might possibly be on the scene in the event of an open fight in the Park, as they were quartered not far off. The brave Irish patriot replied, "If we had hand-grenades, we could easily scatter these uniformed boys; however, even armed as we are, we will give a good account of these British cavalry if such encounter should arise."

The coming of the new chief of the enemy's murder bureau gave rise to a possible hope that he could be found after his arrival, without interfering with the other plans. Full final details were being concluded when P—— arrived on the scene. He brought some news of the enemy's movements which he was able to procure from a special channel; he also came with dreadful news, which he learned from the same source—news which quickened the blood in the veins of his hearers. It was the account of the horrible massacre that took place in Ballina that day. The brutal enemy had imbrued his hands in the blood of Irish children—several little Irish boys had been mortally wounded; the British myrmidons fired a volley of buckshot into the ranks of the children, and then mercilessly stabbed all they could overtake, one little fellow having dropped dead in his father's presence. As P—— told of this atrocious crime—this saturnalia of blood—L——, the young INVINCIBLE, pressed his hands and knit his brows, looking his officer earnestly in the face. K——, as if this silent glance was a question, answered back, "This new invader heralds his arrival in our country by the bloodshed of our children. He inaugurates his assumption of office by a bloody massacre. and

promises to be as brutal a monster as his predecessor. He is as responsible for this savage deed of blood as if he directly ordered the assassinations, and with God's help, Ireland will make him accountable for this deed of slaughter; our country demands that we make no further errors or delays, but strike! This new-comer has willingly volunteered to accept the post of Ireland's chief murderer, from the chief of a Government that has no legal existence in this nation. We must, as becomes our manhood, and as soldiers of Ireland, see that this hideous deed of blood is answered back by the destruction of the responsible tyrant whose official hands are already stained with our children's gore. This is our duty before he is many days in our land, if by any chance we fail to-morrow."

The INVINCIBLE chief was hopeful of the morrow; but so many morrows had brought disappointment; what if the coming day brought them death? They parted; M—— was to meet K—— at a certain rendezvous the following day at an early hour in the afternoon. The Dublin men were gay and cheerful, but K—— was moody and sad when parting upon this memorable night.

The morning of May 6 dawned with softness and beauty. It was a day quite suitable for a pageant, for Nature wore her holiday robes. Irish traitors rejoiced at the arrival of a new foreign tyrant, and some of these rebels tried to raise a faint cheer when the murderer of the Ballina boys, the new chief of the assassination machine who perpetrated the massacre, passed by in his carriage. But although the populace generally had not heard of this fresh crime of the invader, indignant faces greeted the occupant of the carriage whenever he was pointed out. Shortly after the procession passed by, K—— received some vital information from the enemy's ranks. He sought a messenger, and the only available one for the purpose was James Carey. It will be remembered that Carey's timidity before danger and his impulsive manner, lacking steadiness of purpose, made him utterly unsuited to hold any position of authority; hence his removal from any knowledge

of details, or being in any way consulted. The brave Irishman M——, then in charge of the local council, always mistrusted Carey's suitability for any post of either danger or importance; he had known him for many years. He did not for some time convey this doubt to K——, but when circumstances made this fact apparent, the INVINCIBLE captain approved of K——'s orders that Carey in future should not be made acquainted with any movements save as regards his own share of action. But no one had any reason to question Carey's loyalty; hence K—— sought him as a messenger whom he, of course, could trust implicitly.

Calling at Carey's house, K—— discovered that all the family were from home. On his return towards Westland Row he met Mrs. Carey, who knew K—— was a friend of her husband. She had some children with her, and stopped K——, asking him if he wanted Mr. Carey. He told her he called to see him on business, but it would wait. The fact of K—— not finding Carey for his messenger that morning deprived that unfortunate man of some information about the Park "suppression," which he died without knowing. K—— saw the Dublin chief officer in person a short time after, and conveyed to him the morning's message, and more important news he had received later which, owing to the source from which it came, cannot be given here; but its results were seen. As K—— held no personal communication with the men, all his orders and instructions passed through the mouths of their own local officers.

The enemy all this time had never relaxed his vigilance; the cry of "wolf," so often called out, may have had its result in wearing off anxiety, and in so far this vigilance was mere routine; but among the lookers-on at the polo match that day in the Park were scattered some of the enemy's armed myrmidons in plain clothes, ready to kill, and, what was more dangerous, to sound the alarm.

The new chief of the British murder society had scarcely more than arrived in Dublin Castle to attend the mummeries attached to the installation of a new usurping Governor-

General of Ireland appointed to represent his sovereign, when he was made aware that he should be guarded as his predecessor was. The person who conveyed this information to him was the permanent official, the Under-Secretary of the Bureau of Assassination. This official was stained with many crimes committed against Ireland; he was a rebel and renegade in the employ of her foe, and yet his black offences were venal compared to that of this new-comer, his chief. For this man held rank in his own island of Britain, and had enough of wealth and honours gained in the service of his own nation to satisfy reasonable ambition—a luxurious home, and all the advantages which caste and fortune could shower on him. And yet he accepted a position as chief of a gang of invaders who were destroying the people of a neighbouring nation, perpetrating atrocities as brutal in their results on the Irish people as the savage Turks in Bulgaria. . . .

The enemy, although in a vague manner expecting some kind of physical opposition for which he was armed at all possible points, never thought for a moment that the Irish would or could conceive so daring a thought as to attack the invaders' chieftains in broad daylight, and in so public a part of Dublin as the Phoenix Park. But the foe did not know the heroism and determination of the "sacred band" of Irishmen, those noble-souled patriots who came to their country's rescue as she lay prostrate and bleeding under the many stabs dealt by these ferocious foreign banditti, who were then, and are still, preying on her vitals.

The INVINCIBLE chiefs never for a moment lost sight of the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, of an alarm being given which would arouse the enemy's garrison, and change the whole complexion of the attack. But this in all human probability could not occur before the chiefs of the British murder gang were destroyed; and in thus accomplishing their purpose the victory would rest with the Irish. They knew that the closing of the Park gates would more than probably follow any noisy commotion, which would be also the signal for the Constabulary barracks, which were near by,

to pour forth reinforcements of armed men. They came prepared to face this probable circle of death hemming them in, if fate so willed it. In that ring of death those devoted Irishmen stood ready for all possible emergencies. These men were as truly Ireland's "sacred band," as worthy the title as the heroic Greek patriots facing their brutal tyrants, the Turks, at Drachagon. Amongst these Irish patriots was one weak man, but that day he was loyal to his native land. It must be said in favour of this unfortunate individual that he tried to combat with his constitutional infirmity; but it was plain to all who saw his movements—engaging in conversation with every passing acquaintance—that he had a hard struggle with himself. As soon as his mission was over, he was sent away; this was before the commencement of the attack.

In the event of the enemy despatching mounted men to pursue the four members of the band detailed to "suppress" the chiefs of the foe, two or three horsemen were the most they could instantaneously muster. Men were appointed by the INVINCIBLE officers to speedily unhorse these mounted messengers, as the safe departure of the four men on the car which awaited them, and their successful escape, was considered to be a most important sequel to the "suppression" of the Secretaries.

Every precaution that human ingenuity could devise was taken so that there should be no blunder. That these chiefs of the enemy's murder bureau should be slain was of paramount importance, even if the "sacred band" perished and every member should be left bleeding in the greensward, or roadway, near that Phoenix monument. This could not be accomplished, their leader knew well, without numbers of the foe biting the dust; but the INVINCIBLES were prepared to sell their lives dearly.

Had the foe succeeded in sounding the alarm and the enemy appeared in force, which he undoubtedly would have done in response, possibly the INVINCIBLES would have developed a more deadly skirmish line than the invaders' forces

would have expected to meet. Had an alarm been sounded that May evening, the Phoenix Park would have been the arena of a bloody encounter. There is no doubt that it would have been a scene of courage and heroism in a stand-up fight not witnessed in Ireland since '98; for the "sacred band" would have fought to the death while one cartridge remained in an Irish soldier's pouch. What quiet valour and manly courage, undreamed of even by the possessors, do stirring events and tragic incidents in the life of nations develop and reveal in their patriot sons!

That the necessity of a combat would not be forced upon them was the anxious care of those guiding Ireland's soldiers; for the great victory of a swift and mysterious blow was a hundred-fold more important to the Irish nation than what the angry exchange of shots could possibly bring, no matter with what intrepidity sustained by Ireland's devoted soldiers.

The "sacred band" went into the Park that afternoon with the impression—which was more strongly shared by the leaders—that they could not possibly hope to expect such swift and rapid success to reward their efforts as actually came to pass; they went there expecting that the "suppression" of the Secretaries would almost certainly bring on a combat to the death.

The newly-arrived chief of the British Assassination Bureau in Ireland met his confederate, the Under-Secretary, in the Phoenix Park by appointment, and not by accident as supposed. The subject of their open-air conference was Forster's dangerous position, which the new invader received with incredulity. The Under-Secretary spoke of the necessity of increasing the vigilance and the number of the official guards. Some of these guards, careless and not expecting any attack, were to be seen idly loitering about. The two confederates were discussing this subject of Forster's danger when the INVINCIBLES came up.

There are giant epochs in the history of nations, when the events of a short period of time stand out in bold relief.

carved by the hands of Titans on the imperishable records of a nation's sufferings. One of these supreme moments had come to Ireland! Held aloft by the strong arm of a pure-souled and stainless patriot was the steel of the avenger. From his eyes flashed the lightnings of heaven! There stood, typified in the person of one living mortal, the swooping vengeance of centuries of wrong. He looked, as he stood there, as if one of the giant sons of the embrace of angels once more walked the earth—the Herculean form of the noble youth ready to strike the inhuman foe. For in that foe was concentrated the long chain of persecution and atrocious cruelties of the most fiendish nature—fraud, perfidy and assassination.

As the glorious orb, the idol of early nature, sank towards the bosom of the west, there shot forth fiery rays across the horizon as if the sun in sympathy had dipped into a bath of blood and fire; one of his spears of gold leaped forth with a weird bright gleam of saffron that glistened and flashed for a second around the uplifted blade, ere it swiftly sheathed itself in the invader of the land, the emissary of slaughter.

The hearts of those present stand still for a moment, as if their pulsations had ceased, and fingers are mechanically pressed upon the concealed weapons each man bears upon his person. Every ear is straining for the shout of rage from the scattered foe, or a signal gun sure to be re-echoed by the rattle of small arms. But it passes away; no alarms are sounded. The Secretaries are stretched upon the ground. Ireland has struck her assailant and invader back again. In the persons of their chieftains, the foe is slain. The four INVINCIBLES mount the car, and they are driving off when the Irish Paladin, who struck the first blow, leaves the side of his more youthful yet gallant comrade and steps again upon the ground. As if in protest against remaining concealed, his revolver has sprung upon the sod. The young man coolly stoops down, picks up his weapon, and, resuming his place on the car, the vehicle quickly disappears. . . .

The rapid incident had closed successfully, and there

was no alarm from the foe. The Irish soldiers were unexpectedly aided by the cowardice and panic of the enemy. Among those who completely lost their head was a British cavalry officer. . . .

When the incident was over, every order was faithfully obeyed as at first. The "sacred band" might be said to have melted into the ground, so instantaneously did they disappear.

There was neither accident, error, nor mistake by the Irish in the Park that day. The action throughout the whole movement was cool, deliberate, and effective. The INVINCIBLES on the ground were in a perfect state of discipline, and under complete control. While the unhappy Carey was waiting to carry out his duty, the satisfactory recognition of the enemy's Under-Secretary, the chief was carefully looked after as an event of greater importance. The "suppression" of the new chief of the British murder bureau was of the highest necessity and significance at this crisis. It was a thousand times greater in its results and its magnitude to Ireland than that of "suppressing" the Under-Secretary alone, although the Irish people had a great personal hatred to the latter and had not time to become possessed of that feeling towards the new invader. To those who look upon the great political significance of these events, it was the "suppression" of the chief that was the victory of this incident, and which gave to the whole affair such grave importance in the eyes of European statesmen. . . .

The panic of the enemy in Dublin has been alluded to in another part of this history; they feared armed insurrection over the island, they knew not what to expect after the death of the Secretaries, until Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt came to their rescue by issuing a proclamation which saved diplomacy, and reconciled them by the hope that Ireland did not really want her freedom from their rule. . . .

The great anxiety of the robbers' rule in Ireland compelled Mr. Gladstone to exude all his oily benevolence

on some of the leading Parnellites; he learned that he had made a mistake; that he had arrested the wrong men; that indiscriminate coercion was bad policy for Britain. But while he tried to wear a smile of amiability to the Provincialists he was forging fresh chains for their country. . . .

The news from Dublin on Sunday morning, May 7, astounded the world. It was at once understood by European statesmen; it conveyed to them the immortal truth that Irish nationality still lived though clouded by agitation for a time. It brought Ireland to the foreground as a possible factor in any war with Britain. Immediately prior to this event, Ireland appeared before the liberty-loving peoples as a country that had lost its nationality, and was only agitated for bread; a discontented province whining over its sores, and begging for more alms and impossible benefits to come from British land legislation, including a local provincial parliament under the tyrant shadow of the British Crown. . . .

To the public teachers and leaders of Irish thought, it may be said that this heroic event came to its own, and its own received it not. Leading Irishmen over the world secretly rejoiced, applauding heartily in private circles, and speaking with joyful delight over what they called "glorious news from Ireland." At the same time many commenced denouncing what they treasured in their souls. Led away by a false diplomacy, they so puzzled the Irish masses that they knew not what to think. If these liberty-loving European journals were but translated and given to the Irish people to read, what a world of good to Irish freedom would ensue! But hearing nothing expressed publicly save condemnation, they were at first confused. By and by an inkling of the real meaning of these denunciations was revealed to them, and many of the people were persuaded that it was the proper way to serve Ireland—by denouncing the actions of her patriots, condemning truth, and upholding falsehood.

This unreal and insincere condemnation created in the native American mind, and in the mind of all free peoples, a false opinion—that Irish patriots did not approve of the Phoenix Park “suppression,” when the very contrary was the case. Not only did it receive approval in the highest and most cultured circles of Irish-American patriots, but an endorsement and a hearty sanction that was unmistakable. But the false policy of public denunciation called diplomacy, was continued by men who applauded in their own circles. Britain’s work of slander was helped by these mistaken men. A cloud of black prejudice was created—born of that hypocritical and cowardly proclamation—some of which is falling back crushingly on the Parnellites, who first, in a moment of panic and drivelling fright, started the calumny against the brave military Parnellites who carried out implicitly their statements, instruction, and policy.

When the news reached the INVINCIBLE Executive, they were astounded and surprised at the speedy result. They did not expect such perfect success coming so close on previous failures. They knew nothing of K——’s plans, or the manner by which the Dublin men were to carry out their orders.

K—— had been absent from headquarters for some time, and he was the channel through which news from Dublin reached them. Q—— was in bed when a friend startled him with the news. He was overjoyed to hear of the results in Dublin. The night before J—— was complaining to him of the inaction in that city. J—— and Q—— met on Monday night, when each had read the reports of the public press. It was related by prominent Parnellites of J——, that he wished to get the names of the four men on the car so that he could present each with a gold medal. If this story is true, this valiant gentleman evidently had a strange element of fancy in his composition. Think of four men wearing in Dublin city gold medals for an act of war against the foe, under the nose of his officials and the tyranny that lived under his flag! J—— left on a visit to one or two of the leading Parnellites, his colleagues on the Directory. For

some mysterious reason he then disappeared, and the INVINCIBLE movement knew him no more, as he left for distant lands and so leaves this history. The only two members of the INVINCIBLE Executive not Provincialists, had ceased to be members, one by voluntary and unexplained departure, the other by an unfortunate illness.

The Directory made no attempt to communicate with K—, as he expected they would, on receipt of the news through the public press. He was compelled on Tuesday to open communications with the Parnellites. The day after the "suppression" [Sunday], K— and the captain and lieutenant of the "sacred band" met. They were mutually gratified to see each other; an electric shock of pleasure tingled through the veins of K— as he grasped the hand of his heroic lieutenant and the brave captain of the "sacred band." It was decided at this council that all conversation in connection with the incident had closed, and should be forbidden among the men; that all mention of the names of the four men who drove off, by those who knew them, would be considered treason to the cause if spoken by any INVINCIBLE. The two members of the council who had ceased to be summoned for consultation, but who were otherwise very properly considered as valuable and patriotic men, were ordered to attend a conference that Sunday afternoon. It was decided and ordered that they should receive no more information of the previous night's thrilling episode than that which they already possessed. This conference was to convey general orders to the "sacred band," to be transmitted by the council through their sub-officers to the INVINCIBLE soldiers, impressing upon them the necessity for the most rigid silence on recent events, and directing each man to quietly resume his normal peaceful duties for the present. K—, after this council, visited Carey, who was delighted to greet him, and was in ecstasies over the previous evening's success. K— instructed him to attend at a certain house that afternoon, there to meet his three comrades and confer upon future arrangements. Carey was unaware of K—'s

conference with the officers of the "sacred band." It was simply unnecessary information.

The council was held that afternoon, and the necessary orders promulgated. The Dublin INVINCIBLES were surprised and amazed when on Monday morning the walls of the Irish metropolis were placarded with the Parnellite proclamation, giving their moral support and basely tendering their allegiance, to the enemy. The men were incensed and indignant to see these proclamations posted up alongside that of Spencer's offering 10,000*l.* for their capture.¹

When K—— saw this infamous and treasonable proclamation, following so quickly after the despatch sent him from the agent of the Parnellite Government, authorising action, and received as already related the previous Friday, he was astounded. Was this hypocrisy, or was it the outcome of dissensions among the statesmen guiding the Irish nation? He was inclined to think it was the former, spurred on by nervous fear of personal consequences. No matter what the motives were that prompted this action, he felt that in the face of sympathising Europe it was bad policy, and would tend to make Irish nationality contemptible in the eyes of the manlier races who were watching the struggle with anxiety for Irish success.

The *Times*, which unceasingly slanders Irish patriots, and, vulture-like, screams for Irish blood, justifies resistance to oppressive rule in the case of the Italians. It writes: "The destiny of a nation ought to be determined, not by the opinions of other nations, but by the opinion of the nation itself. . . . to decide whether they are well governed or not, or rather whether the degree of extortion, corruption, and cruelty to which they are subject is sufficient to justify armed resistance; not for those who, being exempt from its oppression, feel a sentimental or theological interest in its continuance."

This is a description of Ireland under the hated rule of the British, and fully indorses from the mouth of the enemy

¹ See Appendix K, p. 570.

the position of the INVINCIBLES. It is the *Times'* justification for the 6th of May, which was the offspring of extortion, corruption, and cruelty practised by each successive Chief Secretary, and which is a part of the system—an integral portion of alien dominion in Ireland.

On Thursday K— heard from the INVINCIBLE Administration. Something serious he feared might possibly happen through a careless mistake of their agent, which K— did his best to remedy. He had reasons to think it likely, that through this error, the suspicions of the enemy might be aroused against himself. In the event of such an emergency he thought it best not to see the INVINCIBLE officers again previous to his departure from Ireland, as he could not be certain his movements were not now watched. He did not wish to cause any unnecessary, or what might be unfounded alarm, by communicating the reason for these suspicions. He decided in communicating with them through his friend P—, sending his confirmation of previous instructions.

He left Dublin on Thursday night after a prolonged stay in that city, during which he had very serious duties and important events to carry out. Shortly after his arriving in the city where headquarters were located, he promptly despatched a confidential messenger to Q—, informing that gentleman of his return, and telling his friend to come and see him as soon as he would think it prudent. K— knew that this message would be conveyed to the Directory, telling them of his safe arrival in town.

On Saturday morning Q— called, and when he saw K— his whole face denoted admiration and enthusiasm. Holding out both hands, he exclaimed, "My God, I envy you!" In return K— was truly glad to meet his friend once again. Q— had a number of things to relate, and several interesting matters about prominent INVINCIBLES and prominent Provincialists. Some of these things K— had been made acquainted with by his old friend F—; of this Q— was unaware. Q— also informed his friend

that he had a very satisfactory and cordial message from G—, a leading and very influential member of the INVINCIBLE Government.

K— then informed his visitor of the serious mistake made in communicating with him, and of the prompt necessity of at once sending a message to the officer in command at Dublin. K— immediately communicated with his friend P—, giving that officer certain duties to carry out, which he had told him of before leaving. Q— was so overjoyed at the Dublin success that he was unusually enthusiastic. He said that K— should be placed on the Directory; but this was a question for superior authority.¹ The two friends left together to pay some visits. K— was rather reluctant to go, but at length consented. The first place they visited was the Parnellite chamber of "legal agitation."

In a few days news was brought K— which he heard with regret. It was a Government order that for the present all action against the British enemy should cease. The Administration had decided to give the invaders of Ireland a breathing spell, to declare a truce until the new officials of the invader became especially hostile. K— received these orders in silence. He was thunderstruck at their gross stupidity; it was in direct violation of the INVINCIBLE constitution, as he understood it. Ireland's war of defence, as an answer to her enemy's brutal war of extermination, should never cease once it had been inaugurated until the foe drew off his bloodhounds. The same arrogant enemy oppressed their bleeding nation, and would continue to try and more securely manacle her and crush her dawning spirit of resist-

¹ The brave energetic, and truly patriotic Irishman and prominent Parnellite official, written of here as Q—, has received the scantiest courtesy, coupled with the vilest insinuations from the prominent Parnellites who took part in the recent farce called the "*Times* Special Tribunal," or some such title. His faithfulness to these men, and his devotion even at the risk of his life, to carry out their programme, has met with the foulest and most base ingratitude. A small circumstance, brought to light by a certain very prominent man during his evidence, showed the smallness, the littleness of soul possessed by this creature. To what loathsomeness can constitutional agitation, followed up by contact and intimacy with ex-British coercers and criminals, pollute the minds and distort the intellects of these men.

ance. There was nothing further said about placing K— on the Directory. Probably with the new spirit displayed by the Administration, they thought he might advocate a more sanguinary policy than, in their then frame of mind, they were inclined to sanction.

From this time forth, gradually and almost unconsciously (a type of dying Ireland), the Executive seemed to melt away. It was plain to K— that weak influences from both the outside and inside were sapping up the energy of the noble patriots, who conceived and carried out the god-like idea of inaugurating, and persisting in carrying on, a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the butchers of the Irish nation.

During this period K— from time to time met many prominent Provincialists, but nothing of import came from these casual interviews.

The INVINCIBLE organisation in Ulster, Munster, and Connaught was more directly under the supervision of G—, one of the ablest members of the INVINCIBLE Government. But as they made no record of any moment, it was feared something was wrong. Clifford Lloyd still revelled in uncontrolled tyranny, but there might be many reasons why this foreign persecutor escaped unscathed.

At length there came news that a local tyrant and one of the enemy's cavalry soldiers who was one of this "village tyrant's" guard, were shot at a place called Castle Taylor, Ardahan, near Gort, Co. Galway. This "suppression" took place on Thursday, June 8. The man slain was Walter M. Bourke; he had been in the enemy's service in another country where British tyranny rides roughshod over the natives. India is an excellent school to turn out village despots, a country ruled by a single autocrat sent out from Britain. Mr. Bourke, after spending some years in Calcutta, returned to Ireland and commenced a system of slave-driving and evicting, which brought upon him the bitter feelings of the country round. Not content with his local tyrannies, he

insulted the Irish nation and challenged the people to resistance. He evidently despised the people, and had a contempt for their courage. He went abroad displaying arms on his person, and carried a double-barrelled gun. This walking arsenal entered Claremorris church to attend mass with this ponderous weapon in his arms. On his entering the people rose and left the building. But Bourke reckoned without his host. Acting under orders, the INVINCIBLES determined that they would attack him and his military escort. On this Thursday morning, while accompanied by one of the military troopers belonging to his guard, Corporal Albert Wallace of the British Royal Dragoons, he and his escort were shot down by the INVINCIBLES. The whole neighbourhood felt that a deadly foe to human liberty had been "suppressed." The enemy's Castle Administration issued a proclamation and offered a £1,000 reward, but British gold, as usual, was powerless to purchase a traitor from the INVINCIBLE ranks. Owing to the number of irregular organisations that British tyranny in Ireland creates, it was not known at headquarters, when first the news was published, if this was the work of the National organisation. But a despatch from G—— informed the INVINCIBLES at headquarters that the men in the west were awake and active. All were greatly pleased that the country INVINCIBLES were displaying energy.

It was late in June when K—— had business of a private nature in Dublin. He was very uneasy at his long absence from that city, and anxious to meet his brave comrades. He knew that they must have many strange conjectures as to the reason of his long silence. Owing to the error made in communicating with him on May 11, he could not with prudence see any of the officers until he felt sure the enemy was not on the alert. P—— carried his farewell messages.

On his arrival in Dublin he saw both the first and second officers of the INVINCIBLES ; they met like friends of twenty

years' acquaintance. How close does mutual danger and the common cause of country knit the bonds of friendship!

The captain of the "sacred band" told K—— that he was wondering at his long silence, thinking that he had gone abroad. He felt certain that his not communicating with them, was part of the Executive policy. M—— had been anxious to get some news of K——, so he applied to P——, but P—— had no news, and requested his inquirer not to be uneasy. He told K—— of calling and visiting a prominent Provincialist whom he had known as an I. R. B. man, and from the drift of the conversation and the information he gave him of the men, it was plain to K—— that the bonds of discipline needed a little tightening. The cause of all this was the grave error committed by the Executive in declaring this extraordinary truce, and also leaving the men unvisited.

K—— felt the possible need, in case of an emergency, of having in Dublin another independent organisation of INVINCIBLES to aid the "sacred band," should occasion require it. Dublin at that time was an excellent field for recruiting. The Phoenix Park "suppression" inspired many men; among these were several of K——'s old-time revolutionary friends of Fenian days, men who had stood aside from Irish business for years. They were eager to join a practical movement that meant active service against the enemy, and in a feasible manner to serve their suffering country. These new recruits enrolled by K—— were all Nationalists, and most valuable men for work of an active and dangerous character. He gave two of these authority to enroll recruits among their revolutionary friends, thus forming the nucleus of two additional bands which he purposed keeping distinct from the men who had been already engaged. The "sacred band" were now veterans, true and tried men.

The leaders of the new bands in process of formation were men in a superior walk of life to the average revolutionary recruit, combining education and intelligence of a high order

with daring and patriotism, which would make these newly enrolled men invaluable soldiers to the Irish cause.

During this visit K—— met the officers of the “sacred band” together. Nothing of importance took place.

Towards the end of the following month, July, a number of Irishmen were arrested by the enemy as “suspects.” This was supposed to be in consequence of the execution of an I. R. B. traitor named Kenny. Among the men arrested were some INVINCIBLES.

The Administration seemed at this time very nervous that the enemy might discover some traces of the Phoenix Park affair; they were alarmed at some of the arrests. Q—— called on K—— in a very anxious manner. He had been speaking to some of the Executive the day before, and they decided that a lady messenger should visit Dublin; K—— was positively forbidden to go himself. A lady volunteered, and carried out her mission successfully; and, as K—— conjectured, there was no cause for the Executive’s fright.

In the early days of August Q—— visited Dublin, partly on a pleasure trip, and also to be present at the unveiling of the O’Connell monument. He got the necessary instructions from K——, and paid a friendly visit to some of the Dublin INVINCIBLES. Unfortunately he was known as a Parnellite official, and the visit gave rise to unnecessary talk. It even reached the prison where some of the men were confined. Q——, who was a sterling patriot, had no purpose but a friendly one, but several of the Executive did not approve of it. A kind of ghostly terror seemed to haunt these men over every trifle.

After Q——’s return from Dublin, he paid an important visit to two prominent Parnellites, members of the INVINCIBLE Directory. They were very pleased to see him, and he gave them all the details he was acquainted with in relation to the 6th of May. Q—— was presented by these gentlemen with some handsome presents, as a testimonial of approval for the success of the Park incident; among these was a beautiful photographic album, which played an im-

portant part later in giving the enemy information as to the personality of a prominent INVINCIBLE. He was also presented with gifts for the noble and courageous lady who carried the weapons to Dublin, including some pretty trinkets for the recent lady emissary.

IV

PLOTTING LORD SPENCER'S MURDER—THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATIONS OF JUDGE LAWSON AND MESSRS. BARRETT AND FIELD.

THE enemy's Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland at this time, as a Cabinet Minister, was performing those duties usually transacted in the Chief Secretary's office. The then Chief Secretary, Trevelyan, was only partially in charge of his bureau. Spencer, in a great measure, controlled the Castle murder conspiracy. The assassination of Irishmen by the mock legal machine became worse daily. The brutal murder of Francis Hynes appalled the community; the public perjury of infamous wretches who swore to order for British gold was so flagrant that even the most moderate Provincialist felt outraged.

This naked despotism aroused the INVINCIBLE Government to a sense of its duty, and to the throwing off, for a time, the lethargy which affected them since the 6th of May. They ordered the recommencement of hostilities. K——, when about to resume his command in Dublin, was grievously disappointed at the orders given to him. The duties were not of the importance that the crisis demanded. It was evident that timidity still ruled in their councils. However, K—— was glad, for the success of the cause, that hostilities were about to reopen, and that the Government of legitimate self-defence was about to answer the "Castle murder conspiracy" by striking at one of the conspirators. He hoped that by

action the stronger men in the INVINCIBLE Executive would find their hands strengthened, and so be able to force the issue to a further advanced step. The Parnellites, through their Dublin organ, were abusing Spencer in every possible key. Yet the INVINCIBLE commander could get no authority from the INVINCIBLE Parnellite Executive, to strike at the head of this tyranny. The suppressing of one of the minor tyrants was work unworthy of the cause, but obedience is the first duty of a soldier.

The murder of Francis Hynes was followed by other judicial crimes. The Kilmainham treaty brought to Ireland only those unhappy results after the great claim of victory. . . .

At the close of September K—— left for Dublin to resume command of the INVINCIBLES, and with orders from the INVINCIBLE Government to commence certain active operations.

His first visit to that city was to P——, who informed the young lieutenant of the "sacred band," now its leader, that K—— was in town. They met next day; the pleasure was mutual. They had a long conference together, and on the following evening K—— arranged to meet the temporarily-appointed council at the new rendezvous. Although K——'s appearance was known to these three men, it was their first personal meeting. That night he formed the acquaintance of as noble a specimen of young Irish patriotism as lived in the "sacred band." This brave young man carried himself with dignity in the enemy's dock, and to-day for his patriotic service to his country, he toils in the dungeons of her merciless invader.

The instructions given K—— by the Directory, were by no means matters of the first importance. The young lieutenant received his orders to make preliminary arrangements to see about having them promptly obeyed. The British having their new coercion machine in energetic operation, the old "Suspect" Act expired at the end of September, and all those Irishmen who had not passed through the mockery of

a trial, but were merely "Suspects," were set free. Among those released were imprisoned INVINCIBLES. Those who had been members of the council, K—— arranged to see separately, and in different localities ; for although K—— was free from the smallest shade of suspicion on the part of the enemy, the fact of his being seen in the company of any of these men, who were likely to be under espionage, might hamper his future movements. The first of these he saw was M——. This noble fellow had many things to say of the events that had transpired since their last meeting. He spoke of a serious indiscretion which was committed by one of the rank and file, and commented on Carey's conduct, in creating a stupid scene when arrested in Grafton Street, all of which gave K—— food for reflection and much annoyance of mind.

The next day K—— met James Carey. This man, who was always glad to meet him, was as enthusiastic as usual. Carey then told him of the missing arms that must have been seized by the enemy. This was not news to K——; both Q—— and he had heard of it through the enemy's indiscreet boasting, of having discovered in the person of a Dublin mechanic, the leader of the Park affair, which position the foe wished to assign to Carey all through. K—— then told Carey that while his obligations to the INVINCIBLES would continue as long as that organisation was in existence, for the present he would relieve him from all duty. This was necessary, not only for his own safety but for what was of paramount importance, the cause of the country, and the welfare of the patriotic movement in which they were carrying on war against the foe. At any time he wished to see K—— for any purpose, he could do so by communicating with the lieutenant of the "sacred band." Carey promised obedience, but looked very sad and unhappy when he heard this order. He bade K—— good-bye, and went off in the direction ordered. They never exchanged a word from that day. K—— met Carey in Dublin on two occasions some time afterwards, but discipline at all times kept any of the men

from speaking to him at these chance *rencontres*. K—— although feeling it necessary from a sense of duty to suspend Carey, had not the faintest suspicion of his loyalty, and very justly so, for Carey was as faithful to Ireland up to his arrest, and long after, as the most patriotic of her sons. There was a public reward of £10,000 offered by the foe, which had not the slightest influence on any of these true-hearted Irishmen.

K—— left Dublin to acquaint the Directory with the serious indiscretion committed by one of the men, as told him by the captain. This was variously commented on at headquarters. Y——, the member of the Directory who previous to the foundation of the INVINCIBLES volunteered to shoot Forster, appeared to look upon this as a matter of course. It is the cardinal doctrine of the teachings which produce Provincialists that in all revolutionary bodies traitors are to be found, and Y——, although a sound Irishman and a member of the INVINCIBLE Directory, was, and is to this day (1887), a prominent Parnellite member of the enemy's Parliament.

The matter was referred to G—— and H——; these gentlemen were the most influential and powerful of the men belonging to the INVINCIBLE Government. Had every member of that Administration their pure patriotism, their determination and courage, the tragic and melancholy fiasco which closed the movement would not have occurred. But they were hampered and weighted by wavering colleagues, and also by powerful outside influences which destroyed their native resolution; for it must be remembered they were also prominent and influential Provincialists, one of them a prominent and leading member of the enemy's Parliament, which must have sometimes clashed with their duty to the INVINCIBLES. In giving the true history of this patriotic Irish organisation and refuting its slanderers—for the honour of the movement is wedded to that of the nation whose authorities created it; they are inseparable—the present

writer wishes to speak of these patriots with the deepest and most profound respect.

In a few days a message came from G—— and H—— stating that if on legal investigation the offence charged against the INVINCIBLE was proved, he should be executed ; there was no possible alternative. This order was given to K—— personally by a gentleman he had never met previously. He had often heard of him as an able and prominent Parnellite, and a patriotic Irishman. It was their first and last meeting as INVINCIBLES.

Q——, whom K—— always saw and reported to when returning from Dublin, approved the order. On these matters this patriotic Irishman was right.

K—— returned to Dublin with a sad feeling ; to smite the foe was to him a sacred religion, but this mission of examining into treason was most painful. He summoned a council on his arrival in Ireland's metropolis, and entered into an investigation of the charges against the INVINCIBLE soldier. It was discovered on examination that a mistake had been made ; the man was completely exonerated, to K——'s relief, and the gratification of all concerned. It must be written here, that in the ranks of the INVINCIBLES there was not one man to betray it to the enemy. No British gold could corrupt one of these incorruptible and faithful men. Through the weakness of their Parnellite Executive, came the weakness of some of those arrested. Had the INVINCIBLE Government consisted of strong men, and all as daring as the "sacred band," modern Irish history would have been altered.

The Dublin officer, N——, who originally presided at the council and who was in prison for some time, was one of the recently released men. With the exception of having had one interview with him before his assuming command of the Dublin INVINCIBLES, K—— had no personal knowledge of this man. His daring and bravery had always been the theme of the captain of the "sacred band," who was a fast friend of his. The young lieutenant of the band told K—— that this man, N——, was much hurt at being left aside com-

pletely. It was evident that N—— did not understand the reason for this, and as he was a good and patriotic man who should not be allowed to feel he was neglected, K—— told the lieutenant that he would meet him, appointing the time and place. N—— and K—— met as arranged.

N—— had a number of complaints and suggestions for K——'s ear ; he dwelt with bitterness and sarcasm (using as much of the latter as he could master) on the sending of a lady to Dublin with weapons to the men, and appeared to fear that some dangerous gossip would arise from the use of female messengers. K—— assured him that if every man in the ranks was as secretive and patriotic as the lady who had carried the arms to the INVINCIBLES, they would be as silent as the sphinx ; he further gratified N—— by telling him that as long as the INVINCIBLE Government continued him (K——) in command of the revolutionary soldiers in Dublin, any weapons required to carry on the struggle against the invader should be brought into Dublin by himself. N—— was anxious for active work, which K—— promised him soon but said for the present he would have to remain in the ranks. K—— also made an appointment to meet the released Invincible O——, who was a warm-hearted, impulsive, but patriotic Irishman.

O—— was at all times ready to sacrifice his life in the cause of his mother-land. K—— met him with great pleasure ; he told him that for the present the necessities of the situation would compel him to stand aside, that for some time he could take no part with the INVINCIBLES, as the enemy had him a marked man. He knew how to communicate with him, K——, when he needed to do so. After a little time, when the foe was baffled, he would be placed on active service again. The latter hope cheered this brave fellow who felt stricken at the order and looked grieved. He obeyed cheerfully, and kindly asked K—— to come and see him. K—— pointed out the impossibility of any social intercourse between men engaged in such desperate enterprises as theirs. They parted and have never met each other since.

K K

Prior to this time P—— had received instructions to assist the young lieutenant of the INVINCIBLES in getting a thorough knowledge of the tyrant whose "suppression" was ordered by the Directory. P—— was invaluable in this kind of work; his coolness and means of getting information were of great assistance.

The officers of the "sacred band" heard from several sources that the prominent officials of the enemy, who were at that time openly and ostentatiously guarded by a number of armed men, also wore bullet-proof shirts as an additional precaution against their unseen foe. This revolutionary war had now assumed a semi-open appearance of defence, as well as of assault, on the part of the British army. They knew their Irish foe was looking for a chink in their armour to pierce it. And like a blinded giant they did not know where to strike. L—— told K—— that they might need a more powerful weapon than those which they were armed with, and wished K—— to procure a few for any special attack on those of the enemy who wore shirts of mail. K—— left Dublin at once to procure these. When he reached headquarters he communicated as usual with Q——, and told him what was required in Dublin. As it was not considered prudent for K—— to make these purchases personally, Q—— sent for a gentleman, one of the official staff of the Parnellites engaged in their legal agitation, but who was also an INVINCIBLE, to buy the needed weapons. This man was one who would have been a splendid soldier for active work a man of superior intelligence, and having the courage of his race; but unfortunately he was too well known to the enemy, who, as a proof of their disapprobation, some time before imprisoned him. He procured twelve of the most powerful revolvers of large calibre that could be purchased.

The Irish soldiers in Dublin had an ample supply of ammunition to suit the weapons, so that there was no necessity to procure cartridges. Q—— retained two of these weapons; the remaining ten K—— brought in his valise to Dublin travelling there, strange to say, with a genial,

gentlemanly man *en route*, who was a colonel in the enemy's army posted in the west of Ireland. This good gentleman would have been very much surprised if he learned that an officer of the Irish foe was the *compagnon du voyage* he was so affable to. K— entered Dublin perfectly safe with the arms, although the enemy was especially watchful at this period and had imported a number of Royal Marines to do police duty in that city. This was corroboration, if such was needed, of the unnecessary sending of a lady in the first instance with weapons. These revolvers were taken out of K—'s valise and packed in a good sized hand-bag, and given by him to P— to deliver at the new place of meeting of the local council. K— attended the following evening, showing the INVINCIBLE officers a slight peculiarity in the mechanism.

P—, who was superintending several matters in connection with the coming "suppression," made a report to K— of all the details. A strong mutual friendship and respect had sprung up between P— and the two officers L— and M—. One morning P— and K— paid a visit to the Dublin Exhibition, as it was about to be closed. K— had no social intercourse with the Dublin INVINCIBLES, P—, who was a personal friend, excepted. They had no knowledge whatever as to who he was, nor did they seek to learn it. This morning when these two men reached the top of Sackville, now O'Connell Street, near the Rotunda, they met the British Lord-Lieutenant followed by his escort, a half-troop of the enemy's cavalry. He had evidently come from the Viceregal Lodge, and was riding down Rutland Square to Sackville Street, *en route* to the Castle. The "Red Earl" was in front of the main body of his escort, with two troopers a little in advance of him and an officer riding at each side. At this time the despotism of this man of blood had horrified all Ireland. The open employment of hired ruffians, who, by perjured evidence and the packing of twelve rebels as jurymen, gave an apparent legal pretext for hanging men in no way implicated in what they were accused of, had startled

the community. "The Bloody Assize,"¹ as so historically named by *United Ireland*, had come and gone. Mr. Wm. O'Brien was afterwards by Lord Spencer's orders, prosecuted for writing this scathing article denouncing his infamous rule. Nothing could be stronger proof to K——'s mind of the weakness and vacillation of the INVINCIBLE Directory than the fact that, up to that moment, he had received no orders to assail this tyrant, who was more deliberate in his path of blood, as expressed in *United Ireland*, than Forster. He made but few raids on the Irish members, yet some of them had tasted the sweetness of this invader's plank-bed. K—— felt satisfied that G——, H——, and others were indirectly overruled by powerful influences working against them, and that timid men had carried their wretched policy of indecision into the government of the INVINCIBLES. Many of those waverers at that time would secretly rejoice at the tyrant's death, but allowed "I dare not" wait upon "I will."

As Spencer and his escort rode by, it flashed upon K——'s mind that coming down from Phibsborough, before approaching the Rotunda, would be an admirable position of attack. The route chosen by the enemy's chieftain was fed by numerous arteries of side streets where the men could concentrate without any unusual notice. Any assault, for the present, in the Phoenix Park was an utter impossibility.

A concentration of a strong force of men, ready at a given signal to assail the foe from both sides of his route, would at first paralyse the British troopers by the unexpected and sudden assault. As Spencer was to be made the principal feature of the fight, it was reasonable to suppose the enemy's chieftain would be slain in the first attack. The fight with the troopers would of course follow, but there the advantage ought to be with the "sacred band" and their INVINCIBLE supports. A body of daring, desperate men, armed with revolvers against the troopers' sabres—which by instinct and surprise they must have used—and Ireland's defenders would have the advantage in the struggle. These soldiers of the

¹ See Appendix A, p. 547.

enemy were principally boys, who if their officers were put *hors de combat*, would probably make a stampede. That such an attack meant death to the greater part of the "sacred band" K—— knew well ; but what a glorious death ! Most of these men knew that they could scarcely expect to survive the dangers through which their duty exposed them. K—— never left for Dublin without being compelled to feel that there were serious chances he would never return.

K—— felt a fierce longing for this attack on the passing tyrant as the cavalcade passed by. What if even all the brave fellows and himself were killed ? "The blood of men fighting for freedom is never shed in vain—the earth will not cover it ; from the ground it cries aloud, and the avenger knoweth his day and his hour. It is through this bloody travail, and by virtue of this baptism of fire, and only so, that nations ever spring forth, great, generous and free."

When the "Red Earl" and his troopers had passed by, K—— communicated his thoughts to P——, who espoused his plan warmly. He said he could see no insurmountable obstacle in "suppressing" the foreign despot by a bold attack which would paralyse his escort ; as was witnessed when Miss Anna Parnell caught his bridal reins one morning in Westmoreland Street, and stopped him to plead mercy for the houseless, which his country's accursed rule had sent on the wayside. Let the INVINCIBLES but bravely assault, and with loaded arms blot out the tyrant's life, come what might to them once success was achieved.

That evening K—— saw the captain and lieutenant of the "sacred band," and told them of his resolve to attack Spencer and his escort. These officers received the news with fierce joy ; the face of the brave young lieutenant glowed with delight, and his eyes sparkled. This tyrant and his red-coated escort were foes that they felt were worthy of their steel.

The captain thought that they could not make the opening of their attack so effective and paralysing by firearms alone

hand-grenades or Orsini bombs, he considered, would create such havoc and disaster in the enemy's ranks that it would be half the victory. A sudden attack by armed men to follow the explosion, and, quick as lightning, the invaders' force would be slain or dispersed. K—— saw the full force of the picture drawn, the panic and confusion that would permeate the ranks of the invader as one or two outside cars drove rapidly by, like war chariots, sweeping along death and destruction to the foe. Seated on the side next the enemy could be placed INVINCIBLE soldiers who, at the moment of contact, would fling into the centre of Spencer's British guard these deadly missiles.

K—— knew there was one serious drawback with shells in the hands of untrained men, and that was the danger of premature explosion. The INVINCIBLES had been asking for these bombs since K—— first took command in Dublin, and although he made their request known at headquarters, backed up by his own urgent wish that they be sent to Dublin for emergencies, the Executive, either through neglect or disapproval, took no notice of these many demands. But now that an event of the first importance to Ireland, the striking down red-handed of the foreign tyrant who was aiming at the Irish nation's life, seemed to hinge for its success on the procuring of shells, K—— determined he would strain every energy to supply the "sacred band" with these destructive missiles.

A short time previous to this *rencontre* with the "Red Earl's" cavalcade, Q—— came to Dublin to attend the funeral of a relative. He communicated with K——. Nothing of importance occurred; it was a mere friendly visit, but K—— availed himself of the opportunity of making Q—— and P—— acquainted, as the former so wished.

P—— and the young lieutenant of the INVINCIBLES discovered that Judge Lawson, the Castle conspirator whose "suppression" was ordered by the INVINCIBLE Executive, was not only well guarded in the city, but also had a large force

of constabulary concentrated near his country residence, acting as a military guard every night. These men patrolled the grounds and guarded every possible avenue of attack. It is one of the romantic sides of this INVINCIBLE war that all this information the young lieutenant of the "sacred band" succeeded in getting from the sergeant in charge of Lawson's guard, through the help of P—, when in company with P— who personally knew the sergeants, and as if by accident, he visited the police barracks where himself and his friend were received most hospitably and were invited to stop for dinner. It was during this meal that, for purposes of gossip, this news was given to P— and the INVINCIBLE officer. After dinner they were brought round the grounds and shown the position, and the vigilance necessary to protect Lawson. The constabulary officers, of course, never dreamed that their visitors were INVINCIBLES, and had not the faintest suspicion they were giving unasked the very information P— and the officer of the "sacred band" went there to get. Lawson's life would not be worth the force necessary to attack him at his country residence, and so K— decided that the city was the proper place to make the assault.

News came that Lawson was to dine on a certain Saturday night at a so-called legal dinner in Henrietta Street. It was decided that he and his armed escort of seven men should be attacked at St. Stephen's Green.

During the interval which had elapsed since K—'s visit in June, the work of organising other INVINCIBLES went on in Dublin. One of these bands had grown into a respectable size, almost as numerous as the "sacred band," having its sub-officers and their men under distinct control.

The other of these new INVINCIBLE organisations was not so numerous, but it contained men very eager for active work who had urged their officer to offer their services to help any premeditated attack upon the foe. When the night for attacking Lawson came, K— told the officer of this small band of INVINCIBLES to select four of his best men and come

with them to the rendezvous, well armed and ready to obey orders which they would receive on the ground. The captain and lieutenant of the "sacred band" were made aware of the presence of this new force, which pleased them very much. Their existence was to be kept a secret.

One of the sentinels was posted to signal the departure of Lawson from his residence, which signal he was to pass to another, each alternate sentry keeping the judge and his armed escort in sight. The first sentinel was seized with a species of lunacy and took it upon himself to shoot the Castle conspirator; he did more, for he disarranged the previous plans by sending away two INVINCIBLE sentries whom he met *en route*, and who were under the impression that the excited sentinel had received fresh orders. So stupid and blundering was the man, that he appeared, from the information afterwards received, to have worked himself into a state of strong excitement, and he was attempting to shoot Lawson when he was overpowered and captured by the Castle tyrant's guard. His action that night in all human probability saved Lawson's life. This man had no intention, not the faintest, to play the INVINCIBLES false, but he was filled with the vain feeling that he could slay Lawson single-handed and thought the opportunity too favourable to be lost. This he could have done if he was a cool-headed man, but he would have been captured red-handed, which was, if possible, to be avoided according to INVINCIBLE laws, and necessitated the risk of nine lives instead of the certainty of losing one. Another stupid error he made was that of taking the enemy's guard to be INVINCIBLE soldiers, for these men were then too numerous to be known to each other and they were, as already mentioned, under the command of sub-officers, each as a separate unit in the organisation. This last blunder caused him to fall an easy prey into the hands of the enemy.¹

Meanwhile the main body of the INVINCIBLES were patrolling the place decided on for the attack; as time passed and no news came, they grew anxious. A scout was de-

¹ See Appendix L, p. 571.

spatched, who reported on his return that the sentinels had left, and that some man had entered the Kildare Street Club to try and shoot Lawson and had been captured. This was the first incorrect report, which, with several others were purposely spread abroad by the enemy. The men were dismissed ; something was wrong but what it was, was then unknown. The officers received orders to investigate the cause of this mishap. K—— was to see L—— the following evening with his report. As soon as they learned who the enemy had arrested, that night two of the INVINCIBLE officers drove up to the house of a relative of the captured man ; from this house they speedily removed what INVINCIBLE arms it contained. They had not gone many minutes when the enemy's forces made a descent, but they discovered nothing and had to leave unrewarded for their exertions.

The next morning, Sunday, K——, who was anxious to learn who was the man captured, left at an early hour for the house where the enemy made his raid. All knowledge of this raid was unknown to the INVINCIBLE commander and could not be conveyed to him, for, with the exception of P——, none of the officers of the "sacred band" knew where to communicate with him.

The INVINCIBLE officer whom he came to see was from home, but K—— was told he would return soon. He thought it best to wait. Hours passed by in painful suspense. K—— was about to leave, when a young INVINCIBLE soldier came with a letter to the absent officer. K—— tore it open ; it was a note from L—— asking the officer to meet him at a certain place within an hour. K—— immediately left for this rendezvous where he heard all the details of the catastrophe. The officers were very much concerned when they heard at what house K—— had been during the forenoon, as they informed him the enemy had posted spies and marines to watch the house. This arrest proved of vast importance to the enemy later on.

This blunder and disobedience of the INVINCIBLE sentry,

to which he himself fell a victim, decided K—— that for the present they would not repeat any attacks on Lawson; to succeed after this blunder would be to lose more men than K—— wished to risk on this subordinate action. He gave the next order from the Directory: To strike at two of the rebel jurors of the murdered Francis Hynes. This new order pleased N——, for the brave fellow who was utterly reckless of his life, was anxious to attack these hated jurors. As the matter was of small importance in the opinion of K—— he wished to have it finished before beginning the grand assault on Spencer, which he knew would ring over the world as a bold act of Irishmen against their foe.

K—— decided that no more attempts should be made on Saturday, and so Monday was selected for the attack. He ordered cold steel to be used, but as all the weapons similar to those used before had been destroyed by order of the Administration (the cowardly temerity of the Executive was hampering the brave soldiers in Dublin by the stupidity of these would-be brilliant statesmen), they were compelled to use inferior weapons, which they tried to adapt for the occasion. K—— wished he had the two handsomely cased weapons that were in Q——'s armoury at headquarters.

On the Saturday evening before the assault of these murderous jurors, K—— was startled by the news of a shooting affray in Abbey Street, Dublin. He could not understand it; surely the bonds of discipline had not suddenly broken loose and the men taken action on their own account. He sent for P——, and learned the particulars of this fray. A certain circle of the I. R. B., without any instructions from the central authority, formed itself into a Vigilance Committee. Their purpose was to commence against the enemy, a war similar to what some organisation, unknown to them, had been trying to carry out.

They had scarcely more than organised, when through some fatuity—either through lack of judgment or the vile effects of the enemy's teaching—these brave but unthinking men

began to look into their own ranks for a traitor. They had no efficient leader, and the bonds of discipline hung upon them very lightly. They decided on suspecting one of their number of treason, and their first warlike attempt was to go out and search for him, in order to shoot him. As their actions were very open and very remarkable, they were followed from the rendezvous where they met to the corner of Abbey and Sackville Streets, by some armed detectives of the enemy. These hirelings of the invader are, as a rule, braggarts and cowards in the face of danger. The "Vigilance" men, seeing they were followed, impulsively drew their revolvers and opened fire on the foe, which was responded to at long range by the detectives. This exchange of shots was quickly followed by a hand-to-hand encounter between a detective and a "Vigilant." The detective (Constable Cox) while struggling with the "Vigilant," was shot dead by a fellow constable, who aimed at the Irishman but shot his comrade by accident. This mishap on the enemy's part, occurred through the nervous timidity of their man who, like many of his comrades was afraid to cross the street. Meanwhile another struggle was taking place between another detective and a "Vigilant." The enemy's instrument, seeing that the man he grappled with was armed, piteously begged of him not to shoot. The "Vigilant," when he got into this fight which he should have avoided, might have pulled the trigger on his foe and got away. He was tender-hearted and so acceded to the other's appeal. Instead of shooting, he tried by physical strength to shake off his enemy. A sergeant of Rifles, passing by at this moment and seeing the two men grappling, drew his sword and went to the aid of the detective, who was loudly calling for help and proclaiming himself an officer of the law. When Sergeant Danvers of the Rifles led the way, the other detectives on the opposite side gathered courage and crossed over, and the "Vigilant" was captured. Then followed a peculiar incident. As the prisoner was being brought away in a cab, the comrade whom he and his friend went out to shoot for

fancied treason, and who of course knew nothing of this, came upon the scene and made an attempt to rescue the prisoner from his captors ; he failed in the attempt, and he too was made a captive by the foe. The INVINCIBLE organisation had nothing to do with this affray. But when it is considered that all these men were respectable mechanics, most of them men with families who led good lives and looked with horror on crime and criminals, it is a sad reflection on the terrible evil of foreign rule in Ireland. . . .

Tuesday morning gave the rebel sheets in the invader's interest occasion to howl. On Monday night the INVINCIBLES made their pre-arranged attack. One of the rebel jurymen escaped by the accident of his sudden departure on business from Dublin. The other, who took part in Francis Hynes' murder, was successfully struck down and saved his life partly by feigning death, but more especially by the fact that the weapon was not suited for the work. It had been arranged, for moral effect, to strike down both jurymen simultaneously. The enemy was alarmed ; another panic took place this time ; it extended to the bench and the rebel caste from which this class of jurymen was selected. Bullet-proof shirts were greatly in demand and Spencer's escort was for a time doubled. K——, having completed all that could be done in connection with the minor assaults ordered by the Directory, prepared to return to headquarters and endeavour to procure the now important shells.¹

A short time before the jurymen's attack, K—— had reason to deplore the scarcity of explosive ammunition in the INVINCIBLE arsenal. This arose partly from neglect, and partly from the timidity of the Directory in not having Dublin well stocked with various kinds of war munitions at the founding of the organisation. There was plenty of money in the treasury to supply all the materials of war needed, and there were plenty of brave men to bring them into Dublin. As soon as action was taken by the INVINCIBLES in Ireland's capital, there was greater difficulty in bringing these in and

¹ See Appendix M, p. 571



FREDERICK B. RILEY.

Author of "The History of the United States of America."

fancied treason, and who of course knew nothing of this, came upon the scene and made an attempt to rescue the prisoner from his captors ; he failed in the attempt, and he too was made a prisoner, the foe. The INVINCIBLE organization

had nothing to do with this affray, and when it had been over the law was broken and the mechanics, and the farmers, and the shopkeepers, and the school teachers, and the clerical staff, and the students, and the

other members of the community, were shown that they were not to be afraid of the military, and that the military were not to be afraid of the people. The military were not to be afraid of the people, and the people were not to be afraid of the military.

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PATRICK KINSELLA.

Late Railroad Station Master at Blackrock, County Dublin, &c., &c., &c.

also greater difficulty in procuring them, but not of an insurmountable nature.

One of these chances came to K——, which, like fortune's tide, if taken at the flood, would have commanded great success. Through the absence of proper war materials, however, K—— was unable to avail himself of this lucky stroke of fortune which fell to his lot. Had he but had the necessary munitions, he would have been able to strike a blow at the British invasion of his country that would have horrified the foe, and startled mankind. But like many another, Ireland was not able to reap the benefit of this unexpected and great opportunity.

On leaving Dublin, P—— was left in general superintendence of affairs with orders to communicate with K—— if there was any necessity. The captain of the "sacred band," in control of his own men, was told to take no action until K——'s return. K—— wished to learn what the Directory intended to do. At this time the enemy commenced to redouble his vigilance. Dublin was literally filled with marines, spies, and detectives, and all the paraphernalia of his robber rule. Ireland's assassins were seriously frightened. It was not so much by the nature of the assaults as their rapid delivery and the disappearance of their foe—a foe that was stupid enough not to be purchased for even ten thousand golden sovereigns. What was John Bull to do?

But the position of force and power can easily find a remedy. Spencer was determined to have another "Bloody Assize," and to offer up some Dublin men to the manes of the dead secretaries. It made little matter to the enemy whether these were the actual men engaged or not. He had his tribunal of slaughter ready and could, with the aid of hired perjurers, commence the work of death

V

THE INVINCIBLE EXECUTIVE THROWS UP THE SPONGE— FLIGHT OF "NUMBER ONE."

K—— opened his mind freely to F——. This time it was his turn to deposit important confidence in the breast of his friend. He spoke of the proposed attack on Spencer, which was contemplated subject to the sanction of the INVINCIBLE Government. F—— approved cordially in the necessity of striking down the enemy during his sanguinary career in Ireland riding rough shod over the people. With respect to the shells, he said: "I think I could, without much difficulty, procure them for you as soon as you or I receive the necessary authority. Owing to illness and other causes, my association with the movement appears to be cut off. You are carrying on this business in a 'subaltern' manner, and although Q—— is the official agent of the Executive he is so harassed by Parnellite agitation duties he cannot devote the time required; besides, as you say, he has been asked for these shells and cannot procure them. This brave and noble fellow is hampered and surrounded with many cares, and is at present scarcely a free agent. There are internal struggles, I suspect, going on in certain governing circles, which do not bode good to Ireland. Until you are prepared for action, and have procured authority from the Government, keep this special attack a secret even from our friends. G—— and H—— are the two men of greatest power both in the

Parnellite ranks, and in our inner circle the INVINCIBLES. You know H—— very well ; I am aware of this. G—— and you know one another. First see these men and procure the shells, or authority to get them yourself. Once you are ready, lay before them your plan of action and receive authority for your proposed attack. Q——, who is affectionately attached to you, and is very anxious about the dangers you are exposed to, will be saved any additional care in a matter he is at present powerless to help. You can use your own judgment in giving him information of your intentions."

K—— thanked F—— for his proffer of assistance, told him he would see the gentlemen spoken of, and if he found he was not properly supported he would at once resign his position after communicating with his men.

The year was drawing to a close, and K—— was much grieved at the reports from Dublin. One morning he was surprised to hear that P—— had come to town. He came with a special message from the INVINCIBLE officers ; they had reason to fear that the wife of the imprisoned INVINCIBLE was giving information (which she should never have known) to the enemy. This was an awkward dilemma, and one that could not be faced in the ordinary way. P—— was sent back with word to the officers that the matter would receive prompt attention, but for them to make certain if possible that this report was true. Q——, who was very ill at this time, left his bed to see P——; and all agreed that certain measures proposed by P—— would temporarily meet the exigency.

P—— returned to Dublin with his instructions. K—— felt it was time to act. The Executive appeared to have abrogated their duties, and to have left the whole strain of the crisis on Q——, who, being ill, could do nothing. K—— left on a journey to try and find F——, and consult with him in this emergency.

But F—— had left the town suffering under a relapse of his illness. Thinking over the grave condition of affairs

during his long railway journey, K— evolved out of his thoughts what he concluded would be the only satisfactory thing to do, *i.e.*, to send this woman and all the relatives out of the country, making a liberal provision for them when leaving. He reached headquarters and saw his sick friend, who agreed with K— as to the departure of these people. The next day a despatch came from P— urging K—'s return to Dublin, telling him his presence on the scene was absolutely necessary to give the men confidence. It was very evident from this message that matters were not satisfactory in that city. The question was, what did the enemy know? Q— feared that his friend might be seized by the foe, who possibly was preparing to make a swoop. Q— suggested that K— should visit Ireland by another route, and going as far as Dundalk communicate there with P—. This advice was rejected by K—; if the enemy had any idea of a swoop, Dublin was the place which demanded his presence, there his duty lay; he decided on leaving for that city. He sent a message to P—to have the two INVINCIBLE officers and N— ready to meet him at a certain place on his arrival. The day of his departure he heard of F—'s return to headquarters; he immediately called on him. F— looked upon the position as a very grave one. He said: "The enemy will paralyse your attack by a rapid series of arrests. I fear you are too late for any fighting, but your duty now is at the front with your men." And in parting he looked K— earnestly in the face as he said, "Good-bye, you are sure never to return; this will be your last departure; you have no other alternative but to go. Good-bye, old fellow; we will not meet again." K— had a similar farewell greeting from Q—; there was a sad look in his eyes as he bade his friend a silent adieu. K—'s friend did not give him much cheer, but he tried to look upon the affair in the best light; he had grown accustomed to these dangerous journeys.

Soon after his arrival he saw the three INVINCIBLE officers; their gloomy idea of the state of things had passed away, they felt

cheerful, and were satisfied the enemy was on the wrong trail. These men were perfectly satisfied to take their chances of almost certain death while making an assault upon their country's enemy, but being captured and imprisoned, and going through the ordeal of one of his mock trials, was a species of congealed horror they wished if possible to avoid. K—— decided in any case to send away the family on which suspicion had lingered. He entrusted this mission to the young lieutenant, as their consent was necessary before anything could be done in that direction. It was possible there was something in the air, and that the enemy was only biding his time to strike. The organisation, through the wavering policy of their Government, had done nothing since the Phoenix Park incident that would aid the advance of a spirited policy amongst the Irish people. The attack on Spencer must come off at once, even without shells, as every day's delay played into the hands of the enemy. Better, as F—— expressed it, that the brave fellows should be shot in a fight than to rot in the dungeons of the enemy with all its attendant leprous evils. K—— determined to lose no time, but at once to see this most prominent member of the INVINCIBLE Government, and make a last earnest effort to get what the men set such value by. K—— saw this eminent Irish statesman. They had a long and protracted interview, but the INVINCIBLE officer left fully satisfied he could be supplied with the required shells.

He returned to Dublin determined to bring matters to an issue with the enemy, for he feared the capture of his brave comrades, the leaders of the "sacred band." He called to see the captain of one of the new band of INVINCIBLES, now grown strong in numbers. He asked that officer if he could with confidence promise the active service of himself and his command, for daring and dangerous work in an emergency. He said that while there was no absolute need for alarm, it was always possible for the enemy to make a raid and capture some of the men who had been actively engaged against him; in this event officers of value might be imprisoned, and com-

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munications so destroyed that the enemy, by a raid of this kind, would gain a victory in delaying any attack about to be made upon him. This INVINCIBLE captain replied: "I have every confidence in you because we know one another; come to me with an order, and I will guarantee to have the men ready at twenty-four hours' notice. As to the risks, we did not join this movement without calculating these, but I would prefer that myself and all my comrades were killed doing something worthy of Irishmen, like the Park affair, than to be miserably captured in a weak attempt. As to treason, I don't fear it; there is not much of that, thank God, among us. If any of the brave fellows who performed that noble deed are taken by the cursed British enemy, we will revenge them, or share their fate; let us have but proper orders and intelligent advice."

This, in substance, was K——'s conversation with this patriotic Irishman. The miserable fiasco that followed, the weakness—if not worse—displayed by the INVINCIBLE Directory so utterly disgusted him, that the prestige gained by the Park incident was completely swept away. He has probably to-day joined that vast body of Irishmen who unfortunately grow despairing over repeated failures. K—— could give this man no information whatever as to the nature of the work he wished performed. For it was necessary to keep the proposed attack on Spencer absolutely secret. If the "sacred band" had the shells there need be no delay, but they could go on with the work at once; they might fail in defeating the foe, but K—— concluded that the "suppression" of the enemy's chief would surely succeed, and that—that would be victory. A meeting was arranged by P——, who was so completely free from suspicion by the enemy that his services were invaluable at this period.

The brave captain and lieutenant of the "sacred band" met K—— by the agency of P——, who was present on what was a memorable night. The captain of the INVINCIBLES and K—— had a long conference together. The officer expressed his confidence that all fear of a swoop by the enemy was over

and he imparted to K—— some of his own hopeful feeling. His companion, who stood with P—— some distance off, as this was an open-air conference, had received the consent of the family he was commissioned to send away, and the captain was glad that they were leaving the country. He had also the gratifying news that he had procured from the south of Ireland a package of explosives that would be of value to them in future work. K—— told him he was hopeful of getting the shells within a week. He would leave Dublin the following night and return with these missiles, but if they could not be got, they must try and make the best fight they were able to with the weapons they had. It was a disgrace to Ireland, and more especially the INVINCIBLES, to permit this tyrant to go on with his persecution and destruction; his suppression was an imperative necessity, in order to show the world that the true spirit which struck down tyranny last May, still lived on. The captain was prepared to go to work at once, but preferred waiting to try and get the shells; in the meantime he wanted to do something else with the new explosives he had now in his possession. K—— told him while what he suggested was good work, all minor matters must wait until after the supreme effort. That is, if any of them survived to attack once more. Though K—— said this with a smile, he fully realised the bloody issue of the attack; but he felt it was worth a thousand deaths to strike down this "Red Earl" at the head of his redcoats. It would ring out the death-knell of British rule, and spur the manhood of Ireland to action against the remorseless invaders.

The young lieutenant, the brave youth who struck down the chief of the British murder society, now came forward. He had on a shaggy overcoat, and looked the picture of godlike manhood. There was a quiet and earnest smile in his eyes as he approached K——, who grasped his brawny manly hand with true affection, for he felt that he was talking to a noble patriot who would shed his last drop of blood for Ireland. He told K—— other details of his mission as to sending away the family, and then broached other subjects. He was eager for

the attack on Spencer, and hoped that K—— would succeed in getting them the shells ; but in any event he advised the attack. There were plenty of men, he said, to destroy the British tyrant and his guard ; he had been out several times reconnoitring the " Red Earl's " route and ride to the Castle, and he felt satisfied that the attack would be a grand success. The time came to say good-bye. K—— was to leave Dublin the following night, and return, with or without the shells, to direct the assault upon the foe. That night there was no reason for any feeling but satisfaction that the enemy was baffled (which he was so far as the possession of actual knowledge went), as K—— had every reason to think ; still he could not shake off a sadness which came over him. P—— accompanied K——, as they parted from the two INVINCIBLES. It was a last farewell ; they were destined never to meet again. These noble-hearted patriots were captured by the enemy the following night, and since then they died for Ireland on the scaffold. . . .

When K—— left his brave comrades that January evening, he did not, nor indeed did the men, anticipate the rapid action of the enemy. They knew dangers surrounded them at all times, the air was thick with rumours and forebodings, but their familiarity with these gave them no special cause for anxiety. On the contrary, this night they were satisfied that what they feared had passed away. K—— had shared with them many dangers and many anxieties ; they had many meetings and partings, and the bonds of friendship were knit closer than comrades in less serious undertakings. As he walked away from them that night, the INVINCIBLE leader recalled the parting on the eve of the 6th of May. That evening they were gay and he was sad : none of them knew what the morrow would bring ; all were prepared and ready for any emergency which the sacred duty to their motherland demanded. The men expected that wounds and a red grave possibly awaited many, but they were cheerful even unto death. As K—— parted with them they were in a pleasant mood, he was

in a grave one ; he thought of certain lines he had learned in boyhood, and how applicable they were to the situation :

“Comrades! Well have you chosen to die. For in my mind the grave is better than o'er-burthened life! Better the quick release of glorious wounds than the eternal taunts of galling tongues. Better in manhood's muscle and high blood, to leap the gulf, than totter to the edge in poverty, dull pain, and base decay. A last farewell! When next we meet, we'll have no time to tell how parting clouds a soldier's countenance. Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal that shall shake Britain!”

The peal not only reverberated over Britain, but its echoes could be heard over Europe. But fate so ordained that neither wounds nor death fell to the Irish soldiers' lot that evening—their success was greater than the most sanguine could have hoped for. Some since met a patriot's death ; they who died for the salvation of their country and their countrymen, have had their memories foully slandered. How often have some of the living writhed beneath the cruel damning slander from such a source, and felt it would be better—“the quick release of glorious wounds, than the eternal taunts of galling venomous tongues.” Those who to-day suffer in Britain's dungeons, subject to every degradation for life, are forgotten by the people for whom they suffer.

The night that K—— was leaving Dublin, while he was yet on the waters, several of his comrades were captured by the enemy ; of this he knew nothing.

K—— saw Q—— next day and informed him of his visit to the Irish statesman, telling him that he was compelled to try and get the shells the men so frequently asked for.

The news of the arrests filled them both with astonishment. Q—— appeared to treat this as one of the enemy's many blunders. But K—— felt in his heart that the foe had stolen a march upon him. He had no alternative but to await results ; news from the statesman about the shells was of vital importance. The time passed in feverish anxiety to those who were interested in the new phase the struggle had assumed.

Q—— frequently saw K——, and with friendly words tried to make him feel hopeful.

A week elapsed, and the second examination came off, which showed the determination of the enemy for revenge. K—— wondered what the INVINCIBLE Executive was doing ; was G—— working for Ireland preparing a blow of retaliation? Another week, and a message came from the Executive ordering K—— to communicate with them through Q—— as heretofore. K—— felt outraged at the pusillanimity that dictated it, but said nothing. He silently acquiesced, as Q—— told him that some active work would at once be taken up. He said that G—— would see that all things were looked after, and that there was no reason for anxiety.

Next day Q—— came, with great anxiety and friendship in his face, to say that the Executive requested K—— to leave for America. A prominent Parnellite, near to the highest in that organisation, had learned that the enemy was on the lookout for K——, and urged his instant departure. This looked very possible, but not probable, and as it was learned a long time after, this gentleman was needlessly alarmed ; but of course his intentions were very friendly. This gentleman, Z——, is another of the Parnellite members of Parliament at this date, 1887.¹

K—— had waited, outwardly in a patient mood, expecting to hear from the Executive daily ; discipline kept him most obedient to the powers which he had recognised as his Government. But its continued timidity and perpetual cry of prudence at a crisis when so many of his brave comrades were in the enemy's prisons, fretted his soul, and the request to leave was the last drop of water in his cup of pain. He could not in any way reproach Q——, who was a brave and manly fellow, but it was different with those men behind him,

¹ A division has now taken place in the Irish Parliamentary party. The name Parnellite, which was formerly used to designate all the followers in and outside the enemy's Parliament, has not the same significance. Messrs. J. McCarthy, O'Brien, Dillon, Healy and Co., were all then recognized as Parnellites. The gentleman who is spoken of here as Z——, is still a Parnellite member of the London Parliament, remaining under the banner of Mr. Parnell (1891).

who held themselves so prominent before the Irish race and the whole civilised world.

He told Q—— that he would not leave for America ; he did not believe there was any need ; that to desert his gallant friends at this crisis would be the blackest and foulest treason, and with a burst of indignation he demanded an interview with G—— at once. He said to Q—— if he was in the enemy's power, he knew his gallant friends would risk their lives again and again before they would desert him ; it would be the basest cowardice to leave them in this hour of agony. Q—— was deeply impressed with K——'s state of mind, and told him he would convey to G——, the demand for an interview made by K——.

G—— complied with this request, and arranged that they were to meet in a certain city, some few hundred miles' journey from where they were then located. G—— had to journey a similar distance. They were to meet in this town, and hold a conference to decide on what action they should take to meet the enemy's raid most effectively in this emergency. K—— thought out the position as best he could. He saw clearly the enemy meant to kill off a certain number of the men they had captured, with or without truthful information, or, as they termed it, evidence. The INVINCIBLE soldiers could not rescue their comrades. To do this meant a general insurrection, and the capture of Dublin from the invader. But they could go on with the war, and so serve Ireland, and avenge the brave patriots incarcerated. They could also see that the families of the imprisoned men were placed beyond reach of want, and that the prisoners held by the enemy were informed that they were not deserted, but at the same time could not be rescued ; and that everything that was possible in the exigencies of the hour should be done, regardless of what sacrifice of lives might be necessary to strike down the foe. K—— decided to communicate to G—— the names and addresses of the two INVINCIBLE captains in Dublin, and to place before this member of the Government, his plans to meet the crisis. At this time K—— had a very high opinion of

the unswerving determination and unflinching courage of this illustrious statesman. A certain message which he would give him, would be the open sesame to these Dublin men's confidence, and the public reputation and well-known patriotism of this prominent Irishman would suffice to confirm it. These INVINCIBLE captains, armed with legal authority to act in their country's interest, would at once summon their bands to action. If G—— could procure the shells for the assault it would be of great importance, but if not procured promptly they must attack with their present arms. P—— could muster a large number of the "sacred band," for a number of sub-officers were unknown to the foe, and these men would enter a blazing volcano to strike down the enemy, so incensed were they at his brutal, bloody rule. That this attack on Spencer would bring on a revolution in Ireland, or a rising in the capital (a spontaneous insurrection such as that of '98, not an organised one), K—— knew to be impossible. It would however be certain to result in the death of the red-handed tyrant, and would be Ireland's reply to the "Bloody Assize" charges made against Spencer by the leading Parnellite newspaper.

A train of fierce and bitter thoughts were K——'s companions during the memorable railroad journey spoken of. He built high hopes on the coming interview. If this Irish statesman had the ability and courage which his friends considered, this was the crisis, the supreme moment, to try his soul; the ordeal placed before them by the enemy. G—— he knew could appoint a man of superior intelligence to succeed him (K——) in command at Dublin. He had the power to place a brave officer to take charge, whose first duty would be to strike the foe, now in the hour of his apparent triumph. This would indeed be an INVINCIBLE victory of some value.

By orders, Q—— was not to travel with K—— but was to meet him at the end of the journey, in the town in which they were to go into council together, as to the best plan to

be adopted in the present crisis. When K—— reached his destination he called, as directed, at the house of a prominent Parnellite in that town. K—— had known of him by reputation as a staunch and patriotic Irishman. He learned there that the gentleman he looked for had been some short time previous at this house, but had left; his return in a short time was expected. Q—— was also in town, but would return soon. K—— left his card to inform his friend that he had arrived. K—— made several calls but got no news of the absent men; he walked that town, weary, and in company with his own sad thoughts. Evening came and with it Q——, who invited K—— to walk out with him. And as they walked through the streets of the town Q—— told his friend that G—— had returned, as the enemy's spies were watching him so closely that he did not consider it prudent to see K——. Q—— then went on to tell him that G—— had positive information that the enemy was on the lookout for his (K——'s) capture, and that he must leave at once for France or some other foreign country, as his presence under the British flag was dangerous. A tornado of indignation swept over K——'s soul, and in his anguish of spirit he cursed the infernal prudence of these damned Provincialists, these puny dabblers at revolution, and in his rage would have wished a wind of perdition to have swept them away. This day's work was indeed the INVINCIBLES' Waterloo! This hellish prudence—was it by this that the chiefs of the enemy's murder society were smitten to the earth in the Phoenix Park? Oh, spirit of the illustrious dead! See what milksops and cowards your descendants are, even among the most prominent leaders, the men who occupy the highest places! He groaned and gnashed his teeth when he realised his own impotence. If G——'s story was true as to the extent of the enemy's information, it would be madness for him to go to Dublin; and yet he felt this madness must be. How could he like a coward desert his brave friends?

Q—— was walking by his side during the wild rage that swept over K——'s mind. He knew by the expression of

his face, and his muttered expletives, that he felt a storm of indignation at having come this long journey, to be so grossly outraged with this coward plea of spies of the enemy. Q— asked him what he proposed to do. "I will leave at once for Dublin," said K— with bitterness, "and endeavour to repair this evil at no matter what consequences." "This would be a foolhardy mission," replied Q—; "you will not only be mad in attempting to go there, but you will give the enemy a cheap triumph by your capture and certain death. You will also violate instructions and disobey orders." K— felt the full force of Q—'s words, and he was in complete ignorance of what the enemy actually knew. Then his capture would not only be considered an important one by the foe, but would deprive him of doing anything in the crisis; and his capture might be the medium of tracing up unknown men. He listened more calmly to Q—, who continued: "G— will go himself to Dublin and will personally superintend all the important duties necessary in that city. He will at once see P—, you can put them in communication, and rely upon it everything that can be done under the circumstances, he will do."

This news of G— taking an active part in the INVINCIBLE work reconciled K— in a measure, but he could not put aside the sore disappointment he felt. K— decided that in communicating with P— he would make that brave and intelligent officer understand, through their secret code, that active work alone must be their only hope. The employment of pettifogging lawyers, and mock legal defence of the imprisoned men, was wretched and drivelling nonsense. One blow from a blade of cold steel was worth all the arguments the whole Bar could use; but on this question Irishmen, owing to their false teaching, are led astray by taking part in these so-called legal mummeries, admitting London law and recognising its existence in their country. But not so P—.

K— could see plainly that there was no hope for the imprisoned men by any possible attempt at rescue, for this

to be successful, would mean the complete destruction of the enemy's power in that city. But the cause for which they were about to suffer could be kept alive, if a fight could be brought on by attacking Spencer and his armed escort; and even if the streets of Dublin were drenched in blood, they would make the enemy feel the avenging strokes of the INVINCIBLES. There would be hope for Ireland in this, and the brave Irish soldiers would be cheered to the grave by the ringing blows of their friends.

K——'s whole hope of success was now centred in G——. He felt satisfied that if he went earnestly to work no better man could be selected to control the issue in this grave emergency. Q—— sent over to P—— the cased steel weapons he had, and the messenger who brought these put G—— and P—— in communication; G—— having arrived in Dublin had assumed control.

Peremptory orders were now sent to K—— to leave for the European Continent. The Directory said that it was all-important he should not remain within reach of the enemy. K—— obeyed his orders; he began to feel more satisfied; he thought that everything which wisdom and courage could do to face the emergency two such men as G—— and P—— would do for Ireland. He left P—— a channel through which he could communicate with him; some letters were sent, but as K—— had left, they were destroyed; others of these reached him in the New World.

The INVINCIBLE Government had permitted themselves to be almost effaced from the control of the movement, and a senseless and stupid panic pervaded their ranks. One self-sacrificing, noble fellow, by great personal exertion, acting under the instructions of the highest authority, endeavoured to try and get every suspected person and his surroundings out of the enemy's clutch. In so far as this can be called a victory, the highest authority and his close personal friend found that their labours were crowned with success. K—— had some valuable weapons deposited in a leathern hand-bag,

and when he left headquarters this satchel was taken by a lady and deposited for safe keeping with a Provincialist friend. But prudence, that wonderful gift which attached itself so closely to these Heaven-sent leaders, came to the rescue ; and what the lady saved from possible capture was thrown into the river of that town by the gentleman who was deputed by one in high authority to get the suspected people away.¹ It must be written with regret of this man, that for some unaccountable reason, his services were not used earlier. The present writer would place him in the foreground of Ireland's earnest and patriotic sons ; but the poison of Provincialism and hero-worship has sapped his being, and a man who had the zeal and bravery of a Lord Edward, is content to be allied to a group of men who are whining for some of the crumbs for Ireland that fall from her destroyer's legislative table.

P—— had had two interviews with G——, who probably never dreamed of fight, and might possibly look on it as madness ; for he, it appears, was also possessed of this Heaven-sent prudence. It must be said of this Irishman that he was the most able of the Parnellite group, but he was weighted down by former colleagues, now turned to partial foes. The poison of Provincialism had destroyed them. Their dream of active opposition had passed away ; it was to many but a temporary fever, but it was a fever that brought death and chains to those who were earnest and espoused the national cause from the loftiest of motives. But the victory gained on the 6th of May was worth all these deaths to Ireland ; the lesson it has taught will sink deep into the young minds of growing Irishmen when the real facts are placed before them.

G——, not meeting K—— on that memorable journey as arranged, knew nothing of what K—— wished him to do, and cannot be held responsible for the failure only so far as he was really answerable in not meeting K—— as prearranged. G—— displayed bravery and single-minded courage alone among his colleagues in going to Dublin at that

¹ This gentleman is also at this date (1891) another of the Parnellite members of Parliament.

moment of emergency. Looking at this from a Provincialist standpoint, it might be called reckless and desperate daring. P—, who knew of the proposed attack on Spencer, hesitated to mention the matter to G— until he had grown more intimate with him. He knew nothing whatever of K—'s visit about the shells, and was not at that time acquainted with what knowledge G— possessed on the matter; and from the superior position of the gentleman in Ireland's service he felt satisfied that the order for work of that nature should come from him.

The business which was transacted between G— and P— was solely in the interest of the imprisoned men. When P— called to see G— the third morning as arranged, he was told he was out of town for a few days. The fact was G— was ordered away from Dublin by his colleagues. But as this was urgent, why did not another gentleman take his place, if not to fight the enemy (for prudence might step in here), at least to look after the brave fellows who were incarcerated by the foe in furtherance of the national policy once so heroically put forth by these then patriotic Irishmen? Where was that Irish Cid Y—, the gentleman who at the inception of the movement so bravely volunteered to slay Forster—where was he at this juncture? History fails to record any action of his. There may be circumstances in his case that could easily explain this away, but nothing can explain away the absolute and complete neglect of these Irishmen, entombed in the prison of the foe for the manly and heroic protest delivered in the Phoenix Park, against the invaders who were making their country a huge charnel house.

When G— was ordered away, no successor was sent; the crouching consciences of this fading INVINCIBLE Government were satisfied to leave the men to die neglected. P— was left utterly and completely alone, his communications were cut off. The INVINCIBLE Directory threw up the sponge, and the brave imprisoned manhood were left to feel they were deserted. O God, what base ingratitude! what infamous

cowardice! What can a nation expect from the manhood of such statesmen? Many among them may plead sound and valid reasons why they could not help their imprisoned men in their agony, speaking as Provincialists imbued with that prominent virtue called prudence. But even as Provincialists, even as men outside of Nationalist circles, was there no manhood in these men, no common bond of country that would prompt them from their well-filled treasury to send an open subscription, if not a secret one, to show Ireland that national ingratitude had not gone so far as to desert these imprisoned men's families, after all the promises made to the helpless? To what baseness has this foul and criminal doctrine of association with these British felons and assassins of Ireland, brought these once patriotic Irishmen! The intimate association with the murderers of the Irish people has reduced these men so low,—to such a pitiable condition of leprosy,—that the poorest beggar might pity them!

Carey's treason left K— one of two courses, either to leave for the United States or stay and give the enemy the opportunity of capturing him. This, after all the noise they made about his association with the INVINCIBLES, they would have trumpeted as a victory. And there is no doubt that they would have given him the post of honour on the scaffold. They tried to capture several of the INVINCIBLE statesmen; the hideous monster that is preying on Ireland gnashed his teeth with rage, that his lust of blood could not be satisfied. Both Republics, that of France and the United States, refused to admit that the "suppression" of the Secretaries was "criminal;" and the British tyrant was reluctantly compelled to forego the object of his desires—to get those patriotic Irishmen in his bloodstained clutches. The treason of Carey by which the enemy hoped to reap such a rich harvest of blood, was barren in its results; not one Irishman in addition to those already in custody was arrested, although the British bloodhounds were on the scent. The men already entombed in the invader's dungeons, were certain to die, even if this unfor-

tunate man had not stained his soul with the crime of rebellion and treachery to his native land.

The Provincialists were silent, and although they felt that public opinion was with the imprisoned patriots, yet none of them had the moral courage to express a single word of sympathy, or in any manner to espouse the cause of men whom they in their secret souls felt a strong affection for. . . .

P—— tried to raise a public subscription to help the families of the imprisoned men, and so enable these crouching cowards to come to the front with at least some of their wealth, which they could send secretly. He got a subscription from a friend, and sent it to one of the Provincial organs. This paper relegated the notice to an obscure corner of one of its columns, and in small type, as if nervous to display the smallest sympathy, even the most remote, to the heroic men who were about to die for Ireland, while a number of crawling cowards, whose souls were so sunken as not only to neglect their colleagues, but to refuse them even secret help, bore the name of patriots emblazoned before the world, and were receiving at that very time large sums collected from the hard-working Irish-American toilers, who through mistaken generosity were continuing to supply these unhappy fallen Provincialists with well-filled purses.

P——'s attempt to raise a public subscription failed. The Provincialists, by their actions, were assisting the enemy in trying to poison the mind of the citizens against the prisoners and their principles. The Irish Nationalists scattered over the island believed that the public subscription was an abuse, and that the men were well looked after. They could not believe such desertion possible. The scene of mourning in Dublin that memorable Whit-Monday, 1883, and the crowds outside Kilmainham, convinced the Provincial leaders that the pulsation of the nation's heart beat in unison with her heroic defenders. The Provincialists did not upbraid or reproach at that time; they at least preserved the dignity of silence. Men who despaired of Ireland under their public

teaching, hoped against hope that they would retrace their steps and advocate action.

On K——'s arrival in America he learned the complete disaster of the cause in Dublin. The hope which was implanted in his breast that G——, aided by P——, would bring the other INVINCIBLE bands upon the scene, and make Ireland reverberate with their blows, to show mankind that the arrests of the patriots were answered by their comrades in a grand attack on Spencer and his guard, which would end in that tyrant's death, proved vain. All, alas! was fright, desertion, and disgrace. How he tried to remedy this and blot out of life the ensanguined foe who had imbrued his hands in the blood of his comrades even at the almost certain sacrifice of his own ; how he was strangled by the damned system of red tape and jealousy that is choking, if it has not choked, Irish movements ; how he vainly tried—all this forms no part of this history. The masters of Rant hold the fort, and are to-day the martyrs of the tongue, worshipped by, and leading astray, the Irish people to their certain destruction. From their higher ranks came leaders who led brave men to the dungeon and the scaffold, and basely deserted them there.

But Ireland is awakening from her stupor ; already there are signs of life upon the horizon. She will soon begin to realise how noble and faithful unto death were her pure-souled INVINCIBLE soldiers, who sacrificed all that she might be free of her tyrants.

Brave sons of a once gallant race ! Daniel Curley, with the cool-headedness that reveals strength, with the determination of a Palafox, when Forster resigned his post as chief British assassin in Ireland, how you felt enraged that he escaped the punishment due his great crimes ! How nobly you volunteered to follow him to his lair and give up your life to strike the tyrant down, but yielded to authority when told that Forster was politically dead as a foe ; that Ireland might hear his waspish tongue but never more wear his galling chains ; that another chief of the murder bureau would

invade our sacred soil, and Ireland would again be in her legitimate position of self-defence! The hour to strike was near!

Joseph Brady, with the heroism and daring of a Leonidas, filled with Spartan courage and self-sacrifice, your simple, manly character has left its writing in indelible characters upon the page of your country's history!

Timothy Kelly, young and enthusiastic, who smiled at grave words but performed daring acts, filled with ardour and daring; a boy in years, a veteran in courage!

Michael Fagan, indefatigable, faithful, and unswerving to death in the nation's glorious cause!

Turning from these patriots who sanctified the scaffold, and piercing into the gloom of the enemy's dungeon, there toils on in torture the aged FitzHarris, humble, humorous, with the natural wit of a brilliant race, but heroic! A Titan in the strength of his resolution, steadfast and practical in his loyalty to his land.

And you, oh Joseph Mullet, who braved with manly fortitude the criminal's minion whom they termed a judge, when, in the invader's court you boldly, from the dock, enunciated your love of motherland, and hurled defiance in the assassin's face.

In that dungeon's gloom there are others, suffering sons of the Green Isle, that may survive the torture. To be praised by this pen would very probably inflict upon them the further torture of exile.

They were Paladins all! Exhausted in strength but never in heart. Other men and other times may do them justice, but that these unborn freemen may read the truth, one of the living—himself an exile—pens these lines. . . .

In the early part of this year (1887) the organ of the British murder society—the London *Times*—published a series of articles which, in the language of this expounder of assassination literature, were termed "Parnellism and Crime." The special object of these articles was to prove that Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party—or a great number

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of them—were identified with the INVINCIBLE organisation. The enemy's organ wished the world to believe that Mr. Parnell and his following were practical Irish patriots who were hostile to death against foreign rule in their native land. This accusation of being animated with the self-same devotion to Ireland as filled the patriotic souls of Tone, Fitzgerald, and Emmet, Mr. Parnell and his followers indignantly denied. They wished the Irish people to understand that they are loyal West British subjects of the British throne, who are trying to reform certain abuses in the western part of the kingdom; and that to call them Irish Nationalists or in sympathy with such criminals, is an outrage on their good name.

It has been so far a wordy duel of charge and counter-charge, with the use of very extravagant and brutal language towards Irish patriots, in the British murder society's organ. This language we take from this journal and apply it where it properly belongs. In describing the invaders of Ireland in this history, it is in many instances done in their own expressions.

What most seriously concerns Irishmen in this *Times* warfare, and more especially men who are prepared to make sacrifices for the purpose of liberating their nation from the foreigner's chains, is this continued moral support given to the enemy, the strong public political alliance tendered to Ireland's foe by men who were not supposed at one time to be actuated by any such feeling. Every speaker on the supposed Irish side in the enemy's House repelled, with seeming horror, the bare suspicion of being even associated with those of their countrymen who proved practical Nationalists, by "suppressing" the British assassins that invaded Ireland. They gave every moral comfort they could to the enemy by using stronger language than he or his murder organ could use, in slandering and outraging the memory of the noble patriots who died on the scaffold for their enslaved nation, and denouncing the Irishmen now suffering in the enemy's dungeons. What treason and infamy! From every

side of that chamber where laws are made to rivet more firmly the shackles which bind the limbs of Ireland, was heard the voice of foul abuse and calumny, levelled against the daring Irish soldiers who, by deeds, would set the captives free. But no British voice equalled the contumely and infamy sought to be hurled against the honour and manhood of Irish patriotism, in those efforts made by the Irish party in that House to repel the charges that they were leagued with these Irish patriots. The deep and damning disgrace of this exhibition was that many of these Irishmen did not, could not, believe the foul slander they were uttering.

Mr. Sexton is the silver-tongued orator of a nation of orators, and worshipped by Irishmen in proportion to the beauty and elegance of his diction ; but while good speaking is pleasing to the ear and charming to the senses, it has no more influence to free nations without deeds than the entrancing singing of Giuglini or Mario could have freed Italy, without the action of her brave sons and the weapons they so valorously wielded. But these very deeds this silver-tongued orator was condemning, in no stinted manner, in the legislative halls of his country's assassins. In one of these debates which took place upon these *Times'* articles, called "Parnellism and Crime," every Irish speaker in that chamber tried to outdo his predecessor in condemnation of the Irish INVINCIBLES. Mr. Sexton said : "Does any one need to go beyond the title of the article—'Parnellism and Crime' ? The article asserts there is an association between a body of members of this House, and breakers of the criminal law of the country. The very title constitutes a breach of privilege."

Very fitly, and in proper terms, did Mr. Sexton describe himself and those men his colleagues who were once Irish patriots—or posed as such before their people—when he called them "a body of members of this House." They were more British than the British, in insulting the dead and imprisoned Irish Nationalists in that chamber. . . .

But when the Irish leader arose in that House, that House

from which with howls of execration himself and his followers were hurled forth a few years before ; that House which hailed with cheers the arrest of his friends and enacted penal laws again and again to further bind and lash his country ; that House which gave power to the British Minister to use what tyrannies he liked in prostrate Ireland, and by whose sanction he, the leader, and his most daring followers were wantonly thrown into prison—for when the British cheered Gladstone's announcement of his arrest with joy, Irish hearts thrilled with indignation and Irish arms felt the hour had come to strike—when he, Charles Stewart Parnell, arose to take part in this hideous debate, and when the burning, blistering, slanderous words came hissing from his lips in the Senate of his country's foe—when he, standing in the presence of Ireland's enemies, stigmatised the men who died for Ireland as assassins, then an agonised thrill of horror went pulsing through to the nation's frame as she stood bleeding beneath the blows dealt her by her moral assassins in that chamber ; and Ireland, seeing the uplifted steel of Charles Stewart Parnell, covered her face with her robe, and falling prostrate at the base of Liberty's statue, cried out with the dying Cæsar, "*Et tu, Brute.*"

The enemy's vituperation and misrepresentations of the INVINCIBLES is only natural, and what Irishmen should expect from such an unscrupulous and brutal foe. But this policy of public dishonesty and suppression of their real sentiments, this lack of moral courage taught the Irish people is degrading them before mankind. The great masses obey because educated men in whom they have confidence teach them it is good policy and most perfect diplomacy to publicly lie, and to denounce the most cherished aspirations of their inmost soul. How often unthinkingly and from custom not weighing the value of their words are Irishmen heard to exclaim in the language of the enemy "Rebel Cork" or "Rebel Wexford" and the "Murders in the Phoenix Park." As Mirabeau has said, "words are things." . . .

PART III

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER: IRELAND AT THE CLOSE OF 1893

THE years are passing, and since this work was written many men who figure in its pages have passed away, friend and foe: Charles Stewart Parnell and Wm. E. Forster, Joseph Gillis Biggar and Colonel King-Harman, and many others who have been prominent on the stage of Irish history.

But "How is little Ireland, and how does she stand?" The answer can be summarised by saying, "A foreign flag still floats over Dublin Castle, and the red-coated soldiery of the invader are still in occupation of the island. The Tory Ministers have vanished, and their Whig opponents are now in power. The fierce and wolfish Tory, who could crush out every spark of nationality in coercion, has been succeeded by the slimy Whig serpent, who breathes over the land the noxious vapours that stupefy and confuse; and the people, drugged with his effective poison, appear not to know where to direct their movements, or to whom to look for guidance.

What have been the effects of this much-talked-of coercion on the Irish nation? Have the Tories added in any manner to the normal destruction of foreign rule? Again, what have been the blessings of all these so-called concessions, these Land Bills which were fought against so bitterly by the House of Lords? What benefit to Ireland is the disestablishment of the Irish Episcopalian Church, which aroused for a time the cry, "Away with the House of Lords!"

followed by Orange threats of insurrection in Ireland? The answer to both these questions is the continued condition of unending decay in the Irish nation, which proves—proves with the stern logic of actual facts—that neither coercion nor concession can alter the condition of a nation under the rule of the foreigner. While one vestige of alien rule remains in Ireland, this decadence and degradation must continue. The country is now under the sway of that political Chadband, Wm. Ewart Gladstone, who with unctuous piety, as he turneth up his eyes with fervour, saith to the Irish, “For what Home Rule you do receive, be unto me thankful.” And while this man, whose hypocrisy is so great that he even deceives himself, talks of liberty for Ireland, he retains in his prisons the *confrères* of the Provincialists, who are now his allies in trying to eradicate every vestige of nationality from the Irish people.

Joseph Mullet is at this date, December, 1893, in a dungeon of the enemy. He and his comrades, at a single word from this Briton, W. E. Gladstone, could be restored to the outer world; but his mouthpiece, Mr. Asquith, tells the Irish race that he (Mullet) and his imprisoned colleagues will not be released. The same denial applies to all the Irish political prisoners, Dr. Gallaher, John Daly, and their friends.

Mr. Gladstone rants about his love for Ireland, and to prove it, has taken into the British Whig camp the former Land League leaders whose movement created the secret Land League—the INVINCIBLES. The Irish Provincialists, having deserted and slandered their comrades who took action by order of the Land League Executive, are rewarded by a close alliance with this prince of hypocrites, the British Premier. But for their former friends, the INVINCIBLES, he has continued dungeons, toils, and chains. Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon truly described him as “the most unrivalled of coercers,” and the “master of misrepresentation.”

Take this Liberal chieftain's “Irish Government Bill” of 1893, popularly called a “Home Rule” Bill. This measure

is an English bull, for it is called "Home Rule" because it does not contain one particle of Home Rule within its four corners. By the proposed Assembly, legislation for Irish trade, navigation, and commerce is absolutely forbidden. The effect of this prohibition would be to deprive Ireland of the corner-stone of a nation's prosperity. In addition to this important prohibition, the right to control Irish finance and Irish land was to be withheld from the Irish legislature, with a promise undoubtedly as false as all British promises to Ireland—that it would be restored to the Dublin Assembly in some years to come. Had this wretched measure, falsely called "Home Rule," passed into British law, it would be found to have no more power to arrest Irish decadence than the many previous bills which passed through the House of Lords after weeks of angry and violent contention.

Foreign rule cannot be reformed by a local Assembly in Dublin; the overpowering influence of foreign interests—interests antagonistic to Irish prosperity—forbid it. There has never been a solution to the infamous outrage of foreign usurpation of a nation's right to rule, but that of absolute and complete independence.

Some writers, who know a little of this Irish question, tell us that Ireland could not stand alone; that she would be conquered by some other nation if freed from British rule. How, then, does Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland remain independent? Ireland is as large as these three nations combined. Because of the rival jealousies of the great powers, they will say. It is these very jealousies and rival interests called the "balance of power in Europe" which permit Britain herself to remain in the possession of so much colonial territory. Her physical power compared to theirs is simply contemptible. In a very short time an Irish Republic could turn out an army superior to the boasted nation's.

The Whig premier is an eloquent juggler in the use of words; he has invested his "Home Rule" Bill with a false sentiment; by the glamour which his words have cast around it so successfully, he has succeeded in deceiving both friends and foes.

The stupid and intolerant Tory and his instrument, the fanatic and bigoted Orangeman, both of whom have aided the "master of misrepresentation," helped him unwittingly in his endeavour to hoodwink the Irish people into accepting a powerless Assembly in Dublin, in return for their stolen independence. He tried to induce the Irish to freely accept her enemy's flag, and thereby strengthen the British empire. It has been said, and will be repeated, "Why this hostility of the Tories, Unionists, so-called, and Orangemen, if this Bill be worthless?" Will Irishmen remember that the self-same hostility has been displayed by these stupid partisans to every measure that appeared in any manner an apparent concession to Ireland, or Irish sentiment? Not one of these measures—notwithstanding the great opposition of Tories, Lords, and Orangemen, and heralded with all the drums and trumpets of the Provincialists as great victories—have been of the smallest, the most infinitesimal, benefit to Ireland. Poverty, eviction, and emigration have not been in any manner arrested; the unceasing decadence goes steadily on.

How far Mr. Gladstone deceives himself, it is impossible to know; it is questionable if this aged statesman knows himself. He speaks of this deceptive and shadowy bill as if it contained all the glorious freedom won at Yorktown. When placed even beside the Colonial legislatures of Canada or Australia, it is a mockery. In Leeds Town Hall, in 1881, Mr. Gladstone spoke in glowing terms of his Land Bill and all the blessings it was to confer upon Ireland; possibly he believed this himself. To maintain his position he quoted the extravagant eulogies of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy given in an earlier chapter. The succeeding year, when Ireland had fifteen months' experience of the blessings of this Land Bill, over twenty-two thousand people were evicted, more than the total for ten years preceding the League; and yet this bill, according to Mr. Gladstone and his Irish admirers, was to confer unheard-of blessings upon the Irish farming community. Other so-called land concessions have followed this; but evictions continue, and funds are needed to-day to feed the houseless victims of these land laws.

If this "Home Rule" Bill should ever become a part of the Briton's legislature for Ireland, there is nothing in the womb of time more certain but that it would, like every preceding British measure, become entirely inoperative. This it must become of necessity; emigration, poverty, and decay would only be hastened by the disappointment arising from its powerlessness. The Chambers would gabble while the nation was dying. The Briton would sneer at Irishmen's incapacity for self-government, while all the actual power still remained in the hands of the foreigner. Possibly the offices of British rule in Ireland, now held by Orange sympathisers, might be, and probably would be, transferred to the Provincialists; Britain has always rewarded recreants. But Ireland would find that these new officials would continue as steadfastly British as are the present holders. The Provincialists would of course hail their acceptance of these officers as the advent to power of Irish authority, and they would, like their chief, the "great master of misrepresentation," try and deceive the people into the belief that Ireland had her own government. The public mind would become more and more distracted, and Britain's mission, the removal of the Irish Celt from Ireland, would go on amid the clanging of angry tongues and noisy and fruitless discussion. The nations would begin to believe that the British slanders were true, and that Ireland could not govern. Having got what they accepted as "Home Rule," they would be in continued poverty and ruin. Irishmen must remember that no British law, neither coercion nor so-called concession, can alter the inevitable decay of the Irish nation while it remains an appendage of a foreign crown. Slightly altering the Orange threat in 1870 after the church disestablishment, the cardinal doctrine of Irish nationality and Ireland's only hope for prosperity and happiness, is to kick the foreign sovereign's crown into the Irish Sea. Any struggle for impossible reform is vain and criminal,—criminal because it is helping the enemy to firmer fasten the chains of foreign conquest upon the nation, keeping the people stupefied and pursuing

a phantom, while the enemy proceeds with his quiet destruction of the Irish race.

The cry which now agitates the Provincialists is the destruction of the House of Lords. The great "master of misrepresentation" has touched upon this in his recent address in Edinburgh (September, 1893). But he is, as usual, careful in his manner of alluding to this question. He wishes to infuse some hope into the Irish people that this obstacle can be removed. All this rant is utter folly. The House of Lords is as firmly set in the British Constitution as the Crown itself. Nothing short of revolution can remove these twin pillars of Britain's present *régime*.

The Gladstonian press, Irish, British, and American, tell us that the Lords, by throwing out the "Home Rule" Bill, opposed the will of the people. Nonsense! The Lords, on the contrary, affirmed the will and vote of the people—the English people, whose opinions and wishes the Peers alone recognise. It is by the aid of Irish Provincialists' votes that Mr. Gladstone came to power. The British verdict is opposed to his "Home Rule" Bill, and there is little doubt that at the next general election he will be overwhelmingly defeated on this so-called "Home Rule" issue. Newspapers and speakers, comparing the present attitude of the House of Lords to that of the reform period in 1832, compare two subjects totally dissimilar. The Reform Bill of 1832 was an English question; the question which confronts the Peers in 1893 is an Irish issue purely, and which they call "dismemberment of the empire," as the Austrians termed the Italian claim to Lombardy and Venice, or the Turks the Greek demand for autonomy and independence. Irish-Americans and Americans who study this subject have no means of knowing the immense vote of English working men that has been recorded against "Home Rule" in the elections of 1886 and 1892. It is all folly and humbug to call this a question between classes and masses. The English people, who belong to both of these great divisions, are divided upon this question. A minority support Mr. Gladstone through party

fealty, not for any love they bear Ireland, or the Irish. And the great majority are arrayed against this measure, absurd as it may be to call it a "Home Rule" Bill. Backed up by the House of Lords, it looks very likely as if the English majority will have their way. Mr. Gladstone will retire the bill to a shelf, and try and placate the Irish Whigs with honeyed promises of its resurrection.

Before closing this chapter the writer would wish to draw attention to the present attitude of the British Whig enemy now in power. A gigantic movement is on foot to denationalise the Irish people, and to draw into the vortex every organ of Irish opinion favourable to the Mephistophelian doctrines of this would-be British saviour of Ireland. It has unfortunately been in some measure successful, and the editors of many Irish-American papers have adopted this wily Briton's apparent views, which are to remove all landmarks between the Irish and British people. The real endeavour is to strengthen the tottering British empire, by turning the hostile Irish people into its supporters; and most particularly the Irish-American section, which the wily Briton has good reason to dread. This is endeavoured to be accomplished by the illusory promises of these hypocritical Whig leaders; not one material blessing, not even the smallest prosperity, can they give to Ireland. They are full well aware that no laws they can pass will alter the condition of this British dependency, Ireland, so long as it remains beneath the blighting and destructive power of the British Crown. To Irish independence they are equally as hostile as their Tory brothers. This gigantic endeavour to make Irishmen Britons, by at first making them kindly disposed to the Gladstonians, is made manifest in the career of Lord Aberdeen and his amiable countess. This lady's patronage of Irish industries, and other kindly actions, is but part of a huge network set to catch the trusting and impulsive Irish Celt.

The crowning of this edifice has been intrusted to Mr. Blake, an Irish-Canadian, now member of the enemy's

London Parliament. The sanctimonious "master of misrepresentation" entrusted this Whig statesman with a letter to be read on Irish day at the Chicago World's Fair. This letter was dated September 2, 1893, and must have been sent to Mr. Blake nearly one month previous. Its object was to try and instil into the Irish-American mind the love this British Premier holds for them, at the self-same time keeping some of their brothers in British prisons. We quote a passage from this letter. "You are about to address Americans, who in all ranks and in all parts of their magnificent country have shown an active and almost universal sympathy with Ireland; and especially Irish-Americans, through whose energies and inexhaustible affection for Ireland has been effected the most remarkable oceanic migration ever known in the history of the world." How genuine to the unsophisticated, and even the cultured American, or Irish-American, are these expressions of kindly interest! how marvellously must this man deceive himself if this whole letter was not written for a purpose! Who but this remarkable Briton could term the gigantic drain of Ireland's health, the bone and sinew of her people, as the offspring of the energies and inexhaustible affection of the Irish-Americans, when the direct cause is the brutal foreign laws—laws now administered by this sanctimonious Briton, who endeavours to deceive mankind. It is the curse of foreign rule in Ireland which has left no employment for the people, so that they must either die or emigrate. Had this aged Briton ever in his long life witnessed the departure of these people from their homes, he might have witnessed a scene unparalleled in any country—the sobs and shrieks of aged parents, the parting between mother and child, sister and brother, the dying wail of the expatriated Gael—a parting in many cases as heartrending as a scene by an open grave; the last fond look on the beloved home and country, so loved by the Irish Celt that it tears his heartstrings asunder, to be compelled to part from the early associations of childhood. Note the words applied by the great "master of misrepresentation" to the

dreadful exodus of the Irish race from Ireland—"oceanic migration." As well might the Turkish chieftains have termed the Bulgarian massacres, the "heavenly migration" of the Bulgarian people. But the Briton has become more successful than the Turk. The Oriental could not slaughter in such hordes as the Occidental destroys and exiles by his cursed laws and cruelties.

The passing into law of this measure, which Mr. Gladstone and his followers so cunningly tell us would give the Irish people full control over their domestic affairs, would find a people wholly disarmed so far as British law can be enforced to effect it; and also under a perpetual Tory coercion law, which remains still unrepealed upon the British statute book, and which this promised Dublin legislature would be powerless to either repeal or alter. British soldiers and police would still remain authorised to enter any house in Ireland, on the plea of searching for concealed arms. Ireland, under what is insultingly termed "Home Rule," would continue manacled by the laws of a foreign people. The Dublin Chambers would have no power whatever over this question of disarmament, as it is one of the many so-called Imperial questions which the "master of misrepresentation" withheld from their legislative power. The last disarming act, it will be remembered, was passed by this wily Whig chieftain when he last posed as a "Home Rule" Minister in 1886.

There is no badge of conquest more insulting, there is none that voices in stronger language the usurpation of a foreign nation, than this disarming of a people. This insulting and degrading badge of servility would remain fastened upon the Irish nation, while that country was supposed to have had self-government conferred upon her by the voluntary action of her invader and destroyer, the British mockery called "Home Rule"; further, not all the eloquence of "misrepresentation," nor all the panegyrics of this marvellous British Minister on Ireland, can alter facts. No amount of glamour can make falsehood truth.

The Irish people cordially endorsed the words of Mr. Blake

at the Chicago Fair when he had finished reading the British Premier's letter: "God speed the day when the Irish will govern Ireland." When that time comes, as come it will if the Irish people are true to themselves, neither Mr. Gladstone nor any other British Premier will have any more authority in Ireland than they have to-day in France or Germany. But to realise this, the Irish people must take prompt and instant action. There is one great phase of this Irish question which agitators, orators, and writers appear either to purposely, avoid or to completely overlook. That is the terrific exodus of the Irish people from their native land. This goes on unceasingly, no matter what party is in power in the enemy's country, or what policies or agitations occupy either the Irish or British mind. This enormous drain on the population should awaken Irish intellects from the stupor or fanaticism which induces them to pursue this ever-disappearing phantom called "Home Rule." This fearful destruction of a people—for they are practically destroyed in so far as their own country is concerned—calls loudly for attention. The delusion of the Celts returning with a vengeance, is only another dream of the agitators. A small percentage of the present generation would likely do so, in the event of a foreign war, or an American war which would enlist all of the race in America as Americans, if not as Irishmen. But no self-respecting people will cling to this delusion. From Ireland the great blow to the enemy must come, helped of course by a respectable contingent of Irishmen in other lands. But that contingent is not strengthened but weakened by emigration. Hold fast to your country if possible. Every Irishman who can stay at home, and does not, is a deserter from his nation. We know how difficult, and in some cases impossible, this is to accomplish; which is proof, beyond yea or nay, that these so-called Gladstonian concessions have conceded nothing. The Irish Celt would never fly from his country if he could possibly stay there. The returns of the Irish Registrar-General for the quarter ending June 30, 1893, gives the following figures:—

Irish births for three months ending June 30, 1893	28,301
Irish deaths for three months ending June 30, 1893	20,306
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Gain in the population by births and deaths	7,995
In the same period the loss by emigration was	23,879
	<hr/>
Total loss to the nation for three months ending June 30, 1893 .	15,884

This exodus is for the last three months ending June 30, 1893, of the benign rule of Gladstone the "Home Ruler." The appalling figures stand forth in letters of living fire to draw the attention of the people, and more especially Irishmen, to the infamous destruction of their race in Ireland by the rule of the foreigner. It is a sad and terrible corroboration of the arguments used by the writer throughout this work. . . .

The self-same infamies Gladstone and the "Red Earl" practised in 1882-83 are repeated in 1893 by Gladstone and Morley. Where—where is the proof of any change in foreign rule in Ireland? It is an insult to our intelligence to say that this damnable crime, the rule of the Briton in Ireland, could be reformed. No matter what party or minister is in power, it is alike tyrannically cruel and destructive. Bribes, threats, and every species of terror and infamy practised on the people; men are kept in prison for days, without the shadow of a charge preferred against them; their employers are afraid to restore them to their positions for fear that they too would become suspected of disloyalty to the foreigner; even women are arrested; every species of hellish coercion is used; large sums are offered to bribe and cajole the people to become perjurers! Is it any wonder that sometimes weak men fall under the dreadful mental tortures applied by that foreign murder conspiracy that usurps the government of Ireland in Dublin Castle? The system which creates these tools of iniquity in Ireland demands fawning, lying, and sycophantic instruments to deceive and entrap fresh victims to do the infamous service of their masters, the foreign conspirators in Dublin. And all this infamy is practised under the British Administration of Ireland's canting friend, Wm. E. Gladstone. If there are any two names among British Ministers that will stand out more

prominently for Irish posterity to condemn and speak of with honest loathing, these names will be Gladstone and Morley; for both men have by deceptive promises induced numbers of the Irish people to believe in the sincerity of their friendship, and by their actions, as here described, proved more cruel than their open and undisguised enemies, the Tories.

The years between the writing of this book and this closing chapter have seen a great change come over the Irish-American people on the Irish question. The false and illusory dream created by the Provincialists,—that a compromise between the Briton and the Irish could be arranged under the banner of "Home Rule"—has almost entirely passed. Some few men of wealth who would be Whigs in the old country, and some few others who have interested motives, try to keep alive the flicker of this bastard nationality with the meaningless name, "Home Rule." The work of a few zealous men in Irish circles has borne fruit; the folly of agitation to solve this usurpation of the invader in Ireland is fully realised among the patriotic exiles and their children. To more effectively preach this true love of the old land, an organ of propaganda has commenced its career with the uncompromising name of *The Irish Republic*; this newspaper is under the management of a wealthy business man in New York city, Mr. William Lyman, who is well known in Ireland and wherever Irish Nationalists dwell, as the treasurer of the "Irish National League," under its new *régime* in the United States. The editor of *The Irish Republic* is Charles O'Connor McLaughlin, a graduate of the college of St. Jarleths, Tuam. Previous to his arrival in the States he was on the Dublin *Freeman*, and had great opportunities for studying the Irish Parliamentary policy in the country, where, as a newspaper man he was sent to write up evictions, meetings, and other phases of Irish life during the agitation. More recently he was one of the staff of T. P. O'Connor's London newspaper. He has had an intimate acquaintance with the members of the Irish Parliamentary party, and fully realises the folly of their programme.

Under his able guidance *The Irish Republic* will preach the true and only propaganda for subject peoples.

If this book does the smallest good, or contributes in any manner to stem the disastrous tide which leads to emigration, by arousing Irishmen to a sense of their duty to work and preach for the only possible solution to Irish destruction, an independent nation, the writer will feel that he has not worked in vain.

If Irishmen will cease to sit at the feet of any British Minister, and stand up erect in their united and properly directed strength, and in face of the decaying and rotting physical power of the enemy, the close of this century—near as is that period—will see Ireland added to the nations of the earth, a sovereign member of the world's family of nations. And the close of the nineteenth century will witness the uprising of the ancient Celtic race when the epitaph of that young hero-martyr, Robert Emmet, will have been written by an intelligent and valiant people.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

“THE BLOODY ASSIZE.”

“The truculence with which it is attempted to confound hatred of foul play with connivance at crime, shall not deter us in the least from saying that the last of the murder trials at Green Street was the grossest parody of justice of them all. We can see nothing to distinguish the trial of Michael Walsh from the trials of Francis Hynes and Patrick Walsh, except its greater atrocity. The jury was as shamefully concocted, its partisanship was as indecent, and the evidence was evidence upon which any English jury would not hang a dog. We won't pause over the circumstances and surmises which were patched together for a conviction. The jury sufficiently exposed the character of the evidence when, in dooming the boy to death, they expressly found that he did not do what he was charged with doing—that is murder Constable Kavanagh. The weight of evidence in this or that case, however, is a secondary matter. What gives the trials at Green Street their evil fame is the invention, or rather the rehabilitation, of an instrument of trial so infamous and illegal that the people of England would fly out in rebellion if, *mutatis mutandis*, it were put in operation against themselves. Fancy, in some great political convulsion against what they used to call Popery, a batch of English Protestant prisoners kidnapped up to London far from their homes and friends; fancy juries of Papists, and nobody but Papists, illicitly raked together to try them for their lives; fancy them badgered by a bigoted Popish judge, and torn away by rough jailors as they proclaimed their innocence; fancy their Protestant mothers swooning away under the scaffold; fancy every Protestant citizen rejected from the panel as if he had the plague, and every Protestant journalist loaded with chains if he uttered a protest while the journals of the Popish minority shrieked with exultation over the shedding of Protestant blood! What such a tyranny might have been in James the Second's moment of vilest inspirations, the Bloody Assize just concluded has been; substituting mere Irish Catholic prisoners and jurors as the victims, and a gang of Orange partisans (as bitter haters of the agrarian movement as Lord George Gordon was of Popery) for the executioners. Lord Denman and his brother law lords were greatly scandalised because there had been tampering with the jury-panel in O'Connell's case in order to disinfest the jury of Catholics. To our mind excluding of Catholics from the panel was a less indecent method of procedure than excluding them from the box. Mr. Gray was locked into prison for suggesting that Catholics were ordered to stand by as Catholics and mere Irish; but who that has not the terrors of a jail before his mind can pretend to believe otherwise when, in a city where the Catholic population is to the Protestant as 195,000 to 40,000, not one Catholic juror is suffered to be sworn upon any one of the four

juries to whom the lives of Catholic Irishmen were committed in Green Street? John Mitchell withered up his judges with scorn because they packed a jury against him; but that they were packed against him was the worst to be said of them. What a fiery furnace of wrath would have been his 'Jail Journal' if his jury had been charged with an obscene riot the night before he was convicted, and the charge was hushed up?—had mixed in a public billiard room, and been patted on the back for it by a man in ermine compared with whom Mitchell's 'ancient purple Brunswicker' was a judge and a gentleman?—had publicly proclaimed their prejudice against two hotels, simply because they were kept by Catholic Irishmen?—had been, one of them, secretary to an association pledged to vengeance upon the prisoner?—had another of them, in open court, flaunted his fraternal relations with the chief officer of that association? The truth about Green Street was blurted out by the *Daily Telegraph* on Monday: "We must, to convict murderers, secure by hook or crook, by law or challenge, metropolitan, Protestant, and loyal juries." The disgusting farce of disinterestedness is given over. To convict murderers, we must run reeking over the lives of men who may not be murderers. Juries to convict is the main point; evidence to convict upon is a secondary detail. Once the word is passed to 'convict murderers,' a metropolitan, Protestant, and loyal jury, under the eye of Mr. Norris Goddard, may be trusted to know a murderer when they see him, without splitting hairs about particulars. If this were termed martial law, or lynch law, in one of its most devilish humours, it would still be infamous, but it would be above board. What is even more aggravating than a patent murder-machine as a system of Government is the Pharisaism which shelters the achievements of Mr. Goddard's pals under the venerable name of trial by jury, and decries as a foe to public justice whoever cries out on the imposture."—*United Ireland*, October 7, 1882.

APPENDIX B.

MR. PARNELL AND THE TWO ORGANISATIONS.

"As far as I have been able to gather, the Fenian organisation and its leaders are opposed, though not hostile, to our movement, the reason being that it is constitutional. A true revolutionary movement in Ireland should, in my opinion, partake of both a constitutional and an illegal character. It should be both an open and a secret organisation, using the constitution for its own purposes, but also taking advantage of its secret combination. But the leaders of the Fenian movement do not believe in constitutional action, because it has always been used in the past for the selfish purposes of its leaders. There was a strong objection by the Fenians to our parliamentary action for the same reasons, and indeed, if we look at the action of the Irish Parliamentary leaders since the Union, there is ample justification for the views of the physical force party." MR. PARNELL INTERVIEWED.—*New York Herald*, January 2, 1880.

APPENDIX C.

MR. JOHN WALSH.

AS A LAND LEAGUE ORGANISER.

"It is stated that the John Walsh, whom Carey spoke of as the man from the North of England, has been arrested in Havre. It is believed that this is the John Walsh of Middlesborough, and whether this be so or not will soon be known, as he can easily be identified. He is about six feet high, is very powerfully built, and has a military appearance, and a thick dark moustache. His hair is short and black, with streaks of gray. He has a stern countenance, but is a quiet-speaking

man of about forty-eight years of age, and usually wears a dark pilot jacket. For many years he worked regularly in the ironworks at Middlesborough, but latterly he has been almost exclusively occupied in Land League matters. When Michael Davitt visited Middlesborough in the beginning of January last, John Walsh addressed the meeting. Since that time he has been very little seen in Middlesborough, and it was reported that he had gone to Cincinnati to some friends there."—*Times*, March 3, 1883.

THE APPOINTMENT WITH BYRNE.

"A correspondent states that on the 16th of February last a man who went by the name of Walsh came to Rochdale and took lodgings at an inn. He represented himself as a commercial traveller, and brought with him a large leather case and a carpet bag. He went out very little, but certain persons visited him. He remained there until the 19th, when he went away, leaving his property behind him, and nothing more has been seen of him. The police only became acquainted with his place of abode after he had disappeared, and as nobody came to claim the property, Detective-Inspector Marshall took possession of it last Wednesday, and subsequently Mr. Wilkinson, the chief constable, opened the bags and examined their contents. The movements of the stranger after his sudden departure from Rochdale were subsequently traced, and Mr. Wilkinson and the detective-inspector were summoned to Dublin Castle. They arrived in Dublin early on Friday morning, and it is a significant fact that, though the utmost secrecy had been observed, their visit and its object were evidently known in certain unofficial quarters, and the arrest of Walsh was spoken of. The contents of the bags taken possession of by the police appear to be of especial value. One document contains a list of the Fenian armouries in different towns of the North of England, with the number of arms, and quantity of ammunition at each. The list is in cipher, but there is a key with it. There is also some correspondence with a person named Byrne, including an undated note requesting an interview at ten o'clock at night at a milestone outside a certain town. In addition there are two photographs, one of which appears to be a portrait of Walsh himself, while the other is believed to be a photograph of some prominent conspirator. There are some people who suppose that the documents are not genuine, and that a plot has been laid to mislead the detectives. The police are confident, however, that the man who visited Rochdale, and who was traced to and arrested at Havre, is none other than 'History-making Walsh,' and that the documents are of the greatest importance."—*Times*, March 5, 1883.

NOT "NUMBER ONE."

"The *Gaulois* to-day states that the papers seized by the police in England disprove the identity of either Mr. Byrne or Mr. Walsh with 'No. 1,' and that they will therefore both be shortly released."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 6, 1883.

THE ALIBI AS REGARDS THE 6TH OF MAY.

"Documents relative to the Walsh case have been received here and are now in the hands of the Public Prosecutor. They bear the signatures of six different persons, one of whom is an hotel-keeper at Durham, at whose house the prisoner was staying on May 6th, the date of the Phoenix Park murders."—Paris Correspondent of *Daily Telegraph*, March 14, 1883.

RELEASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

"Mr. John Walsh was released at five o'clock yesterday evening. He was met at the prison gate by Mr. Casey and Mr. White, and accompanied by them to his hotel."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 21, 1883.

"Only two men known to have been concerned in the Phoenix Park tragedy escaped the vengeance of British law. One of them, John Walsh, an ex-Land League organiser, died of paralysis, destitute and apparently friendless, in

Bellevue Hospital, in this city. The death of the other, Frank Byrne, in a Rhode Island hospital, is now chronicled."—*Rochester Herald*, New York, February 19, 1894.

APPENDIX D.

MR. P. J. SHERIDAN.

AS A PROMINENT FENIAN.

"Shortly after his marriage Mr. Sheridan removed to England, where he took an active and prominent part in the Fenian movement, and participated in the famous Chester attack. He joined three different branches of the English Volunteer service so that he might acquire a knowledge of military affairs, and while connected with that force he managed to swear hundreds of his comrades into the Fenian organisation. . . .

"Shortly afterwards Mr. Sheridan returned to Ireland, and went into the business of hotel-keeper and general merchant at Tubbercurry, county Sligo. At the same time he kept up his connection with the movement, taking a leading part in the councils and sharing in all the risks required of men engaged in a patriotic struggle."

AS A LAND LEAGUE ORGANISER.

"When the Land League sprang into existence he affiliated with it, and was elected a member of the first executive council. His activity in the League, and his great influence with the Irish people, made Mr. Sheridan a marked man in the eyes of the English Government, owing to which he was indicted as one of the fourteen traversers tried with Parnell in Dublin in 1880, and was afterwards arrested under the Coercion Act and confined in Kilmainham Gaol for over six months. As soon as he was released he resumed work, going about to prepare his countrymen. Several warrants for his arrest were issued, but he managed to baffle England's minions "

THE FLIGHT TO PARIS.

"He was suddenly summoned to Dublin to attend a meeting of the League Executive. He reached that city only to find that Mr. Parnell had been arrested. The organisation was then virtually without a head, but Mr. Sheridan had the Land League books, documents, and accounts conveyed secretly to Paris, from which place he and Patrick Egan issued orders to the people of Ireland. He was one of the committee which drew up the No-Rent Manifesto, which proved a potent weapon in the war against England and landlordism."

DISGUISED AS A PRIEST.

"He found it necessary to return to Ireland for a double purpose—first to visit his wife and family, who were almost hounded to death by the English detectives; secondly, to assist the Ladies' Land League in their work. It was on that occasion that Mr. Sheridan found it necessary to assume the disguise of a priest, and travelled all over Ireland for months as 'Father Murphy.'"—From *The Dynamite Monthly*, New York, May, 1884.

THE APPLICATION FOR HIS EXTRADITION.

"The British Government has telegraphed to its representative in America to demand the extradition of P. J. Sheridan, who has been so prominently wanted in connection with the Dublin conspiracy. The necessary communications duly authenticated were forwarded by mail yesterday to New York, and will be laid before the American judicial authorities in due course. The extradition of Sheridan is demanded under the Extradition Clause of the Ashburnham Treaty,

which provides that Great Britain and the United States shall deliver up to each other all persons charged with the crime of murder or assault to commit murder, 'provided that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person charged shall be found would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime or offence had there been committed; and the respective judges of the respective Governments shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made upon oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such judges or other magistrates respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered, and if upon such hearing the evidence of criminality be heard and considered proved, it shall be the duty of the examining judge or magistrate to certify the same to the proper executive authority that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive.' His extradition would be based upon the presumption of British law that an accessory to murder is equally guilty with the principal. In an Act to regulate the practice in extradition cases, it is provided that the examination of the prisoner should take place in open court and 'on land.' It also provides that the papers, warrants, &c., to be received as evidence in such hearing of the case, if legally authenticated, shall entitle them to be received for similar purposes by the foreign tribunal. The certificate of the principal diplomatic officers of the United States resident in such foreign country shall be proof that any such deposition, warrant, &c., is authentic."—*Irish Times*, February 28, 1883.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

"Mr. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, is reported to have declared, with reference to the demand for the extradition of Mr. P. J. Sheridan, that he would give the subject his earnest attention, but would make no move not required by law or treaty obligations. In the House of Representatives Mr. Robinson, member for New York, has announced his intention of introducing a bill declaring that the people of the United States will not tolerate the surrender of Mr. Sheridan without full proof of his guilt and a guarantee for an impartial jury trial."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 2, 1883.

MERELY FORMAL STEPS.

"A New York paper publishes a report of an interview between one of its representatives and Mr. West, the British Minister to the United States. According to this report Mr. West stated that his application for a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Sheridan, and the granting of it by the State Department, were merely formal steps customary in such cases. Real action would begin when the depositions, which he expected to receive within a week, reached him. He could scarcely think that the British Government were relying on Carey's evidence alone in asking for Mr. Sheridan's extradition, and he believed that there had been accumulated other evidence which had not been made public, and that the depositions would show a much stronger case."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 6, 1883.

THE PROCEEDINGS ABANDONED.

"A despatch from Washington, published by the *New York Herald*, says it is understood that further proceedings against Mr. P. J. Sheridan have been abandoned, no case can be made out against him."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 10, 1883.

HIS RUMOURED DEATH.

The following telegram from a Press correspondent appears in the American papers:—"Chicago, August 8.—P. J. Sheridan, the 'Invincible,' who was charged by the British Government with complicity in the Phoenix Park murders, and whom it tried to extradite from France and then from this country, was crushed between a vehicle and a gate in his ranch, eight miles south of Monte Vista, Colorado, and is probably fatally hurt."—*The Times*, August 26, 1892.

APPENDIX E.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK BYRNE.

THE ARREST OF MRS. BYRNE.

"Mrs. Byrne, who has been implicated by the evidence of Carey in the conspiracy of the 'Invincibles,' was arrested in London on Sunday night, and was sent over last night to Dublin. Acting under the orders of the Director of Criminal Investigations, Chief-Inspector Shore, of Scotland Yard Detective Force, went on Sunday to No. 4 Gothic Villas, Avondale Road, near the Peckham Rye railway station, to arrest the wife of the alleged conspirator, Frank Byrne. She will be charged with conveying the knives and arms used by the assassins in Dublin. The police found in the house two women, both of whom answered the description given of Mrs. Frank Byrne. The police solved the difficulty presented to them of distinguishing between the two by taking both women to the head station of the A Division in King Street, where there is always a large force of police in reserve. The two women were placed side by side at one end of a room, and the inspector soon found which was the one needful to retain in custody, for on saying 'Please step here, Mrs. Byrne,' one hastened forward. The other, said to be Miss Byrne, sister of Frank Byrne, was discharged. The visit of the police was evidently unexpected. The place was searched, but of course the police will not tell the nature of any discoveries they have made. Mrs. Byrne was yesterday examined at the Home Office. Information was conveyed to Dublin of the arrest, and Inspector Donoghue, of the Irish Detective Police Force, received the prisoner last night at King Street, and accompanied by Inspector Leach, they left London by the mail train for Dublin. The prisoner is about twenty-nine or thirty years of age, and is keenly intelligent."—*Times*, February 20, 1883.

CAREY REFUSES TO IDENTIFY.

"Mrs. Frank Byrne, the woman who was supposed to have brought the arms to Carey, was brought over from London this morning in custody and confronted with Carey, who failed, however, to identify her. It will be remembered that his evidence was that he did not know her name, but heard it was Mrs. Byrne. It is now believed that it was her sister who came, and measures have been taken to have her brought face to face with him. Mrs. Byrne has been released from custody."—*Times*, February 21, 1883.

"With respect to Mrs. Byrne, it should be remembered that Carey distinctly stated in his evidence that he did not know the name of the woman who brought the arms to him, but was afterwards told it was Mrs. Byrne. Some blame has been thoughtlessly cast upon the police because they arrested Mrs. Byrne, who turns out not to be the woman they want; but they could not possibly know that until confronted with Carey, and it was their duty to act upon his evidence. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that he meant to deceive them, but he was misinformed as to the name."—*Times*, February 26, 1883.

FRANK BYRNE ARRESTED IN PARIS.

"The Press Association is informed, on reliable authority, that Mr. Frank Byrne, Secretary of the Land Confederation of Great Britain, was arrested in Paris to-day by the French police, who were accompanied by an English detective."—*Irish Times*, February 28, 1883.

"On being questioned by the Public Prosecutor, Mr. Byrne repeated the reply that he had already given to the Prefect of Police. He admitted that his name was Byrne, but stated that he was secretary to the English Land and Labour League, and not of the Irish Land League. Mr. Byrne added that he was not guilty of assassination, and declined subsequently to answer any further questions."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 1, 1883.

AN ALIBI AS REGARDS THE 6TH OF MAY, 1882.

"It is said that at the request of Mr Frank Byrne his friends in London yesterday took steps to secure a large number of affidavits of members of Parliament and others testifying that they saw and conversed in London with him on May 6 last, the day on which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in Dublin. The papers, or a portion of them, are to be forwarded to Paris to-day, in order to combat the allegation that Mr. Byrne was in Dublin on that date, and was a party to the assassination."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 3, 1883.

"Mr. Porter, the Attorney-General for Ireland, forwarded the papers justifying the demand for Mr. Byrne's extradition to the Procurator-General of the Republic yesterday. Two days will be necessary for an examination of these documents, and the decision of the French authorities will therefore probably not be given before Friday next."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 8, 1883.

THE CHARGE AS REGARDS MR. FIELD

"To the great indignation of the Radical party, Byrne has not yet been set at liberty. In addition to the formalities that have still to be gone through, such as translating the affidavits and submitting them to the Government, there exists another obstacle to Byrne's release. This is in fact a second charge against the prisoner, who is said to have been informed that an accusation against him in connection with the Lawson and Field affairs has been brought by a brother of Carey, who maintains that on August 23 Byrne was present at a meeting of the 'Invincibles' at Delany's house, and that there he offered money for the murder of 'English officials in Ireland.' In answer to this charge Byrne denied all knowledge of both Carey, the new informer, and Delany, admitting only that he was in Dublin on August 23, having gone there merely to visit the exhibition."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 9, 1883.

RELEASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

"Mr. Frank Byrne was set at liberty last night, the French Government considering that no case had been made out justifying his extradition."—*Irish Times*, March 10, 1883.

HIS "INVINCIBLE" SENTIMENTS AND DEATH.

"Frank Byrne, one of the Invincibles connected with the Phoenix Park murders, died yesterday in the Providence Hospital, Rhode Island, of heart disease. He leaves a widow and two children, Byrne, as will be in the remembrance of most people, was at one time secretary to the late Mr. Parnell. He is the man of whom the informer Carey swore that he was secretary to the 'Constitutional organisation' in Great Britain, and a Fenian. His wife was believed to be the woman who brought to Dublin the knives with which the Phoenix Park murders were committed on May 6, 1882. These knives, it was stated, had been lying for some time previously in the London offices of the Irish National League of Great Britain. Mr. Parnell disclaimed all knowledge of Mr. Byrne's connection with the Invincibles. Byrne was arrested in Paris on February 27, 1883; but released on March 9, and on April 4 he arrived with his wife at New York, where P. J. Sheridan received them. Mrs. Byrne had been arrested early in February in consequence of Carey's disclosures, on the charge of transmitting arms, but after a brief inquiry she was set at liberty when the other prisoners arrested for the Park murders were committed for trial. After the arrival of the Byrnes, Egan, Walsh, and others in the States, Byrne took an active part in the propaganda of Fenianism.

"At a meeting in New York on the 2nd of July, 1883, he justified the Phoenix Park murders, and paid 'homage and honour' to the murderers. Byrne said on that occasion:—'I am not fastidious as to the methods by which the cause of liberty may be advanced. I do not say you should alone use dynamite, or the

knife, or the rifle, or parliamentary agitation, but I hold no Irishman true who will not use all and each method as the opportunity presents itself.' In May, 1885, at a meeting in New York, to celebrate the Dublin murders, a well-filled purse was presented to Mrs. Frank Byrne as 'the brave little woman whose memorable courage in connection with the victory in the Phoenix Park three years ago is known to us all.' Byrne returned thanks for the gift.—*St. James's Gazette*, February 17, 1894.

HIS LIFE IN AMERICA.

"Byrne had served in the French army during the Franco-Prussian War, and had received several medals for meritorious conduct. It was to this fact he always claimed that he owed his release. After his release he sailed at once for New York. He remained in that city for less than two years, subsequently going West for several months and later coming to this city.

"He obtained employment as shipping clerk in Hanley's brewery, and remained there about two years.

"For the past two years he has made a living selling cigars.

"Six months ago he was attacked with rheumatism, which practically incapacitated him from work. He lived on Knight Street with his wife and two young children. His wife was stricken with paralysis some time ago, and there being no income the family were reduced to straitened circumstances. The local branch of Hibernians, with which he had become affiliated, assisted the family and he was by them transferred to the hospital a week ago last Saturday.

"Those who knew Byrne say that he was a very fine looking man. He was 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighed about 175 pounds. He was well educated, and a man to command attention in the society in which he moved.

"He had but few intimate friends here, but to those he freely talked of his past life, his career in the French army and his services under Parnell. His arrest in connection with the murders was occasionally a topic of conversation.

"He was admittedly a revolutionist, opposed to Parnell's methods, and he was undoubtedly a leader among the men with whom he affiliated. Just what his official position among the revolutionists at that time was there is nobody here who apparently knows, or if aware of the fact is willing to tell.

"Byrne's wife was as ardent a patriot as himself, and she partook fully of his ideas. Her sympathy, it is said, was not of the passive kind, but she was also an active member of the secret Irish societies. It was the knowledge of her activity that led the English Government to apprehend her as well as her husband. If she were able she could no doubt tell a thrilling tale, but she is to-day, as she has been for several months, a helpless paralytic, and is believed to be deprived of speech.

"The family is very highly spoken of by those who came in contact with its members since their residence in this city. They all gave evidences of a refinement that was superior to their station, and the children are spoken of as remarkably well-mannered, their actions reflecting a careful home training.

"Those who met Byrne in the ordinary course of business and who were unaware of his past history, were very much impressed by him. Though quiet and gentlemanly, he displayed a knowledge of events that evidenced a wide experience.

"Though affiliating with the Hibernians and probably other Irish societies here, Byrne never paraded his past efforts in the cause of Irish liberty, and the majority of those with whom he came in contact knew practically nothing of his past career. It is not believed that his reticence was necessitated through caution, but is believed to have been characteristic of the man. It is related that a short time ago an amount of money was collected for presentation to him, by persons who thought he was in need, but the money was subsequently returned to the subscribers, Byrne refusing to receive it.

"Byrne had perceptibly aged within the last few months, and his hair was whitening. He suffered so much from rheumatism that he was frequently

compelled to use a cane, but he attended to his business until compelled to give up.

"He was a warm friend of O'Donovan Rossa, who visited him here on several occasions."—*Providence Journal*, February 17, 1894.

"Frank Byrne was shown to be, if not the actual organiser of the Phoenix Park tragedy, at least one of its guiding spirits. According to the evidence of James Carey, the informer, it was Mrs. Byrne who carried over to Dublin the surgical knives with which Burke and Cavendish were stabbed to death. Other testimony established the fact that for days before the crime these murderous weapons were kept in a drawer in the headquarters of the Irish Parliamentary party in Westminster Chambers, under the very shadow of the towers of the Houses of Parliament, and almost within reach of the hands of their future victim, Lord Frederick Cavendish, when he occupied his seat in the legislative chamber.

Five men were hanged in Dublin for participation in the assassination, but Byrne escaped to France. A demand for his extradition was made, and the French Government seemed inclined to accede to it, but Henri Rochefort and other members of the Extreme Left made such a vigorous protest that in the end extradition was refused. Probably another reason for the refusal was that Byrne had served with distinction under the tricolour during the Franco-German War. He was an officer in *La Compagnie Irlandaise*, which fought under General Bourbaki in the Army of the East, and was wounded at the battle of Montebeliard.

"After the refusal of the French Government to deliver him to the English authorities, Byrne came to this country and attached himself to the staff of an Irish-American paper published in this city. An attempt was made to have him extradited from the United States, but it was soon abandoned. He made a few speeches for Blaine and Logan during the campaign of 1884, but made little or no impression, and he had since lived in retirement."—*Rochester Herald*, New York, February 19, 1894.

BURIED WITH HONOURS.

"The funeral of Frank Byrne, the noted Irish Nationalist, who died at the Rhode Island Hospital, Friday, took place from his late residence on Knight Street at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. Thousands of people watched the passage of the funeral train. At Cathedral Square the number increased until fully 5,000 people were congregated.

"Yet in all the vast crowd there were scarcely half a dozen people who knew the late Irish patriot intimately, and still less a number who were aware of his deeds previous to his death last Friday. Of the men in line, representatives of the Irish national societies, few knew him and many never saw him. He had lived in Providence for four years, and during that time had identified himself with the local branches of Hibernians, being a member of Division 12 at the time of his death. He never made a boast of his actions in defence of Irish liberty.

"The funeral was largely attended by representatives of the Hibernians and Irish Nationalists. Conspicuous among them was J. O'Donovan Rossa, perhaps the one man who could tell most about the career of Frank Byrne.

"Fully 200 men were in line. Immediately following the hearse were the two children of the deceased, a daughter of seventeen and a son of fourteen years of age. They were accompanied by Joseph Mullen, the intimate friend of the late Mr. Byrne. The widow did not attend the body to the grave, owing to her confirmed illness, due to nervous prostration.

"J. O'Donovan Rossa brought from New York a set of resolutions passed at a meeting of the Irish Nationalists held Saturday. The resolutions were:—

"Whereas, We have learned with the deepest regret of the death of Frank Byrne: it is

"Resolved, That in his death we recognise that the cause of Irish liberty has sustained a severe loss, as our deceased brother was ever faithful to the principles

of Irish freedom, and ever ready to risk life and liberty for the advancement of those principles; be it also

“Resolved, That we give formal expression to our heartfelt sorrow at his untimely death; that we extend to his family our condolence in their deep affliction, and that J. O'Donovan Rossa be deputed to attend the funeral services as our representative, and for us to convey to Mrs. Byrne and her family our sympathy in this her trial of sorrow, which we share. (Signed)

“J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, Presiding.
“THOMAS BRENNAN, Secretary.”

“Probably few people know that Mrs. Byrne is a descendant of one of the old Scottish families. She was born in Huddington Road, Dublin, September 25, 1854, and was the second daughter of Arthur Money Penny and Frances Kelly, being a direct descendant of Lord Money Penny, of Scotland.”—*Providence Journal*, February 19, 1894.

APPENDIX F.

P. J. P. TYNAN—“NUMBER ONE.”

HIS POSITION IN THE ORGANISATION.

“The police know very well who ‘No. 1’ is, but he is not within their grasp. He was in Dublin not long ago, but managed to get away before Carey gave information about him. He is an Irishman and lived in Kingstown for some time, where his wife had a lodging-house. He afterwards removed to London, which appears to have been his headquarters. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that because of his title he is a person of commanding authority in the conspiracy. He was not the leader or head of the ‘Invincibles’ but an organiser having higher rank than other agents, but still subordinate to a superior executive.”—*Times*, March 4, 1883.

ESTABLISHING HIS IDENTITY.

“A Rochdale correspondent telegraphs that the portrait of ‘No. 1,’ which is in the possession of Mr. Mallon is not the photograph found in the carpet bag left at Rochdale by John Walsh. It was reported that the photo was that of ‘No. 1,’ but it turns out that it is the portrait of another prominent conspirator whose name is kept secret. The portrait of P—T—n was obtained elsewhere.”—*Irish Times*, March 27, 1883.

HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE VOLUNTEERS.

“Although P. J. Tynan, the notorious ‘No. 1’ of the Dublin Invincible Society, has made good his escape to America, detectives in London continue their inquiries in respect to the man and his associates. Many of the members of the 13th Middlesex Volunteers, of which Tynan was and still is a member, have been asked for information in respect to him, resulting in many interesting particulars being made known. It appears that Tynan joined the corps early in 1882, and attended the review at Portsmouth on the Easter Monday following. He was not smart at his drill, and required more tuition than the average Volunteer recruit. Still he made better practice at the butts and took a small prize for shooting in the recruit series. On the occasion of the opening of the new Law Courts by her Majesty, Tynan used the utmost endeavours to form one of the guard of honour. He was selected, and was stationed with his company just outside the main entrance to the new Law Courts. The last drill of the corps which Tynan attended was in January last. He was regarded by his comrades as a jolly good fellow. He was open-handed and sociable, and speedily won the good opinion of both officers and men. His stories of his adventures in

America and Africa were told with a racy humour which always secured him an appreciative audience. He occasionally spoke of trips to Ireland, but never touched upon politics or entered into any discussion upon this theme, though at the present time the greatest disgust is felt in the corps at such a character having been associated with them. None are more astonished at the revelations concerning Tynan than the men themselves. The object of a conspirator in allying himself with a volunteer corps is the subject of various conjectures. Whether it was to serve as a blind to his other movements or to obtain again military training is unknown; but in any case it could not have been to sow sedition among the members of this corps, as beside the high reputation for loyalty it bears, Tynan always avoided any reference to Ireland and political questions. As matters now stand Tynan is still a member of the 13th Middlesex, but no doubt his name will soon be expunged from the roll of the regiment. It has also transpired that Tynan even when in the presence of Irishmen rarely indulged in the expression of extreme views. On the contrary, he often denounced Home Rule with hearty vigour, condemned Mr. Parnell and his party, and fiercely assailed the conduct of those agitators who lived out of Ireland's troubles. Tynan lived in London at 4 Merrow Villas, Avondale Road, Peckham Rye, just six doors from Frank Byrne, with whose family he was on terms of great intimacy."—*Irish Times*, April 16, 1883.

THE QUESTION OF EXTRADITION.

"It is stated that Patrick Tynan (No. 1) is at present living in Brooklyn, and declares that he is ready to surrender himself when required to do so. The counsel acting for Patrick J. Tynan has stated, in answer to inquiries, that his client, though living unobtrusively, has not been in hiding, and will present himself to the United States Marshal when he receives intimation that he is wanted. The counsel employed by the British authorities state that they have no instructions to take proceedings to procure the arrest of Tynan, whose name they have seen mentioned in the papers, but they have no instructions respecting him. Tynan's counsel said, in conversation with a reporter, that the portrait published in the London *Graphic* was very like his client."—*Irish Times*, May 21, 1883.

"The Irish refugees in New York, having grown tired of waiting for the British Consul to serve extradition warrants upon them, yesterday made a bold stroke. 'Number One,' Patrick Tynan, has come out into the light. General Pryor, his counsel, has thus written to Mr. F. F. Marbury, counsel to the British Consulate :—

"DEAR SIR,—From newspaper reports, published apparently by the authority of the British Minister at Washington, it may be inferred that the British Government would cause the arrest of Patrick Tynan if he could be found. I am instructed by Mr. Tynan to inform whomsoever it may concern that if he has not obtruded himself on public notice, neither has he been in hiding, and that on intimation to the undersigned he will promptly present himself to the Marshal to do and abide whatsoever the laws of the United States may require of him."

"Mr. Marbury last evening replied as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter of this date, I have to state that I have no information or knowledge whatever respecting your client, Patrick Tynan. I certainly have received no instructions to take proceedings for his arrest, and no warrant, therefore, has been applied for. Thanking you for your courteous offer to produce Mr. Tynan whenever he is called for, I beg to state that if occasion should arise I will further communicate with you.

"P.S.—There is another Tynan of whom I have seen some notice in the papers; but as to him I may also say that I have received no instructions, nor taken any proceedings."

"General Pryor, at an interview, stated that Tynan first appeared to him forty-eight hours before, and that his client has lived here quietly for months with his

wife and eight children. This sudden appearance is no doubt due to a belief among the Irish that evidence in support of a demand for extradition and sufficient to procure it will not be forthcoming in any pending case against Sheridan, Walsh, or Tynan."—American Correspondent of *Times*, May 21, 1883.

A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH.

"Some doubt is expressed here about Tynan in Brooklyn being 'No. 1,' chiefly because he gives a different name from that hitherto assigned him. I have absolute authority for stating that he is 'No. 1'; there is not a shadow of a doubt of that. When he first arrived here he lived in a house at Green Point with Dr. Hamilton Williams, directly opposite the house of Dr. Thomas Gallaher, the London prisoner. Dr. Williams is an Irish sympathiser who met Tynan in England. Tynan left Dr. Williams' house a month ago, and has been living since under his own name in another part of Brooklyn with his wife and children. He makes no effort at concealment. He attended mass yesterday. There is a slight difference in his appearance from what he was when the *Graphic* photograph was taken. His hair is short and his whiskers have been shaved, otherwise there is the same general expression, striking like the *Graphic* photograph. He is a man of medium size, talks with much intelligence and great earnestness, is greatly superior to all the other Irish leaders who have come to America in bearing and intelligence, and would impress any one as a man of force. He was led to communicate with counsel, and offer to surrender himself by his wife, who is worn out by constant anxiety, and since the Dublin executions has been haunted with the constant fear of her husband's arrest."—American Correspondent of *Irish Times*, May 23, 1883.

PRAYING FOR THE MURDERERS.

"Tynan is living at 191 West Baltic Street, Brooklyn. The Irish driver of the carriage who took him there from Dr. Williams' house betrayed him, and put the reporters on his track. Tynan refuses to talk with them. An inmate of the house tells me that Tynan and his family remained in prayer all night when Curley and Brady were hanged, observing the hour of execution exactly, allowing for the difference of time between New York and Dublin. Tynan mentions Curley and Brady with visible emotion. Yesterday he took a photo of Carey to a photographer, and ordered a large crayon portrait to be made from it. Tynan admits that he has brothers who look like him. One is named Harry, and is a doctor in India; the other, James, is a clergyman in Chili. He says he was in the Queen's Middlesex Volunteers at the time of the Phoenix Park murders. He had a mass said for Curley's soul on Sunday. He has no sympathy with Rossa, Sheridan, or Walsh, and says they are notoriety-seekers who injure Ireland. Tynan is evidently perplexed by the silence of the British authorities. Both he and his wife are suffering from the suspense. The newspapers have been making great efforts to discover Tynan's whereabouts. Several pretended to have found the house, but did not agree as to its position. Alleged interviews have been published, but they are undoubtedly false. Pryor says the published interviews are inventions, and that Tynan will make no statement till arrested. He was firmly convinced when he announced himself ready to surrender that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and was greatly surprised by the British Consul's assertion that no warrant had been issued. Dr. Williams, who has been intimate with Tynan, says that Carey invented 'No. 1,' and was himself the main mover of the Phoenix Park murders. Tynan has been supposed by the British Government to be that 'No. 1,' but now they think they have made a mistake. Dr. Williams' testimony must of course be accepted for what it is worth. Tynan undoubtedly believes himself the man Carey referred to. There are many theories about his conduct in offering to give himself up. One is that he thought himself safe after Curley and Brady had been hanged. It will be noticed that he revealed himself immediately after Curley's execution. This may partially explain his course, but I know that the principal reason was his wife's importunity.

"LATER.—Late this afternoon Tynan sent word to all the newspaper offices of this city and Brooklyn requesting a reporter to be sent to his house. The reporters assembled there in large numbers. When Tynan showed himself he said that on advice of his counsel he had decided to make no statement, though he had expected to do so when he sent for the reporters of the press."—*American Correspondent of Irish Times*, May 25, 1883.

IDENTIFICATION BY PHOTOGRAPH.

"Mr. Jenkinson, head of the Crimes Department, was shown in London by the authorities in Scotland Yard a photo which was supposed to be that of Frank Byrne, but on his return to Dublin he showed it to Mr. Mallon, Chief of the Detective Police, who said that it was not Byrne's. He took it to the wife of James Carey, who at once said it was the likeness of a man whom she had frequently seen. Mr. Mallon having received further information, proceeded to Jury's Hotel, where he learned that the photo was that of Tynan. He afterwards showed it to James Carey, who declared that it was 'No. 1.' Without impeaching the accuracy of these details, it may be stated that the identification of Tynan by the photo was established by totally different and much more reliable evidence—that of a lady who lived in his house in Kingstown, and knew him and his family intimately."—*Times*, June 7, 1883.

APPENDIX G.

THE FORMATION OF THE INVINCIBLES.

[As described by the Irish Attorney-General in his opening Statement to the Jury at the Trial of Joseph Brady, in Dublin.]

"In the latter part of the year 1881 an organisation was started in Dublin amongst persons of the class of Joseph Brady the prisoner—an organisation of persons bound by an oath, and by that which they would regard more than an oath, by their fears of each other, for the purpose of assassinating the officials of the Government of this country. They called themselves the Irish Invincibles, and I presume they thought they were invincible. But the law is too strong for them, I believe, invincible though they may have thought themselves. That was their name, and they were established in the autumn of 1881—I believe in the autumn or early winter—by persons, some of whom have fled from justice and are not now here to answer for their portion of this transaction—persons of higher station than Joseph Brady, the prisoner at the bar—or any of his immediate associates, persons who had the command of money and who used it, and who in the sight of God and of man's law, are even more responsible for what followed than their misguided tools and dupes, whom it is the duty of the Crown to prosecute, of whom the prisoner at the bar is one. One of the organisers of this Invincible Society was a man called McCafferty, who, in conjunction with several other persons who must be named before you, established this association in Dublin. I believe a man called Walsh, who is not here, was one of the originators of it. A person whose name is not publicly known, and was not known to many of those who acted with him, who has been described and will be described as 'No. 1'—a person also in a superior position—was one of those engaged in establishing this organisation and I shall not weary you with any details of its earlier conception. But the plan of it was this, that it should consist of members not exceeding fifty—I believe as a matter of fact it does not appear that there were ever more than thirty, if there were so many—who should be under the control of four heads, who might be described as a sort of committee of action in Dublin. The members were of course to be admitted only upon the personal report of these four individuals. They were selected from a body which as a secret society had been popular and powerful here at one time but which had to a certain extent fallen into a state of decay—namely, the Fenian organisation. By

this I mean this Invincible organisation was not a Fenian organisation so far as we know, but the members of it were persons who were selected from that body. The first four persons, who were the committee and established this organisation in Dublin, were a man called James Mullett and the man Edward M'Caffrey, whom I have named to you; a man named Daniel Curley, who will be frequently spoken of in the course of this case; and another man, James Carey. Those were the original four; James Mullett, Edward M'Caffrey, and Daniel Curley are all now prisoners on the same charge. James Carey was a prisoner and was one of those who were arrested first. That committee had the power of co-opting—of introducing others upon their own recommendation. It appears that the funds of the Fenian organisation had become very low, had got into a state of decay. No money was available and the subscriptions were in arrear; but the moment this new organisation suggested by men from a distance was started, they never wanted money. Money was plentiful; fifty sovereigns came in at a time, then forty and thirty; and those who were connected as the active working men of this conspiracy had plenty of money to spend to drive about from place to place, calling at various public-houses on their way, and conducting themselves in a way that was calculated to create suspicion. Daniel Curley, who appears to have had a superior position in the organisation of this body—I don't mean in point of station, but superior in point of personal influence—and suggested the names of many of these men. Joseph Brady, the prisoner at the bar, was introduced by James Mullett. The precise mode in which the tyrants were to be removed was of course discussed at the meetings of the organisation. A man called Sheridan, who had been before the public in other capacities, was then in Dublin disguised as Father Murphy—disguised as a priest. It was arranged that he was to supply and send over arms, and arms came in large quantities, including a number of dagger knives, surgical knives. I believe they were intended for surgical purposes for amputating large joints.

“An event occurred immediately after the 3rd of March which materially affected the position of the prisoner. On the 4th of March, one of those who had been on the committee or directory of the Invincibles, namely James Mullett, was arrested under the provisions of the Person and Property Protection Act, which at that time existed. Being arrested and put into prison—I believe he was in Kilmainham or Dundalk, I believe Dundalk—there was a vacancy on the directory, and Joseph Brady, the prisoner at the bar, was appointed to fill it, and from that time he acted as one of the committee of four.”—*Irish Times*, April 12, 1883.

APPENDIX H.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER.

THE SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.

“MR. GLADSTONE to MR. FORSTER. *Downing Street, October 9th, 1880.*

“I do not see why legislation should mean necessarily only suspension of the Habeas Corpus. We are now, I believe, inquiring whether the law allows, under certain circumstances, of combinations to prevent the performance of certain duties and the enjoyment of certain rights. If it does not, as I understand the matter, we prosecute. If it does, why may not the law be brought up to the proper point by an amending Act?”

“MR. FORSTER to MR. GLADSTONE. *Dublin Castle, October 10th, 1880.*

“My remark in my last note about the suspension of the Habeas Corpus meant this: that, as before, so now, we may find that nothing will check the actual outrages but arrest and detention of men on suspicion. When the whole population sympathises with the man who commits an outrage, he knows that hardly any witness will give evidence against him, and that a jury in his own district will certainly acquit him. On the other hand, this suspension is a most violent, I may

almost say a brutal, remedy, and before trying it we must be sure it is the only remedy."—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. pp. 258, 259.

"The general belief, both in Ireland and in England, was that the framing of the measure would be followed by wholesale arrests throughout the country, and morning after morning people turned to their newspapers expecting to read of a *coup d'état* which had led to the annihilation of the party of outrage in Ireland. Forster, however, had given his pledge in Parliament that he would personally supervise the execution of the Act which had practically invested him with despotic powers over the liberties of the Irish, and, strange to say of one who had been compared by a fellow-member in the House of Commons to Robespierre, he took a strict and conscientious view of this pledge. . . . Wholesale arrests might—probably would—have struck terror into the hearts of many of the enemies of the law, and from the strategical point of view those who complained regarding the failure to employ the Act in this way were not without grounds for doing so. But how could arrests be effected wholesale when Mr. Forster had undertaken to inquire personally into every case, and to see that the Act was administered with the utmost possible regard for the common rights of the Irish people? So the opportunity, such as it was, of 'striking a blow'—the favourite resort, be it said, of men whose only resource is brute force—was deliberately allowed to pass, in order that the extraordinary powers created by the Protection Act might be employed with the strictest regard for the rights of individuals, and for the pledges given when the Act was being discussed in Parliament that was consistent with the circumstances."—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. page 308.

RUMOURS OF "INVINCIBLES."

"For some time before this the police had been entertaining grave apprehensions as to Forster's personal safety. From various quarters they had received hints of the existence of a Secret Society which was not agrarian, but political in its character, and the object of which was to 'remove' by assassination those statesmen and political leaders who were supposed to be obstacles to the attainment of the desires of the Irish people. The first man to be thus dealt with was known to be Forster, and there was naturally great anxiety on the part of the authorities as to his safety. Forster himself was altogether free from this anxiety. To the courage of a brave Englishman was apparently united a certain degree of fatalism. He had his duty to perform, and whatever came to him in that plain path must be right. The religious sentiment too, which was always so real and strong in his heart, whatever might be his intellectual attitude towards Churches and creeds, sustained him with a sense of the Divine presence and protection. Thus upheld, he had no liking for the precautions for his safety which were constantly being taken by the police. In Ireland the matter was very much in his own hands, and he was thus enabled to get rid of the escort which the authorities at Dublin Castle were so anxious to force upon him. The case was different in England, where the supreme authority in the matter was the Home Secretary."—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. page 317.

AN EXPLOSIVE PACKAGE.

"Mr. Forster used to receive large numbers of threatening letters, many of them evidently mere threats, others of them of more genuine importance. They used to amuse him rather than otherwise, and if by chance a few days passed without his getting one, he would remark upon their absence. On one occasion an explosive letter was sent to him, but as he had left Ireland the day before it arrived, it was brought to the Under-Secretary [Mr. T. H. Burke,] who, rendered suspicious by its appearance, handed it over to the police, with instructions to get it chemically examined, when its true nature was at once made apparent.

"More serious, however, than either threatening letters or this clumsy device,

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was the information which used from time to time to reach the Government of plots against Mr. Forster's life. Precautionary measures were adopted—at first unknown to Mr. Forster, as he disliked the *game* of police protection, but later reluctantly submitted to by him. One morning in the early part of 1882, says Mr. Jephson, on my arrival at the Castle I received a written report giving detailed information of an intended attack on Mr. Forster. The source from which the information came was such that there could be no doubt as to its accuracy, or as to the imminence of the danger. On Mr. Forster coming to his office I brought the report to him to read, and urged on him in the very strongest terms the absolute necessity of his taking extra precautions for his personal safety. He listened rather impatiently to me, and then pushed the report away from him, saying to me, 'You may do as you like about it, but I have a presentiment I am not going to die that way.'"—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. pp. 327, 328.

IN TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE.

"The state of things in the County of Clare was exceptionally bad. The south-west, indeed, was the centre of outrage and resistance to the law. Forster determined that he would himself go down into Clare, Limerick, and Galway, in order that he might see the state of the country with his own eyes. When he first expressed his intention of making the journey, not a little opposition was offered by his colleagues, who were naturally anxious lest he should suffer violence whilst visiting places so notorious in the annals of political and agrarian crime. Their anxiety was increased by the fact that he was determined, as far as possible, to do without police protection. Nevertheless he persisted in his purpose, and his journey to Clare, so far from ending in the dreaded disaster, formed one of the brightest incidents in his career as Chief Secretary. There is no need to dwell upon the personal courage which was shown in facing dangers the reality of which was brought home, in only too terrible a manner, to the mind of the country a few weeks later. Nor is it necessary to add more than a few words to the picture of his journey as it is given in his own letters. He had made up his mind to see the worst that could be shown in Ireland with his own eyes; he was anxious, too, to come into close contact with the people of a district where the terror of the Land League seemed supreme. So he set forth on his journey with great confidence in an overruling Providence; his chief anxiety being lest, in spite of his orders to the contrary, a police escort might be provided for him."—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. pp. 390, 391.

THE STORY OF HIS ESCAPE.

"The most tragical crisis through which English rule in Ireland had ever passed was now close at hand; but no one save the conspirators who were plotting murder in Dublin knew how nearly the tragedy was anticipated on the day on which Forster—as it turned out for the last time—left Dublin Castle in order that he might confer with his colleagues in London. The full truth was not made known until months afterwards, when the country listened horror-struck to the revelations of Carey the informer. Mr. Forster had arranged to leave Dublin by the mail train from Westland Row for Kingstown on the night of April 19th, and his intention to do so had been publicly announced. 'While he was eating a sandwich for luncheon,' says Mr. Jephson, 'I asked him if he would not come down to Kingstown by an earlier train, and dine at the ROYAL ST. GEORGE YACHT CLUB, of which he was an honorary member, as it would be much pleasanter there than in Dublin. The club being scarcely a couple of hundred yards from the pier whence the mail steamer started, we could dine quietly there and walk to the steamer, thus avoiding the racket and worry of cabs, stations, and trains in Dublin. He hesitated, but said, "We'll see how work goes, and whether we can get away in time." At about four o'clock I went to him with the last batch of papers to be dealt with. When he had finished his instructions on them, I said, "Now, sir, that's the last, and we can go to Kingstown if you like." "Capital,"

he replied, "let us go;" and accordingly we left Westland Row Station by the quarter to six o'clock train for Kingstown, dined at the club there, and walked on board the steamer, where we met Mrs. Forster and her daughter, who had come by the quarter to seven mail train, little knowing at the time how dreadful a tragedy had been avoided. At a quarter to seven o'clock, on the platform at Westland Row, there was waiting the gang of desperate men known later as the Invincibles, determined at all hazards to assassinate him, and if he had left Dublin by that train instead of the earlier one, no earthly power could have saved him."—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. pp. 428 to 430.

THE NEWS OF THE PARK MURDERS.

"It was at a reception at the Admiralty that the tidings first leaked out, and it was there that Forster heard of an event which affected him more closely than any other person not a member of the families of the murdered men. His daughter writes in her diary: 'I went this evening, after our own dinner-party, with father to the Admiralty—an evening party to meet the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. After leaving my cloak, father and I were preparing to enter the drawing-room, filled with people, and a buzzing of talking and lights, but were met by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Howard Vincent. Sir William took father aside to speak to him, as I supposed, about some question of Parliamentary tactics, and I was left to talk to Mr. Vincent. By the look of father's face as he came towards me, I could see that something was the matter; but he frightened me when he said to me, "Put your things on; we must go." As soon as we were outside I entreated him to tell me what had happened, seeing that he had called a hansom, and was, I thought, going to drive off and leave me in this fearful suspense. But he said nothing, only signed to me to get into the hansom, and left word with the servants that the carriage was to go home. Then he said to me, "They've shot Burke and dangerously wounded Lord Frederick. They've killed Burke," he added. After some minutes, he said, "It's awful." "I don't understand it," I said. "They find the pressure taken off," he answered; adding, after another silence, "I shall go to-morrow, and ask if they'll let me go back."'"—*Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. W. Reid, vol. ii. p. 459.

APPENDIX J.

THE STORY OF THE PHENIX PARK MURDERS.

[As Given by the Irish Attorney-General in his Speech to the Jury at the Trial of Joseph Brady in Dublin.]

"Some time prior to that date May 6th, 1882, there had been changes in the Irish Executive. The distinguished nobleman who had until recently filled the high office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had left shortly before that time. He had been preceded by a gentleman, a Cabinet Minister, who until the 27th of April had been in Ireland, and had filled the important office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. His resignation had shortly followed, and they were succeeded in office by Lord Spencer, the present representative of the Queen, and by the Chief Secretary, who had then been appointed, Lord Frederick Cavendish. . . . Lord Spencer and he made, as is usual upon such occasions, a public entry into Dublin upon the 6th of May. . . . After a day spent in taking up the duties of their new station, the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary had both at separate times left the Castle to proceed to their residences. The 6th of May was a Saturday. At that season, and even without any exciting cause, such as the triumphal entry of a new Lord-Lieutenant, there was sure to be a considerable number of people in the streets and Park enjoying themselves and welcoming the spring of the year. And it was so on that day. The gentleman who is dead, and who is the subject of this inquiry, Mr. Burke, was also on that occasion busied with his usual duties

at the Castle until late in the afternoon. . . . He was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. . . . Mr. Burke was a hard worker. He attended very closely to the duties of his post. . . . Lord Frederick Cavendish left the Castle on foot, and proceeded to the Phoenix Park unaccompanied. He was seen walking along the main central road of the Phoenix Park upon the evening of that 6th of May at an hour which we may take to be about seven o'clock—a few minutes before it perhaps—but still in broad daylight and in a public place where there were numbers of people about. He felt no apprehension; he was conscious of no wrong; and he was walking, I believe, to the official residence which is assigned to the Chief Secretary in the Park. . . . Mr. Thomas Henry Burke was detained a little later in the Castle. He proceeded home towards his residence, which also is in the Phoenix Park. The Under-Secretary's lodge is immediately beyond the Viceregal Lodge on the right-hand side, and having reached the Park gate he took a car in Parkgate Street to drive home, as he was very often in the habit of doing. That car was driven by a man named Nicholas Brabazon. Mr. Burke got on the car. I don't know that ever he spoke, for his habit was well known. The man knew where to drive him, and he proceeded along the main road to the Park. He drove past the equestrian statue to Lord Gough, and driving on a little further than that he saw Lord Frederick Cavendish before him on the left, paid his carman, jumped off and joined Lord Frederick, and the two of them were seen walking onwards. . . . Mr. Burke was a man nearly sixty years of age, but who yet looked much younger. His hair was gray, but he was a man of erect, peculiarly erect carriage, and active bearing. He had almost a military look; and on the day in question he was dressed in a gray tweed suit. They proceeded along that pathway where they were seen by some who recognised them, and they must have been seen by many who perhaps did not at the time. His Excellency Earl Spencer had ridden on a path off the road attended by a member of his staff. He had been driving in the Park, and if he was not at the scene of this occurrence at the time, it was probably through the cause of accident—he was at any rate very close to it. On the right-hand side as you go up at a place known as the Nine Acres, there was a game of polo going on at the time. On the left-hand side there was a game of cricket at one of the cricket clubs. There were a number of persons about in the Park, and Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke passed on, seen and observed by some probably, and unnoticed by many others. . . . They proceeded past the front of the Viceregal Lodge. On the left side of the road as you go up there is a footpath—a raised path above the road. There were vehicles about in the Park, as at such times there always are. Some of these of course attracted no attention and no observation. There was nothing unusual in cabs and cars moving or standing—loitering about in the Park. When they had gone within a short distance of where the road was leading down in the direction of Chapelizod gate, but before they had reached the turn, a scene ensued which was witnessed by two or three people at least. It will be necessary for me of course afterwards to draw attention more closely to what took place, but a scene ensued which left upon the minds of those who saw it the impression that there was a rough scuffle going on on the pathway. Two men were seen to fall, but no one for a moment dreamed first of anything like violence, still less of open and atrocious assassination. What ensued? A car was seen to drive away on which some of those engaged in the scuffle left. There was also a cab seen to leave in another direction. Some of those who saw what had passed and seen that two of those who were believed to have taken part in the scuffle were left behind, on going to the spot found two dead bodies—one upon the roadway, within some couple of yards of the green slope, the other that of a man with the gray suit of clothes upon the footpath. Both of them were dead; both of them were lying weltering in their blood. That was all that was known of this at the time. . . . The medical examination of the bodies disclosed the circumstance that both men had been despatched by the same means. Both of them had been stabbed to death by pointed weapons of great sharpness, keenness, and strength, but not very large, and not necessarily more than ten or twelve inches in length. The wound that had been fatal in the case of Mr. Burke, and which, let us trust, was the first he had received,

was one behind his back, which passed there very near the shoulder, traversed right through his body, piercing the pericardium and the heart, and came out in front. But there were many other wounds upon him. I shall not unnecessarily attempt to harrow your feelings by a detail of them. There were many wounds inflicted by a weapon of a similar kind; but there was one wound—and I shall ask your attention to this, because you will see the bearing of it upon the evidence—there was one wound inflicted not by a thrust or stab, but inflicted by a cut which was upon the throat. His throat was cut. In the case of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the wounds upon his body were also numerous. The wound from which he died was one under the axilla or armpit—I know not on which arm—which severed the large artery which supplies the limb, and which must have produced death in a very short time by rapid bleeding. There was also an important wound upon his person which I must describe, or to which I must at least ask your attention, because it too has a vital bearing upon the case which the Crown here presents to you. Upon the left arm there was a wound which was not a stab, but which was, as it is described by the eminent surgeon who examined his body after his death, it was a slash. It was a wound which not alone severed flesh and sinew and cut and sliced the bone, but it punctured the bone of the arm with terrific force. It was a wound, not a stab, but a slash, and it must have been inflicted, as you will hear proved from the doctors, by a man of almost Herculean strength, assuming it was inflicted by a weapon not of itself of any great weight or size. That is all I intend to say as to the wounds on the bodies of these gentlemen, and I shall say nothing more. . . . I shall now tell you by what process, not of inference but of proof, we expect to bring home to Joseph Brady, the prisoner at the bar the guilt—the actual personal guilt—of both these assassinations. Every one present with part of a common design was just as guilty of both murders as though his was the hand that used the knife. But no such doctrine by inference is to be applied in the case of Joseph Brady, because the evidence will satisfy you—if it satisfies you of anything—that his was the hand which murdered both those gentlemen, assisted as regards at least one by another person not now on trial immediately before you. It was perfectly obvious that this crime was the result of a powerful organisation. It was not the sudden outburst of personal pique, malice, or ill-will. Against Lord Frederick Cavendish there could be none; personal grudge against Mr. Burke there was none, and even if there had been, that is not the way in which personal malice would have operated. The crime was one which could only have been conceived, and could only have been carried out, by a strong, powerful, and brutal conspiracy, bound together under circumstances leading them to rely absolutely on the loyalty or the fear of each other, and of those to whom their influence might be able to extend. . . .

“Mr. Burke was unknown to those men, even to the extent of their being aware of his appearance. But arrangements had to be made—first of all in the case of Mr. Forster and afterwards in the case of Mr. Burke—arrangements had to be made for his identification. There was a man called Joseph Smith, who is one of those who will be examined before you, who had been employed under the Board of Works as a workman in the Lower Castle yard; he had been engaged there. In that capacity he had an opportunity of seeing those who were connected with the Government passing in and out to their daily occupation, and he was acquainted with the appearance of Mr. Forster as he was acquainted also with the appearance of Mr. Burke. I believe he had at one time been a member of the Fenian organisation—he was not originally a member of the Invincibles. But it was desirable to secure his co-operation. I shall not tell the mode in which he was secured by a sort of invitation into the Invincibles, which at all events bound him or drew him to them so that he could not refuse to obey their commands although not trusted with much of their counsels. Mr. Burke being destined to take the place of Mr. Forster on the 5th of May, the Friday—an appointment was made by those desperadoes to waylay him in the Park, and accordingly, on the 5th at 10.30 in the morning, James Carey, who was one of the four, drove to the Park in a cab—driven by a man who will be mentioned frequently in the case, also one of the prisoners, named Fitzharris—and having arrived there he met, opposite the

Viceregal Lodge, a number of the active members of the Invincibles. He met Daniel Curley, who was on the occasion of these transactions the leader in actual command—at least I infer that from the evidence; Joseph Brady, the chief executive agent Pat Delany, also a prisoner at present suffering sentence for another matter; a man called Thomas Caffrey—not the M'Caffrey whom I have mentioned, who is a different man, but Thomas Caffrey; Joseph Smith, the man from the Castle I have mentioned to you, and who was there to point out Mr. Burke, and Tim Kelly, a young man also awaiting trial upon this charge, who will be proved to you to have been along with Brady, the other executioner of the commands of this body. There was also there besides the cabman Fitzharris a car-driver of the name of Kavanagh, who had undoubtedly brought some of the party there, and who will tell you whom, and also that stranger who had directed and supervised their proceedings, who presided at the institution of this Invincible body—Number One—who was there in person upon the field for the purpose of assassinating Mr. Burke. So many of course would not be needed for that object, but unless a large number would be present it would be attended with greater peril than these men, desperadoes though they were, were willing to undertake. And these men were there at half-past ten o'clock in the morning of the 5th of May, and waited, loitering about for Mr. Burke as he would come out on his way into town to his office. Then a matter took place which would startle one, if one were not past that, in a case of this kind. Being tired of waiting, being uncertain whether Mr. Burke had gone to town or not, they came actually to the resolve that one of them should go to his gate-lodge and ask for him; and the man who did that, who left them and who went to Mr. Burke's gate-lodge to inquire if he had left, was Joseph Brady. He was told that he had left, and he proceeded to make inquiries. Such was the overwhelming and surpassing audacity with which this plot was carried out, that he proceeded to inquire of the woman at the gate-lodge as to Mr. Burke's appearance. That woman will be produced before you. We will prove by those associates who were present upon the occasion that he left for this purpose and came back with that message. I don't know whether the woman at the lodge is in a position—whether she is in a position absolutely to identify this man, Joseph Brady, as the man who came to her and asked her this question on that day; but I believe she will say that the transaction occurred, and that so far as she can form an opinion to be able to tell you as to Brady being that man she will tell you. But however that belief may be, we shall prove by his associates that that transaction actually took place, and that when it turned out that Mr. Burke had left there was no use in waiting or delaying any longer and the parties returned to town, having made an appointment to meet again the same evening of Friday the 5th for the purpose of carrying out their project when Mr. Burke was about to return. . . .

"On that occasion they waited over an hour and Mr. Burke did not appear. But they met and left disappointed and baffled, making an appointment to meet the next morning, Saturday the 6th, for the purpose of carrying out this design. And out they were the next morning at ten o'clock, some of them at the same place being there for the same object, and on that occasion also their meeting was unsuccessful. They were appointed to meet at the Kingsbridge, on the bridge, a situation which of course would be available from whichever side of the river the victim came. James Carey, driving to the place in a cab of which the driver was Fitzharris, met on the quay two or three gentlemen, one of whom was, or Carey thought he was, Mr. Burke. . . . James Carey got out of the cab, sent the cab-driver on to inform the men at the bridge that Mr. Burke was gone, and they departed to meet again that afternoon. That Saturday was the day of the triumphal entry, as I have told you. These men were off work, but they had a rendezvous at a place close to Dublin Castle at the public-house of Andrew Wrenn—that opposite Palace Street—a place where they frequently met before, and a place which commanded a view of both approaches to the Castle, whether of the Upper or Lower Castle yard. At three o'clock or thereabouts, on that day, Joseph Smith, leaving his work at the Castle, was met by James Carey. James Carey undoubtedly was as thick in this assassination business as any of them. There

is no doubt of that. . . . He undoubtedly to the very last was one of those actively concerned in this murderous conspiracy. He met Joseph Smith, and arrangements were made. The men had all dined. . . . It was known of course that day that Mr. Burke would not be going home unusually early. They left that establishment of Andrew Wrenn's in an order I shall describe to you, and which I will ask you to recollect throughout the case. A car driven by Kavanagh, whom I mentioned to you, already was there. The car at the time when it started was either in or close to Sycamore Alley, which runs from Dame Street to Essex Street. The cab which was driven by Fitzharris was round Parliament Street at the corner of Essex Street—whether in Essex Street or Parliament Street does not make the least matter in the case. It was driven by Fitzharris, a man who was undoubtedly in this conspiracy. Whether he was a sworn member or not I know not. Those who left in the cab left, I believe, first. They left at ten minutes before five o'clock, and the occupants of the cab which left at that hour were James Carey, Joseph Smith and Joseph Hanlon. I ask you to remember those names. The route which they took was along the quay, I believe without crossing the river, until they came to the Kingsbridge. At Kingsbridge they crossed the river; they drove up to the Park gate straight and entered through the main entrance of the Park, and drove up the main road until they passed the monument. They stopped shortly after that—some distance from there; it will be pointed out to you. All the occupants of the cab separated to this extent: Hanlon it is believed went to the left, where there was a game of cricket going on, Smith and Carey went to the right side. Smith, who was the man who knew Mr. Burke, and was to point him out, took his seat upon one of the benches or seats which are there upon the road on the right side, and, after a short time, Carey—knowing, I presume, that Mr. Burke would not be home at so early an hour—strolled over to see a game of polo, which was then proceeding and with regard to which he had some curiosity. The car left Sycamore Alley after the cab was gone. The persons who were on that car I shall also ask you to recollect with unfailling memory, because it is one part of the case that should not be lost sight of. On the car were Joseph Brady, Tim Kelly, Caffrey, and Patrick Delaney. Now those who sat upon the car that day, the car being driven by Kavanagh the driver, were the same who accompanied it until the last we know of it in the course of the evening. The road it took was, I believe, the same as the cab—up to and across Kingsbridge; and from that point, instead of driving up Park Gate Street and out of the Park, they kept along the Conyngham Road to the left, where the steam tram rails were. They went to the first gate of the Park, and they turned in and went in a diagonal direction along the open public road, keeping the Magazine on the left and up along the drive. They went on in this way straight up to the gate of the Chief Secretary's lodge; they went up by the back of the Phoenix, and then they soon proceeded down the road as if in the direction to meet the cab. Those who were on it got off and the car remained there. Now you will observe that Curley was not either in the cab or on the car, but he had been at the place before they started. Fegan was not either in the cab or on the car, but both Curley and Fegan turned up in the Park and Curley was the chief in command. How he got there, whether on foot or not, I am unable to give you any account at present, but he was there undoubtedly. I believe he came to where Carey was at the polo ground. He intimated to him that he had no business to be loitering there or something to that effect. Carey came back from the place where he was watching the game of polo to the seat on the right-hand side where Joe Smith was. . . .

"A signal was arranged which was to let those who had to perpetrate the murder know of the approach of Mr. Burke, the signal being a white handkerchief. The rest of the gang were at this time, as will be proved to you, scattered about on both sides of the road up near the place where the assassination took place. At times there is no doubt they were lying down. At times they were standing up. There was nothing to attract much attention to their appearance or demeanour; yet something about them did, and I am not sure that it will not appear in evidence. . . . Mr. Burke was seen approaching.

Smith immediately pointed him out. Smith was not in the counsels of this body to the extent of having been actually informed of what it was that these men wanted with Mr. Burke, but he must have known it was for no good. He will tell you that the word being given—'Hurry up! Hurry up!'—the nose-bag was taken off the horse of Kavanagh, the driver jumped up on the car, whilst Carey and Smith also got upon it, and Carey proceeded to give the signal and told Smith to do so too. And Smith will tell you the horror of his own situation at the time, how he noticed that the carman Kavanagh was as white as a sheet, and appeared to feel in the same condition. They drove rapidly up. There was nothing then to arrest one's attention. They passed two policemen, or a policeman and a civilian like a recruit sitting on the side of the road at the left. There were numbers of other people on the left. They went up, and as they went they left the cab in which Carey had driven to the Park with Smith and Hanlon; they passed the cab on the right-hand side, not far from the scene where the murder took place. They drove up on the car. On leaping off the two persons who were to do the actual work of butchery were there—Brady and Kelly. Curley was there. He was in command of the operation, and Curley asked, 'Well, is he coming; is he coming?' He was informed by Carey, 'Yes; it is the gentleman in the gray suit.' There were the two together at the time when they had been seen. 'It is the gentleman in the gray suit; don't make any mistake, or something to that effect. Smith was there. Smith was not wanted. Carey asked Brady, 'What is this man to do?' 'Tell him to go off to h—l out of that,' said he. Smith left and went on farther up the road to the first turn upon the left which leads in the direction of the Chapelizod gate. It was only a short distance ahead. In going up to it he passed the car which had been on in that direction. He went off in that way as if towards the Chapelizod gate, leaving Carey and the rest behind him. Now the persons who were there with Carey beyond all doubt—I mean so far as the evidence is concerned—were these: Brady, Kelly, Pat Delany, and Caffrey. These were the four men who had gone upon the car; Hanlon had gone in the cab, Curley and Fegan had gone there by some other mode. Undoubtedly there were others of this gang scattered about; but these were there on the spot on the left-hand side at that moment, when they were joined by Carey and Joe Smith, and of course there were present both the carman Kavanagh and the cabman Fitzharris within a short distance. After Smith had gone, Carey also made some inquiry as to his part in the work, and he was told he was not wanted. His part was done. He had directed when Smith pointed out and given them such detail that there could be no mistake as to the victim, that they were ready and able to do the rest themselves. Accordingly he went off in a diagonal direction from the spot where they were across the green, through the grove of trees which is there, off in the direction of the gate which is near Inchicore, the gate through which the car had come on that day. As he went he saw the two gentlemen coming up. He saw the erect form and the figure clad in gray of Mr. Burke. He saw the mode in which the assassins had arranged themselves and were drawn up—of course you will take all this from the witnesses. I merely give you an outline of it. They appear to have formed themselves into three groups. There were seven of them. The first group of three consisted of Curley, Fegan and Hanlon. The second, of two, some twelve feet or thereabouts behind; these were Kelly and Brady. The third group, at some little distance behind them again, consisted of Caffrey and Delaney, and they appear, as I read the evidence, to have faced towards town as if meeting the gentlemen, one of whom was the object of their attack. Whether they actually proceeded to meet them on the walk or whether they just turned and faced them, I know not; but Carey will tell you that this happened, that seeing the two gentlemen coming along the pathway where they were passed by these seven, he saw the two pass through the ranks of the seven and came to the conclusion that it was another failure. I should have told you that the time that Carey left was exactly seventeen minutes past seven o'clock. We know now the reason why. Some vehicles were passing down the road, and if the drivers could not identify them they would at any rate

have carried the alarm into town at once. But it was a short respite. After Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick passed through, Carey turned around again when he was at some distance and saw what he described as a right-about movement executed by the last four. Those who had been in the rear were then of course nearest to Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and he saw the hindmost of these four—that is Kelly and Brady—come to the front and come nearest to their victims. He saw one of these four come into collision with Mr. Burke, and that one was Joseph Brady. He saw his hand raised. I believe it was the left, but we will have it described otherwise; he raised the left hand and seized him by the shoulder and stabbed him. The work was then done; at any rate as far as he could do it. Carey went off rapidly towards town and met the man named Smith, and they got on the top of a tramcar, and Carey took care to show himself immediately after at a public-house in Grafton Street, where he was well known. In the course of the evening he met Curley, who had given the account that was given, and which was proved to have been given not alone by Curley but afterwards by Brady himself, that, having allowed their victims to pass through, owing to the proximity of the vehicles on the road, afterwards he joined them and stabbed Mr. Burke in the way that Carey has described. Lord Frederick Cavendish was probably perfectly unknown to these men. I dare say they did know who he was and had attacked him. But a prize had fallen into their grasp when he was there. I believe they did not know it till afterwards. But at all events, he being perfectly unarmed like his friend Mr. Burke, when he saw this attack called out, 'Oh, you villain!' and with his umbrella made a blow at Brady. Not a word more passed. This man left his victim, who probably was despatched already—left him to Tim Kelly, whilst he sprang at Lord Frederick Cavendish—made a blow at him with a knife as he described it himself, and being a man of Herculean power he did the injury which I described to you before, fracturing the bones of the arm, and causing what is called a compound fracture, as well as cutting through the flesh and cutting a piece of the bone itself. Lord Frederick fell on the road, and he despatched him with blow after blow. The execution was then effected. The other men had got on the car—Kelly, Caffrey, and Delany—but Brady, and this was his own statement, returned to Mr. Burke to make his work quite sure, and he said himself after that he then and there cut his throat. Recollect the medical evidence I drew your attention before to, the two wounds not inflicted by a stab—that which was slashed upon Lord Frederick Cavendish and that upon the throat of Mr. Burke. Having done that he proceeded to wipe the bloody weapon upon the grass, ran after the car, which was actually in motion—of course it would not go without him. The other assassins disappeared down the road, got into the cab, and drove off at a rapid pace towards the town. I believe that Fitzharris, who was driving, stood up and lashed the horse into a furious speed. They passed the road which would lead to the Zoological Gardens, went to the Gough statue, turned up to the left, went out by the gate there—a course they took, I suppose, so as not to pass the front of the Constabulary Depôt, and went on to the North Circular Road, down which they disappeared.

"Meanwhile the car driven by Kavanagh, and which carried on it the same four men who had gone from Wrenn's public-house—Brady, Kelly, Caffrey, and Pat Delany—started off at a pace which could only be described as furious. They drove in the direction of the Chapelizod Gate, and along that road they hurried. There is a place near the Hibernian School where the road sinks, where it goes down a steep hill and forms a curve almost like the letter S when you get down to the corner. They hurried down that hill at a furious breakneck speed, but without accident. . . . When passing through the gate they were so hurried that they almost drove over a man who was there—a man called Cahill—and taking the right drove up to Chapelizod. At Chapelizod they were guided by Pat Delany, and being piloted by him through Chapelizod, turned to the left, up along the steep hill from Chapelizod, up towards where the road passes under the Great Southern and Western Railway. They could have gone on by that road, I believe, and gone into town, but at any rate they did not, and they turned

again sharp round to the right and went away in a direction from town ; and after making a long detour of many miles through the open country around Dublin, they came on to Roundtown, and they then went on to Palmerston Road, where Timothy Kelly, I believe, left them by jumping off the car while it was in motion and getting into a tramcar, and in that way went to town. The other three proceeded on the car with the driver until they came through Leeson Park and entered Leeson Street, and there they stopped in Leeson Street at a public-house kept by a person named Davis, where Kavanagh was paid a pound as the portion of his hire upon that occasion. It was a long round they drove, and at the speed at which they went it didn't occupy a very long time. There can be no doubt that it was well done in or under an hour, and they left the scene of the murder at almost or nearly as can be calculated at twenty minutes past seven o'clock, and thus you see by that manœuvre they reached town within an hour at a diametrically opposite point of the city from that at which the murder had been committed."—*Irish Times*, April 12, 1883.

APPENDIX K.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE JUDGE LAWSON.

"It was shortly after five o'clock that the judge left his house in Fitzwilliam Square. M'Donnell and Darker took the college side of Leinster Street, crossing Lincoln Place after leaving Clare Street side, Mr. Justice Lawson and his son being on the opposite side. M'Donnell, who had the rank of corporal in the army, is one of the rather large number of pensioners who, with the view to lighten the strain upon the resources of both the Metropolitan police and the Constabulary force, have been employed by the Government for protection duty. M'Donnell was on the outside of the footpath, and Delany, who was going at a rapid pace, jostled him as he passed, by this means attracting his attention to his movements. M'Donnell accordingly looked at him, and Delany, seeing himself observed, touched him on the arm and said in a significant manner, 'It's all right, you know me.' Meanwhile the judge was proceeding along the other side of the street, and just as he reached the Kildare Street Club, Delany was seen to cross rapidly. While he was so crossing M'Donnell noticed that the butt of a revolver obtruded from his inside breast pocket, so he immediately rushed after the fellow and came upon him just as he had stepped upon the footpath and had turned round to meet the judge who was coming on. M'Donnell then struck Delany, saying as he did so, 'Here's a man with a revolver.' A tussle ensued, in which the man tried to draw the revolver, and M'Donnell in the attempt to wrench it from him got the back of one of his hands cut.

"The policeman and his companion coming up to his assistance, Delany was overcome and brought to College Street Police Station. It is a fact apparently of some significance that the revolver is exactly of the same pattern as those found in the public-house in Dorset Street where M'Mahon was shot. . . . The police went to his residence in Cork Street and searched the premises, without however making any discovery of importance. Delany it appears was convicted and sent to penal servitude in the year 1870, not in 1869 as at first reported. One year of the term was however commuted, and he was discharged on ticket-of-leave in the year 1874, and was in consequence under police supervision since that period. He is a rather shabby-looking little fellow, who however scarcely looks his age. The police believe that the prisoner had a number of confederates on the spot, for an attempt was made to stop a Donnybrook tramcar at the moment the attack was about to be made on Judge Lawson in order to create a confusion, profiting from which Delany, after carrying out his atrocious intention, would have been facilitated in making his escape in safety."—*Irish Times*, November 13, 1882.

APPENDIX L

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MR. FIELD.

"Jurors true to their God, their consciences, and their duty gave verdicts in accordance with justice, and Mr. Field and Mr. Barrett were amongst them. The INVINCIBLES thought they could prove themselves superior to the law, paralyse its force, and deaden its arm—they felt perfect safety on account of their apparent immunity after the crime in the Phoenix Park. The night of the 27th November was selected for a double assassination—that of two jurymen, Mr. Field and Mr. Barrett. . . . One detachment of the INVINCIBLES went by order of Joseph Mullett to Westland Row to meet Mr. Barrett, and the other went to Westmoreland Street to attack Mr. Field, Mullett saying it would be a splendid thing if they could perform the double work the same day. Lawrence Hanlon and Tim Kelly went up from Westmoreland Street in advance or close to Mr. Field. Joe Brady and Daniel Delany had gone up to the corner of Hardwicke Street on Kavanagh's car and waited there. Hanlon gave the signal with a handkerchief. Mr. Field was knocked down, brutally stabbed, and feigned death. Then Brady and Kelly escaped on the car: Delany and Hanlon escaped by another route, and the whole party met again that evening at a concert. . . .

"Mr. Field deposed that on the evening he was attacked he left his place of business shortly before six, and proceeded to Frederick Street. When near his own door he found himself caught by the right shoulder, and the words 'You villain!' were uttered in a low tone. He looked up and saw two men in front of him and two behind. Immediately afterwards he was stabbed twice in the back and fell. He screamed 'Murder.' There were four persons standing at some distance. When he was prostrate several thrusts were made at his heart. He raised his left arm to protect it from the first of these, and the knife or sword—a three-cornered blade like a sword cane—went quite through his left arm. He continued to cry 'Murder,' and another stab was made at his left breast. This he warded off with his umbrella. Then he received two wounds, one of which cut his tongue and right cheek and another his left cheek. He feigned death and his assailants ran away. After their departure he staggered home."—*Irish Times*, May 4, 1883.

APPENDIX M.

THE TECHNICALITIES OF EXTRADITION.

TRUE BILLS FOUND AGAINST TYNAN, SHERIDAN, AND WALSH.

". . . . At a late hour in the afternoon the County Grand Jury handed in true bills against O'Brien and Edward M'Caffery for the wilful murder of Mr. Thomas Henry Burke. A true bill was found against Fitzharris, the cabman, for the same murder, as accessory after the fact, and true bills for murder were also found against P. J. Tynan, *alias* 'No. 1,' P. J. Sheridan, the late Land League organiser, and John Walsh, of Middlesborough, another organiser of the Land League. The grand juries were not discharged, but dismissed for the present. . . .

FINDING OF SPECIAL COMMISSION IN DUBLIN, APRIL, 1883.

"The step taken in presenting bills to the Dublin Grand Jury charging Tynan, Walsh, and Sheridan with murder although unusual is perfectly regular. Should true bills be found, and the prisoners not be extradited or surrender, they may, after various writs for their apprehension being returned unexecuted, and after various proclamations, be adjudged outlaws—a process abolished in civil actions, but retained in criminal proceedings. The effect of outlawry is that the outlaw may be apprehended by any one without a warrant, and the sentence of the law

executed upon him without further trial unless he can show that there has been a technical irregularity in the proceedings, in which case he must stand his trial in the ordinary form. Meanwhile, whether he is within or without the jurisdiction, his property is forfeited to the Crown, as expressly reserved by the Abolition of Forfeiture Act, 1870. Moreover, if the grand jury should find a true bill for murder, the position of the Government in demanding a surrender is strengthened. The whole process is a somewhat clumsy equivalent for what is called in foreign countries a conviction *in contumaciam*."—*Law Journal*, and *Times*, May 4, 1883.

THE CASES OF SHERIDAN AND BYRNE IN AMERICA.

"In reference to the extradition of Sheridan, the peculiarity which distinguishes the Extradition Treaty with the United States from all others should not be overlooked. The proviso excluding surrender for offences of a political character does not occur in the Ashburton Treaty. The reason for the omission is that the only things mentioned in the treaty are 'murder, assault with intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, or the utterance of forged paper,' and it was not supposed, at least in 1842 when the treaty was made, that the suggestion of a political motive would reduce the enormity of any of these crimes. The Government will have to produce to the examining magistrate such evidence of Sheridan's guilt of 'murder' as would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime had been committed in the place where he may be arrested. The treaty with the United States does not, like the more modern treaties with other countries, apply expressly to accessories to murder; but in both countries the crime of murder and that of being accessory to murder before the fact have the same punishment, and are treated as practically the same; and in the interpretation of a New York statute the word 'murder' has been held by the Supreme Court of the State to include the crime of accessory to murder before the fact (*People v. Mather*, 4 Wend, 229). The question therefore of the extradition of Sheridan is a matter for lawyers alone.

"Entirely different questions arise as to the extradition of Byrne. The treaty with France is very fully expressed, and applies to twenty-five offences, of which murder (including assassination) is one; and there is a general clause to the effect 'that the extradition is also to take place for participation, even as principals or accessories, in any of the aforesaid crimes.' The fifth article provides that 'no accused person shall be surrendered if the offence, in respect of which his surrender is demanded, shall be deemed by the party upon which it is made to be a political offence, or to be an act connected with (*connexe à*) such an offence.' If this clause should be appealed to on behalf of Byrne, the decision is practically at the discretion of the French Government; but they will have to put on record that they deem the offence to be a political offence, and will be subject to have their decision referred to in any case in which they may ask for the surrender of an accused person from this country."—*Law Journal*, March 3, 1883.

"The fact that Mr. P. J. Sheridan is in America is more than sufficient to rouse public curiosity in regard to the present condition of the arrangements for the extradition of criminals which exist between this country and the United States. The history of the joint arrangement between this country and the United States is not long. In 1794 the two Powers agreed by Jay's Treaty to deliver up to one another fugitives charged with murder or forgery, provided the evidence of criminality was sufficient. This treaty lasted for twelve years only, and was not renewed. From this period until 1842 there were no treaty provisions as to extradition between the two Powers; but it is remarkable that Mr. Clarke in his treatise upon extradition quotes the case of one Daniel Washburn (3 Wharton's Crim. Trials, 473, 4 Johnson Ch. Rep. 106), which shows that in 1819 Chancellor Kent, than whom there is no higher authority upon American law, held that irrespective of all treaties it was the duty of all Governments to surrender fugitive criminals, or persons charged upon sufficient evidence with criminal offences. In a later trial Chief Justice Tilgeman, without going to quite the same length as his predecessor, expressed an opinion that extradition was a

national duty which between neighbouring nations was of almost irresistible obligation. In these cases may be seen the *raison d'être* of the famous Ashburton Treaty, signed in Washington upon the 9th August, 1842, which still remains as we find in Mr. Howard Vincent's treatise, the only law upon the subject of extradition between England and the United States. Amongst other crimes which are enumerated in that treaty as being sufficient to warrant extradition are murder, assault with intent to commit murder, &c. Mr. Clarke observes that political offences are not specifically excluded; but reminds us that President Tyler, in transmitting the Bill to Congress, observed that the Bill was carefully confined to such offences as all men agree are heinous and destructive to the security of life and property, so that political offences and criminal charges arising from wars or intestine commotions might be excluded. The two most important cases which have been decided under this treaty are that of Kaine in 1852 upon a charge of attempting to commit murder, and that of the famous murderer Müller.

"The case of Mr. Sheridan evidently does not come within the terms of the treaty since the strongest charge which could be brought against him, upon the evidence of Carey, would be one of conspiracy to murder. There are, however, strong grounds for a presumption that the Government of the United States will be able to hand Sheridan over to the British authorities. The Ashburton Treaty contains no negative clause. The American Government does not say that it will not surrender persons charged with crimes not included in the twenty-seventh article; it only definitely promises to deliver to the British authorities persons charged with specified offences. On the other hand, the words of President Tyler show that the spirit of the treaty does not include political offenders, to which the answer is that conspiracy to murder definite persons for political purposes is not a purely political offence; moreover, it is an offence which is regarded as heinous by the law of all civilised nations. From the history of extradition law in America, it may be concluded that the United States Government has a discretion in this matter; from reflection upon present circumstances it appears probable that the exercise of this discretion will result in the extradition of Mr. Sheridan. The unsatisfactory state of the extradition laws has long been recognised in both countries, and the report of the commissioners appointed in 1878 to investigate the matter contains a proposition that amongst offences sufficient to warrant extradition shall be included all offences against person or property indictable at common law in England. Any treaty in which such a clause is present must of course be reciprocal, and the American Government is not likely to fail to reflect that the present law is of considerable antiquity. Finally, if the American Government felt a doubt whether it ought, on the hypothesis that it has a discretion, to exercise that discretion according to the desire of the English Government, that doubt might be dispelled by these words quoted in Mr. Lorimer's *Institutes of the Law of Nations*, p. 346: 'Les faits, qui réunissent tous les caractères des crimes de droit commun (assassinats, incendies, vols) ne doivent pas être exceptés de l'extradition, à raison seulement de l'intention politique de leurs auteurs.'"—*Law Times*, March 3, 1883.

THE CASES OF BYRNE AND WALSH IN FRANCE.

"It appears certain that the Government will not hand over to England the Irishmen who have been arrested in France. Not only is the guilt of the prisoners far from being established, but the Ministry means to adhere to the ground which England herself took in 1871. At that date the London Cabinet refused to extradite the refugees of the Commune, arguing that the charges brought against them were of a political nature. When the present state of Ireland is considered, it is hard to deny that the accusations brought against the refugees from that country should be placed in the same category."—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph*, March 6, 1883.

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