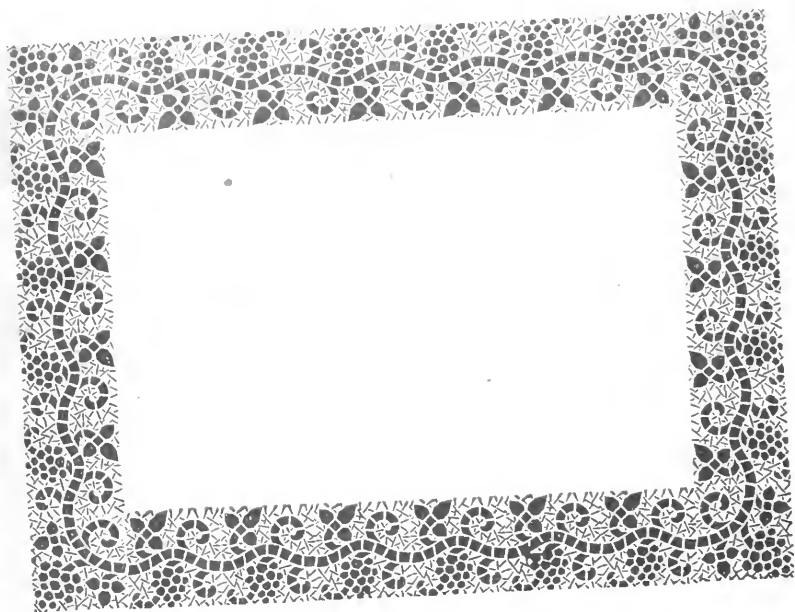




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The Land War in Ireland
by Wilfrid Scawen
Blunt



THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND



THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF
EVENTS

IN CONTINUATION OF "A SECRET HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT"

BY
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

With a portrait of the Author in prison dress.

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PREFACE

THE present volume, though it is issued as the fourth of the series of my Egyptian Memoirs, will be found to contain little about Egypt. Beyond a few incidental allusions to the Drummond Wolff convention, and the account of a three months' visit I paid to Cairo in 1887, it deals with nothing relating to Eastern or Mohammedan affairs. Almost the whole of it is devoted to Ireland, the westernmost of all the European nations and the most Christian, and in this way it stands in complete contrast to my other experiences.

Nevertheless, if I am to continue my Memoirs with due regard to chronology, this important section of them needs to be told, and I give it with little other comment than a plain transcription of my diary of the time. This I am sure will have its value, if not quite as history itself, at least as a contemporary document serving the history of the years treated and as a corrective of the accounts already published, some of them by Irish writers better qualified than myself to treat of the events but trusting to memory for their day to day details and subject to a stronger political bias. It was my good fortune to take the small part I played in Irish affairs at a moment when all nationalist Ireland was united in its fight for freedom, and to have retired from them before the great civil strife of 1891 began, retaining thus my independence of judgement between the rival parties which immediately afterwards rent asunder the body politic. I have consequently none but pleasant memories of the Irish leaders with whom I was associated, and am able to speak without bitterness

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ERRATA

Page 28, line 14, *for* "Lord Clifton the" *read* "Lord Clifton and the."

Page 409, line 13 of Sonnet, *for* "for me" *read* "from me."

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND

CHAPTER I

GLADSTONE DECLARES FOR HOME RULE

I N my former volume, "Gordon at Khartoum," I narrated how the deep interest I took in Egyptian and Islamic nationalism during the early eighties had brought me into connection with certain of the Irish members of the House of Commons who were then waging a fierce war against Mr. Gladstone's coercive government in Ireland, and how, at the General Election of 1885, I stood for Parliament as a Tory Home Ruler in opposition to Gladstone, and as a supporter of Lord Randolph Churchill. Churchill at that time professed himself to be friendly to Ireland's hopes, as also to most of the views I held about political and religious freedom in the East, and he had explained his position to me before the elections as that of one "educating" Lord Salisbury on both subjects, so that, as on English politics I was already a Conservative and indeed a member of the Carlton Club of some ten years' standing, I had found no difficulty in avowing myself his follower. I was, I believe, the only candidate at the 1885 elections who declared himself in plain terms for Parnell's full demand, the restoration of a parliament at Dublin. Nor did the fact of my Catholic bringing up fail to influence me in favour of Catholic Ireland. The two causes, the Irish and the Egyptian,

Tory Home Rule in 1885

the Catholic and the Mohammedan, seemed to me to stand on a common footing of enlightened humanity, and of that adherence to religious tradition which I held to be essential in every well ordered community. I was no fanatic, and I found little difficulty in recognizing in both movements a title to my reverence. It was a joy to me to identify myself in Ireland with a cause so spiritually congenial, so entirely in its best sense conservative.

It was, however, difficult to impose ideas so very un-English on an English constituency, the minds of electors being obdurate to any but very simple issues, and there were too few Irish among mine at Camberwell to make my declaration for Home Rule regarded as other than an unfortunate mistake, while there, as everywhere else in England, there was, and I believe still is, a minority of at least five per cent. to whom the name of "papist," whatever might be his political opinions, was altogether damnatory. The majority against me at the polls amounted to just that percentage of the votes, and it was less a surprise than a disappointment to my friends when I failed in my object. At the same time I think it was a misfortune at that particular moment for the Irish cause, and perhaps, too, for the Conservative, that the election went against me. Had I been returned to the House of Commons as Tory Home Ruler, the fact would have given weight to Churchill's position with Lord Salisbury, and perhaps have kept him loyal to his professions. There were some twenty Conservatives in the new Parliament who, though they did not avow themselves Home Rulers, were inclined that way, and many more who, with Lord Carnarvon, were strong anti-coercionists. I still think that it would have been better for Ireland to have obtained her free-

Salisbury and Parnell

dom from these, while Parnell, Protestant and Conservative, was still alive to reconcile Protestant with Catholic prejudice and to come to honest terms on the land question, than to owe it, as seems likely now to happen, to the socialistic movement of a generation later. Conservative England would at any rate have been spared the misfortune of witnessing a disintegration of her Parliament and the general discredit into which her House of Commons has fallen.

Be that, however, as it may, my defeat at the Camberwell election ended my connection with the Tory Party, though, for a month after this, I did not wholly make up my mind on the subject. It was thought at that time, November 1885, by not a few Tories, including Randolph Churchill, that the alliance between Parnell and Salisbury for election purposes might still be continued in the coming Parliament through a concession of some kind of Home Rule, if it did not quite include a Parliament at Dublin. Churchill himself was still prepared, or half prepared, for it, at least so I judge from his language to me at the time which was in this sense, though he blamed me for my premature declaration in its favour. An alliance with the Irish seemed indeed a Parliamentary necessity for the Conservatives if they were to have a chance of retaining office, for it was known that Chamberlain had been in communication with Parnell, and had made a bid for Nationalist support by the offer of a National Council as a first step to Home Rule. It was absolutely unguessed, however, that Gladstone had any tendency himself in that direction, and Chamberlain's offer was looked upon as an intrigue and a means of supplanting his chief as Leader of the Liberal Party. Salisbury's attitude was very doubt-

Randolph Churchill

ful. He had certainly had dealings with Parnell indirectly through Carnarvon; and both had declared themselves before the election to be opposed to coercion in Ireland, coercion to which Home Rule was the only practical alternative. All was therefore still in doubt during the first three weeks that followed the elections, as the following extracts from my journal show. They are of importance as throwing light on Churchill's position.

“Dec. 4, 1885.—Called on Randolph and had a long talk with him at the India Office. He expressed himself very strongly in favour of my going on with him, and assured me that there would be a new dissolution in a few months, and that I could not do better than stick to Camberwell. I told him that he understood my plans in life well enough to see I could not throw away four or five years running after a seat in Parliament, but that, if it was really a matter of months, I would do as he wished—only I must be helped at head-quarters. I had failed at the election mainly from want of help, and he must see that I was not neglected again. He then wrote a note in this sense to Middleton (the Conservative agent), and promised all should be done that could be done. Afterwards we talked about Ireland. He thought I had perhaps lost votes by saying what I had about Ireland and Egypt, but I assured him that was not the case, at least about Egypt. About Wolff's mission he told me it was at a standstill because the Sultan was angry at Lord Salisbury not agreeing to a restoration of the *status quo ante* in Bulgaria. ‘The Turks are quite mad,’ he said, ‘and will ruin themselves’; the Sultan would not now let Mukhtar go to Cairo. I told him I thought Jemal-ed-Din had been at work against Wolff, and regretted that Wolff had not secured him when he

Still Fast and Loose

had the chance.¹ On the whole I think Churchill is sincere in wishing me to be in Parliament with him—but I only half trust him about Egypt and Ireland—his instincts are good, but he constantly in public belies his private views. Button² declares he will not hear now of Parnell or his Parliament. Lord Salisbury's mind, however, it would seem is open, and we may yet see the Tory Party giving Home Rule to Ireland. If not, Chamberlain will certainly give it. The Irish question must break the Government anyway, and it will dissolve Parliament.

“Dec. 8.—Chapman [the Reverend Hugh], my chief supporter at Camberwell, is down here at Crabbet arranging our future campaign in the constituency, and though I feel much less than keen, I have decided to go on with it at least for the present. I make it, however, a *sine qua non* that, whatever course the Tory Party may adopt about Ireland, my own programme for it shall remain unchanged. When I mentioned Ireland to Churchill the other day, an odd mischievous look came over his face. I fear he won't stick to his flag. Also, I feel pretty sure the extreme Radicals will join Parnell, and that, when the pinch comes and it is a question of Home Rule or Civil war, Parliament will be dis-

¹ Drummond Wolff's mission will be found fully explained in my “Gordon at Khartoum.” It had been arranged, with my assistance on certain points, between Churchill and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, its object being to come to an amicable understanding with the Sultan for a permanent settlement of the position in Egypt such as would allow a recall of the English occupying garrison. My part in the matter had been the bringing over to London, in order to confer with them, of the well-known Mohammedan reformer and Panislamist, Seyyid Jemal-ed-Din.

² My cousin, the Honble. Algernon Bourke, then on the staff of the “Times.” (See my “Secret History” and “Gordon at Khartoum.”)

Gladstone's Home Rule Kite

solved with a Tory cry for martial law in Ireland. Then, unless I am very firmly seated at Camberwell, I shall be unhorsed. On the whole I feel vastly indifferent as to the result of Chapman's efforts. Talking about Burmah, Churchill told me they had discovered it was not so much King Thebaw's fault as that of his ministers. They always make these mistakes somehow.¹

"*Dec. 12.*—Wrote to Parnell to congratulate him on his victories at the elections. It is very aggravating that I shall not be able to help now in bringing about Home Rule which the Irish are sure to get from one party or the other."

Five days later Mr. Gladstone put forward his notorious new programme of Home Rule for Ireland for which no one, either Whig or Tory, was at all prepared. The manifesto as published on the 17th was not signed by him, and turned out to have been drawn up by his son Herbert; but it was universally understood as the first indication of a total change of policy on the part of the G.O.M. I believe that the real reasons for his sudden decision were these: Mr. Gladstone had of course long had a certain private sympathy with Irish Nationalism, and a dislike for the barbarous methods by which the Government of Ireland was carried on from Dublin Castle. He was, however, not a man to allow mere sentiment, however strong, to rule his Parliamentary conduct, and the Irish might have waited for ever

¹ I find a note of this date, 8th December, from Lady C. In it, after condoling with me for my defeat at Camberwell, she says: "Into the House you must get, and it will not be long before you will have another try, when you will understand matters better. The Prince (of Wales) was so sorry, but he says this must make you stick more to it, as they really want someone like yourself in the House. He says this Government cannot last a year. I will tell you more of what he said when we meet."

Reasons of his Conversion

for a practical alliance with him but for two urgently strong reasons. The first of these was the great increase secured by Parnell in the representation of his party in Ireland. The Nationalist members had risen from sixty to eighty-five; also, what was still more decisive with him, the Irish vote had, or seemed to have, a powerful influence on the English constituencies. The organization of the Irish vote in England had been intrusted to T. P. O'Connor, and that astute parliamentarian had been able through his intimate connection with the press to persuade every one in England that the importance of the Irish vote, which he enormously exaggerated, would be henceforward a determining feature in English party elections. A second and more creditable motive with Gladstone for making the Irish cause his own was the terrible moral discredit into which he had personally fallen, through the blundering iniquity of his Egyptian policy, resulting as it had in a complete stultification of his Midlothian preaching, and saddling him with the special odium of the death of Gordon. He was unwilling to end his public career, once so honourable, in such a sunset of disgrace. This at least is how I read at the time, and still read, his sudden and wholly unlooked-for change of policy. Doubtless, too, he feared that Chamberlain would forestall him as the champion of Ireland and rob him of the Liberal Leadership. Be this as it may his new resolution seems to have been known not even to those most intimate with the workings of his mind. I find in my diary the first notice of it as follows:¹

Dec. 17.—To London and dined with Ferid

¹ This appreciation of Gladstone's reasons was written before the publication of Morley's "Life of Gladstone," which gives it a more consistent and elevated character. I do not, however, materi-

“ These Rascals abuse him ”

Bey, who has been recalled from the Turkish Embassy here, apparently in disgrace, now that Rustem Pasha the new Ambassador has been appointed. He seemed to fancy his communications to me two months ago might have had something to do with his recall. But I reassured him. I have never mentioned his name to a soul.¹ Eddy Hamilton² came in and sat down beside us. I attacked him at once about Mr. Gladstone's programme of Home Rule for Ireland, which was printed in this evening's 'Pall Mall.' 'You mustn't believe,' he said, 'all you see in the papers.' But he did not deny the report. I said, 'it is a sign of grace in the Old Man, and I feel half inclined to forgive him. We may see him doing justice to Egypt yet.' He said, 'Nobody has done more for Ireland than Mr. Gladstone has, and yet these rascals [the Irish members] do nothing but abuse him.' He was curious to know whether Lord Salisbury had reversed my sentence of exile from Egypt.³

“ Dec. 20.—Wotton. I hunted yesterday from Norwood Hill, the run of the season and the best I ever had south of the Thames, an hour and forty minutes without a check and killed at Old House Farm, a mile beyond Ockley. Shiraz, out for the first time, carried me splendidly. Then I drove on and slept at Wotton. This is a fine old house, the property of a fine old gentleman, and one who has a heart to understand. There are a number of young

ally alter my opinion that his reasons were in fact mainly those that I have named. Gladstone was above all things an “old parliamentary hand.” See also page 39.

¹ See “Gordon at Khartoum.”

² Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Gladstone's principal private secretary.

³ I had been forbidden to return to Egypt by Lord Granville in 1883. See “Gordon at Khartoum.”

“ *You must go to Gladstone* ”

ladies in the house and children, a fine family party. I remember William John Evelyn thirty years ago at West Horsley Place, a shy young man, much bullied by my old relative Henry Currie, who thought himself the lord and master of this part of Surrey. Evelyn was then already M.P. for Surrey. He has now just been returned for Deptford, where he has a large inherited property and is called ‘the Squire’—a truly honest man, such as it does one good to see. Wotton is of course a most interesting house, and the library, though of no great size, one of the best worth going through I know. There is an American, Van Zant, staying here, who has silver mines in California. We discussed the Irish question which is in all men’s mouths; he does not love the Irish Americans.

“ *Dec. 25.*—Christmas Day, which I am spending at Newbuildings looking over the events of the past year. I have decided to retire definitely from the Camberwell candidature, as Gladstone’s adoption of Home Rule has made my position as a Conservative Home Ruler impossible. I have written to Randolph to ask him about it, or rather to warn him that I can go no farther, and I am writing also to Duckett, my chairman, to announce my retirement. The whole thing has left me deeply dispirited, and I find it impossible to turn my hand to what interested me before. Ambition is a poisonous thing, mere gambling; and this is the morning after.

“ *Dec. 27.*—An answer has come from Randolph to say: ‘It is out of the question. If you want Home Rule you must go to Mr. Gladstone. We cannot touch it.’ This is frank, but it almost necessarily ends my connection with the Tory party. Harry Brand¹ writes to ask me to a political dinner

¹ The Honble. Henry Brand, M.P., afterwards second Lord

T. P. O'Connor

at Brooks' to form a 'Fourth Party.' I have answered that I am quite in the mood to form a Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth Party, being for the moment in a cave all by myself. I am not likely, however, to get much comfort out of the Whigs.

"*Dec. 29.*—Dined with Bertram Currie; he is less unfavourable to Home Rule than I thought he would be, taking the purely commercial view that a Home Rule Ireland would get no financial credit.¹

"*Dec. 30.*—Called at the Irish National League Office, where I had a long talk with the sub-secretary, who gave me some amusing details about the way they had turned the elections in England. At Brentford the priests and all the Irish, of whom there are a great many market gardeners of a very early immigration, who had voted Liberal for generations, were pledged up to the eyes for the Liberal candidate, but, the day before the election, one of the O'Connors, M.P., had gone down and called a meeting and had made them vote, 800 solid, for the Conservatives.

"Went on to T. P. O'Connor, in Grosvenor Road, by the river, and found him just up at one o'clock. He is a tall athletic man, intelligent, communicative, with a certain journalistic twist, but evidently a man of vigour. He talked freely about Ireland; he said the more complete the separation now, the sooner the wound would be healed; half measures would only prolong the agony, and embitter the anger. He would not hear of the necessity of continuing the connection with the Imperial Parliament, though he has 'personally no intention of going

Hampden. He had been Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in Gladstone's administration of 1880-1885.

¹ My cousin Bertram Currie, the well-known banker; he was an intimate friend of Gladstone's, and much in his confidence.

A Dinner at Brooks'

back to live in Dublin.' He would heal the quarrel by absolute separation, except only the connection of the Crown. This last would be an advantage to Ireland. But they must control the whole of the administration, finance, police and all. Ireland would be in a poor way, but would be all the happier; they had a deal of leeway to make up, and would have to attend to their own affairs; why should they meddle with Imperial matters or pay for Imperial wars? As to the confiscation of property and the persecution of Protestants, Parnell was a Protestant and a land owner, and would see to all rights being protected.

“Dined with Harry Brand, Bo Grosvenor, and Courtenay Boyle—Bartley, the late Conservative agent, along with them. They talked about liberty in a way to make Charles James Fox turn in his grave. They are all for blood and iron in Ireland, and are going to support Lord Salisbury if he goes in for martial law. They are for disfranchising the whole country, suspending *habeas corpus*, and dragging the people. Bartley chimed in. He is a vulgar fellow, not quite at his ease in the company of gentlemen. The others are all Whigs of the old school, who are a bloody race; and they are maddened with the thought of losing property in Ireland. Hartington, Harry says, will go with them, for he has great possessions. Courtenay Boyle was the least unreasonable of the three. I, of course, was in a minority of one, but stuck to my guns; it is a bad business. [This dinner at Brooks' Club seems to have been a very early idea of the Liberal Unionist secession. Harry Brand became Liberal Unionist Whip.]

“Button tells me they have found out already that Burmah won't pay, and are at their wit's end

Naworth Castle

how to finish the job; Indian finance can't find the money, and they intend to raise the salt tax and impose an income tax. He has seen Wolseley. They have no policy for Egypt, but were to attack the Arabs to-day, and put as many as they could to the sword.

“*Dec.* 31.—A final meeting in Camberwell of certain electors in Duckett's house. I propounded to them my Home Rule views and proposed to retire from further candidature. Now that I intend to leave them they are sorry, and it has been agreed that the thing shall stand over till Parliament has met and Lord Salisbury has declared his policy. I wrote a letter to the ‘Times’ on Home Rule, and left by the night train for Naworth. There I am spending the New Year. May it be more fortunate than the old!

“*Jan.* 1, 1886.—Arrived at Naworth in the dark, an hour or more before daylight. I had to walk from the station, a wild, blowy, pitch-dark morning. But it is fortunately a quite straight road. There is something exciting about being out in the dark before the dawn, and I felt like a moss trooper on a raid. When I arrived at the old Border Castle the door stood open, and I had got upstairs before I met anybody, and then only a housemaid over whom I stumbled in a dark passage cleaning the floor. Mary was the first member of the family I saw, who wished me good morning and a happy new year. All at Naworth is unchanged, children, governesses, and tutors, in the same noisy order which surprised me the first time I came here. The racket does one good, and the discomfort, for all our evils come from too much ease and selfishness. At twelve we rode and got wet through, and in the afternoon played hockey.

James Anthony Froude

“The Goodenoughs are here, and Froude¹ and his daughter. I never was more taken with any one than with Froude, from the moment he came into the room and spoke, for his voice is the most sympathetic in the world, and I am always attracted by old men. He has been staying with Lord Derby at Knowsley, and gave an amusing description of him and his optimist view of public affairs. In the course of the evening Froude said quite a number of good things. He described having seen Gladstone at the Tower fingering the axe. ‘He is just the man,’ he said, ‘who in other days would have found his way out of the world in that fashion. A man formerly, when he had made as many enemies as Gladstone has, always ended his days in the Tower.’ He thinks, just as I do, that Gladstone is a mere Parliamentary, to whom the great politics of the world have no true existence, and are, with his principles, only a means to Parliamentary ends. Chamberlain he thinks highly of, as a man who knows his own mind, has a sense of justice along with deep prejudices, and would have the courage to play a Cromwellian part. Our talk was very much, of course, about Ireland. He recognizes in the Irish a people belonging to a different age of ideas from our own, and he thinks that Parnell might perfectly well, if he is a man really of courage and prepared to fight, rule them with a strong hand. He believes Home Rule must come, on account of our democratic weakness here, which is incompatible with Empire. He has little belief in its dangers to England. What I like about Froude is his lightness in hand. Though a pessimist in politics, he is one who smiles through it all, and makes neither himself nor others unhappy about it. His

¹ James Anthony Froude, the historian.

Froude's Conversation

conversation fades as I try to recollect it; it has lost the tone of his voice.

“*Jan. 2.*—Rode with Mary to the farm and round by the river. She is still full of her enthusiasms about serious things. Afterwards we walked, a large party, to the waterfalls.

“Froude this evening was more than ever agreeable, talking alone to Mrs. Howard and me for two hours while the rest were listening to music. He talked of the changes in modern Oxford, of his old friendship with Clough when they alone were sceptics there. ‘But we stumble to-day,’ he said, ‘over the roots of the trees we planted.’ He talked with contempt of the scepticism of Dons and Ecclesiastics, but with admiration of men of science. He was pathetic in his talk of past days. About the ‘*Vestiges of Creation*’ he said ‘it was impossible it could have been written by Chambers, as Chambers had always been a dull man and a dull writer; the “*Vestiges*” was a work of genius, of poetry and imagination, besides being very accurate in its science.’ Froude reviewed one by one the men he had known. He hates divines and is a Voltarian, but laments the loss of belief. We talked of Manning and Newman. He had gone with Manning to Littlemore some days after Newman had seceded, but Newman refused to see them.

“Vernon Lushington and his daughters have arrived, and we are a large party. At dinner we discussed the causes of the Egyptian war; and Mrs. Howard narrated a conversation she had had with Chamberlain shortly before the bombardment of Alexandria, in which he told her that he and Dilke had written to Gladstone urging active measures on account of the stagnation of trade in the North. This conversation was in Palace Green, and is

Rousseau's Confessions

important inasmuch as Chamberlain now denies having been influenced at all by commercial considerations in the line he took.

"*Jan. 3, Sunday.*—My letter about Ireland has been printed in the 'Times.' George says that I don't speak the truth in it because I call myself a Conservative. But what in Heaven's name else am I? Even Mary reproaches me on this account, for in this house party politics are a religion, and the standard of orthodoxy is so high that one is constantly in fault, or rather in default.

"*Jan. 4.*—Out shooting in the woods by Lanercost, an extremely pleasant day. Just enough sport to be agreeable, and the woods lovely. We killed some 40 cock pheasants, three woodcocks, and a number of hares and rabbits, besides seeing three roe deer; these have come in lately over the border from Scotland.

"In the evening we had a great discussion about Rousseau, Froude condemning him unsparingly. He said, 'I hate him. I once got caught by him like a fly in treacle.' I have the same feeling, though I still think the 'Confessions' a most beautiful book. Rousseau one despises, yet one loves him for the sake of this book, just as one loves one's own despicable self. Froude would not have it that Goethe was tarred with the same brush. But, to my mind, the only difference between them on the point of morality is that Goethe's mind was healthy, Rousseau's diseased. Voltaire, we both agreed, was morally healthy, though, as Froude said, 'It never did any one good to read him.' Tristram Shandy and Reineke Fuchs are Froude's bible and prayer-book. But Vernon Lushington¹ was shocked at this;

¹ The late Judge Lushington, a Positivist, and one of the very best of men. I had known him from my boyhood up.

Lyulph Stanley

he thought Sterne immoral, though it appears that both Voltaire and Rousseau are saints in the Positivist calendar. Mrs. Howard made a great stand for Georges Sand. But we all condemned her. Balzac I defended against Froude, who, however, only knows him through 'Le père Goriot.' This was as brilliant a conversation as one would wish to hear. Froude is admirable; he described Sir Charles Grandison in a way which almost made one wish to read him. He talked also admirably about Ireland.

"*Jan. 5.*—Fitz-James Stephen has a letter about Ireland in the 'Times' to-day which has led to much discussion. I find people getting more and more anti-Irish; and all Mrs. Howard's pet Radicals here refuse to believe that Gladstone can have had any dealings with Parnell. Lyulph¹ has arrived and takes a neutral part, inclining to Home Rule, just as I should have expected of him. It is curious that, with his great cleverness, he should never have got farther than he has. As a boy he was most brilliant, and he is still one of the ablest political fencers I know. But his personality inspires no enthusiasm, and he will never be more than he is, an excellent chairman of committees, never a party leader.

"After a morning of rain and snow we went out riding, catching a glimpse of sunshine just before sunset, and in the evening we had a tenants' ball, keeping it up from 9 p.m. till 6 a.m. I went to bed at 3. The scheme of life here at Naworth has certainly been a great success. Let people laugh as they may, it is not a small thing to have brought about such a fusion of classes as this ball proves to be possible, for it was unlike other tenants' balls in that there was absolutely no *gêne* between host and

¹ The Honble. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., now Lord Sheffield

Sir Wilfrid Lawson

guest. Mrs. Howard was there with all her children, from the eldest to the youngest, and all present seemed absolutely pleased.

“*Jan. 6.*—The life of this house is like that of a Bedouin camp. Though the ball ended at 6, we were called none the less at 8; and breakfast was at half-past nine for all comers. Mrs. Howard surpassed herself, for she did not go to bed at all, and spent the interval between the ball and breakfast in taking a walk. Now she has gone to a meeting of some kind at Brampton; it has turned bitterly cold in the night and is snowing.

“*Jan. 7.*—Shooting again. We got about three hundred head, very good considering how little the shooting is kept up here, no reared pheasants or even feeding allowed. At night we had another ball like the first. I danced with Mary and her mother till four o'clock and wished them good-bye then, for I was to start by the early morning train for Brayton.

“*Jan. 8.*—It was a terrible cold morning, the roads mere sheets of ice, and it seemed at one time impossible I should get away. At Brayton I found them just starting to go shooting, and we had an eight mile drive to the Derwent, in whose neighbourhood we shot. My head was swimming with the effects of the ball, and I could hit nothing and shall go down to fame here as ‘the man who missed the woodcock.’ Sir Wilfrid [Lawson] was out in the most unsightly garb imaginable. But he was full of his jokes and shot remarkably well. At luncheon he recited some amusing verses *à propos* of the game laws:

‘Once in September, on a Sabbath morn,
I shot a hen pheasant in the standing corn,
Without a licence. Could there be a plan
More hostile to the laws of God and man?’

Salisbury's intended Policy

“He is capital fun with his boys, one or two of whom have a touch of his wit. We were at one time within a mile of Isel, which belongs to him, and which I used to know so well when Percy and Madeline Wyndham were living there. Skiddaw, with a sprinkling of snow, was close to us, a very imposing sight. I got a letter yesterday from Parnell, thanking me for mine, but with nothing interesting in it except the autograph.

“*Jan. 9.*—Lawson has been writing an amusing letter about Home Rule to the ‘Pall Mall.’ We have agreed to go to Egypt together at the end of the month, but I feel no keenness now about anything.

“To London by the night train.

“*Jan. 10, Sunday.*—Arrived in London in heavy snow, the streets almost impassable. Saw Button, who tells me Lord Salisbury intends to try a mixture of coercion and legislation for Ireland. Gibson, Carnarvon, and Randolph were for Home Rule or something like it. But the party wouldn't go on with them. So they are going to bring in a boycotting law, suspend the Irish members, and assimilate Ireland to England by a scheme of local government, with an attempt to get the Church on their side by endowing religious education. It is all twenty years too late, and will only end in outrages in Ireland and blowings up of the House of Commons in London. The Whigs will join in this precious plan. But there has nearly been a split in the Cabinet, and Randolph is angry. Button still thinks Randolph has great influence with Lord Salisbury. Gibson does not dare speak out.

“Button has been staying at Hatfield. He tells me the true story of Mr. Gladstone's Irish kite is that at Hawarden the old man was pressed by his

Herbert Gladstone

family to declare himself convinced, as he is, that Home Rule had become a necessity. But he refused. Then Herbert suggested that he, Herbert, should state the case through the London Press Association, which Gladstone uses on occasion, and the old man did not forbid him. It was therefore perfectly understood that the thing should be put forward, but without compromising the elder Gladstone. And so it was done. Now, Button thinks he will refuse to formulate his views while out of office. Perhaps he will retire from public life.

“*Jan. 11.*—They have arranged to have a conference on Egypt and the Soudan, at which I am to make a statement; and I have written to Randolph to ask him to see me to-morrow. I don't want to go against the Government if I can help it. But I have lost all confidence in them. Their abandonment of Ireland is disgraceful, and, as far as I can see, they are going to do no better in Egypt. At any rate, Lord Salisbury has been six months in office and has done absolutely nothing. I don't know where to turn now for an occupation. I should like to devote myself to the cause of Ireland. But will the Irish accept me?

“*Jan. 12.*—Randolph sends to say he can't see me. So there is nothing good in that direction. In Parliament I could have forced them to consider me. Now they care not a rush. This was to be expected. Called on Laura Lyttelton. She has been staying at Hawarden, and the *consigne* there is to throw all the blame of the Home Rule declaration on Herbert's *étourderie*. However, we know better than that. It is the story of the article signed G. over again; and Labouchere told me at least two years ago of his negotiation for the Irish party with Gladstone through his son.

Irishmen in London

“*Jan.* 13.—Parliament met yesterday and chose its speaker, Peel again. In the afternoon to the Irish National League Office, and sat talking with the secretary and with people who came in. The secretary is a very honest fellow, pale, consumptive, and patriotic. How absurd it is to try and force the Irish to become Englishmen! They are as much foreigners to us as Frenchmen or Spaniards are. Their ideas are quite unlike ours; and their conversation and all their habits of mind. Barry O’Callaghan was there. He told me to expect a dissolution of Parliament in a few months. An arrangement had been come to with Gladstone and the Radicals to turn Lord Salisbury out of office on the first convenient occasion, and that then Gladstone would give Home Rule. Chamberlain had come into the plan, and the Radicals were prepared to let the Whigs go their ways. Chamberlain had objected to Home Rule at first, but he had come round now and the thing was settled. He knew this from Herbert Gladstone, who had told him so only yesterday. They talk of their affairs before me without any *gêne*, and remind me of the Arabs who have no secrets.

“To a Conference about Egypt in Westminster Town Hall. We put Wentworth in the chair.

“*Jan.* 14.—Lord Carnarvon has resigned the Vice-royalty like an honest man. T. P. O’Connor told me he, Carnarvon, was with them about Home Rule and, now that the rest have decided on violence, he draws back. But it is bad of Randolph. Only six months ago he assured me he, too, was for Home Rule, a Parliament at Dublin and all; and that he was educating his party to it, but this is not the way to set to work by a process of fire and sword. He has deceived me about this and India and Egypt. Or

Land Nationalization

rather he has sacrificed his true opinions for the sake of keeping his place in the Cabinet. I hear he is everything now to Lord Salisbury. But it is Lord Salisbury who is educating him, not he Lord Salisbury.

“*Jan.* 16.—Lord Carnarvon has published a correspondence with Lord Salisbury, intended to mislead the public into believing there has been no split about Ireland. But he does not really deny it; and it is certain he left the Cabinet rather than return to coercion. There are great troubles ahead.

“*Jan.* 18.—Spent an hour at the National League Office with Barry and Dogherty, discussing land nationalization and other extreme topics. According to Barry they are all extremists on these points, from Parnell downwards; and he said with some bitterness that Nationalism would be ruined yet in Ireland by making the peasantry free-holders of the land. His scheme is not to confiscate property, but to oblige the proprietor to make his own assessment, the State having the power to buy him up at his own price. Everybody would then be obliged to work up his property to its extreme selling value. He got the idea when surveying the bog districts for Parnell; but the germ of it exists in Spence’s writings of a hundred years ago.

“Attended a great Irish demonstration at Shore-ditch Town Hall, the only Englishman I believe on the platform. The priests were strongly represented. Sir Thomas Esmonde was the chief speaker, with Callan, Fox, and John Redmond, the last excellent. Some 2,500 people were present, the speaking good, and the whole thing above the level of most English meetings. The views put forward were strong ones, but not more so than circumstances required, and it was impossible to doubt the sin-

Monsignor Stonor

cerity of all concerned. I foresee, however, a great catastrophe in this Irish business. It reminds me so much of the National movement in Egypt, and is faced by the same unscrupulous gang of financiers, property holders, mortgage companies, and speculators. Money is lord of these islands and will have its way in Ireland too. 'What is the Government for but to protect the rights of property?'

"*Jan.* 19.—I was at the Foreign Office yesterday to announce my intended going to Egypt, and saw Philip Currie and Pauncefote, the latter rather alarmed. Lord Salisbury would like to telegraph about me beforehand, as the Egyptian Government might take a fancy yet to have me stopped on landing. He was most anxious there should be no noise about it. I fully expect Lord Salisbury will back out of allowing me to go.

"To Paris in the evening.

"*Jan.* 21.—Paris. Parliament opened to-day in England. The Tories seem to have declared very distinctly against Home Rule. Dined with the Blounts, who are as usual full of the evils which are to come in France. Monsignor Stonor was there, fresh from Rome. I was surprised to hear him approve my letter on Home Rule unreservedly, and talk with all sympathy of Irish liberty. Of the Pope he gave a very high character for ability. He is delighted with the success of His Holiness's arbitration between Spain and Germany.¹

"*Jan.* 23.—Lord Salisbury has written to say he

¹ The Honble. and Most Rev. Edmund Stonor, one of the English prelates at the Vatican. He acted on several occasions, with Cardinal Howard, as intermediary between the British Government and the Papal Court. Stonor, though some ten years older than me, had been with me at Oscott, where he was a student of Divinity, while I was still at school there. He was therefore an old friend.

Wolff's Mission in Egypt

hopes I will abandon my plan of going to Egypt just now. Wolff has telegraphed to him that public opinion there is much excited, and he deprecates my arrival. Anne has written Lord Salisbury back a tart remonstrance.

“*Jan.* 24.—Spent a couple of hours with Sheffield¹ at the Embassy talking politics. He told me first about the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Drummond Wolff concerning me, which I already knew. The great difficulty, he said, in an Egyptian settlement is Bismarck. Most of the Egyptian bonds have got into German hands, and Bismarck insists on the interest being paid punctually whatever else happens. The French Government might be ready to make an arrangement for neutralizing and leaving Egypt, but the debt cannot be lessened, and the Egyptian Government must be a solvent one. Wolff had got himself between two fires, the Mahdists and Mukhtar. They had caught at the intervention of the Sultan as a cure for all the difficulty, taking a phrase in one of Bismarck’s dispatches as their cue. But of course the Sultan had no idea but to get his own troops into the country and the English out. Sheffield said our position had become an entirely ludicrous one, and the sooner we evacuated the better.

“Dined with the Blounts. The old man says the French Government is entirely under Bismarck’s thumb, and is in terrible straits for money. He puts the floating debt at sixty millions sterling. Monsignor Stonor was again there. The Roman clergy, he says, who take any interest in the question sympathize with the Irish as an unfortunate people persecuted for their religion, but few know

¹ George Sheffield, private secretary to Lord Lyons, H.M.’s Ambassador at Paris.

Defeat of Tory Government

much about it. He himself approves of the Nationalist movement.

"*Jan.* 26.—Back to London. Button tells me the Government will be out on Thursday. They expect to be beaten on the amendment to the address, but they calculate on Gladstone not being able to form an administration, and so on their coming in again. But in this I think they make a great mistake. Gladstone will not only come in, but will carry his party with him for Home Rule. This agitation against the Irish, got up by the 'Times,' is all 'sound and fury signifying nothing.' There is nothing real at the back of it except the landlord interests of a few aristocratic Whigs and Tories, and a few speculators who have money in Ireland on mortgage.

"Saw Philip Currie. They have made him a K.C.B. and Lascelles a K.C.M.G.¹ Frank was just of my own standing in the Diplomatic profession. So this is where I should probably have arrived if I had gone on with it. Down to Crabbet. Anne has got a good letter from Lord Salisbury in answer to her remonstrance, rather making fun of Wolff.

"*Jan.* 27.—The Government has been defeated by 75 votes on Jesse Collings' amendment; and they will go out on Thursday, just as Button said. They have been made fools of by the Whigs, and Gladstone has cunningly upset them, not on the Irish question but on a side issue. Barry O'Callaghan told me they would do this a fortnight ago. And what an issue! Three acres and a cow! He will form his Government now, give Home Rule, pass an Allotment Bill, and snap his fingers at dissolution even if one should be proposed. I am not sorry.

¹ Sir Frank Lascelles, G.C.B., late Ambassador at Berlin. Sir Philip Currie, afterwards Lord Currie, and Ambassador at Constantinople, was my cousin. Both were among my oldest friends.

Alfred Lyttelton

Lord Salisbury and Randolph have falsified all my hopes in them. They have hardened their hearts against justice in Ireland and Egypt and India. And this is the result. My own *rôle* in all these matters is ended, for Gladstone will not forgive me. My alliance with Randolph will have been the unpardonable sin.

“*Jan.* 28.—Saw Kenyon about a meeting he is organizing in favour of Home Rule; also Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He goes to-morrow to Egypt in better health and full of his jokes, much amused with Wolff for preventing my going to Cairo. Called on Laura Lyttelton. Alfred Lyttelton,¹ as a nephew of Gladstone, is a Home Ruler, and on that we sympathize. George Currie, with whom I dined, says: ‘I quite understand that you should take up the Irish Nationalists as an eccentricity. But their case is not a serious one, and it is absurd to suppose that the rights of property will be sacrificed to their vagaries.’

“*Jan.* 29.—Young (Edward) Wortley,² Button tells me, has just come back from Cairo. He has been with Wolff on his mission. The mission has failed because Wolff had thought that the Sultan could settle things with the Soudanese as Caliph. The Soudanese care nothing for the Sultan. Arabi is the only man who could pacify the Frontier. All this is very satisfactory. But why don't they recall him (Arabi)? Wolff moved heaven and earth to get Mukhtar sent as Commissioner, and now he is moving heaven and earth to get rid of him.

¹ Afterwards a strong Unionist, and member of Lord Salisbury's Government.

² Col. the Honble. Stuart Wortley, C.B. He accompanied Sir Charles Wilson on his reconnoissance to Khartoum in 1885, and was afterwards Military Attaché at Paris.

Morley Irish Secretary

“Called on Justin McCarthy, who gave me a list of English M.P.s favourable to Home Rule. He told me that Randolph had excused himself to him for his *volte face* by saying that he had done all he could for the Nationalists, but, now that he had failed to carry his party with him, he was obliged to do all he could against them. It appears that, even so late as his last visit to Ireland, he told people he was still for Home Rule. Lord Carnarvon would not eat his words, and honourably left office. Randolph has eaten all his.

“*Jan. 20.*—To Wotton, where I find Evelyn very well disposed about Ireland. He says he would like to go there on a political tour with me.

“*Jan. 31, Sunday.*—At Wotton. We have been talking again of a political tour in Ireland. Evelyn declares nothing shall induce him to vote for coercion.¹ Gladstone has been sent for to Osborne, and, in spite of all the papers say, he will have no difficulty in forming a Cabinet.

“*Feb. 7.*—Morley is appointed Irish Secretary, which looks well, and I have written to congratulate him and encourage him, and he has answered that he will ‘try to do his best in spite of Parliament, Party, the ignorant Press, and other devilries.’ Button tells me that Gladstone has had a narrow shave of his new Cabinet breaking down—they had the greatest difficulty in persuading Granville that he is an old twaddler. They got over it by letting him have the Colonial Office and sending Chamberlain to the Local Government Board. Chamberlain, too, insisted on having the Land Bill put before the Irish Bill, but has at last given in. I hope they will go on now successfully, as it is evident we shall get

¹ William John Evelyn of Wotton, M.P., a country neighbour and friend.

Riot in Trafalgar Square

nothing at all out of Lord Salisbury. The Blue Book of Wolff's mission is published, and shows they have no ideas whatever in harmony with mine. So Gladstone has my good wishes.

"To London, to arrange with Joe Cowen¹ a British Home Rule League. Went in the afternoon to Trafalgar Square, where there was a meeting of the unemployed. What I saw was orderly enough, but later Hyndman managed to work the people to a riot, and they smashed windows and looted shops. William Morris had nothing to do with this, as I was having tea with him at Hammersmith while it was going on, and he certainly did not think it would lead to disturbance. The people in the square seemed *bona fide* workmen, thin and hungry looking, not mere thieves. We had a long talk about the prospects of 'Revolution.' But Morris does not think it yet within sight. We agreed the year 1889 would be a critical one, from its being the centenary of the French Revolution. Morris does not care for the Irish movement except so far as it goes against property. Nationalism he cares nothing about.

"*Feb.* 9.—The riot seems to have been more important than at first reported, and will make a landmark in the history of our Revolution, as being the first time a mob has actually pillaged shops and attacked property on principle. I confess it delights me, and I am only sorry I did not wait on in Trafalgar Square and see the doings. I have never been able to understand why the poor let the rich off so cheaply, and almost regret now I did not join Hyndman when he asked me to do so two years ago. My sympathy is with the destructive part of socialism. It is only the constructive part I cannot stomach.

¹ Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Galway Election

"*Feb.* 10.—The riot still occupies all attention. At the Carlton Club they are serious and furious, and talk of Hyndman being arrested. Sidney Herbert, who has won his election at Croydon and is Conservative Whip again, could not raise a smile when I joked about it. The atmosphere of the Carlton is adverse to wit. I sat next to Henry Chaplin at luncheon, and found him more sensible than most. About Ireland he said he was quite ready for Home Rule if it meant Home Rule for England and Scotland as well as for Ireland.

"To our first regular meeting of the British Home Rule Association,¹ Lord Ashburnham in the chair. Lord Clifton the Bishop of Nottingham there, Joe Cowen and myself. Cowen is a capital fellow, a good little man with no pretence, a very strong north country accent, and cotton wool in his ears. Two or three hundred pounds were subscribed, and we shall get the thing started. I have lent James Street as temporary offices, and Hope² as secretary.

"*Feb.* 12.—There has been a great row in Ireland on account of the Galway election. Parnell, for some reason not explained to the public, nominated William O'Shea as Nationalist candidate. But this was strongly resented by Healy, Biggar, and other members of the party; and Parnell has had to go to Galway and insist on his will being done. This he has accomplished, but not without difficulty; and it is a great triumph for him that he has been able to do it at all. The astonishing part of the business is that nobody seems to know the true reason of Parnell's action, which is his personal relations with

¹ Afterwards called the "Home Rule Union." I was one of its founders, with Kenyon, Cowen, and Lord Ashburnham.

² Edward Hope, my private secretary.

William O'Shea

O'Shea through his wife, who has been, and I fancy still is, Parnell's mistress. O'Shea is hated by all the Irish Parliamentary Party, as he is looked upon as a traitor; and he knows this well enough. 'The bhoys,' as he told me once, 'don't like me.' But Parnell is obliged to consider him, and this is the result. I was at school at Oscott with O'Shea, and hated him as cordially as the Irish do to-day. He was older than me, a bit of a dandy, and a bit of a bully; and I can recollect well being chivied all over the college by him with a fives bat he wished to chastise me with, and taking refuge at last in Dr. Meynell's room. Afterwards I was very intimate with his cousin and namesake at Madrid, the Duke of San Lucar, and renewed my acquaintance with him through the latter. I see him from time to time, and we meet as friends. He has been used as go-between by Parnell on more than one occasion with the Liberal Government, notably in the Kilmainham affair, and in connection with Chamberlain's proposed visit to Ireland. The 'Pall Mall' thinks Chamberlain will secede from the Government on account of the Irish question. There is new fighting at Suakim, Osman Digna again. More power to his arm!

"*Feb.* 15.—Finished the following sonnet on Ireland, which I think is good:

IRELAND'S VENGEANCE, 1886

This is thy day, thy day of all the years,
Ireland! The night of anger and mute gloom,
Where thou didst sit, has vanished with thy tears.
Thou shalt no longer weep in thy lone home
The dead they slew for thee, or nurse thy doom,
Or fan the smoking flax of thy desire
Their hatred could not quench. Thy hour is come;
And these, if they would reap, must reap in fire.

Stuart Wortley on Egypt

—What shall thy vengeance be? In that long night
Thou hast essayed thy wrath in many ways,
Slaughter and havoc and hell's deathless spite.
They taught thee vengeance who thus schooled thy days,
Taught all they knew,—but not this one divine
Vengeance, to love them. Be that vengeance thine!

“All London is talking of the Dilke case, which is worse than his worst enemy could have imagined; dead and gone for all purposes of political life. Arabi, you are avenged.

“*Feb.* 16.—Called on Knowles to know whether he would put my sonnet into the ‘Nineteenth Century.’ But he said he never took any poetry except from Tennyson and Mat Arnold, and had refused Swinburne last week. Met young Stuart Wortley at luncheon at Wentworth House, just back from Wolff’s Mission at Cairo. He gave a very satisfactory report of things in Egypt, said that the Khedive could not stay if we went away; that the only thing then would be to have Arabi back. Arabi was very popular; he ought to be Prime Minister under some other Khedive than Tewfik. He fancied Halim better than the rest; Tewfik was an intriguer and stupid, Nubar a clever rogue; the Sultan had no influence anywhere in Egypt; but the Convention had given us a title to stay in Egypt; he should like to see us take a thirty years’ lease of the country. On the whole an intelligent young man. He said he was of opinion Khartoum could have been taken by the Mahdi any time before Christmas. He was with Wilson on the steamer expedition, the last Englishman who will ever see Khartoum.

“Evelyn is in doleful dumps about his position in Parliament, would like me to take over his seat at Deptford. To a party at A.’s. Oscar Wilde was

Cardinal Manning

there—he is a very sensible fellow though he talks nonsense—also the little poet, Raffalowich.¹

“*Feb.* 17.—Randolph has made a speech at Paddington in the most violent Orange Protestant sense, an absurd speech. I wash my hands of him and the Tory Party.

“*Feb.* 20.—Mrs. Howard’s birthday, and had luncheon with her. Her mother was there and many others, among them Froude, whom I walked back with across the Park. He is more decided against the Irish than last time I saw him, and says that the Irish question will break up Parliamentary Government in England; they will have to have the executive more independent of Parliament. He says that the Protestant landlords, everywhere but in Ulster, would gladly take fifteen years’ purchase for their lands, and that they would then live on in their houses as Home Rulers and pay England out. They are very angry at being deserted, and would be fiercely against us. Lady Egmont, a strong loyalist, whose husband has property in Ireland, says that ten years ago when they married every one was devoted to them; now they dare not go there; the people act under terror of the League.

“*Feb.* 21.—Sunday at Crabbet. To Rowfant and had a literary talk with Locker. Randolph is over in Ulster, to make a series of violent speeches at Belfast. I am rather glad, as it makes my political break with him a necessity. It is too absurd a scandal.

“*Feb.* 23.—To London, and lunched with Cardinal Manning, and we discussed Randolph’s Belfast speech, which is violent enough, but not quite so violent as I expected. We agreed he was quite hopeless. The Cardinal’s view about Ireland is like

¹ M. A. Raffalowich, brother to Mrs. William O’Brien.

A Talk with Parnell

mine, but he makes some exception to a Parliament at Dublin as not suited to the Irish. He wants them, however, to govern themselves, and his objection is not against the principle of separation. We talked over old times and his life at Lavington, his recollections of Petworth and the Wyndham family. It is some 42 years since I first saw him as a boy at Petworth. He likes to remember these things.

“With Clark¹ to the House of Commons. Clark introduced me to divers Radical M.P.s, Conybeare, Wilson, and Arch,² the last a heavy lump of a farmer, thick witted and dull, but a good speaker, they say, on his own subjects. On Ireland he seemed all abroad, but agreed to join our Home Rule Association, as did several others. Arch dresses in coloured clothes and wears a billy-cock hat—no pretence of being a gentleman or a clever man. Clark acts as his bear leader. I got Cowen to bring Parnell out of the House to speak to me, which he did. Parnell said he was very sorry I had missed my election at Camberwell, that he highly approved of our Association and would give me letters of introduction to his people in Ireland in a few days, so that I might make my tour there. Talking about Randolph, he called him a ‘young scoundrel,’ but not as if he was angry with him. ‘We never believed in him,’ he said, ‘at least I never did, and we got more out of him last year than he ever got out of us.’ I asked him about the prospect of famine in Ireland, and he said, ‘As long as potatoes remain as they are now, 2*d.* a stone, there is no fear of famine. But there is distress in Achill and some of the islands.’ Parnell’s manner is good and his smile pleasant. He is essentially a gentleman.

“*Feb.* 25.—Saw Stead at his office and con-

¹ Dr. G. B. Clark, M.P.

² Joseph Arch, M.P.

Stead about Dilke

gratulated him on his imprisonment;¹ he is eager about Ireland and anxious to help, but has some fancy about preserving Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. He will be delighted to publish letters for me from Ireland. He complained that Parnell had always refused to see him, and asked me to get him to do so. He has tried through T. P. O'Connor, but in vain. It is curious that Parnell should never have seen him. Stead told me he saw Morley from time to time; he thinks Morley does not communicate direct with Parnell, but only through Labouchere. He then asked me what I thought of Dilke, either he was the worst or the most injured of men. Dilke had been to him the day before yesterday, and assured him solemnly on his honour that he was innocent in the present case.

March 1.—To London to try and get up a debate on Wolff's Mission, but could not get into the House, and so missed what seems to have been a rather interesting scene; Bradlaugh began, but foolishly by attacking the Sultan's spiritual title of Caliph on anti-religious grounds. Colonel Duncan, however, spoke well, and Beresford and Labouchere and some of the Irish. I had written to McCarthy and Parnell to get their help, and they voted, 45 of them, besides 40 Radicals—not a bad division. Lunched with Mrs. Howard. She tells me Chamberlain says Dilke will never recover his position now.

March 2.—A French correspondent of the 'Matin,' Montagnier, called on me by appointment. He assures me it is within his knowledge that Freycinet means to put an end to the English occupation of Egypt. Randolph is back from Ulster. I saw him passing down Parliament Street in a cab, looking

¹ W. T. Stead, then editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

Cambridge Undergraduates

pale and gloomy. He is playing a bold game for civil war and may live yet to lose his head.

"*March 4.*—Had luncheon with Harry Brand at the Travellers. He tells me that he was offered office by Gladstone, but refused through virtue on account of Home Rule. He seems sorry for it now. [N.B.—He explained to me once long afterwards that Gladstone was much huffed at his refusal, which he, Harry, had based on his having just declared himself strongly against Home Rule at a meeting of his constituents, and so could not so quickly change. Gladstone's words to him when he explained this were: 'I never knew any one so *nice* about his political opinions.'] On to Bluntisham where Tebbutt entertained me, and I gave an address on Egypt to the people of St. Ives.

"*March 5.*—To Cambridge and lunched at Trinity with two undergraduates, Herbert Vivian and Leopold Maxse. The former is secretary of the University Carlton Club, and he and his friends had asked me down to a meeting they are to have next week at the Guild Hall. Ashmead Bartlett, however, who is also to speak, has funked the idea of my saying anything about Home Rule, and has expressed a hope that I will choose another subject. But, as the others are going to speak on Ireland, I could not sit with them and keep silent. So these young fellows will arrange a separate meeting for me. It appears there are half a dozen or so Conservatives among them who are Home Rulers, converted thereto by Randolph last year. Maxse is a Liberal. I came on with him to London in the evening. Dined with Lady C. She tells me the Prince of Wales is very angry at my having taken up the Irish Question.

"*March 6.*—Button says that the G. O. M. has

Elected Member of the League

made his Bill for Ireland, giving a Parliament and separate administration, all except Customs, also that the Bill will pass. The landlords are to have 17 years' purchase for their property.

"*March 7.*—Gave an address at the Finsbury Institute on Home Rule, very badly, not having prepared my speech. T. P. O'Connor tells me that he and his friends are going to roast Randolph for his change about Ireland. He says the dissolution will be immediately; that Gladstone will carry his Bill, which will then be thrown out by the Lords, and Parliament will be dissolved. He is encouraging about my visit to Ireland and will give me letters to Tim Harrington, head of the League in Dublin. He advises me to go to Donegal, where they are in full swing with evictions. He thinks, perhaps, I might stand for some Irish constituency at the next elections; but I don't see how that is to be done.

"*March 9.*—Montagnier has published my interview with him in the 'Matin,' and now writes that Freycinet will see me when I go over to Paris. Arabi's recall and the neutralization of Egypt are the only solution.

"*March 10.*—Found Ashburnham and Percy French at the Travellers, and sat talking with them about Ireland till late. French says he is still adored by his peasantry in Galway. Count Corti, too, was there. He has just been made Ambassador in London.

"*March 11.*—To an Irish National League meeting in Bridge Street, and was asked to speak, and I did so, giving an account of my relations with the Nationalists of Egypt and India. I was in a happy humour, and they were much pleased; and on the proposal of Dr. O'Connor I was unanimously elected member of the League. I fancy I am the first

John Bright on Ireland

Englishman of any position who has been accepted by them. They are all extremely good fellows, moderate and sensible in their views, and it is evident have no unconquerable hatred for Englishmen. When they have got their freedom we shall be all good friends enough.

“*March* 16.—Things seem going badly with the Government. Chamberlain is likely to part company with them, not on the question of Home Rule itself, but of the hundred and fifty millions to be paid to the landlords. If he leaves the Government on that ground, many will go with him.

“Dined at the Howards, a very interesting dinner. John Bright, John Morley, Frederick Leveson, and Mr. Wright, among politicals, also Henry James the novelist, the Ponsonbys, and Lady Airlie. At first we were all rather stiff, for Morley and Bright are at opposite poles about Ireland, while Leveson is Lord Granville's brother. However, Wright broke it up by asking Bright, *à propos* of boots, who it was caused the Bombardment of Alexandria. Whereupon Bright burst out, denouncing the war strongly, and the injustice of keeping Arabi a prisoner in Ceylon. He also explained that Beauchamp Seymour had telegraphed asking permission to bombard some time before, but had been refused; at last it was Chamberlain who insisted on Seymour's being allowed to do it. This tallies with all I have heard about him and Dilke as being the real authors of the Bombardment. Hartington, Bright said, had not urged it. The conversation thereupon became general, and Morley and Leveson and I joined in. Then we got to Ireland, and Bright spoke out, and spoke with equal vehemence, only this time, instead of being on the side of liberty, he denounced the Irish Party as ‘scoundrels who ought to be strung

Morley on the G. O. M.

ap.' After dinner I had an hour's talk with Bright about this, and asked him why he denied the same measure to Ireland that he gave to other countries; and I think I did some good, as he certainly softened and told me how he had been in Ireland just after the famine in 1849; how he had been invited to a public dinner at Dublin, and how afterwards he had pleaded the Irish cause for years. But two things evidently rankle in his mind, first the matter of religion, and secondly and more strongly the personal abuse with which the Irish members treated him when he was in office five years ago. He spoke with special bitterness of T. P. O'Connor, who had contradicted him flatly, called him names and jeered at him when he spoke. I told him the Irish party made themselves odious in this way through policy, so as to weary us out, like the importunate widow, and that he ought not to let his principles suffer for the actions of individuals. He took this in excellent part, and we parted the best of friends. He said distinctly that he was not opposed to the principle of Home Rule and the Dublin Parliament.

“With Morley, too, I had some conversation, but he was more reserved. He talked of Gladstone as absolutely determined to go on with his Bill, if he had to go alone, and to stand or fall by it. He described the old man, as he had seen him that morning, figuring up the sums of his Irish arithmetic just like a boy at school, his grandchildren making a hideous noise on the piano in the neighbouring room, but himself all serene and cheerful. He says all now depends on the old man's voice. I told him of my intended visit to Ireland, and begged him not to have me arrested there. He promised he would not, ‘Or at any rate,’ he said, ‘you shall have a luxurious dungeon.’ About Dilke, he said he had

A St. Patrick's Day Banquet

done for himself for ever; that, if he had shown sorrow instead of defiance, the public would sooner or later have forgiven him, but now they never would; he would not be returned again for Chelsea or for any other place, and the Queen would never receive him as a Minister; he had better have gone abroad; but he had been much in Chamberlain's hands, who, thinking him innocent, had advised him to take the course he did; Dilke had quite lost his head over the affair.¹

“*March 17.*—St. Patrick's Day. Still an intense frost, people skating, a most unusual thing. I notice that in the year of the great Irish famine, similar weather was noticed in March. *Absit omen.* To the Irish banquet to hear Parnell, but Parnell did not come, pretending that he had a cold, though he was in the House of Commons this afternoon, but really because things are so critical with the Government that he cannot trust himself to speak. [This is the excuse his friends gave for him; but they were much annoyed at his absence, and it had likely enough another cause.] The proceedings were consequently tame. Our British Home Rule Association was represented by Ashburnham, Marshall, Martin Edmunds, and me. Ashburnham responded for the visitors. There were quite three hundred Irishmen present, and the best, from all parts—my next neighbour Byrne, M.P. for Wicklow. Most of the guests kept the Lenten fast, and grace was said by a priest before dinner, a good sign. As long as the Church influences the Irish party, it will not run into any great excesses.

“*March 22.*—To the House of Commons for the Egyptian Debate, a terribly tame affair. Egypt is

¹ I insert this entry with some reluctance, but its bearing upon Parnell's case five years later is too important to be passed over.

Chamberlain and Parnell

deader than dead. I dined with Dillon in the Members' dining-room, a fourth-rate, greasy restaurant.

"At the Howards at luncheon to-day Mrs. Howard told me a long story of a conversation she had yesterday with Chamberlain. Chamberlain will certainly leave the Cabinet. He is against a Parliament at Dublin, against buying out the landlords, and against letting the Irish members leave Westminster. He is angry because he declares Parnell expressed himself to him satisfied last year with local self-government. He says Parnell agreed to this, and on the strength of it he published in the 'Fortnightly' his declaration about Ireland. Dillon, however, and T. P. O'Connor and Justin McCarthy whom I saw to-day at the House, utterly deny this. They say Parnell could not have agreed to anything of the sort; and certainly I remember McCarthy's laughing at it at the time. They say, however, that it is quite possible O'Shea may have been at the bottom of it, as he has been used by Chamberlain as a go-between.¹ This O'Shea they very much despise.

"*March 23.*—I am leaving for Ireland to-night alone and in very low spirits."

¹ I find the following in my Diary of 1890:

"*August 1.*—Lytton writes from Paris sending an account of a conversation his son-in-law Gerald Balfour has had lately with Chamberlain on Irish matters. There is nothing very new in it, but it gives certain details of Chamberlain's dealings with Parnell through O'Shea in 1885 and the part Cardinal Manning took in them. Chamberlain declares that the scheme of a National Council for Ireland was discussed in the Cabinet and approved by Gladstone, but rejected by a majority. Carnarvon a little later had his talk with Parnell, and the report of this conveyed to Gladstone by Labouchere, who had it from T. P. O'Connor, so alarmed Gladstone that he sprang his Home Rule policy on his Party. This no doubt is the true account of the matter. It was a case of one Party bidding against the other for the Irish vote. Cardinal Manning also approved the scheme in a letter to Chamberlain, and said he thought he could get the Irish Bishops to support it, but he refused to let this be published."

CHAPTER II

“ UNDER PROTECTION OF THE LEAGUE ”

MY tour in Ireland, now about to be described, was more of an adventure in the spring of 1886 than it is easy now to realize. Celtic Ireland for the previous seven years had been in a state of repressed insurrection, and what was practically a war between the landlords and their tenants. It had been carried on, not unaccompanied in some districts by murder and outrage, under the impulse of the Land League which had taught the tenants for the first time to combine against the joint forces of the landowners and the law. No few agents and process servers had been shot, and here and there in the wilder districts moonlighters still fired their occasional charges of slugs through the windows of land grabbers, or docked the tails of cattle on farms occupied by emergency men. These criminal irregularities, insisted on and exaggerated by the London press, had got for Ireland an ill name, and though they did not really affect the safety or even the convenience of travellers in the districts where they were occurring, acted as a scare on the English mind to the extent that few persons, not compelled by business, cared to risk what were held to be the perils of an Irish tour, while fewer still presumed to intervene there politically. During the whole of Gladstone's 1880 administration, arrests and imprisonments had been the order of the day, and although now under the influence of his sudden conversion to Home Rule, a truce had been proclaimed between Dublin Castle and the Irish Parliamentary leaders, and the

My first Irish Tour

National League was using its best efforts to damp down the fiercer manifestations of the land war, that war was still going on with very little relaxation of its severity. This was now the fault of the landlords rather than of the tenants, for these, seeing their old powers and privileges threatened, were pressing their legal rights, while they still had them, more pitilessly than ever against the tenants, and were obliging the Government to support them with all the forces of the Crown where the law gave them an excuse. Evictions were never more numerous nor more unsparing than during Morley's first tenure of office as an avowed Home Ruler.

It was to make myself fully acquainted with this branch of the Irish question, and to bring the injustices of the land laws as administered by English insistence on legal ideas, foreign to the traditions and morality of the Irish peasantry, home to the London public that the idea of a political tour in the disturbed districts had occurred to me. It was made possible and easy for me more than for most Englishmen by my position, independent of party, and by the part I had played in Egypt, which had gained me recognition as an opponent to English imperial ideas, and more than all perhaps by my Catholic upbringing and acknowledged religious sympathy. It stood me also in good stead that I was an English landlord myself, and no ignoramus, as nearly all the Radical supporters of Home Rule in the House of Commons were, in agricultural matters. It gave my advocacy of the peasant case an authority it would not otherwise have had in my dealings with the Irish landlords, and a confidence in me on the part of the tenants I should otherwise have been without. There is no country in the world where social position carries more weight with it than Ireland.

Archbishop Walsh

I travelled alone, with my servant David Roberts, who had been with me for many years, and took good care of me and was helpful in every way. My wife, an unusual circumstance, did not accompany me, being tired of politics, and not sympathizing at first with my Irish ideas, I hardly know for what reason. It was therefore in a mood of deep depression that I left London.

“*March 24.*—Arrived in Dublin this morning, having crossed from Holyhead in a dead calm. Last time I crossed Dublin Bay was with Anne some dozen years ago, the first time we went to Treenlawr. I remember the bay being covered then with sea birds in pairs, razor-bills and guillemots, and when one dived the other dived, and when one turned its head the other turned its head, and when one took flight the other took flight.

“We arrived by way of the river, which is much the best, and drove to the Imperial Hotel, a place patronized by Nationalists, in Sackville Street, or as it has been re-christened O’Connell Street. For the first time in my recollection the weather in Dublin is fine, almost gay, and the pavement dry.

“My first visit to-day was to Archbishop Walsh, for whom I had a letter from Cardinal Manning, and who gave me an interview of an hour or more. The Archbishop is a young fellow of 42, a very unmistakable Irishman, short, plain-featured, quick witted, alert, and without pretension. His dignity sits loosely on him, and the gravity of his position seems a burden. He jumps up while speaking and runs about, calls to his chaplain or servant, and has a telephone which he works himself. His house in Rutland Place is a good one, bequeathed to the see by Cardinal Cullen. About Cardinal Cullen, Dr. Walsh regretted his death as having come just when

he was beginning to see things in a better light about politics. Instead of opposing Home Rule, which he did all his life, he would now, Dr. Walsh thinks, have been altogether for it. He talked of the difficulty English people had of getting correct information about Ireland; of the lies of the 'Times' and the other English papers, as when it was said he had called Trinity College a 'nest of traitors.' On the land question, he thought landlordism doomed; he did not think it a question of race hatred but of economy; the outrages were the effect of this; the Church could not altogether prevent them, but could do a good deal; they were only bad now in Kerry and Galway, and he thought it was very much the fault of the priests there; they had let things go, and he had several times intended to suggest to the National League that they should suppress the Kerry and Galway branches; he had begged the League to stop the outrages, that is to say, correcting himself, to 'use their influence in that direction.' Davitt had done some good, but could not do much. The Archbishop spoke with warmth of Cardinal Manning; said that he had been always a friend of the Irish. On other points he said pretty much what they all say, that except on the land question Ireland was conservative, not revolutionary; that Protestantism ran no danger of persecution, but that the Irish Protestants thought they were being persecuted if they could not have all things their own way; under Home Rule the outrages would cease, for public opinion would be against them; now, the Government was looked upon as a public enemy.

"Next I called on T. D. Sullivan, the Lord Mayor, a little gray-headed man, with a charming smile and a very frank manner. He told me I could

Tim Harrington

not do better than address myself everywhere on my tour to the clergy, and named me the bishops I ought to visit. He talked about Chamberlain, Churchill, and Gibson. The former they none of them believe in; he is a democrat, not a nationalist, opposed at heart to all their views except regarding the land. Of Churchill he spoke without bitterness, as one who having no principles might yet be a friend again. Gibson, when Home Rule was obtained, would be the first to come forward and take his part in the new order of things. As to land purchase, they would wish it settled now, as a London Parliament could do what a Dublin Parliament could not do without civil war. They wished to be spared the odium of dealing with the landlords just as they had been spared that of dealing with the English Church. In a few years, if the thing was not settled now, the landlords would get nothing at all.

“Then I spent an hour at the National League office with Harrington,¹ who showed me over their books. These proved how entirely the local organization was in the hands of the priests, hardly any Protestants belonging to the League. The parish priest is in four cases out of five president of the local branch, a great guarantee for order. He also explained to me the organization of the League. The income of the League from local sources is eleven thousand pounds. Seven thousand pounds of this is spent on grants for evicted tenants. The eviction cases are kept in a register which I looked through, and in three out of four cases where application had been made, money had been given. Applications are never made directly, but through the local branches, nor is relief given except where the local branch has subscribed. The cases are dealt

¹ Timothy Harrington, M.P., Secretary of the National League.

Organization of the League

with according to their merit from a League point of view; nothing is given where the eviction arises from mere ordinary causes, only where political reasons are mixed up in it. The League is thus in some measure an insurance against political persecution. Harrington gave me a telegram he had just received about me from O'Kelly, begging I might be directed to some evictions and urged me to go to Roscommon, promising me letters to the League there, and a circular letter to all the local branches, but he says that as a rule it is quite safe to go to the priest, wherever one may chance to be. There are evictions going on at Boyle. So I start to-morrow.

"Another visit I paid was to the Lynch family in Merrion Square, a wholly different world. But Miss Lynch is a sound Nationalist. Her brother saw a good bit of Randolph Churchill, when he was here only last Christmas and still talked in a Nationalist sense. Never was anything like his change of front. Gibson and Carnarvon they look upon, as at heart Home Rulers. But Gibson does not dare speak out for fear of the Irish Tories. Coming home I met the Viceregal equipage. They all talk with respect of Lord Aberdeen, but he does nothing nor is expected to do politically.

"*March 25.*—Harrington, who had promised to look in and bring me letters of introduction last night, did not come, so I have started without letter or indication of any kind on what seems a fairly wild goose chase for the bogs of Roscommon. I took the limited Mail which starts at 7.40 for Boyle, and here in due course I have arrived. Having no other introduction, I went to call on the priest, taking my chance of his being a Nationalist. I had learned his name from the driver of the car on my way to the Royal Hotel, a little tumbledown inn by the

Father O'Malley of Boyle

riverside, but having a cheerful sitting-room adorned with a portrait of King Harman, the landlord and despot of Boyle. It was evidently a holiday and the streets were full of people, men and women well dressed enough, and looking quite as prosperous as in an ordinary South of England market town. The priest's house was soon found, but he had not come back from church, and as I was returning to breakfast at the inn he was pointed out to me in the street. He, Father O'Malley, was talking to a poor man, and I went up to him and bowed, and he seemed surprised, and in the coldest possible voice asked me my business. I explained that I had been sent by Mr. Harrington to inquire into the circumstances of some evictions taking place in his neighbourhood. He said he knew nothing about them; but I went on talking, and as we were close to his house we went in together. I felt uncomfortable, suspecting I had made a mistake, especially when in answer to my explanation that I was an Englishman with old-fashioned ideas about liberty, he said his ideas, too, were old fashioned, and these were better than the new ones. He did not seem to have heard of Harrington or the Land League. Presently he mentioned its being a holiday, the Annunciation, which brought a further explanation of my being a Catholic, and his features relaxed. He advised me to be off at once to Mass as it was just beginning. This I did. The church was a large one, subscribed for, Father O'Malley told me on my return, by two Boyle men who had made their fortunes in Dublin. By degrees he thawed to me, and, when I told him I had seen the Archbishop of Dublin and the Lord Mayor, his heart altogether opened. He then explained why he had received me so ill. The Bishop of his Diocese, Elphin, had

Jasper Tully

forbidden the clergy to have anything to do with the League or with politics, and, although the priests were Nationalists to a man, they dared not disobey orders. He was sorry for it, for it diminished their influence. 'If Mr. Parnell,' he said, 'succeeds this time in getting Home Rule it will be no thanks to us here.' Still the people knew the priests sympathized, though they dared not, as in other parts of Ireland, take the lead. He then spoke strongly on the land question, 'the root of all evil,' promised to put me in the way of seeing the evictions, and asked me to dinner.

"At the inn later a little young man, Tully,¹ called on me, who said he was editor of the 'Roscommon Herald,' and local secretary of the League, and had received a telegram from Harrington about me. He was very free spoken, told me he was one of the first batch arrested by Forster; that there were more outrages in Roscommon than nearly anywhere—the landlord system was at the bottom of it. The people here did not care much for Home Rule apart from the land question. He was suspicious of Parnell lest he should make terms for Home Rule only. He wanted something done to stop the evictions. He then gave me, with Father O'Malley who came in, particulars about the various estates, King Harman's, with a rent roll of £45,000 a year, of which £40,000 goes to the Jews in London 'clean away'; Lady Kingston's—she was in the hands of her agent Tatlow, a man from the north, obstinate and perverse, and they were turning the poorer tenants out wholesale. The people had been driven away after the famine from the low lands on the right of the river into the mountains on the left; the low lands had been

¹ Jasper Tully, afterwards M.P. He played a considerable part in Roscommon politics.

Lord Kingston

taken up by great graziers, especially one Hackett, who used in prosperous times to have cattle trains all to himself for Dublin, but all the lowland graziers had come to ruin partly through extravagance, partly through the fall of prices, and now the land was being worked by the banks which had advanced them money. The turn of the poor people on the mountain lands had come now, and they, too, were being turned out. I asked him whether he thought the land question had anything to do with historical recollections of confiscation, and he said he thought very little, the Catholic landlords were as unpopular as the rest: what the people wanted was low rents; if the days of high prices could return there would be an end of the National movement, and the Land League too, but now they could not live. Home Rule here, he said, was only a means to an end, that is to say, fair rents, though what these might be nobody could say. I find, after dining with Father O'Malley and his Curate, that they are both really on the best of terms with Tully and the League, only O'Malley dares not do anything openly for fear of his Bishop, Dr. Gilhooly. O'Malley was at Maynooth with Dr. Walsh: he has given me all the information I asked about the evictions.

“*March* 26.—By car to Keadue, a drive of eleven Irish miles skirting Lough Key, with fine views over Rockingham, King Harman's place, and on through Kilronan, Lord Kingston's, a domain of less pretension. Lord Kingston holds the title of the King family, but the late Lord for some private reason left the estates to King Harman. Lord Kingston was brought up anyhow and nohow, but married the heiress of the Tennyson family at Kilronan, and so now owns that property. He is deeply in debt and in the hands of his agent Tatlow, who has been

King Harman

harrying the poor tenantry. At Keadue I found the priest, Father Reddy, prepared for me by a letter from Tully. He is head of the League in this part, and a very active man. He gave a high character to his peasantry as sober, industrious, and patient. 'They commit no sins,' he said, 'and are easily managed, but very poor.' He took me, in pouring rain, to see some of the lately evicted persons, who had been turned out of their homes about a month ago in the bitterest of the cold weather; a hundred and eighty constables had been employed to do it, or there would have been fighting. As it was, a crowd went down to Kilronan Park gates, where they found Lord Kingston sitting on a wall with his gun bowing to them in mockery as they hooted. We found the houses of the evicted tenants occupied each by an emergency man, with three constables in uniform to protect him. They seemed good fellows enough, and ashamed of their business. They get, however, three and sixpence a day for the work, and would lose that with Home Rule. Home Rule, they said, would be worse for them, though better for the country. We met one of the evicted tenants, a shock-headed young man, in an excited state. Father Reddy had some work to pacify him, for the neighbours had been unable to prevent him from going back to till his land, and this is illegal. I am not surprised at shootings taking place. On my way back to Boyle I passed through Rockingham Park, which, though pretentious, is a dismal place with half the trees cut down. King Harman met a fellow poaching one day, and told him to go to hell. But the other said, 'If I go there, I will tell your grandfather you are cutting down the trees at Rockingham.'¹ In the evening two friends of Tully's came

¹ All this part of my journal is much abbreviated.

Michael Davitt

in to talk politics, rather wild young men, also an Inspector of the National Bank, who after some pressing acknowledged himself a Nationalist; this surprised me.

“*March 27.*—Dublin. A telegram from Michael Davitt saying he was at Dublin has brought me back here, and we dined together at the Imperial Hotel, where he is staying too. It is the Nationalist inn, a rather dirty place, and used, I fancy, to roughish company. On the mantelpiece in the coffee-room there is a notice: ‘To prevent mistakes, gentlemen are requested to take their hats and coats with them to their rooms when they leave.’ My dinner with Davitt was very pleasant. He is a most superior man, with more of the true patriot about him than any of those I have yet met. He knows the west of Ireland well, and is more interested in the land question even than Home Rule; an odd-looking man, dark, sallow, gaunt, disfigured by the loss of his right arm, which is gone from the shoulder. After dinner he took me to a meeting of the Contemporary Club, a place where men of all shades of opinion meet on a common Irish basis for discussion. Among those present Murrough O’Brien, Alfred Webb, Professor Barrett, and Professor Sigerson, also several young fellows from Trinity College. The subject discussed was the landlord system and the amount of compensation to be given. Davitt is against allowing the landlords more than a very few years’ purchase, and I am heartily of his opinion. It would never do to start a Government in Ireland loaded with a heavy debt. I find Davitt much more moderate and less communistic in his views than I had expected. He is conservative in his feeling for the Church, and I think would support the Ecclesiastical party in the Irish Parliament. He holds

Rhoddy of the "Derry Journal"

the clergy to be the backbone of the Land League, and a safeguard to the whole movement from the more violent forms of Jacobinism.

"*March 28.*—Wrote a first letter to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,'¹ and gave it to Davitt to look over and correct. He has written out for me an itinerary and marked a map showing where I am to stop, and has written letters of introduction. This will make my tour a success, and I shall start to-morrow for the north. Lunched at the Lynchs' and then to Mr. and Mrs. Gray; he is M.P. for Dublin and proprietor of the 'Freeman'; distinctly a superior man as they all are, rich, moreover, and living in a fine house. To dinner again at the Lynchs', where I met several official people who bored me.

"*March 29.*—By morning train to Londonderry, and by Davitt's advice to a little inn called Rhoddy's, where the son of the proprietor, who is editor of the 'Derry Journal,' showed me round the town walls and told me the history of the siege. It is not difficult to understand, with these memories kept alive as they are, that the local Protestants should be fighting hard against Home Rule. It will mean for them the end of the Protestant ascendancy. At present they monopolize all public offices from Town Councillor to Town Crier, although the Catholics are half the population of the town; also there are none but Protestant J.P.s in the county, and this holds good even in the adjoining districts of Donegal, where the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is four or even six to one. The farmers round Derry are mostly Presbyterian, and are favourable to the Land League as they are too highly rented, but are against Home Rule, all but a few. What they want

¹ This was the first of a series written to the "Pall Mall," and headed "Under Protection of the League."

West Donegal

with the land is fair rent, suited to the lowered price of agricultural produce and stock. Rhoddy took me to his newspaper office. He makes very light of the Orange threats of civil war, saying they will cool down when Home Rule is settled, and become the Irish Radical party.

“On in the evening to Letterkenny. The Bishop is away, but I have seen two of his chaplains. One of them told me the story of Lord Leitrim’s evictions and death, and of Mr. Adair’s doings with the Scotch shepherds.

“*March* 30.—A fearful morning of wind and snow. Had a talk with an intelligent bagman at the inn, travelling in Christmas cards and stationery for a number of years past. He had been boycotted at Cavan because his father had joined a deputation to Lord Salisbury against Home Rule. He did not think much of it, however, and said the political ill-feeling was much exaggerated. He had never met with anything disagreeable except this once at Cavan; it was only bitter on the Protestant side. At twenty minutes to eleven, the sky having cleared, I started for Gweedore, one of the coldest drives I ever took, the last part in the teeth of the wind, so that I more than once thought the old white mare would have stopped on the road. It is a fine bit of hill scenery, and one passes through Lord Leitrim’s estate and Mr. Adair’s, the hero of the evictions of 1847. I remember as a boy at school subscribing my sixpences for that Irish famine, though I knew very little about the matter. At last we got to the top of the ridge, just under Erigal, and then the road descended, and we reached Lord George Hill’s Hotel at Gweedore at half-past four. I was more dead than alive, but David (Roberts my servant) has been very active and makes me comfortable. The inn

Carlyle on Lord George Hill

books are curious reading, filled with praise of Lord George Hill and the waiting maids, and I have had the luck to light upon an autograph of Carlyle's, which runs thus: '4 August 1849. Have seen Gweedore with joyful astonishment, with many feelings not to be written here. Could bid all Irish landlords see, examine, go and do likewise. Join with all men in wishing every prosperity to such an enterprise. T. Carlyle.'

"There is a single protest against Lord George Hill's idea of landlordism in verse by an Irishman signing himself 'Shawn,' which has provoked a burst of indignation from a Scotch Presbyterian, who begins with the Creation and goes gradually down to the Irish papists. The book is an interesting series of absurdities from 1838 to the present day, fifty years. I sent my letters of introduction to Father McFadden, including one from Michael Davitt, and got an answer late in the evening asking me to his house. He lives four miles off, and it is too late to go to-night—so to bed.

"*March* 31.—If March came in like a lion, it has gone out like a whole company of lions. A driving storm of snow has covered the hills, and I had to wait till ten o'clock before it cleared. Then Father McFadden's car called to take me to a part of the village where he is giving a 'station,' and I left the hotel, cut dead by the landlord, who it seems is a red hot Orange man at daggers drawn with the League. I suspected this from the moment I gave my letter for Father McFadden last night. The 'station' turned out to be what we should call in England a 'religious retreat,' and when I came to the house where it was being held, it was so full I could not get inside, but had to stand in the doorway in the sleet. There must have been nearly a hundred

Peasant Piety

people, men and women, with three cows and some fowls inside, and Father McFadden was going round, giving the Communion, after which the priest's horse also was brought inside. It was a very curious and impressive sight, which I am glad to have seen. I have witnessed no such great faith anywhere—no, not in Arabia!

“After this we went inside and had some breakfast, the congregation having cleared away. The owner of the house, Gallagher, has two daughters, the elder very intelligent, and the younger one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. The girl is of a type I have hardly ever seen, brown hair shot with gold, pink and white cheeks, dark eyebrows and eyelashes, and blue eyes that look as if they had tears in them—an unsophisticated creature as one could see. Their house is one of the best in Gweedore, having two rooms and a little loft where some of them sleep. I went round with the girls and their father to another house, while Father McFadden was hearing confessions, and got a deal of curious information from them. The Land League has made its way in Gweedore, and with the best result. They have always hated their landlords here, who have robbed them of all they had. All the same, the women were not ill dressed, and I would rather live in one of their cottages than in any poor man's dwelling in London. At least they have warmth, with perpetual turf fires, potatoes to eat, and nothing worse to do than digging in their gardens. The old are well looked after, and there is no workhouse. I was reminded over and over again of a Bedouin camp.

“Father McFadden's house is the reverse of all this, smart and new, like a villa at Horley. He himself, however, is a true son of the soil. His name is a common one in Gweedore, and he is the son of a

Father McFadden

small tenant farmer not many miles away—his native language Irish, his face of the right Celtic type. He is wise, too, and filled with an unconquerable energy. His sister, a homely woman of fifty, keeps house for him and cooks. She does not sit with us at meals, though a well educated woman. This seems to be a custom with the country priests. Father McFadden has been thirteen years at Gweedore, fighting the battles of the people from the very beginning of the League. He is a shrewd man of business, and manages all the concerns of the parish. He is President and everything else of the League, at mortal feud with the landlords. In Forster's time he was near being arrested. They arrested several men of the parish, among others McSweeny, the last of the chiefs of that ilk. Gweedore is also honoured as the birthplace of O'Donnel, the man who shot Carey the informer. I asked Father McFadden whether O'Donnel was a hero in the parish, and he answered demurely, 'Not at all a hero. I would not have you to think they are so enamoured with murdering people here.' Nevertheless he showed me with some pride his house standing roofless by the roadside. There are a dozen constables kept in the parish, but they have little else to do but to collect the dog tax, two and sixpence each dog, the tenants keeping dogs to drive the sheep off their crops. We had a fast-day dinner at four o'clock. Letters and newspapers have come. Archbishop Trench is dead. How well I remember him forty years ago at Alverstoke, with his sepulchral voice reading the lessons: 'And Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob and Jacob begat the twelve patriarchs.' His parishioners used to say of him that this was the lesson he read best, because then he was occupied 'with his own beautiful thoughts.' His son told me, only a few

Poverty in Gweedore

days ago in London, that his father had been reading my sonnets, not knowing whose they were, and had been pleased with them. A good old man. Last time I saw him he was Dean of Westminster.

“*April 1.*—Father McFadden drove me all round his parish as far as Bloody Foreland and the sea-shore east of it. Here we saw heaps of kelp, which is now nearly unmarketable; the cottages very poor; an old woman spinning in one of them with a wheel. I am struck with the want of distinct type in the people. One woman we saw was Spanish, another a red-haired Celt, a third a pale tow-wigged creature, all in the same house. We called upon a rate collector who has £339 owing him. He had two little pigs by his fire. He gives a gloomy account of the debt and poverty of every one in Gweedore. The County Assessment is four and twopence in the pound; everybody in debt. Father McFadden calculates it at £12 a family. The debts have run on from year to year, but everybody is broke now by the failure of labour in Scotland. This is what they depended upon, for there is nothing to be made out of the land here.

“*April 2.*—I am warned to be careful in what I write to the ‘Pall Mall’ for fear of prosecution for libel, but I don’t think they would dare do it. Our visitor this morning was one Patrick Mulligan, aged seventy-six, a fine old specimen of the native Celt, full of intelligence, wit, and memory. He remembers the time before Lord George, and laughs to scorn the story of his improvements, ‘except of his rents.’ In the old time the rent was rarely collected, or the landlord would take a sheep or a hen or anything he could get; they were never evicted; they had the run of the whole mountains for their cattle, and in the summer time used to migrate with them for

Donegal Landlords

fresh grass. The Gallagher family had the fishing as tenants of the owner. The old man, whose hair is still brown, made it his boast that he had never crossed the bridge at Derry."

April 3 and 4 I spent travelling on by road to Donegal, a picturesque but very poor country of granite and heath. Each night I stopped with the local priest and collected information, which it is not necessary to transcribe here, as to the management of the various estates passed through. It was always the same story. The landlords, mostly absentees, in order to get more profit from the land had taken away from the tenants their customary rights of grazing their cattle on the hillsides and cutting turf for fuel; then they had let the hills to Scotch sheep farmers, and the original inhabitants no longer being able to get a living had gone away to work as farm labourers in England or Scotland, leaving their families behind them to till their patches of potatoes. In this way they had managed to live, but always the more they earned the higher were the rents raised on them, until the League taught them how to combine and trouble happened. Many had emigrated altogether to America. There was hardly a farmer in this part of Donegal without relations in America who sent them money. But for this they could not live. I showed Father Gallagher Michael Davitt's handwriting, which he was ready to worship. They adore Davitt here as Arabi used to be adored in Egypt.

In the town of Donegal I spent the evening with the mayor, McClune, and his family. "His sisters, four enthusiastic young patriotesses, played the piano and sang 'The Wearing of the Green' to me, and other such melodies, and then made me give them a lecture on the Egyptian War and the Mahdi."

Mrs. Deane of Ballaghderin

"*April 5.*—The principal estates inquired into between Gweedore and Donegal were Lord Cunningham's and Lord Arran's. Arran I used to know well when he was Lord Sudley at the Paris Embassy in 1864. He has been only once, they tell me, to see his Donegal property, and then only for forty-eight hours; now he has been serving seventy-five processes of eviction, the first on the estate for forty years. To-day I went on by mail car to Ballyshannon, to get particulars of the Ely estate. The only good landlord in these parts was Tom Conolly, Dick's elder brother, and he is dead. He never raised his rents or troubled any one. Now there is a new agent who is beginning to oppress. On in the evening to Sligo, a long drive. One passes a hill which is one of the finest in its way I ever saw, a very even steep fall of grass, with a crown of cliffs above and a flat top, jutting out into the plain and, what is very unusual, of precisely the same character on both sides, a perfect natural citadel perhaps 2,000 feet high. I could not catch its name. Here I am at Sligo at the Imperial Hotel with an immense pile of letters and newspapers.

"*April 6.*—Wrote letters and called on the Bishop, Dr. Gilhooly, but he was out, which I don't much regret as he is a lukewarm patriot. Then on by train to Ballaghderin. Here I alighted, by Michael Davitt's instructions, at Mrs. Deane's, the principal house in the town, and was fortunate enough to find Dr. McCormack, the Bishop, his chaplain, and Father O'Hara at dinner. The Bishop is an admirable little man, a man of the people, who speaks Irish and is quite without pretension, lives in a poor way, and is full of the milk of human kindness. A strong Home Ruler and Land Leaguer, even stronger than he, is Father O'Hara, with whom after dinner

John Dillon

I went out to see the Edmundstown estate, which he considers his own special creation. There he has helped the tenants to purchase, and we called upon several of them, afterwards dining with Dr. McCormack. The terms on which the Bishop stands with Father O'Hara and the chaplains are worthy of notice. It is pleasant to see clergy of this kind. We talked of State endowment for the Church, but they one and all scouted it, saying they were far stronger as they are with the people. The people supply them with all they want, in some parts of the south with more than is good for them. There is no better argument against established churches than one sees in every village in Ireland, the unendowed Catholic flourishing, the till recently endowed English mouldering in decay.

“*April 8.*—A great day at Ballaghderin, which we spent wondering how things would go in the House of Commons, for this is the day of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Home Rule Bill. I did not go out but enjoyed the comfort of a very well ordered house, writing a letter to the ‘Pall Mall Gazette,’ and comparing notes with Mrs. Deane. Mrs. Deane's mother was a sister of John Dillon the elder, and so she is first cousin of the John Dillon of to-day. She is devoted to him, and, being much older than him, has adopted him as her son. She told me a good deal about his private history, how he had lost, one after the other, all his relations but her and a brother in Colorado. His last and favourite sister died only just before he was arrested in 1881, and as he, too, was very ill, she thought it would kill him. But, on the contrary, he became quite happy again when once in prison. He and Parnell and O'Brien were together, and after they were released in 1882 John Dillon went to America, and was now in much better

Parnell and Davitt

health, but he meant to retire from public life as soon as he had freed his country. If they failed, she thought they would all leave the old country in despair, for there would be terrible trouble. She talked a good deal, too, of Parnell, who had been once or twice to her house, 'coming only with a spare shirt and a comb folded up in a piece of newspaper.' He was an aristocrat at heart, but a true patriot. He had ruined his fortune for the cause, and the £39,000 the Irish people had subscribed for him was to repair this. But they did not love him, except a few, as they loved Michael Davitt. Michael Davitt was the real hero of the poor Irish, for he had suffered so much and had founded the Land League, which transformed them, and for the first time organized them. He had begun here in East Mayo, between Ballaghderin and Castle Bar, and had come with Dillon to hold a first meeting on the Dillon estate. John Dillon is no traceable relation of Lord Dillon's. At first she had not fancied Davitt's coming, but John insisted, and from the moment she saw him she was converted to a blind idolatry. Davitt's portrait hangs on the wall beside Dillon's. Mrs. Deane is a very clever woman of about fifty-five. Her mother is still alive, but partly paralysed—she is a thoroughly good honest person, without pretence or nonsense. Indeed, it is astonishing what excellent, well-bred people these Nationalists are. When the Land League was suppressed by Forster, she had been made president of the Ladies' League. She is not ambitious of honour, however, 'except for John.' Of the Fenians and dynamiters she said that the Coercion Act had had this merit, that it had frightened them out of Ireland and so made the road easier for the party of constitutional agitation. I have enjoyed my talks with

Bishop Duggan of Clonfert

Mrs. Deane more than anything yet, and they have been more instructive.

“*April* 9.—To Castlereagh by mail car, passing through the Dillon estate and Laughlin, all wretched poor land, but bringing Lord Dillon a rental of £22,000. I had got particulars of this estate from Father O’Hara. It was £5,000 in Arthur Young’s time, 1778.

“From Castlereagh by train to Athlone and Woodlawn, then on again by car to Loughrea. Woodlawn is the trimmest property I have yet seen, Lord Ashtown’s Park being quite English in appearance, and there are several model cottages, especially near the railway. The meadows, too, are enclosed in clipped hedges, and there is an air of respectability about the whole place quite unusual in Ireland. It is impossible, however, not to suspect that the fair appearance conceals a sepulchre. The whole of the road from Woodlawn to Loughrea lies through a nearly uninhabited grass country, and one recognizes the traces of old evictions everywhere in the little potato plots, with their marked ridges and furrows, now under grass, and here and there the site of a house long swept away. Dr. Duggan, the Bishop, confirmed all this in the evening, when I called on him, and says that every acre of that estate was peasants’ ground, and reclaimed by them long ago from the waste, and then taken from them by their landlords.

“Dr. Duggan, the Bishop of Clonfert, is the most wonderful and enchanting old man I have seen for many years. A venerable and altogether simple personage, with straggling white hair and cassock, much bedabbled with snuff. When he knew that I had come from Davitt, a smile broke out on his face as if I had spoken of a saint. Our first conversation

A Talk with Dr. Duggan

I have written out, but it gives a poor notion of the old man's wit and wisdom. After dinner at the Hotel I went back to him, and since he has been my supreme delight.

"Here are fragments of his conversation: 'You bring me an introduction from Davitt. It is the best you could bring. He is a holy man. See this. They are flowers he brought me two years ago from Jerusalem. When you see a large house and fine domain, be sure the greatest poverty will be next it. It is like the houses of sin, which always in a great city surround the Cathedral. . . . Forster,¹ poor man! came to see me three years ago, and he said, "Dr. Duggan, how is it that your priests do not stop the outrages?" I said, "Mr. Forster, you are too polite to speak the truth—what you mean to say is, why do I encourage the people here to murder?" He laughed and said, "Yes, that is just it." I said, "If you wish to know why they do these things, look around, neither I nor you, nor all your soldiers, could make them hold their hands while the cause of injustice remains." He asked me, "What shall we do?" I told him, "Send for Davitt." Henry George came to see me—he explained to me his plan of Land Nationalization. Davitt likes it. I don't agree with him. I said to George, "This is beautiful, too beautiful. Is it not Utopia?" He said, "Ah, that is the weak point." *My* idea would be, "No rent in any form"—Davitt's idea was that at first—no rent either to landlord or to Government. By the old Brehon law there was no landlord, no tenant. To the present day, in Connemara, an old man when he dies divides his land between his children. He considers it his own. The Brehon law held good here

¹ The Right Honble. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland (1880-1882), known as "Buckshot Forster."

Forster and Clanricarde

till only two hundred years ago. The people must come back from the mountains to the good lands below, the lands they made in past years out of the bog. We must encourage tillage, against grazing, by putting a heavier tax on grass. This has been done in Australia. The landlords have ruined the land. Look out yonder! All that grass land I can remember tilled—and look there at the Poor House; twenty-eight thousand paupers lie buried in that field. When people ask me what England has given to Ireland, I answer “The Poor House.” Yet they often choose to die in the road rather than go to it. I remember six thousand people in this town with shops, and trades, and prosperity, now there are only three thousand. Lord Clanricarde will not give another lease or renew it when one falls in. I have £3,000 in the Bank to build a church with; he will not lease me a site for it. You ask me what would I do with Lord Clanricarde if I had the settling of him. First, I would put him in a glass bottle, and not let him out till he came to an agreement. Then we would appoint three persons to value his land, farm by farm, holding by holding. All should be taken into consideration, the tenants’ necessary expense, his living, his farm capital. Then he should be obliged to sell. He must be got rid of anyhow. The land must be the peasants’. He should go away with what remained after all fair deductions had been made. It would not be much. Ah! you are going away. You must come back to me after your dinner. I have nothing in the house to offer you but a herring. I saw a letter of yours in the “Pall Mall Gazette” in which you say that Dr. Gilhooly forbids his priests from joining the League. You are right in what you say. It is because he lives in a big house.’

“*April* 10.—After hearing the Bishop’s Mass,

A Poor Law Union Meeting

which he 'reads,' as they say in Ireland, in his own house, and breakfasting with him, I went with one of the lights of the Land League and a great friend of the Bishop, Mr. Sweeny, a tradesman of Loughrea, to the Poor Law Union, where they were electing a chairman of Guardians for the year. It was an interesting specimen of local institutions, for the two parties, landlord and Home Ruler, were brought face to face in force, the landlord interest being the stronger through what they call *ex officio* members, country gentlemen brought in from a distance. The Home Rulers were mostly residents in the town. Their spokesman, Roche, however, was from Woodford, the place where the process-server, Finlay, was murdered a month ago.¹ Roche made not a bad speech, appealing to the better feelings of the landlords to perform one last act of grace by allowing the election of a Home Ruler to one out of the three vacant offices; it would be their last chance of ever conciliating the people, for the handwriting for them was already on the wall, and next year it would be the people not they that would rule. There was one landlord, Major Rogers, who partly supported them, but the rest all voted doggedly and in silence for their own candidates. Another of the Home Rulers was Broderick. Sir Henry Burke, the landlord of Woodford, was there and Clanricarde's agent, and there were representatives of all the great landowners of South Galway. The chief of these are Lord Clanricarde, Lord Westmeath, Lord Dunsandle, Lord Clancarty, and Sir Henry Burke. Of these Clanricarde is the most universally disliked. His rents are not particularly high, but he refuses all reductions and insists on payment to the day. In the town of Loughrea he will neither give nor

¹ John Roche, afterwards M.P.

Lord Clanricarde

renew a lease or sell a foot of land. There are several houses in the main street roofless on this account, for none dares repair for fear of an increased rent. So the Bishop says.

[Hubert, Marquess of Clanricarde, spoken of here and many times later in this journal, I had known well in former years, as he had been, like me, in the Diplomatic Service, first as Lord Hubert de Burgh in his elder brother Lord Dunkellin's lifetime, then, at the age of thirty-five, as Lord Hubert Canning, his aunt, Lady Canning, having left him a considerable fortune, and then as Lord Burke when, by his brother's death, he became heir to the Marquisate. I saw him pretty frequently at Paris in the sixties before the Prussian war, and later, when he had become Lord Clanricarde, at the Travellers' Club in London, where we were both members. The second Marquess and my father had been friends, and though this one's penurious habits and certain oddities made him an uncomfortable acquaintance, I found him a good talker and not otherwise than a pleasant companion. We were never intimate, but I knew something of the circumstances of his early life which to a large extent excused him in the long war he waged with his Irish tenantry when he succeeded to the family estates. This is not the place to recount these fully. But it is necessary I should allude to them here as a factor in the position I found myself in of public antagonism to him a year later, one not altogether of my own choosing.]

“In the afternoon the Bishop took me driving to see the site of Aughrim, the last battle fought by the Irish against William of Orange. ‘They call it the last battle,’ he said, as we stood on rising ground looking over the plain, ‘but this is not true, for the battle has gone on ever since. Look at these great

grass fields, empty for miles and miles away; every one of them contained once its little house, its potato ground, and its patch of oats. I remember many of them myself, with the happy souls who lived in them; and where are they now? O England, England! they are engulfed in your great cities, Liverpool, London, New York. They would have lived here happy, and died, and saved their Christian souls, and they have been driven out to live like devils and die like dogs, and be damned to eternity, and all for the sake of making a few English landlords rich. O England, England! if I was not what I am, a priest here,' and he took me by the arm, 'do you know what I should be doing? I should be going about in your dockyards and ports, and blowing up your ironclads with dynamite.' On our way home he showed me a property which had belonged to a Mr. Blake, and which in his lifetime he had taken pride in as a model property. He made the tenants build rather better houses than the common ones, and helped them and was fond of them; then he died, and for some reason of pique his daughter at one swoop swept them all away, eighty families, turning them out and burning down the houses, to let the whole as a cattle run. He pointed me out the few that had been left standing for the use of the herds. The gardens one could still trace, though overgrown, but all had been turned into one great grass farm. This had happened less than twenty years ago. I dined with him in the evening and still he talked and talked and always with a smile on his lips and tears in his eyes, till he made me also cry.¹

"The Bishop lives in a poor little house in the

¹ I afterwards described this talk with Dr. Duggan in a poem called "The Canon of Aghrim," which, as it has been many years out of print, I give in the Appendix.

His Saintly Poverty

town—they call it the Palace—waited on by one old peasant woman and a little foundling boy. When I found him he had no fire in his grate, but he had one lit for me, and his food was of the meagrest. Beggar women and children sit at his door from dawn till dusk, and he feeds the sparrows on his window-sill, and his heart is full of pity for the poor and of anger and hatred for the rich. He is a holy man, a saint, like Victor Hugo's Bishop in 'Les Miserables.' Davitt came one day to him, sick at heart and discouraged about the League; the task seemed impossible; the people were with him but not the priests; he was on the point of abandoning his Mission. He came to Loughrea to hold a meeting, and to call upon Dr. Duggan, and asked what he should do. The Bishop knew him then only by name, and did not know his arguments; but when Davitt had explained them to him he said, 'I dare not tell you as a bishop that your ideas are right, but I bid you go on, you will succeed.' A year later Davitt came again to Loughrea and stopped at the Bishop's door. He was at the head of 25,000 men.

"*April 11, Sunday.*—To Woodford with Mr. Sweeny, who is a very amusing and candid companion. He told me the ins and outs of the National or rather Land League politics of Loughrea, and the characters of the various landlords, and also about his own amusements, poaching on the hills, for he is fond of gunning. He says that, before the Land League, it used to be as dangerous to shoot a grouse as a man. But now the gamekeepers keep on good terms with the people and connive at their maraudings. He, therefore, is able to have his grouse shootings on the moors, 'like any lord.'

"We arrived at Woodford just as the people were coming out from Mass, and they looked a tidy,

The Woodford Murder

respectable lot of people as you would wish to see. Yet they had killed the man Finlay only a month ago. To the best of my information, the story of the murder is this: Sir Henry Burke is the chief landlord here, a Catholic, who lives in a very pretty park we passed on the road called Marble Hill. I cannot find out that he was a particularly bad landlord. It is even stated that he had not raised their rents for forty years, but the village had certain grievances, the principal being a commonage taken away from them many years ago. It appears that Sir Henry's grandfather, between 1800 and 1820, had taken in some Catholic refugees, twenty or thirty families, now increased to a hundred, from Cavan and Monaghan, and had allowed them to settle on the mountain commonage at half-a-crown an acre, which they had gradually enclosed. At first the villagers did not object to this, but when all their commonage was gone, and rents put on it by the landlord, they became angry. At one time they had thought of driving the settlers out, but with the advent of the Land League the anger was turned against the landlord. Last May all the tenants of the estate together asked for a reduction of fifty per cent. of their rents, afterwards reduced to twenty-five. This, however, was refused, and evictions were ordered. Two of the wealthier tenants, my friend Roche and the shopkeeper Keary, being served with writs—a costly process. In the end, however, only one eviction took place, O'Farrell's, a hill tenant, one of the Ulster immigrants. The man Finlay was originally one of the Ulster people, but he had left the hill and had enlisted and been wounded in the Crimea, so that he went in Woodford by the name of 'the pensioner.' Having nothing else to do, he became a process-server for

Scene of the Murder

Sir Henry, married a woman, an inhabitant of the place, and lived in the town of Woodford. He and his wife were always unpopular, and he had been process-server on the occasion of the evictions: after this he was watched by ten constables.

“ I called on his wife, and she gave me the following account of his death. From the time of the evictions, she said, they were boycotted by the town, and, as they could get no turf, Sir Henry allowed Finlay to gather firewood in Derrycrag wood, outside the village. He went there every day, guarded at first by the soldiers; afterwards, he could not be always troubling them, and used to go alone. On the morning of the third of March, he went thus alone to the wood, got a log, sawed it in half, and brought one half home. Then, in the afternoon about half-past one, he returned for the other half. She saw him before he went out, and as he did not soon return she warned the police, who, at a quarter to five, found him lying in the wood dead. I was taken by Roche to the scene of the murder, and stepped over a low wall to enter the wood. ‘ You are standing exactly on the spot now,’ said Roche. ‘ His heels were not a yard from the fence.’ Close by lay the log partly burnt by the police, who had watched the body through the night, and had made a fire with the log. I asked the widow about Father E . . .’s conduct to her, which has been complained of; and I am inclined to think the priest acted ill. The widow says she went on the morning of the funeral to ask him to read a Mass for the dead man; but his servant girl replied he was not up, and brought her a message from him that he had another Mass that day and could not read two. Father E . . . was with me when I called on the widow, and he had begun the subject with her, and she turned on

Sir Henry Burke

him sharply and said, 'You know it's the truth, and that none of his relations would come to bury him, nor any one make him a coffin, and that you wouldn't let him lie in the Barkhill graveyard, and I had to take him to Ballynagar, two and a half miles off, in a coffin made at Loughrea.' I suspect Father E . . . joined with the rest in boycotting her. I am not altogether satisfied with the look of the case nor with his looks. Roche gave us dinner in his comfortable Mill House with the priests, and there was a good deal of joking about 'the pensioner' and the widow.

"We then adjourned to Keary's, a respectable tradesman of the town, who gave me a number of local statistics. Dr. Duggan had asked me to talk the matter of their quarrel with Sir Henry Burke over, and try and get them to come to a settlement. The Bishop had authorized me to tell them, to use a Gladstonian phrase, that 'It was my own impression of his opinion' that they ought to come to terms with Sir Henry; first, because Sir Henry was not so bad a landlord as many; secondly, because he had not raised his rents in past years; thirdly, because of the political situation, which demanded that no disturbance of the peace should occur; and, fourthly, because of the late murder. He did not wish his own name to appear in the matter, because he sympathized so strongly with them, and his character of Bishop imposed restrictions. I argued the matter out with the tenants on these lines, and they say they will accept twenty per cent. reduction, and no costs, but I think they will end by accepting fifteen. [These terms they eventually obtained.] On the way back to Loughrea an amusing incident occurred. Sweeny caught sight of a pheasant perched in a tree just over the wall of a park,

Dr. Duggan's Coadjutor

O'Hara's, which threw him into great excitement. 'If we only had a gun!' he cried, 'if we only had a gun!'

"Dined with the Bishop, who again told me such touching stories of the things he had seen, and the injustices of men, that he made me weep. I am in a great depression, and hardly know if this is a cause or an effect. The Bishop was very kind to me. Colonel King Harman has written me a very violent letter in answer to mine in the 'Pall Mall,' and this has annoyed me. The good Bishop, to console me, told how he had once himself been in trouble about a man who had sworn against him at the assizes, saying that he, the Bishop, had preached at Mass to the people, telling them to pay no rent. He is a dear old man, and I could weep and weep.

"*April 12.*—A telegram has come from Father Reddy, saying the Kingston evictions are to begin again to-morrow; and I have to go to Boyle to settle with King Harman, so unwillingly I have gone back. I went to wish the dear Bishop good-bye, and found him brushed up and shaved, and looking two inches taller, which he explained by the news that his coadjutor, Dr. Healy,¹ had arrived. Dr. Healy is his antipodes and his antipathy. A year ago Dr. Duggan, feeling that he was growing old, and thinking that he could get a priest of his own diocese appointed, he had asked for a coadjutor, and they had sent him a stranger, a lover of purple and fine linen, who has made himself a special friend of the landlords. Dr. Healy was already in the house. Presently he came in, and we had a long discussion on the land question, which the coadjutor carried on with all the stock arguments, appealing to political economy and the sanctity of contracts. He

¹ Dr. John Healy, now Archbishop of Tuam.

The Bishop's Blessing

has a disagreeable *cassant* manner, but I think I did some good by taking the poor Bishop's side. We discussed the Woodford affair, and Dr. Healy will settle the matter now on the lines of my negotiations yesterday.

“When he was gone the Bishop and I turned to each other, and he said, ‘How strange it is, that you and I, starting from points so different, should have arrived at so exactly the same place. I was a peasant's son near Tuam, and all the education I got at first was in a little village chapel where we used to write our copies and learn to read “The Seven Champions of Christendom,” and books of travel, and scribble our sums on the altar, literally on the altar. Then I went to Maynooth. I saw the great famine and it gave me a brain fever; and I went to Achill on a pilgrimage to see a woman who had lain down with her children to die, rather than send them to the Protestant Mission where children were being fed, and then in the night a ship full of flour had come in and she was saved. I asked her what she felt when she lay down like this, and she said she was confident God would help her.’

“I knelt down to the old man and asked his blessing ‘for the reasons he knew, and the reasons he did not know,’ and he put his hand on my head and I have hardly done crying since. Then I came on to Carrick, where I have put up at an inn full of police-constables and emergency men bound for Arigna, where the evictions are to be in the morning.

“*April 13.*—Started at six on a car for Keadue, fortunately in fine weather. Found Father Reddy waiting for me; and after breakfast we went to Arigna, where we found the evictions already begun. It was a brutal and an absurd spectacle, 250 armed

Evictions in Roscommon

men, soldiers in all but name, storming the cottages one after the other of half starved tenants, and faced by less than half their number of women and boys. Tatlow, the agent, was there, howled and jeered at by the crowd, with his bailiff and his emergency men, a disgraceful sight. The houses were ransacked, the furniture thrown out, the fires quenched, and a bit of thatch was taken possession of as a token in each case that the landlord had re-entered on his rights. Then the inhabitants were turned adrift upon the world. I took down the tale of each as related to me, and it makes a formidable indictment against Lord Kingston. The sight made me so angry that I was positively ill, my heart hurting me. One of the men turned out was a small farmer, whose father had been a scholar, and all he had left to take away with him was a copy of Horace's 'Satires.' When it was over for the day we went back and I had some milk with Father Quinn. Though I am ill, I am glad that I came. No one can understand what the Irish land question is till he has seen an eviction.

"*April 14.*—The 'Pall Mall' has come with an answer to my letter by Lord Kingston, in which he lays all the blame upon the League. The evictions went on to-day more savagely than ever. I forgot to say that yesterday the constabulary were so much disgusted with the work given them to do that they subscribed among them over £5 for the evicted families. To-day there was a diversion in the shape of a village Thersites named John Leyden, who came out and cursed the enemy with an incessant flow of jokes and anathemas that was kept up by the hour together. I never listened to such eloquence. But it was hard to follow all he said, for it was sometimes in English, sometimes in Irish. I asked him

A Village Thersites

what his way of life was, and he told me that he worked at the coal mines above ground at 1s. 6d. a day. He was a young man of about twenty, with a pleasant, intelligent face when not uttering his maledictions. 'Mad Jack! mad Jack!' he cried out, meaning Tatlow, 'Withered be the hand that missed ye. The bullet must be a stout one that will cut through *your* heart. The cuckoo Earl! the cuckoo Earl!' The people had a drum to-day, and carried pictures from 'United Ireland' on poles by way of banners. There was a mixture throughout of tragedy and farce even more tragical. The case that moved my indignation most was that of one Macmanus, a hardworking, hardworked man of fifty, just the honest, laborious tenant a landlord should desire. He had been deprived already by his landlord of a plot of ground and a house, and now he had reclaimed another plot and built again. He had no wife or child, but an ancient mother and a niece, though the thing he loved best was his dog (a tall gaunt beast of the old Irish breed). All these were thrown out of doors without mercy while John Leyden shrieked 'the cuckoo Earl! the cuckoo Earl!' We managed to get off a telegram last night to the 'Freeman,' relating these barbarities, and we sent another to-night through Father O'Malley, who had come over. David (my servant) who was with me to-day at the evictions, expressed himself strongly about them, or at least as strongly as he ever dares.

"*April* 15.—The third day of the evictions, right up on the hill, a tremendous climb. But to-day they threw out nobody. At the third house I began to feel that the enemy was wavering; and now it is clear we have won a victory, for the proceedings have stopped, and high time. All this marching and counter marching, this parade of armed men, has

We secure a Victory

resulted in nothing more satisfactory for the landlord than the collection of about £20; this at the cost to the Government, we computed, of about £1,000. What absurd laws! what a ludicrous scheme of Government! I have written a letter to the 'Pall Mall,' the strongest I ever wrote in my life; and, if Stead only publishes it, it will put a stop to all the atrocities.

"*April 16.*—It is certain we have won. We marched out this morning for the fourth time, but to-day the proceedings were a mere sham. The enemy, after a single eviction, suddenly decamped and fled. As soon as they were out of sight, Father Reddy called a meeting on the road side, and we mounted on a car and made speeches. I spoke for half an hour, and then we drove away. As we overtook the soldiers and passed along their line, they all took off their helmets and cheered, 'three cheers for the other side.' Tatlow had slunk away somewhere by himself with his bodyguard of police.

"The triumph was completed by Lord Kingston's sending for me, an invitation I hastened to accept. I found him at Kilronan anxious to explain himself, and we had it out together for the best part of two hours. At first he wanted me to see Tatlow, but I refused and said, 'We had better speak as gentleman to gentleman.' He argued that I was under delusions, was being befooled by Father Reddy, and being lied to by the peasants; they never did anything but lie; he had a few trusty men who came and told him all that went on, and he knew they had plenty of money. Tatlow was a most honourable man, and he, Kingston, had told him to make certain of the solvency of each tenant before he evicted him. I begged him to come with me himself to their houses and hear what they had to say and see their

Lord Kingston Explains

condition. But he would not consent to this. If he went into a single cottage, he said, it would encourage them so much they would never pay rent again. He was quite satisfied with Tatlow's judgement; he had known him all his life. I asked him what he meant to do; he could not go on fighting his peasants in this way for ever. He expressed himself grieved at this state of things, but what was he to do? I said, 'If you want to do what is just, you will reduce their rents by fifty per cent. or more.' He said, 'You don't know what you ask. This estate is much encumbered, and I only live on the margin of what it brings in. If I reduce by fifty per cent. it would mean that I should have to go a beggar from this house. I am not philanthropist enough for that. We all must live.' I felt inclined to say with Napoleon III, 'Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.' But I said, 'Then it means war?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it must be war.' 'I shall fight you,' I said, 'with every weapon in my power, in the press, by questions in Parliament, by helping your tenants against you.' 'At least,' he said, 'let us fight as gentlemen.' 'I am sure we shall do this,' I replied. And so we parted. I rather like the young man; but he is helpless, with the prejudices of his class, and his hands tied with debt, and Tatlow is his real master. I don't think, all the same, there will ever be another eviction on this estate. Perhaps never again in Ireland. [Alas, for my too sanguine hope!]

"*April 17.*—Drove with Father Reddy to Corriganroe, where we met Father Geraghty and a dozen of King Harman's tenants who had been deprived of their turf by their landlord in consequence of their having voted against his nominee at an election for Poor Law Guardians. I took copious notes of all this, and then went on alone to Boyle. I had

The Famine Clearances

written to King Harman to propose calling on him, but instead of this he sent me another preposterous letter, which absolves me of any duty of consideration towards him. It is market day at Boyle and the town is full of people in from the country. Several of them have come to see me and tell their grievances.

“I am staying with Father O'Malley so as to be more at liberty about seeing people. Among others came a very interesting old man who had been a tenant on the plains of Boyle during famine time. He remembered it all well; he lived at Knockrush under a middleman named Fry, a very good man, the old fellow said; what happened was not his fault. The plains were full of people then, and they grew the finest potatoes in Ireland and the finest oats. Then the famine came, and people died in hundreds; he had himself buried them, ‘in their clothes as they was,’ and seen them ‘wheeled away in barrows.’ Half the people of Knockrush died, and Fry went bankrupt. Then the estate fell into Chancery, and the Chancellor ordered evictions. Hackett was sub-sheriff then and agent of Lord Laughton, the landlord, and he managed the job. Soldiers came and the crowbar men, and every house but twelve was levelled to the ground. These also were threatened. He had one of them, and, rather than wait to lose all, he pulled down his own house for the sake of the beams and took them away with him to Boyle. The rest, after all, were spared. It was not Lord Laughton's fault, he said. Three principal members of the League also called, Lindsay, Tully, and Canlon.

“*April* 18.—Sunday at Boyle. Saw some more of King Harman's tenants. They are dreadfully afraid of him and his revenge, but they talk freely enough when a promise is given not to reveal their names.

I incur the Anger of Friends

I did not go out to-day as I want to rest. Tully came in the evening.

“*April 19.*—A bitter cold day with east wind which I spent driving with Lindsay over the plains of Boyle collecting evidence from the oldest inhabitants. These we picked up as we happened to see or hear of them. Thus we have made out the story of the clearances in 1847-1848 very plainly. According to all testimony, Lord Laughton was a popular landlord, and rather helped the people away to America than evicted them. Still, the plains indubitably were cleared. This done, I feel I have got enough to smash King Harman, and I have come back to Dublin intending to go on back tomorrow to London.

“*April 20.*—The ‘Freeman’ publishes my letter this morning, as also my last letter to the ‘P. M. G.,’ which it is a great relief to me to see in print, for I was afraid Stead would not publish it. It ought to do for Lord Kingston, and I go on to London now to see to Stead’s publishing my new King Harman letter. Slept in James Street.

“*April 21.*—To Button, who tells me everybody, and especially Pembroke,¹ is very angry with me for my attack on Lord Kingston; all Irishmen know about evictions, and it was not necessary to tell the story over again. Their anger, however, means that I have hit them hard, so I don’t mind. Stead, whom I saw next, seemed rather alarmed at first about the letters. They have brought on him an avalanche of rejoinders, and he is afraid of actions for libel. He has just been hard hit in a libel case, having to pay

¹ George, 13th Earl of Pembroke, a personal friend. He was a man of large and original ideas, beloved by all who knew him, but a landowner in Ireland, and for that reason disturbed at my action there.

Charles Bradlaugh

£1,500, for a twopenny halfpenny mistake, to a circus owner. The 'P. M. G.' has so many enemies now that cases brought before juries are very dangerous. However, I have reassured him, and he has gallantly promised to stick by me, and go on publishing anything I choose to write. We are to lunch together to-morrow. Went in the evening to a meeting of Irishmen at Peckham, where I told them I had gone to Ireland a Home Ruler, that my tour in the West had made me a Land Leaguer, and that the sight of the evictions in Roscommon had made me very near a Fenian. This they greatly applauded.

"*April 22.*—Stead came to luncheon and stayed two hours, during which I indoctrinated him thoroughly with my ideas on the Land Laws and the return of the Celts to the plains. The ideas were new to him. Then to Hammersmith, where I found all the Morris family but Mrs. Morris. Morris is with me about Ireland, though he says socialism and nationalism have nothing in common.

"At night to a mass meeting in St. James's Hall, Labouchere in the chair, but he had not voice enough for the occasion. There were one or two attempts at interruption, but Bradlaugh put them down personally by force, elbowing his way about like a prize-fighter. I don't dislike the look of the man, he has great power and much good humour. On the platform he is like an actor, jumping up and gesticulating with his immense hands when any one does anything he disapproves, first in dumb show, and then, if that fails, bellowing out his phrases like a bull. He keeps his audience awake in that way, and is evidently a comic favourite. His speech, though pithily spoken, was not particularly good, nor has he an H in his vocabulary. I saw Labou-

My Tenants at Home

chere smiling now and then in a suppressed way when his colleague was 'out-'Eroding 'Erod.' Mrs. Besant also spoke well, with a good voice, a wordy oration. No one else of any consequence. But the hall was crammed to the ceiling, and I was glad to notice that they mostly hissed Chamberlain's name.

"*April 24.*—Crabbet. Bates, my bailiff, came to see me to-day, and I asked him about my farms here, to find out whether any of them are too highly rented. He seems to think some of them are, and that Laprimaudaye, my agent, is too hard on the tenants. I must see to this, as it will not do to neglect the mote in my own eye while plucking the beam out of Lord Kingston's.

"*April 25, Easter Sunday.*—I have been through the separate farms with Laprimaudaye, and find that, deducting the rent of buildings from the farms, and counting the grass land at one pound an acre, which Bates considers a fair rent, the rest of the arable land is from seven to eight shillings, on some farms as low as five and sixpence, on this side of the railway. On the other side, between Three Bridges and Crawley, Wright pays nineteen shillings and Caffin ten shillings. Also it is fair to consider that nearly all my tenants have advantages from the estate. Bates has £60 as forester, Dench is estate carpenter, Caffin and Heasman millers, etc., etc. The only holdings really highly rented are two small ones belonging to Holman and Charlwood. I must have these reduced. Laprimaudaye is, of course, greatly against giving reductions in rent.

"*April 28.*—To London. Called on Cardinal Manning, who is greatly pleased with what I have done in Ireland, and bids me go on. The Prince of Wales is very angry with me, Lady C. tells me, for my doings in Ireland, but I have begged her to tell

Paris

him that there is no disloyalty there to the Crown, only monstrous injustice which needs a royal remedy. Stead, after all, writes he cannot go on with my eviction letters in the 'P. M. G.,' the question casting too long a shadow, and the question of the day being only Home Rule. I cannot complain of this. Still it is disappointing.

"*May 1.*—Began a poem about Ireland: 'You ask me of English honour.' I mean to reproduce in it Dr. Duggan's conversations.

"*May 2.*—Joseph Potocki came down to Crabbet to see the horses. I have suddenly resolved to go with him to Paris, as there are several things I want to do there. Among others to see Monsieur de Freycinet, and get him, if possible, to take up an active line about Egypt.

"*May 3.*—Arrived this morning in Paris, and went to the Hotel Wagram. Called on Sanua to get the latest Egyptian news. He tells me the Soudanese are becoming demoralized and divided; has heard that Freycinet has been in correspondence with our Government about the evacuation of Egypt; people in Egypt believe now that we shall go soon. I don't. Next to see Montagnier, the London correspondent to the 'Matin,' who lives in the Quartier Latin, a regular Paul de Kock place. He promises that I shall see Freycinet. Then to the Rue Mazarine, where, to my great delight, I found 'Bitters,'¹ and we walked together up the Champs Elysées and breakfasted there. I hear that Natty Rothschild is furious against me for what I have done in Egypt, saying that everything I predicted about it has been falsified. This is quite contrary to fact, as my memorandum sent him in 1882 can testify. My

¹ My cousin, Francis Gore Currie, who lived for many years in Paris.

Polish Nobles at Paris

only mistake was when I said the Rothschilds would lose their money. But we may yet live to see that too.

“To the Tennis Court to see a match between Lambert and a young French player, Le Sueur’s nephew, Bisque. Lambert was in wretched form, and suffered himself to be beaten by the young fellow, who has a surprising return, but no style, at half fifteen and two bisques. Dined with the Branickis, Potockis, Marcowskis, and other Poles at their house in the Rue Penthievre. They live here in a good old-fashioned way, as if they were in their own country, as fine old Polish nobles should, entertaining poorer people of their nation hospitably and without show. I like them all excessively. They sympathize of course with my ideas about Ireland, though Count Alfred Potocki, who has been a Minister in Austria, speaks strongly on the point of keeping the Irish members in the London House of Commons. He is also a bitter enemy of Gladstone. They were all very cordial in hoping that Anne and I would come again this summer to stay with them in Poland. It does one good to see people like this in the heart of Paris.

“*May 4.*—I see by the ‘Times’ telegram that Rosebery¹ has answered Mukhtar’s proposal in language showing no sign whatever of a withdrawal from Egypt. Nor will there be any question of it until pressure is put upon our Government from outside. To-day I went to the Salon, a ghastly exhibition of fantastically naked women and fantastically bloody corpses. Everything that human nature has to show of ugliness is to be seen there, crudely designed and abominably executed. However bad

¹ Lord Rosebery had become Foreign Secretary in the Gladstone Cabinet of 1886.

M. de Freycinet

our pictures in England may be, these are twenty times worse. There are not half a dozen pictures in the place worth £5, nor one that a sane man could bear to live with. All the same there is a considerable amount of cleverness shown, and some sketching power. But the art of painting seems absolutely lost in France. Size is the most striking feature of the exhibition. There was a picture of a battle in China, fifty feet by thirty!

“*May 5.*—Called on Prince Halim, who is staying incognito at the Hôtel de Hollande. He has come over to make friends in Paris and is going on to London. I advised him to advocate the cause of liberty if he wanted any one to listen to him. But I doubt if he has sense enough to understand. He is too fond of talking of the rights of the family of Mohammed Ali and about the Egyptians as children. All these Circassian princes are much alike. You can't make a 'silk purse out of a sow's ear.' He also told me the Sultan was very angry with him for having forwarded my letter fifteen months ago, and had not spoken to him since. It is of no great consequence now.

“*May 6.*—Sanua tells me that Jemal-ed-Din is at St. Petersburg, working in Russian interests—small blame to him, considering how Wolff has betrayed us all.

“*May 7.*—To the Quai d'Orsay by appointment at nine, but was kept waiting an hour and three-quarters, so that I was very near going away without seeing Monsieur de Freycinet. There were a good many others, even at that early hour, waiting for audiences, amongst others Sanua in attendance on Mustafa Bey, a Tunisian Prince. When I saw him at last Monsieur de Freycinet was polite enough, but gave me less than a quarter of an hour, excusing

Aviation, a Prophecy

himself on account of exceptional business. There is a Greek crisis on this morning; Monsieur Deliyanni, the Greek Minister, has refused the terms imposed on him by the Powers, and war threatens. Freycinet is a dry, wiry little man of about sixty. He did not say much himself but listened and asked questions. He asked me whether I thought the English policy in Egypt was a policy of annexation; and I explained to him the different phases it had gone through since the war. I did not speak of Arabi, except in answer to a question, when I said he was my friend. I had not time to explain my full programme.¹

“*May 9.*—A long talk with Sanua about Egypt. He said he had hitherto been in favour of patience, thinking the British occupation would thus soonest be got rid of. But lately the English authorities had begun to encourage the fellahin against the Pashas, and, though this was good in itself; it clearly meant a permanent occupation. A revolt, he thought, could easily be organized. I told him I saw no help for it but to fight on till our Government was worn out with it.

“Saw a balloon sent up from the Tuileries Gardens. It was on the Mongolfier plan, the same as was invented one hundred years ago. It is strange they have made no improvements, but the navigation of the air will never make any way as long as they cling to the principle of ballooning in vessels lighter than the atmosphere; when they have invented a vehicle that will rise by its strength, not by its weakness, they will solve the problem, not sooner. Old Julie, my old French *bonne*, has been looking after me

¹ Freycinet at this time was pressing our Foreign Office about evacuating Egypt, but went out of office, having effected nothing. Rosebery was always for staying on in occupation.

all this week. She amuses me, having a good memory, and being nearly eighty years old. She carries still a rosary, given her by the Archbishop of Paris when he was Queen Amélie's confessor; she was housemaid then in the Tuileries.

"*May 10.*—To London by the day service through Boulogne. Lady Randolph Churchill was travelling, with her sister, and looked very pretty. We exchanged a few words, amiably to my surprise, for I thought the Irish quarrel would have been fatal to our acquaintance. But she was on pleasure bent, and I daresay thought nothing of politics.

"After dining at James Street, to the House of Commons, where I saw Healy who had asked to see me, also Dillon, and O'Brien. They expressed themselves much delighted with what I had done in Ireland; and I talked over Irish prospects with them. The Home Rule Debate began this evening, and Gladstone had made his speech for the second reading before I arrived. He has not given way on the point of keeping the Irish members in the English Parliament, and John Dillon says he is very glad of this, though it may prevent the Bill passing this year. I confess I am not so glad, for, though I entirely agree about the most complete separation of the two Parliaments, I am afraid the failure of the Bill this year will risk Home Rule altogether. The alliance between the Catholic Irish and the atheistical English Radicals is not a natural one and may be broken at any moment—and then where would Home Rule be? Without Gladstone, popular feeling might well turn round against Nationalist ideas, and throw the Radicals into the opposite camp and Ireland on Chamberlain's tender mercies. If it were only Tories and Whigs I should not mind. But the Radicals, even now, are only half hearted. The Irish

Dillon Advises Me

members, however, think otherwise; and I suppose they know their interests best. I fear, too, the people in Ireland will lose confidence in Parnell if he suffers this defeat. Success is very necessary to keep them patient. Sidney Herbert hailed me in the lobby, and told me King Harman was thirsting for my blood.

“*May 11.*—Called on Button, and consulted him as to whether I should write to Sidney to beg him to let King Harman know I would fight him if he liked. But he said it would be ridiculous and I had better let it alone. He thinks the Irish Bill certainly won't pass, Gladstone having made a complete mess of it. He advises me to await the upshot before going back to Ireland.

“*May 12.*—Lunched with John Dillon at the House of Commons, there being an afternoon sitting. He is still confident things will go well even if the Bill is defeated this year. But I am not, and argued the case strongly with him. He tells me Michael Davitt is to be here in a day or two, and I have left a message with him for Davitt whom I want to see before I go further. Dillon advises me to go at once to Kerry, where evictions are going on, and leave Ulster till later. But I shall be determined by the fate of the Bill. If it passes, Ulster will be the scene of agitation; if it is rejected, Kerry. And I shall go in the direction of the firing. Dillon is a good fellow but rather reserved compared with most of them. He looks in worse health again, and complained very much of the kind of life he had to lead in the House of Commons. I fancy he will go back to Colorado, where his brother is, when the Home Rule battle is won.

“At the British Home Rule Association Rooms I found Ashburnham, who makes great complaint of Parnell and Sexton, because they will not answer

The Queen's Irish Views

his letters. I did what I could to soothe him, but his dignity is offended. Had tea with Lady Gregory, who has just returned from India and Ceylon. She was quite up in arms about Ireland and I had some ado to pacify her. She gives a good account of Arabi, saying he is universally respected and living a dignified life; that he does not want to go back to Egypt unless recalled as Minister, and that the exiles are bringing up their children well, contented except for poverty. In India she finds my book 'Ideas about India' more accurate than she expected. It has given mortal offence to the Anglo-Indians.

"Dined at Pembroke Crescent, where I again met Ashburnham who is very agreeable but eccentric. He expounded to us his legitimist and Jacobite views. He and Lord Orford are devoted adherents of the Princess of Modena, the legitimate heir to the English throne. He calls her Queen Maria Theresa. It is on this account he has become a Home Ruler in Ireland.

"*May 13.*—Called on Lady C., who has seen the Prince of Wales lately. She gave him my message about the loyalty of the Irish to the Crown, and he seems to have been pleased, and says that Home Rule is certain to come in Ireland, and he has even quarrelled with the Queen on the subject. Her Majesty is a violent partisan on the other side, principally on Protestant religious grounds. It was she who suggested that a certain general should resign his commission and head the Orangemen in her name. Lady C. heard this also two days ago from the Duke of Cambridge; and there is no doubt whatever that the general has really declared his intention to do it, in spite of half denials. Another had himself told her that he meant to have a regular massacre of Irish if it came to a war. John

Talk with John Morley

Dillon, when I saw him yesterday, thought it might come to this. But doubtless a great part of it is tall talk, meant to influence the fate of the Bill.

“From her I went to John Morley at the Irish Office, where we had a very confidential talk about things in Ireland and at home. He began by congratulating me on my letters in the ‘Pall Mall,’ which he said had done excellent work. I am glad of this, because Lady Gregory yesterday told me she had met Eddy Hamilton, who complained of my having put in my oar at the wrong time and done more harm than good. But Morley was very decided that I had done good work for Ireland. With regard to the Bill, he thinks it will pass; that Chamberlain has only twenty Radicals with him, and that the Radical party of the country is quite sound for Home Rule. I told him, however, as I had told Dillon, that I was afraid Home Rule for Ireland did not lie quite on the straight track of English Radicalism, and I feared that if the Bill was rejected this year Radicalism would go its way and leave Home Rule behind. I was afraid, too, the Irish in Ireland would be discouraged. He said, however, it was quite impossible to give in to Chamberlain, who wanted to change the whole principle of the real independence of the Irish Parliament. To this it was out of the question to consent. He asked what would happen in Ireland if the Tories came into office, and whether a ‘no rent’ move would be made there. I said it would depend on the amount of agitation, that at present all the powers of the leaders were used for peace and quietness, but if these were withdrawn there would be ‘no rent’ in some parts of Ireland, though not in all. Dillon advised me yesterday to advise all who asked me about rent to pay as far as they possibly could till the fate of the Bill was decided. There would, how-

A Settlement of the Land Question

ever, be an economical collapse before the end of the year, agitation or no agitation. Morley asked me to explain my views about the eventual settlement of the land question, and I told him that what the Irish wanted was the re-peopling of the plains. He asked, 'Do you think this a sound solution?' I said that I did. I then begged him to do all he could to pass the Bill *this year*, in any form that preserved the principle of Home Rule, and, if he remained in office, to stop the evictions temporarily till a Land Bill could be passed. He said he should like to do it, but the lawyers would not hear of it. He heartily approved my returning to Ireland, gave me a letter of introduction to Sir Robert Hamilton at Dublin, and begged me to write to him on any subject of interest that came in my way.

"In the evening with Anne to a Radical meeting in Southwark, and spoke there in favour of supporting Mr. Gladstone. Leicester, the glass-blower M.P., was there and made a most amusing and original speech, though there was not much sense in it. The best thing he said was that ignorance was better than knowledge in politics; that the educated class always went wrong, and the masses always right—'Our Joe,' he said, 'has gone completely off the rails.'

"*May* 14.—Called on Evelyn, who is still very unhappy. He would like to support the Bill but dares not do it alone among the Tories, so is going to vote against it. Poor good man, he has not the fibre of a fighter.

"Had a long talk with Gregory about the Mohamédans in India, Salar Jung, Arabi, and Auckland Colvin. Colvin, he says, complains now of Malet as having been the cause of the misfortunes in Egypt, and admits Arabi's honesty. What use is it now?

Back to Ireland

Lady Gregory is more calm about Ireland to-day, and Sir William is quite reasonable; he was in former days a leader of reform in Ireland, and if he had only stuck to his flag he might now be the chief of the Home Rule party, but he was scared when the 'no rent' agitation began. Lastly called on A., who through her husband is also an Irish landlord. She begged me to visit their estate, which she says is a model one, in Ulster. I promised that I would and that I would be silent if I found atrocities going on.

"Returning to James Street for dinner, I found a deputation from Rotherhithe begging me to stand as independent candidate for that place, and promising Irish and Radical support. The idea does not much smile on me, but I have promised to think the matter over. I am determined to have no more to do with English party politics, and a London constituency is a millstone round any man's neck, but if there is a sufficient Irish vote to keep me independent I might do worse—I should probably get in, and the occasion is one worthy of fighting, only I would far rather it had been honestly as an Irish Home Ruler in Ireland.

"*May 15.*—To Dublin by the day train. In low spirits, nervous and anxious without cause. One is not master of one's anxieties, only of one's actions; and so I started. In the train were two priests on their way back to Ireland. They had been to the House of Commons to hear the debate, and were full of John Dillon's speech and William O'Brien's. They spoke of me as a sympathiser before they knew who I was, and of my fight with King Harman, in applauding terms. Like all the Irish priests, they are very conservative in their ideas; and, once Home Rule and the land question settled, there will be no

Michael Davitt's Views

more law-abiding people in the world than Catholic Irishmen. This strikes me at every step.

“I had intended to spend the evening at the Contemporary Club, who have their meetings at Mr. Ponsonby's, the publisher, every Saturday. But when I arrived at Mr. Ponsonby's door in Grafton Street I found the knocker tied up with crape and a card announcing his death on the 14th. This has been a great disappointment, for I had counted on meeting friends there. When I was here last month, Michael Davitt took me to Mr. Ponsonby's rooms, and our host was very kind and pleasant and pressed me to come again. My only consolation is that Davitt telegraphs his arrival to-morrow morning.

“*May 16.*—A stormy morning and a smoky chimney. Michael Davitt came in to see me after breakfast, and we had a long talk. He still thinks the Home Rule Bill will pass the second reading, as the country is altogether with Gladstone and altogether against Chamberlain, and, though the feeling is not the same in the House of Commons, very few Radicals will dare vote against the party. He says that Chamberlain is quite done for in the provinces, and he has had a good opportunity of judging as he has just been on a complete round of meetings in England, Scotland, and Wales. Nor is he prejudiced, for he tells me that till quite lately he was a strong believer in Chamberlain, and had preached his virtues to high and low as the best friend to Ireland and the coming champion of Home Rule. But now he is undeceived about him, and disgusted at his joining Randolph Churchill in the no-Popery cry about Ulster. This he considers worse than the stand he has made about Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, and he trusts that no further concession will be made to him. Now that he has

Davitt's Opinion of Parnell

joined Hartington he will be cast out of the Radical fold, and had better be treated openly as an enemy.

“ I told him of my fears for the future if Home Rule should not be voted this year, both from the possibility of a change in Radical opinion and still more on account of the discouragement it would cause in Ireland. The first reason he did not agree with me in thinking a valid one; but he was fully aware of the other danger. He complained, indeed, with some bitterness of the way in which the land question had been lately neglected and he knew that there was a great dissatisfaction with the Parliamentary party on that point. Mr. Parnell had £70,000 in hand for all purposes, and might well spare £5,000 or £10,000 in helping evicted tenants, but hardly anything went now in that way. All was devoted to the Parliamentary fund; the truth was Parnell was thoroughly conservative at heart and dreaded anything that could lead to violence; he had nothing of the Celt in him, and could not be moved to any but the most cautious actions. This was his value as leader of the Irish party. He, Davitt, did not agree with Parnell on the land question, thinking him too prudent; but he recognized him as for this very reason a better leader than a more excitable man would be, and so they had no rivalry. Only Davitt preferred maintaining his independence of action, and that was why he was not in Parliament. In all he said of Parnell he spoke, I was glad to see, kindly and admiringly. We then spoke of the future, supposing the Bill to have been thrown out. Davitt declares that Hartington and Chamberlain cannot pretend to form a Ministry which could stand an hour, but that Salisbury would come into office and dissolve Parliament. Then the struggle would begin in earnest. If the Tories won, the League would be suppressed, and

His Opinion of Morley and Hamilton

the only answer to that would be 'no rent.' Davitt will then agitate Ireland, and I offered to help him in this if he needed help. I told him I was afraid Lord Salisbury would try to settle the land question alone, and that the people in their discouragement would lose faith in Home Rule. But he said that the Tories would never really give the people the land, though he admitted that if they did they might succeed. It was a danger the Parliamentary party had made for itself when they neglected the land cry. Parnell was afraid of arrests and imprisonments. He had been in prison himself and knew what it was.

"Davitt spoke with great warmth of my own action since we last met, and advised me strongly to stand for Rotherhithe where the Irish vote was quite sufficient to bring me in. He said all the Irish party were enthusiastic about me, and I could help them much in Parliament, and there was hardly a better place for me than Rotherhithe. I then asked him about John Morley and Sir Robert Hamilton. Of Morley he said I might quite trust him, all the Irish members did so, and he had not been spoilt by office, rather improved by it; also Sir Robert Hamilton was a true friend. When Hamilton had been appointed to Dublin, he, Davitt, had received an anonymous telegram from Edinburgh advising him to give Hamilton a fair reception, and he would not be disappointed in him. Nor had he been; he believed it was entirely through Hamilton that Lord Spencer had been converted to Home Rule. He thought I could speak unreservedly to him as I could write unreservedly to Morley. He then said he was going to Mass, and we are to meet again later. 'I consider myself,' he said, 'a Christian Socialist.' 'And I,' I answered, 'a religious Socialist, for I include the people of the East.' I then went to the children's

Sir Robert Hamilton

Mass at the cathedral, and he with a friend to the High Mass later. I think it was Dr. Duggan who converted him back to his religion, though Davitt did not say so, but he speaks of Dr. Duggan with the greatest affection and devotion.

“ I met Davitt again at luncheon, and he told me he had just received £900 for distribution among the peasantry, and that he should send £100 to Father Reddy for the people at Kilonan. I am very glad of this, as it will encourage them. Davitt is not overpleased at the way the money is managed by the League; but this money has been sent him for his own fund from America. He tells me he was over in Paris last week, just as I was, to recruit after his lecturing campaign. He suffers from insomnia and went there to get a change.

“ The afternoon I spent with Sir Robert Hamilton and his wife, both intelligent people, professing Home Rule views; and I think we threshed the question out very fully. He complained that, although he had been Under-Secretary now for four years, there was much in Ireland that he was ignorant of. ‘ Will you believe it,’ he said, ‘ during all this time I have never had an opportunity of exchanging words with a single member of the National party, except once with Dwyer Gray. Neither Parnell nor Healy nor Sexton nor Davitt have I seen; yet I am supposed to know everything.’ Of Trevelyan he said he was a charming and excellent man, but he had never had the time to learn the truth about Ireland, all his time had been spent battling with the Parnellites in Parliament, and the whole Irish question had become for him a personal dispute. He never could believe that men who would refuse to treat him as a gentleman could be fit to govern the country. This I fancy is a very just estimate of the case, and

it is Bright's case also. Lord Spencer, he said, had the enormous merit that, having borne the brunt of Irish hatred, he had not on that account hardened his heart to them.

“We went thoroughly through the land question and the probability of a no rent agitation should the Tories come in and try to put down the National League. He laughed at the possibility of their doing this last, as it would mean arresting half the nation; but he thought they might win over the Catholic clergy by endowing higher education. Possibly he gets this idea from Dr. Mulloy, the head of the Catholic University, who, just as we were talking, came in. Dr. Mulloy was dressed so as to look more like a parson than a priest, and such I took him to be. Sir R. Hamilton praised him as a reasonable man, and praised, too, Dr. Healy of Clonfert. Of Dr. Duggan he spoke severely, said he had connived at the murders and outrages in Galway, or at least that he had not denounced them. This shows that he is not really sound in his views. Of an official, however, one cannot expect everything. He spoke very highly of Michael Davitt, as every one does. Also he asked me what could be done to stop the evictions. I said I thought they might be suspended in the case of the poorer tenants, say under £5 or £10 rental, till the land laws could be dealt with. I was nearly three hours with him in his house in the Phoenix Park, and he asked me to come again on my return from the West.

“I called also on Professor Galbraith, a sensible old Nationalist with some humour, who reminds me not a little of Sir William Gregory. He had been a follower of Butt's and had quarrelled with Parnell, but now has made it up. ‘It doesn't do,’ he said, ‘to keep up old grievances.’

Davitt and the League

“Dined with Mrs. Lynch and her family, a very different world, for her Nationalist daughter is away, and they are all as anti-Irish as they can be. One of the sons was down on Government duty in Kerry a year or two ago, to inspect the outrages, and talked in the usual way about the barbarities of ear-trimming and cutting the tails of cattle. That these things are barbarous is of course true, but they are infinitely less so to my mind than the inhumanities of the law.

“*May 17.*—Had another talk with Davitt, who came to my room. A letter had come to me from Father Reddy complaining bitterly of the League, which had refused to help the evicted tenants; and Davitt spoke strongly of the impolicy of neglecting the land struggle, and asked me to write to Parnell about it. He said Parnell would pay attention to anything I said; that he had talked to Parnell about my work in Ireland, and that Parnell had spoken in such terms as made him sure he would value my opinion. So I shall do this when I get down to the South. Davitt goes to the Executive meeting of the League to-night and will do what he can with them, but it won't be much. I looked in at their office, and they declared it was impossible to do anything, that the funds had fallen off so they were only receiving £100 a week, and that the Americans were disgusted with the land agitation because the peasantry had not stuck to their guns. They had made combinations, and then when the pinch came they had given in. As Davitt leaves Dublin to-morrow, and there is nobody here just now I care to see, I have come on to Thurles by Davitt's advice to consult Archbishop Croke on my further movements.

“I arrived at Thurles at half-past eight and,

Archbishop Croke

leaving David and my things at Ryan's, I went at once to the Archbishop's. Though it was so late, a letter from Davitt opened to me the Palace doors, and I found Dr. Croke and Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, and Father Arthur Ryan and the chaplain sitting over their potheen. I do not mean by this that there was a carouse going on, but they were finishing the evening in the old-fashioned way over a glass of grog.

“The Archbishop is a tall, powerful-looking man with a somewhat rugged face, plain spoken and plain mannered. He knew all about me already and hardly needed Davitt's introduction to welcome me, though that, too, had its effect. Dr. Fitzgerald is a weaker and more ordinary man, a good soul and nothing more. Dr. Croke is a strong personality, a practical, shrewd, hard-bitten, fighting prelate if there ever was one, humorous, too, and kind, but I should say an unsparing enemy. He described how he had broken the power of the landlords in his diocese by a stubborn resistance—no shootings, no outrages, but the meeting of force with force, rough-and-tumble fighting and even stone-throwing. He told a good story of how the people had fought the police all one afternoon till the angelus bell rang, when the rioters went down on their knees, and how, at the last word, a volley of stones was delivered. He had seen one man ‘sign himself’ with a stone in his hand. Here in Munster they had broken the power of the landlords because they had stuck together; and he spoke with contempt of the Connaught men, who had given in and then taken to petty outrages. ‘The Connaught men are good for nothing,’ he declared, ‘but to take money and pay it over to their landlords.’ They had had £80,000 given them from the Land League funds, yet when the Parnell

“Garibaldi if you like, not Dr. Croke”

memorial was being raised only £400 were subscribed in Connaught. Talking of the project for re-peopling the plains with peasants from the mountains he said it would not succeed; the peasants would no more migrate from one county to another than from Ireland to America; where they were born, there they would die; a Connaught man would be chased out of Munster like a fox by the Munster men.

“His Grace talked also of his visit to Rome; how unpopular he had been with the Pope. At one time the Pope had said to one of the Cardinals, ‘Talk to me if you like about Garibaldi, but not about Dr. Croke.’ His visit, however, had changed all that. He had taken with him tables of the population which had performed its Easter duties for the Pope’s inspection. Out of I forget how many thousand souls only 110 had failed in this respect, only ten were habitual absentees from confession. This had convinced the Pope. He, Dr. Croke, now had the whole population of his diocese absolutely in his hand, and the people would do just as they were told. In Kerry, where the Bishops had deserted the people in their trouble, there was moonlighting and murder, and the Bishops’ influence was not the weight of a feather. ‘Look,’ the people said to the clergy, ‘as long as Kenmare was rich and powerful you preferred dining with him to coming to our meetings. Now we don’t want you.’ If the priests in Italy had not held aloof from the popular movement, Italy would have been saved from its present infidelity. Besides this, he said many things, some wise, some witty, all worth remembering if only one could remember.

“Afterwards I went with Father Ryan to his rooms in the College, which is close by, and sat up

Parnell at Thurles

talking with him till midnight. 'Parnell,' he said, 'is the coolest headed man in Ireland. In that very chair where you are sitting I remember him, the day of the Convention, when so much depended on the issues of the meeting here. O'Brien, who was with him, was half wild with excitement, but *he* sat calmly on talking about mechanics, of which he is fond, till they came to tell him the time was come. Then he went down without a word, did his part admirably at the meeting, and carried the day. This is what gives him his power. The refectory of this College is memorable as the scene of one of O'Connell's great meetings, and it was used again for this Convention.' Father Ryan was present at the last Land League meeting in Dublin when they proclaimed the no rent manifesto. It was a happy inspiration. Parnell and Dillon and Davitt and all the leaders were in prison, and the League, 'like a thing with its head cut off,' was dying, almost dead, when they bethought themselves of this 'no rent' cry. Forster suppressed them violently, and the violence brought the League to life in other forms, and subscriptions again poured in. Forster had all but won the day then (if he had only let them alone). Ryan is an Oscott man, and worked ten years there as a professor, but long after my time.

"*May 18.*—Heard the Archbishop's Mass in his private chapel, attended by his niece, who keeps house for him, and his dog, 'a little black terrier creature' he got in Fiji, which, with a sandy cat, has the run of church and chapel. These beasts, the Archbishop explained, he had been reproached with by Mrs. Howard Vincent in a letter she wrote to the 'Pall Mall' after having been entertained by him, with other things to his discredit. Vincent at that time pretended to be a Home Ruler, and came

The Prince of Wales in Ireland

with a letter from Cardinal Manning, Manning being Vincent's godfather, but had proved a traitor.

"We are all very cheerful this morning as there is better news from London. Lord Salisbury has made a violent speech which has set the Liberal back up, and it is not likely now there will be any coalition between him and Hartington, so the Bill may yet pass. Dr. Croke and I walked round and round his garden talking of these things. He spoke very warmly of Mr. Gladstone, recalling to mind something that Dr. Moriarty, who knew Gladstone, had told him six years ago, just before he died—'Mark my words,' Moriarty had said, 'you will live to see Gladstone bringing in a Home Rule Bill for Ireland'—and so it had been.

"Of the Prince of Wales's visit he said that there had been a great discussion as to how he was to be received; he, Dr. Croke, had been in favour of his being presented with addresses, but it had been decided that this would be misunderstood as an approval of the then Government policy, and so the Prince had been put in Coventry; but they had no ill feeling towards the Prince; on the contrary, they did not believe him to be unfavourable to them, though they knew the Queen was; as for disloyalty in a general way, or desire of separation from England, the ideas were not entertained by anybody in Ireland. There were many reasons why he, Dr. Croke, was opposed to separation, first because it was impossible; secondly, because it could be only effected by joining France or America, neither of which countries he trusted more than England; and, thirdly, because Ireland's interest lay with a continued English connection. At the present moment there was no ill feeling towards England, at least not towards the Liberal Party. I told him, and it

Parnell "not too Popular"

amused him, of Morley's saying that all he knew about the priests was that they all asked him for money. He read out with much chuckling Healy's letter to the 'Freeman,' where he gives O'Shea the lie. But we agree it is a misfortune this story should be reopened just now. 'Parnell,' the Archbishop said, 'is not too popular now. We accept him as a necessity, or almost a necessity, of our position, but he must not try our patience too far.' Of Davitt he spoke in a very different sense, and of O'Brien, editor of the 'United Ireland.' These are the two really popular men.

"He showed me the Cathedral, which is really fine, his little dog trotting after him, and he talking loudly and cheerily all the time. There is no humbug about this man. He told me he had no debt or need of money. He could get £10,000 any day he chose for the asking. The people are not so badly off here as they are in Connaught. He takes no kind of gloomy view of things, is certain they shall get Home Rule, and is quite ready to fight, with 'no rent,' if they don't. Of the dynamite party he has a great contempt, however, and there is a general chorus of rejoicing in the house over the snubbing O'Donovan Rossa got the other day at New York.

"I returned to the Palace at four, and walked round and round the garden with Dr. Croke. It is a nice old-fashioned garden with Irish yews and a weeping willow. The Archbishop is proud and fond of it, and pointed out to me the extraordinary fertility of the soil. 'If you throw down your walking-stick anywhere in it,' he said, 'potatoes will grow'—already, though everything is so late this year, there was grass a foot high on the grass plots, though they never manure it and cut it twice a year.

Fiji and Pink

Grass land here is worth £3 an acre; a meadow he has outside, and which is often flooded by the river, he used to pay £3 10s. for. But when the Land League was started, his Grace 'thought he might as well use "no rent" on his own account,' and applied for a reduction, and refused to pay anything for two years, when the owner, Capt. Peyton, came over and saw it, just as it happened to be flooded, and reduced it to 30s. The soil here is black earth over limestone. The little dog 'Fiji,' and the cat 'Pink,' followed us about, but keeping different sides of the garden, 'out of jealousy.' I like Dr. Croke better and better. He is kind to these creatures and to his horse, of which he is very proud. 'The only thing I blame "Fiji" for,' he said, 'is that he is an arrant coward, and I hate cowards. In everything else he is a good dog. But Pink is very jealous, she had kittens last week, and two were taken away from her, and she has got it into her head that it was Fiji took them, and nothing will persuade her of the contrary.' In politics he is very bellicose, and he means to fight, if fighting there is, with the Ulster men; but he does not believe a word of the Ulster talk. He explained to me that this came of his 'Protestant blood,' his grandfather having been a Protestant Saxon, but he had an uncle, whose portrait he showed me, who brought him up a Catholic. He has travelled all the world over, and been a bishop in New Zealand. I had sooner be on his side than against him in a row.

"On the other side of the Palace garden there are convent gardens, still more charming and old-fashioned, through which he took me. They have a view of the hills known as 'the Devil's bite,' and are backed by the buildings of the two convents, the Palace, and the Cathedral, making altogether a fine

Dr. Croke on Boycotting

group. I feel as if I could live with pleasure the rest of my life in a quiet place of prayer like this. All my instincts, all my wishes, all my sympathies are with religion and religious practices. No one in the world loves priests and pious people as I do, or would love better to believe without a doubt. They do not suspect here my inconsistency. How should they?

“After dinner, which was at five, we again walked till it was dark listening to the blackbirds and still talking. They asked me my opinion of the Woodford murder and Father E.’s attitude at the time, especially whether he had used any language inciting to crime. But nothing was told me of this, only of his refusal to say Mass for Finlay or to bury him. Dr. Croke seemed quite aware that E . . . was to blame on these points. We then discussed the whole morality of agrarian crime; and it is clear that they in their hearts hold the same view as Dr. Duggan, of these things being really acts of war, and so they doubtless are. It is absurd to argue that the landlord, who destroys a hundred families by evicting them, is guiltless because his act is *legal*, and that the peasant who resists or retaliates is a murderer because his blows are *illegal*. There must be a principle of justice underlying the law, or the law itself is a crime. With regard to boycotting the Archbishop said plainly that he not only approved it, but had invented it, as long as 30 years ago, when he wrote a letter suggesting that no farmer should take the land of an evicted tenant. ‘I explained this at Rome,’ he said, ‘when I was called there to give an account of myself.’ Dr. Fitzgerald and the chaplain agreed to all this argument. I then gave them an account of the Egyptian war and Gordon and Arabi; and so all sat talking till ten o’clock.

Threat of Twenty Years' Coercion

Dr. Croke asked me whether I had ever been told before how like I was to Parnell in appearance. Everybody tells me this, and I suppose it must be true.¹ But Parnell is not altogether popular with the priests, and he won't have things wholly his own way in the Home Rule Parliament.

"*May 19.*—Dr. Croke's birthday. I gave him my photograph, which he has put opposite Mr. Gladstone's, and he gave me his. I again heard his Mass and breakfasted with him. We are all in jubilation on account of a speech Lord Salisbury has made threatening Ireland with coercion for 20 years. This will pass the Bill if anything can, and Hartington and Chamberlain will be left by themselves out in the cold. It has made us rejoice. Dr. Fitzherbert has given me a letter to his chief priest at Skibbereen, and Dr. Croke will send one to the Bishop of Kerry, and I am now on my way across the rich pastures and beautiful fields towards Cork. At Skibbereen I shall see all there is to see of the Fisheries, an important matter, and then go on by coach to Killarney. The chaplain, who knows Thurles well, says that 1,200 families were evicted from this district, by two landlords alone, about 20 years ago.

"The country I am passing through in Tipperary is the finest I have yet seen agriculturally, and there is no look whatever of poverty.

"At Cork I stopped two hours, and went to get a chop at an eating-house, and met there a Protestant of the town, who, seeing me an Englishman and supposing me sympathetic, detailed his grievances. The Protestants, he said, were excluded from municipal offices, and the Catholics would not deal

¹ I have more than once been stopped by Irishmen in the Lobby of the House of Commons, who had mistaken me for Parnell.

Skibbereen and Baltimore

with the Protestant firms. This is precisely the same story, reversed, that I heard at Derry. He complained, too, that in Cork some of the younger Protestants had gone over to Home Rule 'from interested motives.'

"At half-past five I arrived at Skibbereen, 'Ilen Valley Hotel,' Mr. Coakley. The railways here are the slowest, the least comfortable, and the dearest I have travelled by anywhere. I called on Father O'Connor, but he was not at home, and so had tea by myself at the Ilen Valley Hotel and took a short walk in the fields about the town, which are beautiful just now with furzes in full bloom. Women were spreading clothes to dry on the bushes.

"I was just going to bed when Father O'Connor looked in. He knew all about me, having followed Arabi's fortunes with interest, and my own, in the newspapers. He is to take me to-morrow to Baltimore to see the fisheries established by Lady Burdett Coutts.

"*May 20.*—Wrote a long letter to John Morley about Dr. Croke and his ideas, and especially about the Queen and the Prince of Wales.¹ This took me till half-past ten, when Father O'Connor came to fetch me. He is a quick, intelligent little man, very energetic and very practical, has been abroad to the United States and elsewhere, and keeps a pretty close eye on politics in England. He is President and presiding genius of the League in these parts, and is about to start a newspaper. He drove me in his car eleven miles to Baltimore, 'eleven there and eight back'; and we stopped on the road to take notes at one or two cottages. There have been a few evictions here lately, but no very bad ones, and

¹ See Appendix C. B.

Sack of Baltimore

the people have so far got the better of their landlords and have secured reductions, even on the judicial rents. This seems to be partly owing to there being no very great landlords here. Sir Henry Beecher is the principal owner in the town of Skibbereen and neighbourhood, Lord Carberry at Baltimore. Baltimore was once a considerable seaport town belonging to the O'Driscan family, whose castle, in ruins, may be seen on the shore, also a borough returning two members, but it was taken and sacked by Algerine corsairs in the seventeenth century, and has never since recovered. It is curious to find this trace of the Arab invasion so very far west—the extremest wave it must have been—and to think that here in Ireland this little seaport town was for a few days, if no more, a land of Islam, that the prayer was said here, and Arabic talked in the streets! It is hard enough to realize it in Italy or Spain, but here it seems fabulous and unnatural, like the Norman raids in the Aegean. I must find out more about this.

“The modern fortunes of Baltimore began in 1877, when Father O'Connor helped a fisherman to buy a Manx herring boat, second hand, for £250, which started the present fishery. Then in 1879 Lady Burdett Coutts lent other fishermen £5,000 or £6,000, and now they have a large fleet. It shows how easy it would be, with a little energy and State help, to start a large fishing industry all over Ireland. This is one of the Home Rule ideas of the future. At present it is Lord Carbery who principally profits. On coming home I dined at the Presbytery with three more priests. Parnell is the great hero of this part of Ireland, more than Davitt, and more than any one. They have chosen a Protestant Nationalist chairman of the Poor Law Guardians.

Glengariff

"*May 21.*—Drove in a car through Bantry to Glengariff, 28 miles, an absolutely lovely day and the country beautiful with furze in finer flower than I ever saw it anywhere. The trees, however, have been blighted with the gale of Monday, and are absolutely withered on the south-western side as if burnt with fire. This shows exactly how trees by the sea coast get their lopsided look. It is not that the wind blows the branches to one side, but that the windward branches get checked and the leeward ones escape. Mere blowing would not do this without the blight. The blight is the violent effect of a very strong cold wind on the tender spring leaves. I have seen it in Sussex, but never so destructively as here. Nothing but the furse has escaped.

"Glengariff to-day is absolutely beautiful, like a landscape of Velasquez, the sky without a cloud, the distance blue and clear, every shadow marked as if with a pencil on the hills, the trees of feathery green. I don't often admire scenery, but I admire this, for there is nothing that jars or is wanting. I have stopped at the Royal Hotel, a tourist inn, the landlord of which, Mr. Roche, is a friend of Davitt's, and was a friend of Gordon's. He is, of course, a strong Nationalist, but keeps a little dark on account of his customers; at least he is not an officer of the League. His father and grandfather were tenants under Lord Kenmare at Killarney, but displeased Gallway, the agent, and were turned out twenty years ago. The hotel and grounds here are their own. It was in this house that the first Land League arrest was made—Tim Healy's. Healy is a Bantry man, as were the two Sullivans, sons of a respectable tradesman. Healy was once a railway clerk, then worked for Joe Cowen's paper, the 'Newcastle Chronicle.' When arrested, he was

Gordon at Glengariff

Parnell's secretary, and Roche congratulated him and told him his fortune was made.

“Of Gordon Mr. Roche has some interesting recollections. It was in this house that he first conceived the idea of the land purchase scheme now being proposed as law. Gordon came here in the autumn of 1880 after his return from India. He was alone and had been snubbed at the Horse Guards, where the Duke of Cambridge was anxious only to get rid of him; and he came here ‘to be quiet and study the ways of God with men, and of the landlords with the people.’ He was in communication, however, still with some of the Government people, and Roche thinks it possible he may have been asked by some of them to give his impressions. At any rate he gave them. There were very few people staying at the hotel then, only one or two, among them a lawyer from Cork, since dead, with whom Gordon conversed. His principal friend, however, seems to have been Roche himself, and they used to sit up at nights over their pipes and grog and argue the Irish question out. The days Gordon used to spend among the cottagers ‘taking them little packets of tea and sugar in his great-coat pockets.’ In this way he picked up his information. Roche says that he had called on Lord Bantry on his way, Lord Bantry having been a friend of his brother, but he was not well received. Gordon had expected to be asked for a day or two's shooting, but he was not asked. He consoled himself among Lord Bantry's tenants, as I have just said. The result of this, and of his talks with Roche and the lawyer, was a letter he wrote to Lord Northbrook from this house, and which he read over to Roche before posting. It contained a suggestion that the landlords of the poorer districts should be bought

He Prescribes for Ireland

out compulsorily by the Government, and that the tenants should hold directly from Government at a much lower rent. When he had read it, he and Roche agreed that they would be thought mad, and that nothing else would come of it. 'As long as Lord Hartington and the Whigs remain in the Government,' said Gordon, 'nothing will be done for Ireland. But some day the Radical turn will come.' He had no opinion of Hartington, but he had some of Northbrook, I suppose through his connection with the India Office. Roche has in his possession the following letter from Gordon alluding to their conversations:

" 17, Salisbury Street, Strand, 30, 11, '80.

" MY DEAR MR. ROCHE,

" Thanks for 'Irish Times' and 'Freeman.' I have used Walsh's and the Meldon tenants' letters. I am working the question, and hope that we will succeed [note Irishism]. I have asked special Commissioner of 'Daily News' to come down your way. I feel confident that the scheme *you so much* helped me to conceive will be a success. I hope Mrs. Roche and your chicks are well. Let me have anything which may help me. I am so very glad I met you. How is my old friend Quirk? Kind regards to him and Michael and Jim (Michael's father). I am sending you the 'D. N.' now and then.

" Believe me yours sincerely,

" C. G. GORDON."

" All this is curious and specially interesting to me in connection with that letter of Eddy Hamilton's where he tells me that Gordon sent in a scheme about Ireland which convinced them in Downing Street that he was not in his right mind." [There is

To Killarney

also an interesting letter Gordon wrote about this date to Colonel Donolly, which may be found in Sir Henry Gordon's book.]

“Roche took me for a drive to see some of Lord Bantry's tenants in the district specially affected by Gordon. But I could not discover that any remembrance of the good man remained among them. Very likely he had never told them his name. His whole visit here was only of ten days. We stayed up talking till late.

“*May 22.*—Roche gives a curious account of one of his neighbour's dealings with his tenants. About six years ago he wanted to buy a property adjoining his own, and not having the money persuaded the tenants of the property to back his bills, some for £20, some £30, some £50. They, thinking to get a landlord who would be under obligations to them, consented. He then bought the property, let the bills run out, and raised the rents all round, paying the tenants in reduction on the increased rents. The gentleman, if the story is true, must be as pretty a person as can be found in the three kingdoms. He makes his tenants pay their rent in labour at 10*d.* a day without food. Judge O'Hagan commented on this story in court.

“At half past nine David and I got ‘on board’ (as Selwood used to say) the Tourist Car, having secured box seats, and had one of the most enjoyable drives, as far as weather and scenery go, that I ever remember, through Kenmare to Killarney. The hills above Glengariff are very curious, as showing more distinctly than in most places the action of old glaciers, with moraines and boulders and rocks worn smooth. The coach was full, but for our two places, with a party of Yankees just landed at Queenstown and with the ‘sea louse’ still strong on

A Yankee Tourist Car

them. They were in the highest possible spirits, and the car driver, though an Irishman, had enough to do to hold his own with them. They sang and laughed and made their jokes without stopping all day, and asked questions, as the Yankees do, on every conceivable subject. The car driver at last lost patience, and after telling them that a lime kiln they were asking about was 'Brian Boru's prison, a king we had once in these parts,' pointed to a jackass by the roadside, and explained that it was a 'canary bird which always said hee-haw when asked ridiculous questions.' This stopped that particular branch of the conversation, but checked nobody's spirits. They seemed to take no interest in the political affairs of Ireland, and only said 'we guess we've more Irishmen in America than ever you've got this way.'

"Passing by the village of Quinan, the car driver stopped a few minutes for me to see Father Magnan, who is the parish priest of Lord Bantry's estate in the Glengariff valley. From him and from Arch-deacon O'Sullivan, whom I saw at Kenmare while we baited for luncheon, I learned some good facts about the Bantry and Lansdowne properties. Lord Bantry's estate is managed in an old-fashioned way; the rents were not put up much during the prosperous years, nor have they since been reduced. The tenants are very poorly housed, more poorly I think than any I have seen in Ireland, and their holdings are of the smallest. I tried to find out what they paid an acre, but the acreage is not measured, and they have the 'cow's grass' system here. But I should say the rents are high, for the holdings seemed to me to be worth really nothing. Paine, the agent, is not considered a harsh man. Nevertheless, he has threatened fifty or sixty tenants with eviction be-

Absentee Landlords not the Worst

cause they voted against his nominee at the Poor Law Guardians' elections. This is a common source of trouble. I made Father Magnan promise to write to me when it was certain these evictions would take place.

“Lord Lansdowne's property is differently managed. Formerly help was given, in timber and slates, to the tenants to improve their cottages, and consequently the holdings have a better look, but they are highly rented in proportion. Since the Land Act no advantages have been given to the tenants. French, the agent, is described as ‘a just man, but one who gets all his dues.’ Both these estates are too highly rented for the times. The landlords are practically absentees. I am not at all convinced that the absentee landlords are the worst. When Lord Ventry came to look after his estates he at once reduced the rents. Lord Cork is one of the best landlords in Ireland, and he never goes there. The worst are the little resident lawyers, who have bought in the encumbered estate courts.

“Father Magnan lives in a little house high up in the hills, by the roadside on the north side of the tunnel. He is a weather-beaten, plain sort of a man, but I had only a few minutes' conversation with him. The Archdeacon is tall and red faced. Both, I should think, good fellows. These priests are always better than they look, when you come to know them better.

“Kenmare is a tidy sort of seaport town; we stopped there for luncheon. Afterwards we drove over the Windy Gap to Killarney, to me a drive fraught with recollections. The afternoon was lovely, the sun hot as in July, and the hills absolutely clear. From the top of the Gap we could look across to that other gap, which was the scene of our picnic a dozen years ago. The Gap of Dunloe and the

Bishop Higgins

upper lake, just as on that happy occasion, only that the woods have been in part cut down, and the pleasant companions scattered. Of all who are changed from then to now not one is more changed than I am. P. is in her convent, Lady K. at war with her people here in Kerry, Old Sir C. D. dead, Father McM. blind, Father R. married and gone to the devil. I, like a ghost, return alone to Killarney, a conspirator, in league with the peasants against these very landlords whose guest I was. Such are Time's revenges. If we could see our future in some magical glass we should laugh at the magician as an impostor. Fortunately we cannot see. The Yankee tourists were put down at the Railway Hotel. I have gone, as suits my new condition, to the 'Innisfallen Hotel,' kept by J. Sheehan, Esq., M.P., a fifth-rate inn where I am very comfortable.

"Immediately on arriving I went to see the Bishop, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Croke. Dr. Higgins is a not very remarkable personage except that he has a curious faculty of changing his countenance such as I have never remarked in any one else. I fancy he is in rather a false position here, and he wishes to stand well with Lord Kenmare and yet not to quarrel with the people. His sympathies, however, are clearly with the landlords. For Lord Kenmare he apologized, saying he was a man of simple habits and a good heart; that he had had the misfortune to begin building his house just at the time the depression began; that his former agent, Gallway, had neglected the property for the Muses;¹ that Hussey had erred

¹ Gallway, to his credit, had refused to raise the Kenmare rents, and through his refusal had lost the agency. He was a man of imagination and too much sympathy for his trade, which is a hard one in Ireland.

Moonlighting in Kerry

on the other side. He admitted that now the tenants were over rented; but what was Lord Kenmare to do? He only lived on the margin of his rents. The property was in the hands of trustees, of whom Lord Castlerosse was one. When either Kenmare or his son died, the property would be free; but they must keep on paying the premiums on life assurances. The Bishop also gave flattering accounts of the good management of Lord Lansdowne's and other estates, but admitted that the rents would have to be lowered on account of the fall in prices. About the moonlighting district of Kerry, he brought out a map and showed me the extent of the district where lawlessness prevailed. He accounted for it by saying that this used to be the country of the Desmonds, and that violence there was traditional; that it was dying out, and the rest of Kerry was quite free from it. He then gave me letters to Father O'Connor of Firies and Archdeacon Irvine of Castle-island, showed me the cathedral and said good-night. During the whole of this visit the Bishop maintained an apologetic tone, as if not sure of his ground.

"*May 23, Sunday.*—I cannot be too thankful that I came on to Killarney yesterday, as to-day the weather has changed and it is cold and rainy; the drive over the hills would have been spoilt, and one cannot afford to take less than full advantage of the sunshine when it comes. To-day I drove in a car to Firies, where the Curtayne murder happened, but found that Father O'Connor was at Ballyhar, the other church of his parish; so went back. The road was full of people on foot or in donkey carts going to Mass, very respectable well-dressed people with nothing at all murderous in their looks. Police, however, patrolled the roads. The whole congrega-

Father O'Connor's Sermon

tion was assembled in front of Ballyhar church when I drove up, and I fancy there must have been much speculation among them as to who I was, or what I wanted. I went in, however, to church with them, and one of the most respectable of the men gave me a seat on his bench. It was a very old-fashioned business, and I am glad that Father O'Connor did not know I was there, as he might have smartened it up for me which would have spoilt it. The church is cross-shaped, and the people occupied the wings as well as the aisle. The altar was very simple, not to say slovenly, and the priest's vestments put on all awry.

“Father O'Connor is the type of the hedge priest of forty years ago, a rugged old fellow of some sixty-five years, who was a priest in the great famine. He began with prayers in Irish, then went through Mass till after the Communion, at which there were about two dozen communicants, half men, half women, and then suddenly turned round and began a violent commination in English directed against some of his parishioners who had burned down a poor man's stack of turf. He began: ‘Some blackguards among you have forgot themselves so far of their duty to their neighbours as to burn down a poor man's stack of turf. This is ruffian's work.’ After which, which was received in silence, he went on to explain what was being done about the Home Rule Bill in Parliament, and the hope there was of an end being put to the misdeeds of the landlord class, ‘the petted and privileged class which lived by the sweat of other men's brows,’ and invited the women present to sign a petition for Home Rule sent down from Dublin by the Lady Mayoress. He explained that the petted and privileged ladies, the Primrose Dames, were signing one the other way,

A Priest's Breakfast

and it was necessary to show what the poor women wanted; all the women then might stop after Mass and sign; Home Rule would be granted next year at latest, and there would be an end of their troubles. About two-thirds of the women stopped and signed, but there was no compulsion and many went home without taking the trouble.

“When this was done, I went into the sacristy, much to the good man’s bewilderment. He received me in the gruffest way, and asked me what I wanted, and then said he was going to Killarney immediately after his breakfast, and could not attend to me for many minutes. He was pacified, however, when I showed him Michael Davitt’s letter, and begged me to go into his house and wait for him. He lives in a house which has been a pretty good one, but has been allowed to run to seed. Two cats were sitting in an arm-chair when I entered, and, frightened at the sight of a human being, jumped out of window. It was a mouldy place with pictures hung askew on the walls, a ‘Life of Pius the Ninth’ and a photograph album on the table, with the usual pious prints and the portrait of old Father O’Connor, as a young man in an alb when first ordained. Presently he came in, and we sat down to his breakfast, which was only of two eggs though it was one o’clock. Gradually as he ate he talked with less and less reserve, and at last we became excellent friends. Under his rough manner, he is really a most worthy man, and has suffered much in times past for his political opinions. He says his parishioners are quiet, good people, but they have been terribly treated by their landlords of late years. He would not hear of the Desmond theory, and said that no people were more patient than the Kerry people had been till driven to desperation. The moonlight-

The Curtayne Murder

ing had been begun in this way by the sons of farmers turned out of their holdings. It had arisen through the legitimate desire to get arms to frighten people away from taking evicted farms. He altogether approved of action against the land grabbers. It was the people's only protection to combine.

“Latterly, however, moonlighting had degenerated into the escapades of a number of reckless boys, aided and encouraged by people in Castle-island, and in some cases had been used as a cloak by mere scoundrels capable of stealing as well as murdering. The boys who had shot Mr. Curtayne had meant him no harm. They had been before to his house to get arms, and he had given them a gun, and the second time they would have gone away, when he refused them, if he hadn't fired the first shot. At least, that is their account of it. He knew the boy Sullivan who was shot. He was a good boy in other ways. Casey and the others who were tried were good-for-nothings. It is quite untrue he refused to bury Mr. Curtayne. On the contrary he and Mr. Curtayne were the best of friends, and he had gone to give him the last sacraments and had buried him. It was the boy Sullivan whose funeral he had not attended. It was not usual to attend funerals if they were at a distance. The burial service was not always read. Curtayne was a good, honest, charitable man, on the best terms with his neighbours. He had befriended the boy Sullivan. He was a good Nationalist and patriotic man. Nobody had a word to say against him; but the widowed mother of Sullivan and many of the neighbours considered that Curtayne had been too hasty in firing on the boy, who meant no harm, only a boy's frolic, and had brought his death in this way on himself; the thing had made a kind of blood feud. That was the reason the opinion of the parish took the other

Castle-island

side. When I gave him the Bishop's letter, he said the other, Davitt's, was quite as good an introduction. And so we conversed for a couple of hours. There were some men at his door who had come to see me. They had been evicted four years before by a Miss Thompson, and were still receiving maintenance from the League. These were respectable looking men fairly well dressed, and altogether a superior class of farmers to the Connaught peasantry evicted by Lord Kingston. They said they got occasional jobs of work, but not often; the country people were too poor to employ any labour but that of their own families. We then went on to Castle-island, which is nine Irish miles from Ballyhar, the driver pointing out the separate farms from which tenants had been evicted, and a spot on the road where a landlord had been murdered.

“At Castle-island I went at once to the priest's house and dined with Archdeacon Irwin and his two curates, all good fellows, especially Father Carmody. The other's name was Crimens. The dinner was less good than the company, as the only meat was pig, and so I dined on potatoes. Though reserved at first, as the priests generally are, they soon warmed to the subject of Home Rule and the land quarrel. Their account of the moonlighting was very closely the same as Father O'Connor's, and of its causes and present development. They told me that the men who shot Herbert and Brown were well known to every one in the town; but against Herbert's murderer no evidence could be got, and for Brown two innocent men had been hanged. Pott and Barrett were the two men hanged. The real men's names were C . . . and T . . . C . . . was the name of the man who shot Herbert. At about nine I went back to my inn, the 'Crown Hotel,' and there

Maurice Murphy

received a visit from my landlord, Mr. Maurice Murphy, accompanied by Messrs. Kearney, Roche, and others, who came to discuss the affairs of the town with me. Murphy is one of the leading Nationalists of Castle-island and the head of the house rent agitation.

“They all say that it was a good deal Dr. Moriarty’s fault at the beginning that things went in Kerry as far as they did. If he had not sided with the landlords in their unjust dealings and robberies of the poor, the field would not have been open to the Fenians and Invincibles as it was. Here at Castle-island there was an old priest of the same sort, who had let things get out of hand, and now it was too late. The men who came this evening were opposed to the extreme party, but all the town sympathized to a certain extent with them. They asked me to stop on in Castle-island and go over some part of the country with them to-morrow, and also promised to bring some of the moonlighters to see me.

“*May* 24.—Spent the day with Murphy and Kearney driving round the farms south of the town and saw a great number of evicted and semi-evicted people. The first man we talked to was a sturdy carpenter, Pat Halliky, who had been turned out of his house pulled down by his landlord. But when Mr. Herbert was murdered close by here the landlord got frightened and gave him back his farm at a lower rent (£17 instead of £24) and also gave him £90 to build a new house. I asked him why the landlord had been thus liberal, and when Murphy added ‘Now tell the truth,’ he answered, ‘Belike it was more fear than love.’ He looked like a man who would stand no nonsense. He went on to tell us that the landlord, Mr. Meredith, and his agent,

A Moonlighting Case

Huggard, were putting pressure on the tenants to get them to buy their land under the new Act, at a great deal over its value, being helped thereto by Father F . . . who had got a lease for himself on good terms. Some of the tenants had been threatened with eviction if they did not buy, being in arrears. This is an ugly story which I heard confirmed later by the tenants.

“Another sufferer was a tidy old woman who had been ‘put out’ three years ago but had got in later, and whose son-in-law had been sent to penal servitude for attempting to seize arms; he had attacked a man with a gun on the road. Then there were the tenants of Mr. Meredith, some of whom had agreed to buy, while others had refused. Three of these had had judgement given against them. They were also having their bogs interfered with. In this district, Killintierney, the peasantry fly at the approach of strangers, as they do in Persia; and Murphy was careful to call out before we came near their houses that we were friends and not sheriffs, for fear we should be shot by mistake. We heard, on the other hand, of several good landlords, *e.g.*, Captain Stokes, Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Coltsman, who had given reductions and were at peace with their tenants, and on whose estates no trouble had occurred.

“The worst estate belongs to the two R . . . s, lawyers, who have been harassing their tenants for the last three years in every conceivable way. The rents here are twice and three times the valuation. In the first of their houses we found a nice intelligent woman, who received us in great trepidation, which after much pressing she explained was caused by a visit she and her husband had received the night before from moonlighters; they had done no harm but had frightened her terribly; their object was to

Talk with Moonlighters

caution her husband, James Loughnan, not to pay his rent, which she explained was quite unnecessary as they had not a penny or any stock, all having been sold. Another woman told us she had her cows about on the neighbours' lands, and there were eight men, too, we saw who had been evicted by the R . . . s and were dodging about with their cattle. It appears they let in their cattle at night to feed on their own land, and in the day they shut them up in the neighbours' yards—also there is a system of blowing cow horns to give notice of the appearance of sheriffs, bailiffs, and other suspicious persons. In some of the farms there are emergency men, watched for the last three or four years by six soldiers each, and we passed the farm of a land grabber they guarded, to whom nobody had spoken since he came there. These R . . . s harass their tenants with writs 'at cost price,' being themselves lawyers and getting the fees. On our way home we passed the farm where Mr. Brown was shot by two tenants he had threatened with eviction.

"In the evening they asked me to come to a meeting of the House League, at which several moonlighters and one known murderer were present, at least so Maurice Murphy told me afterwards, though I did not know it at the time; and I had a good deal of conversation with them about the state of the country and their ideas about rent. They all agreed they would be well satisfied with paying rent, if rent was at all moderate. But butter had fallen to 30s. a firkin from the £4 it used to be, and it was altogether impossible they could go on. Here in the town it was the same thing, for the agricultural ruin has affected everybody; hence the House League. I consoled them as best I could by hoping that the Home Rule Bill would pass this year and

Patriotic Nuns

become law next year, and promised in the meanwhile to do my utmost to get the evictions and other oppressive actions of the landlords stopped, pending a new land law. They said that, if only 50 per cent. of the rent was recoverable during the year, they would help each other to pay it; the whole rent they could not pay. They then asked me to speak from the window to the crowd outside, and I did so, exhorting them to patience and explaining how every outrage, down to the cutting off of a cow's tail, was an injury just now to their cause. They received me very well, and I am convinced that there should be no difficulty in ending the whole trouble if only a little humanity was used. Murphy tells me there is a secret society here quite independent of the League.

“*May 25.*—I intended to have gone this morning to Listowel, where there are evictions in progress, but they detained me to make another speech to the farmers, who are all in town, to-day being market day. I received a number of visits from distressed creatures with various tales of woe, and went with the Archdeacon to see the convent, which was rather amusing. The Reverend Mother is a strong Nationalist, but they are not allowed in this diocese to take part in politics, and when I asked for the children to sing the ‘Wearing of the Green’ they gave a Bowdlerized edition of it. But the Reverend Mother was a funny woman, and had a long argument with the Archdeacon on the subject. I fancy, however, the Archdeacon is just as good a Fenian as she is. At five we had the speech, which was much on the lines of the one last night. The Archdeacon introduced me from the balcony of the inn. There were people about, and one member of the landlord class with them, on the watch for treason and in-

Evictions at Duagh

timidation in my words. After this I drove away to Tralee amid the cheers of the populace.

“A former agent, Mr. Leahy, an old and very respectable man, and a friend of the people, tells me that the best landlords in North Kerry are Lord Cork, Lord Devon, and Mr. Drummond. Also he speaks well of Mr. Goff and Miss Fosberry and Mr. Marshall in the immediate neighbourhood of Castle-island. Murphy told me a story of how Captain Fairfield, the dynamiter who was afterwards shot in America, came to his hotel followed by the police, and how he, Murphy, treated the police at the bar while Fairfield got away. Fairfield's project was to blow up Dublin Castle and the Custom House, and other public buildings, but Murphy had persuaded him it would do no good, and got him to leave the country. The consequence was that he was shot by his confederates, on his return to America, as having failed in his mission.

“I went on by car to Tralee—the house of Mr. Hussey, the agent, was pointed out to me on the road—and then on by train to Listowel. I am at the ‘Listowel Arms,’ and spent the evening with another Maurice Murphy, who is, like his namesake, general manager of the House League and Land League and National League at Listowel.

“*May 26.*—Evictions at Duagh, to which I drove with Murphy and another, his A.D.C. It appears that yesterday the car drivers refused to work for the eviction party, and the harness of the Government breaks was stolen. This is a new trick here, but has long been known in Arabia. Indeed the dealings of the Government with the Irish peasantry remind me of nothing more than that of the Turks with the Arab fellahin about Aleppo, only there is no Jedaan here to bring the Pashas to reason.

Estates in Kerry

“The tenants evicted yesterday were on Lord Ormathwaite’s property; to-day they are on Miss Deborah Fitzmaurice’s, a young lady not very long come of age (some say twenty-four, others twenty-eight). Both are managed by an agent named S . . . , who is as intensely hated here as Tatlow was at Kilronan. Most of the farms are held on thirty-one year leases, nearly expired, rented twice or three times the Poor Law valuation, nor has any abatement whatever been given. All are small dairy farmers, for the land, they say, is fit for nothing else; corn on it runs to straw, and potatoes are not a good crop. They have buildings on the land worth a good deal of money, and were a few years ago fairly prosperous people, but the fall of prices has ruined them. Butter from £4 and even £5 a firkin has dropped to 35s. and 30s. Calves from £6 to £2 10s., hay from £4 a ton to less than 20s. Yet never a reduction of rent, and this has bled them slowly to death. They have borrowed from the banks, and now can borrow no more. Even those who could by a great effort still pay think it best now to stop. ‘It is better,’ they say, ‘to fight on our knees now than to have to fight on our backs next year.’ So they combined to ask a 30 per cent. reduction, and this is the result. The tenants here were all granted turbary in their leases, but fifteen years ago, after the Land Act of 1870, the agent S . . . took it away. The tenants went to law, and the case was given in their favour. But the landlord appealed, and they could not stand the cost, and had to abandon their claims. They have had to buy turf ever since. One of them, James Mulcaire, showed me his lease where the right was distinctly given. They have also been ‘hunted with writs and distrainments.’ Some have had their cattle seized or sold; others are hiding them away.

Lord Listowel's

“S . . . is agent for several other properties in this neighbourhood, a list of which Canon Davis, the parish priest of Listowel, has given me as follows: Lord Ormathwaite, Mr. George Gunn Mahony, David Mahony, Colonel Crosbie, Miss Fitzmaurice, Collis Sandes, Donohue and Fosberry. On all these estates he had pursued the same system, and has been met with a demand for reduction of 30 per cent. on the rent. Lord Listowel, the chief proprietor of the district, long ago gave a general reduction by valuation, and now again has given 25 per cent., so that his rents stand little, if at all, higher than the Poor Law valuation, whereas S . . .'s estates are twice or three times the valuation.

“Going to the evictions to-day, we were preceded by a car with a horn, blown to warn all whom it might concern of the sheriff's approach. Also at Duagh the chapel bell was rung. But the priest took no part in the eviction proceedings. He was saying Mass when I looked in, and had only one old woman as congregation, while all the village was collected outside. There is not a satisfactory feeling between the priests and the people in this part, on account of the abstention from politics enforced on the curates by the Bishop. It was disagreeable to find every one at the evictions except the priest, who, one would have thought, ought to be there as much as at the bedside of dying people or on a battle-field. The task of consoling and exhorting was left to Murphy and other irresponsible persons. The parish priest of Duagh is a very old, infirm man. His curates are not allowed to appear on public occasions.

“This evening a very respectable old farmer came to see me, Thomas Delane, a tenant of Mr. Mahony's. He took a farm in 1851 at £54 for fifty-

A Hard Case

six acres, no house on it, very bad land covered with furze. He had made it into an excellent farm, spending nearly £1,200 on it first and last. He showed me his farming books, and a valuation made of his improvements by Lord Listowel's agent as follows:

Drainage . . .	£332 10s.
Reclamation . . .	400
Cost of lime . . .	120
Buildings . . .	465 19
	<hr/>
Total .	1,318 9
Allowed by landlord .	126
	<hr/>
Total .	<u>1,192 9</u>

He had then had his rent raised in 1872 to £95, afterwards lowered in 1882 by judicial court to £78.

“The rent had broke him, and he had gradually borrowed and borrowed to pay it. He had besought the agent to reduce the burden, but in vain. The agent ‘only whistled and sang,’ and complaining to him was ‘like throwing chaff against the wind.’ Last September all his stock was seized by the Bank for a debt of £100, and he possessed nothing but a donkey, a cow, and a horse his brother had bought in for him and some bedding. He had not a shilling in the world or the means of making a shilling's profit from the land, and he was expecting eviction for the next gale. He had paid the November one. All his means of subsistence was such work as he could do, which was very little as he wears a truss. I think this is the hardest case I have heard of yet, and I could not help giving him a sovereign, though it is against my rule.

“They came in the evening to present me with

Incidents of Eviction

an address, and I replied with a short speech at the Town Council Room.

“*May 27.*—Another day of evictions. To-day and yesterday David and I were much cheered by the populace, and I was afraid I should get into trouble with the police, who were very rough with the people. Mr. Tyacke, the District Inspector, is on bad terms with the townsmen, and so are some of his men. Yesterday, at the very beginning of things, Tyacke began showing temper, and near James Mulcaire’s house ordered a rush, which resulted in a man having his face cut open with a constable’s baton. To-day there was another charge, which was quite unnecessary, on a group of fifty men and boys fully 100 yards away who were hooting a bit but doing no other harm. The result was some stone throwing, but the police caught nobody. Yesterday the sheriff was assisted in his work by a wretch of the name of Callaghan, who had been bribed to point out the houses to the agent, for S . . . was not there himself and was represented by a young chap from Dublin in a check suit who did not know the country. To-day Callaghan did not appear, having, I believe, been got at by Canon Davis and shown the error of his ways. Callaghan was bog ranger, and the women were not complimentary about his character. As we were going up a hill to look for a tenant whom the sheriff could not find, it came on to thunder and lighten. We got into a house where the evicting party had been by mistake, and it was amusing to hear the women especially making fun of the sheriffs whom they had helped to mislead. The house was full of neighbours, men and women, and one got some idea of how they are able to combine against the Government and outwit and survive their conquerors. The power of wit is great. In all this

Road Blocked with Trees

they made me their confidant, and indeed the women everywhere, and the men too, accept me as a friend, for they are quick to understand. While we were in the hut one of the police outside was struck by lightning, but not seriously hurt. I could have wished it was the whole force, sheriff and all. I am getting hardened, however, now to these evictions. It is like bull-fighting, which makes one faint the first time and amuses one afterwards, and the people themselves are so lighthearted that one enjoys every joke as it comes. Yet I confess it gives me a turn to see the girls talking and laughing with the soldiers. They of course do nothing of the sort with the agent's bailiffs and the emergency men. I expect Callaghan will have a poor life of it when he comes home, but Murphy tells me they will do nothing except boycott him. Murphy is a remarkable man and has considerable influence with the people. He has several times got into trouble for what is called intimidation, that is to say, advising the tenants to do this, that, and the other thing in their war with their landlords. He is bound over at the present moment to keep the peace on this account.

“Owing to the difficulty of finding the houses and other delays only three families were evicted to-day, one on Lord Ormathwaite's and two on Miss Fitzmaurice's land. On our way home the whole evicting party came to a stop, two large trees having been felled and thrown across the road. The police, however, managed in about half an hour to clear a passage. As I was walking on, while this was going on, with David, we met a band of schoolboys marching in line with green boughs singing the Fenian hymn. They cheered me as they passed. The schoolboys in Ireland are more patriotic than any of the rest, and there was a great delight to-day at

A Child Defender

one of the evictions because a 'four year old child' had had 'the cleverness to heat the handle of a potato cauldron,' and it had stuck to the bailiff's hand when he went to remove it.

"*May 28.*—I have written a letter to the 'Free-man' about the evictions, and another to Sir Robert Hamilton complaining of the police, and asking him to do what he can to stop or mitigate the proceedings. But I am sure nothing will be done or can be done till after the Home Rule Bill is passed through the House of Commons. Then I shall make a great effort to get Morley to stop the evictions temporarily until such time as the Land Law can be altered.

"I drove out to-day again to the evictions, this time in the direction of Ballybunion, but there was not much going on, and I returned to catch my train to Listowel, having done all I can in this place. On the road we met a group of men who hailed me, and we stopped to have a talk. Among them was an Englishman, who said he had walked up from Waterford and was going on to Belfast to see the country and its people. He was a politician of the superior pothouse sort, a Tory who knew of my standing for Camberwell, and I fancy may have been sent by the party to find out the state of things in Ireland. He knew something about farming and complained of the high rents in Ireland. But he was not for Home Rule. He seemed on very good terms with the Irish tenants and laughed at the dangers of Irish travelling. I wonder more people don't do the same thing.

"Went on at three to Listowel by a luggage train, reading Henrietta Kerr's 'Life.' This is the sort of book that does one good and makes one despise life and despise oneself.

"I arrived late at Limerick and went to the

Bishop O'Dwyer

‘Royal Hotel.’ Davitt had advised me to call on Father Ambrose for all information regarding the neighbourhood, and I did so, but he was out. I saw, however, an old priest, Father Higgins, who promised to send him to me. The priests here live together in an old-fashioned house in St. John’s Square, and they are very eager about the passing of the Home Rule Bill, as they have a bet on about it that it will pass by twenty-five majority. Father Ambrose is to come to see me in the morning.

“*May 29.*—Limerick is a town which shows former prosperity, but it has never recovered from the repeal of the corn laws. The district around grew corn, but since it has been turned into meadow Limerick has decayed. At least this is one of the causes of its present state. It is brick-built and belongs to the Georgian age. Father Ambrose came to breakfast with me and showed me round—the Treaty stone towers, Cromwell’s batteries, and other sights. We also went to see the new Bishop, Dr. O’Dwyer, a comparatively young man, who, he told me, was rather weak in his Nationalism. So I did my best to strengthen him, telling him of the lamentable state of things in Kerry caused by Dr. Higgins’ abstinence from politics. Father Ambrose thinks I shall have done him some good. Father A. himself is an irreproachable politician. He began life, he tells me, as a Fenian, having taken part with his brother as boys in the Fenian rising of 1868. His brother got away to America, where he is now at Chicago gaining his living, but he himself, after being hunted about Ireland for six months, gave himself up to Mr. Moriarty, J.P., a brother of the Bishop, and got a fortnight’s prison only and was then released. He has been ever since one of the strongest land leaguers, and has helped to organize resistance to

Land League Huts

rent all round here. He took me next to the Redemptorist Convent, of which I had often heard from Father Coffin in old times. We were fortunate enough to find Father Plunkett at home. He was walking in the garden with his nephew, Lord Fingall, a poor specimen of the landlord class to look at, but honest, Father Plunkett tells me, and not indisposed to be reasonable on the Home Rule question but for his wife, who was violent against it. It is extraordinary that no single lord of them all should have joined the movement if only from ambition, for a young peer would have a unique position in the National party, and would be enormously popular. However, I suppose they have not the grace. Old Father Plunkett is quite sound, though ten times the aristocrat his nephew is. He showed me the church and the crypt where the monks are buried, a not unpleasant place opening on to the garden. Also he talked about a mission he had given to the Kerry people, and how some of the moonlighters had come to him, mere boys most of them. He quite agreed with me that it was the fault of the clergy that they had got into the state they are in in Kerry.

“At eleven Father Ambrose drove me to Murroe, about ten miles off, to see some tenants who had been evicted by Lord Cloncurry in 1882 (?), and were still living in Land League huts supported by Land League money. They had been substantial farmers, and had gone out on principle, twenty-two of them, but nine others who had begun the fight had given in. The men we saw said they were quite happy and hopeful about the ultimate result; that they were better off really than those who had compounded with the landlord and kept their farms, for these had only ruined themselves and tied a millstone to their necks. I do not, however, quite be-

A Terrible Boycotting Case

lieve this. They were very angry with 'the traitors,' and complained to Father Ambrose that they ought to be boycotted, also that the emergency men and police were allowed to supply themselves from a shop in the parish, and to have their horses shod in Limerick. Father Ambrose promised that he would put a stop to this last himself. Limerick, he tells me, is quite well in hand, and he will easily find out where the blacksmith is where they get their business done. This would be a terrible boycotting case for the I.L.P.U. (Irish Land Protection Union) to get hold of.

"We then attended the funeral of a young woman who had died in the neighbourhood. There was a great concourse of highly respectable farmers and priests, twelve or fifteen of the latter, but the burial service was read without surplice or censer. Father Ambrose tells me that the reason why the dead are not buried in Ireland as they are elsewhere is that in penal times it was impossible, and the custom of burial without funeral rites survives in the country districts. This explains Father O'Connor's account of his not having buried the boy who was shot by Curtayne at Firies. It was a nice old burial-ground.

"We went next into the house of one of the traitors who had compounded, and he explained his conduct by saying that the League had left off their allowance after eleven weeks, and that then Lord Cloncurry had let him off his arrears and lowered his rent. He was suspicious of us, however, and his daughter insisted upon Father Ambrose telling who he was. It afterwards appeared, from the account of the other men, that the League allowance was stopped because John Dillon had been down there, and, observing smoke coming from the cottage

The Harveys of Waterford

chimney, had found the man Thomas Dundon reinstated in it.

“ I took the train to Boher and came on through a lovely country to Waterford, where I am, at the ‘Imperial Hotel.’ I have resolved to go home now to Crabbet for a rest, and perhaps return and do Ulster later in the summer. Munster I have done pretty thoroughly. Leconfield has property near Limerick, and Father Ambrose has promised me to find out how it is managed.

“ *May 30, Sunday.*—Mr. Debenham Harvey came to fetch me for a walk this morning, and we crossed the river in a ferry and sat on the grass in the sun looking at the city. Waterford is a pretty place, green and bright, and the morning and all the day has been lovely. The Harvey family are Quakers, long settled in Waterford, the elder ones Tories and anti-Nationalists, the younger ones Home Rulers and latitudinarian in their beliefs, so much so that this one accompanied me to the Catholic Cathedral to hear Mass, the first time he or any of his family had ever been inside a Mass house. The Cathedral is a beautiful building, the best architecturally I have seen in Ireland, built at the end of the last century in an out-of-the-way street so as not to offend Protestant eyes. It has been decorated inside with good taste. Then Edmund Harvey joined us, and we went to spend the day at Tramore, a little sea-bathing place, where we had an early dinner with Alderman Ryan and his wife. Edmund Harvey tells me that a considerable number of Protestants at Waterford affect Home Rule ideas, perhaps 15 per cent. of them. He does not believe a word of the intended fighting in Ulster, though he thinks the Orangemen there are savage enough. The Ulster Protestants affect to despise the rest of Ireland, the

The Quakers at Waterford

Protestants of the south as well as the Catholics, but they are in a minority everywhere but at Belfast. Edmund Harvey is a very advanced Nationalist, having been one from the beginning. We went down by the shore and gathered seaweeds and shells. Ryan is a Catholic, an Alderman, and has been Mayor.

“Harvey the father, an old man of eighty, is altogether opposed to his son’s ideas; the mother is an admirer of Gladstone’s, and the rest of the family of daughters are in various stages of conversion. The mass of the Quakers at Waterford are Tory. I dined and slept at their house at Grange about a mile from the town.

“*May 31.*—Called with Edmund Harvey on the Bishop, but he is ill in bed, and could not see us. There is less good news to-day in the ‘Freeman.’ It looks as if the Home Rule Bill after all would not pass. We had a great discussion last night about Bright’s position in regard to it, and they seemed to agree with the view Bright gave me himself two months ago that it was the men not the measures of the Home Rule party Bright objected to. I still find it difficult, however, to think, after what Bright told me, that he will vote against the Bill. We talked also about Gladstone and the Egyptian war, on which the family are altogether sound. They have got an old gardener who is an advanced politician and reads the ‘Daily News’ as well as the ‘Freeman.’ At five I bade farewell to Ireland, meaning to return in August and travel through Protestant Ulster, and embarked on board the Milford packet and so returned to England.”

CHAPTER III

THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1886

“ June 1.

“ **T**HE ups and downs of fortune about the Home Rule Bill are endless. Buying a ‘Western Mail’ at Cardiff I found the chances of the Bill quite gone. Mr. Gladstone had lost his temper, spoken the truth by mistake, and frightened the Chamberlain flock who had almost come into the net. We are in for a fight, that is pretty evident, and I am glad to have come home. When I say ‘home,’ I mean to London, for I am staying at Pembroke Crescent, James Street being let. Anne is at Crabbet.

“ I learned from Mrs. Pollen that Mrs. Howard was in town and I went to have luncheon with her, and afterwards to dinner. She is very anxious I should go into Parliament as a supporter of Gladstone’s Irish policy. She says they would be delighted to have me, as the Whigs have taken away all the Liberal money and they are terribly hard up for candidates who pay their own expenses. They have been hit, too, by Albert Grey¹ having suddenly found out, what everybody knew, that there was a sum of £10,000 secret service money used by the Whips at election times. Grey has made a row about this and the sum will not be available. For all these reasons she urged me to put myself into communication with Morley without delay. She told me, too, that Chamberlain was to make his speech to-night, and I had just time to go down to the House and hear him. John Dillon got me in, which was a great

¹ The present Earl Grey.

Chamberlain and Sexton

piece of luck, as every seat was crammed, and the Duke of Cambridge and all the bigwigs were in the gallery. I was disappointed with Chamberlain's manner, which was not that of a great orator or a great man. He was dry, harsh, unsympathetic, with hardly a grain of wit and no feeling. It was a heavy-handed speech, an apology which did not enlist one's sympathy, brutal, too, as where he taunted Healy with his personal appearance. There were passages of strength, but I shall be surprised if Chamberlain has strengthened his cause in the House or out of it. It lasted barely an hour. Upon him, when he sat down, Sexton fastened in a speech so amusing in its buffoonery that it was well listened to for two hours. I have seldom heard so many good things said *impromptu*, as these undoubtedly were, and there were serious interludes which were good too. The effect of it was to kill Chamberlain's speech altogether, if only by force of contrast; nevertheless I do not consider Sexton quite a good speaker. His voice is very strong but not particularly pleasing; there is too much of the play-actor about him to impose greatly.

"The speech all the same was an admirable bit of rattle and contained some good sense too. He had evidently prepared the serious part but ran over into his flowers of wit by accident. Oratorically his best hit was when he praised Hartington for the virtues Chamberlain did not possess, a very delicate figure of rhetoric, which he kept up for a quarter of an hour. There is no doubt that in speaking there are half a dozen Irish members who can give points to any one on either side of the House.

"June 2.—I had arranged to ride with Mrs. Howard, but mistook the hour, so it fell through. I went on instead to T. P. O'Connor's. I found T. P. prepar-

No Eviction Bill possible

ing his speech for to-morrow, and he asked my leave to quote my Home Rule manifesto and Randolph's approval of it. I said I had no objection to his mentioning my name in any way he liked, but not as authorizing him to tell the story. There is no real secret in the matter, but it would be hardly fair on Randolph to tell all that passed. If he attacks me it will be quite time enough to explain. I also talked to T. P. very seriously about the danger there was in letting the land question drop too long out of sight while fighting for Home Rule. There was always the danger of the Tories taking it up if they came into office, and settling it off hand by some scheme of land purchase and peasant proprietary which would quite take the wind out of the Home Rule sails. He agreed in this, and promised to tell Parnell what I had said. But I should like to see Parnell himself.

“ Later I saw Dillon at the House of Commons and talked to him in the same strain; but he explained to me the difficulty, even impossibility, of the situation. They had got the Liberals to postpone all their business for the settlement of the Home Rule question, but their patience would not stand the strain of having also to pass a bill for stopping evictions. It would be just as difficult to put such an act through as to compass Home Rule itself; and the Lords would certainly throw it out. The Irish tenants, therefore, must have patience till the autumn, and if they suffered it would be as some are killed or wounded in every battle. They had, however, thoroughly made up their minds not to postpone the land question longer than for another six months, and they had a definite engagement on Gladstone's part that the Eviction Bill should be dealt with in the autumn. In the case of Salisbury's coming into

office, all were prepared for a new land campaign.¹ But as long as the Government was working for them they must act reasonably, otherwise the country would sicken of them as quite unreasonable men.

“I was much struck with Dillon’s clearness and precision in this account, and he has wholly convinced me that his policy is the right one. These Irish members have more statesmanship in their little fingers than our Cabinet Ministers have in all their dull heads. While we were talking in the coffee-room, Davitt joined us, and read through a paper with Dillon he had written for publication. Dillon corrected this freely, and it surprised me to notice how much Davitt yields to his judgement. There is a capital understanding between the two, both being quite honest men, working on slightly different lines towards the same end. Davitt is off to the West of Ireland in a few days to distribute funds. He introduced me to a young newspaper reporter, named Gill,² as a man who would put a paragraph into the papers for him ‘for the sake of the Hail Marys he would say for him.’ It is odd hearing people talk in this pious language in the unholy lobbies of the House—but many of the Home Rule M.P.s live the lives of saints.

¹ This passage is of some historical importance, as it shows that the re-opening of the land agitation by Dillon and O’Brien under the form of the Plan of Campaign the following autumn had been already determined on at the beginning of June by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and that it was not, as has been represented, a sudden decision come to in Parnell’s absence, and contrary to his approval. I am certain that Dillon would not have spoken to me in the sense he did if he had not been acting with his Chief in the matter. The truth is at that time Parnell had already, to a large extent, abandoned the direction of the party policy to his lieutenants. Davitt was then also for a renewal of the land agitation (comp. pp. 92, 93).

² T. P. Gill, afterwards M.P.

Dillon on Patriotism

“At dinner at Pembridge Crescent we had Dillon again and Mrs. Howard and Mary, and a capital debate followed on the question whether Gladstone had taken up Home Rule as an enthusiast or as a political strategist. Dillon held to the latter theory, and, I think, proved his case clearly. Gladstone had played, he said, a great game with great courage, and deserved all admiration. But his object was success, and he had made up his mind to win. This, indeed, is patent on the face of it. There was also a good discussion about purity of motive in patriotism, Dillon asserting that all men, however pure in politics, have a motive of vanity, without which they would achieve nothing. Again I wholly agree with him. Mrs. Howard pressed him as to whether he included Davitt, and he said ‘even Davitt.’ This was a most successful day.

“*June 3.*—Down to Crabbet. A raw cold day, but walked about in Burley’s Wood listening to the thrushes and blackbirds and felt dissatisfied. One certainly leads a solitary life in England as a country squire, and I am not sure that the Irish peasants with all their troubles are not happier.

“*June 4.*—Wyllie, the Liberal agent, writes inviting me to stand as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone’s Irish policy. As it binds me to nothing beyond my own opinions, I shall accept. In the debate last night O’Connor brought forward his charge against certain Conservatives, who had been helped by the Irish vote, and had given Home Rule pledges, and who now had ratted; and he especially mentioned my case, as that of a personal friend of Churchill’s. At this Randolph appears to have said ‘Hear, hear,’ and urged him to speak out, so I went to London to find out whether anything required to be done. The first person I saw in the Lobby was Cyril Flower,

who took me in and told me he thought it quite unnecessary to do anything in the matter; it was a *secret de polichinelle* that Randolph and Salisbury and Carnarvon had intended a Home Rule Bill if they could have secured a majority and nobody in the House required any explanation. I thought it best, however, to see Randolph, and he came out to me, very friendly as of old. He asked me how my tour in Ireland had gone off, said he had read all my letters in the 'Pall Mall,' but wasn't I a little hard on the landlords? About T. P. O'Connor, I might do as I liked. He did not wish anything explained or not explained, but it was clear from his manner he would rather I did not. He said Home Rule would never be given this year or any other year; he would bet me ten pounds Arabi would be back in Egypt before ever the Irish got a Parliament. I said I would willingly take his bet, if I betted, and as willingly lose it, but my tour in Ireland had convinced me that the people were in earnest, and so would get what they wanted. He said: 'You thought the Egyptians would get their liberty, and you see what happened.' I said: 'If you use the same force in Ireland as you did in Egypt you may succeed in preventing it, but not by other methods.' 'Well,' he said, 'I think Arabi has a better chance.'

"I could not find T. P. O'Connor but I found Dillon, who said as far as they were concerned they did not want the matter pushed further. Indeed, it appears that Parnell thought it impolitic to have said as much. In any case I shall leave it alone. Evelyn is to make a personal explanation about the Irish vote and his election. I urged him to vote for the Bill, but he would not do this. He is against coercion; that is all.

"Dined with Lady C. She is to see the Prince

Betting on the Irish Bill

of Wales to-morrow and will give him my message about his tour in Ireland. She says he is more liberal about Home Rule than most of them. To Crabbet by the last train.

“*June 5.*—A new agrarian murder is announced in Kerry close to Killarney, and I have written to Morley about it. It disturbs me, as this is the second moonlighting business since I was at Castle-island. Can it be that some scoundrels have done these things on purpose to wreck the Bill?

“*June 6.*—Cyril Flower¹ writes to ask me to stand at the elections as a supporter of Gladstone’s Irish policy. I have answered him and Wyllie that I should be disposed to do so on the simple issue of Home Rule.

“*June 7.*—The day of battle. I went up to London to be present if possible at the debate, and had luncheon first with Mrs. Howard. I find the invitations I have received to stand at the elections are due to her suggestion. She spoke of my ideas to Stafford Howard, and he to the Whips.

“I got down before four to the House and found the central hall already crowded. But Flower got me through into the lobby, and there I stayed till eight unable to get any further, for every place in the galleries was crammed, and there was even a *queue* of people with tickets outside. I occupied my time, however, not unprofitably, talking to Flower, Arnold Morley, Leveson Gower, and others about electioneering prospects. From time to time news of the debate reached us. The betting at first was a guinea to a sovereign against the Bill, but the Whips were prepared from the beginning for a

¹ Cyril Flower, M.P., Whip to the Liberal Party, afterwards Lord Battersea.

defeat. Harry Brand was there, very busy on the other side, as he is Whip to the Hartingtonians. I did not see much of the Irish members, who I think purposely avoided the lobby, but Dillon has told me it was quite doubtful, till an hour before the division, which way the Chamberlain waverers would vote. At eight Stuart Rendel took me away to dine with him at his new house in Whitehall. It is the same house that Peel lived and died in, and a capital one it is too, fronting the river. Rendel is an extremely good fellow, and he gave me some valuable advice about election prospects. He tells me that O'Shea boasts that Gladstone has been in correspondence with Parnell through his, O'Shea's, wife, which, strange as it sounds, is perhaps not impossible. After dinner he tried to get me into the House again, but it was quite impossible, and I gave it up in despair and went home to bed at my new lodging in Buckingham Palace Road.

"*June 8.*—I could not sleep all night thinking of the probable fate of Ireland being decided, and at seven I went out to buy a paper. The first person I met was an Irish priest, and I took it as a good omen; the second was an English parson, and I took it as a bad one; but things have gone worse than the worst we had been fearing, and the Government is beaten by thirty. This is the anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's defeat last year. It appears that Gladstone's speech was as fine a one as he has often made, but he would not give the guarantees demanded of him by the Chamberlainites, and so the Bill is thrown out. I confess it seems to me an almost irretrievable disaster. The great majority will tell strongly against Gladstone in the elections. English people have not really their hearts right for Home Rule, and the Irish cannot afford to wait.

O'Shea Proves Traitor

That blackguard O'Shea proved the traitor we expected him to be. He walked out of the House without voting. I met him last night in the lobby, and he came over and shook hands with me, and I had it on the tip of my tongue to ask him first whether he was going to vote square. I am sorry I did not. I can hardly understand the feelings of a man, one might say the courage, who should betray his country in this way. His name will be handed down in infamy through Irish histories to the remotest generations, for these things are not done in a corner, and we are playing on a stage which will hold its own in human recollection when nearly everything else connected with the present generation shall have been forgotten.

"I went to Palace Green and found Mary Howard playing the organ, like a person inspired with grief and with tears in her eyes. We agreed that a terrible misfortune had happened, but she of course has confidence, where I have none, that Liberal principles must triumph in the end. *I* look at the cause of human dealing with weaker nationalities as a lost cause in the world. *She* thinks the world grows better. Then I went out riding with her mother. She finds consolation for the wreck of the Bill in the thought that there will be an election and I shall get into Parliament on her side at last.

"I forgot to say that last night I met, in the central hall, that little man Barry whom Randolph sent to help me the last day of the Camberwell election. He talked about Randolph's Home Rule plans of last year, explaining that he was himself a Home Ruler, and said not only would the Conservatives have brought in a Home Rule Bill, if only they had had a strong enough majority at the elections, but that they yet would do so. This last

I cannot believe; but all things, he assured me, are possible in politics.

“At 2.35 I went down with John Dillon to Cambridge by the Great Eastern Railway. I found him, as a poor patriot should, travelling second class, and went with him. He is, of all men I ever knew, the most melancholy, both in appearance and, I think, in fact. Yet he is an admirable talker on the subjects that interest him, or rather, I should say, on the one subject; for he has no other. In the course of conversation I was saying that I had not known what it was quite to enjoy life till I was forty, and he said, ‘Then there is hope for me, for I have *never* enjoyed life’—and this is true. Dillon is tall, distinguished, dark, of that Spanish type of Irishman which is the most remarkable, and with the finest eyes in the world; also, when he smiles, which is very seldom, there is a peculiar charm, and there is a charm in his voice. I am attracted strangely to him by all these things, and by a certain strength of character and reserve of power one perceives beneath them. He has created a wonderful impression here on the undergraduates, and it was a most fortunate idea bringing him with me.

“The debate at the Union was an immense success for us. Although quite two-thirds of the undergraduates are Conservatives and Unionists, the feeling of the house was wholly with us. I led the debate on the Home Rule side, attacking the land question and defending boycotting, and telling them my personal experiences in Ireland. This attracted their attention and sympathy, and prepared the way for Dillon’s speech, which was the finest I have ever heard made about Ireland. It was not the speech of a rhetorician, but of a man profoundly convinced, and perfect master of his subject. It carried all

opposition before it. He told me afterwards that this was not at all what he had intended to say, and therein doubtless lay its merit. He had meant to deal in argument, but instead he narrated facts, the whole facts of the Land League, as I doubt if they have ever been told in all the Parliamentary debates. I cannot help thinking that if he had made that speech in the House of Commons it might have largely influenced the vote. It was impossible not to believe and impossible not to sympathize.

“*June 9.*—These undergraduates are charming boys. Our host is Herbert Vivian, and the others chiefly connected with the Union and of our political set are Maxse,¹ Carpenter, Cooper, and Davis. The debate was opened against us by Wilkins, a fluent speaker but shallow enough. Several of them told me to-day they were converted last night to Home Rule. This is delightful. Dillon talks quite frankly and openly with them, and with the best effect. He had to go back to London to-day, but I have stayed on, and we went to the boat races in the evening, and dined in Hall. I wish it were possible to become an undergraduate, just for a few years or months; really one might do worse than undertake the political education of the younger generation here. I think I could form a political school. Indeed, I have formed a small one already.

“*June 10.*—Maxse and Vivian and I played lawn tennis, and a young fellow named Debenham, who has become a Buddhist, and nearly killed himself the other day with decoctions of hashish. They let him off his college chapel on account of his religious opinions. Mr. Oscar Browning breakfasted with us. He is a Professor and Examiner,

¹ Leo Maxse, afterwards editor of the “National Review,” Vivian of the “Whirlwind.”

and affects great political importance, but the boys make fun of him.

"Back to London, where I find no less than four constituencies in communication with me about standing. Called on Lady Gregory, who is growing very bitter against my politics, if not against me. It is curious that she, who could see so clearly in Egypt when it was a case between the Circassian Pashas and the Arab fellahin, should be blind now that the case is between English landlords and Irish tenants in Galway. But property blinds all eyes, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for an Irish landlord to enter into the kingdom of Home Rule. She comes of a family, too, who are 'bitter Protestants,' and has surrounded herself with people of her class from Ireland, so that there is no longer room for me in her house.

"I went on to the more congenial atmosphere of Palace Green and dined there. Mrs. Howard approves my election ideas, and sent a note for me, which I wrote there to John Morley, proposing to see him to-morrow. She, too, has only just come back from Cambridge, having been for the day to Girton with her mother, who is President of that establishment. She gave an amusing account of it, finding fault with it as too monastic. The girls are not allowed to have anything to do with the undergraduates, or to see even their brothers except under restrictions. This she objects to. 'It is like a large boarding school,' she said, 'and nothing else.'

"*June 11.*—Morley has left town to see after the Belfast riots, so I shall miss him. To-day is the anniversary of the riots of Alexandria, on account of which they made the war, and here we have now

riots as bad at home. I should not be surprised if those at Belfast turned out to be organized much as the Alexandrian ones were, by the financial people and their friends, for a political purpose. Randolph may have taken a leaf out of Tewfik's book. He knows the history well.

"A deputation from North Paddington and another from Thanet asking me to stand against King Harman. This last would be amusing. A letter, too, has come from one Marmaduke Bell, inviting me to stand for county Galway. This I should like much better than any English constituency, but I doubt whether Parnell would approve. I have consequently telegraphed to Bell to say he must get Parnell's consent. I believe, if I chose to do it, I could get returned in some Irish division, even without Parnell's leave, but that I would not do.

"This morning Parnell and Justin M^cCarthy made each a statement of their interviews with Lord Carnarvon. I have no doubt Parnell's account is correct; and T. P. O'Connor tells me that the man at whose house it was originally proposed that Carnarvon and Parnell should meet was Howard Vincent. This Howard Vincent, I remember, asked me to meet the Prince of Wales at his house four years ago, and is something of a professional go-between, having been Inspector-General of the Secret Police. He seems to have gone on a secret spying mission last autumn to Ireland, and poor Dr. Croke complained very bitterly of his having come to him with letters from Cardinal Manning, and of having been afterwards betrayed by Vincent. Vincent's wife wrote rather an absurd account of Dr. Croke in the 'Pall Mall,' and of his cat and dog, which offended him more. Vincent declared for

Home Rule at the elections, and got returned by the Irish vote; yet, when I met him in the Lobby three months ago and asked him whether he was still a Home Ruler, he denied that he had ever had any connection with the idea.

“In the afternoon to Liverpool for an Irish meeting, having first lunched with Mrs. Howard, who is rejoiced that I have at length taken my name off the Carlton Club. I committed this happy despatch to-day.

“*June 13.*—I slept last night at the North-Western Hotel, but moved to-day to Dr. Bligh’s house, where I occupy ‘Mr. Parnell’s room.’ Dr. Bligh is a Catholic, the head of the National League in Liverpool, and a capital fellow. In the morning we went to Mass, and afterwards down to the quays, and at three we had our meeting in the Hall in Nelson Street. The audience, chiefly Irish, received me very well, and listened throughout, though I spoke for nearly two hours. It was one of the best speeches I have made. In it I declared my severance from the Conservative party, and my intention to support Mr. Gladstone at the coming elections. Afterwards I was much urged to stand for some division of Liverpool or the county. I like these Liverpool Irish amazingly, and such of the Liberals as I have seen. Back by night train to London.

“*June 14.*—To the British Home Rule Association. Joseph Cowen takes a gloomy view of things, which I share. He thinks that Ireland is farther away from Home Rule than ever, that it will be at least ten years before she gets her wish, and that the present elections will go strongly against Gladstone. He wants me to try for a Northumbrian constituency. Then to luncheon with Mrs. Howard, who is amused at the idea of my standing in Northumberland.

The Prince of Wales

George, she says, will oppose me all he can. She has been keeping him out of the way in Italy, but he is coming home this week, and will then be sure to take part in the battle on the Unionist side, though he himself will not stand for Parliament. She tells me that Hartington has written to him to say that he alone can carry the division in Cumberland. But she has not forwarded him the letter or let any of the Whips know his address.

“*June 15.*—To T. P. O'Connor, and from him to Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal seems less thoroughgoing about Ireland than he was, at least about Home Rule, more Chamberlainite than Gladstonian. He tells me Howard Vincent is his godson, as also is William Gladstone, Gladstone's eldest son. Vincent's father was Vicar of Slinfold; hence the connection. There is a good deal of the old Tory leaven in the Cardinal, with all his socialism.

“After this to call on Lady C., and learned the result of my message to the Prince of Wales. It appears to have pleased him immensely, as I thought it would, for, in spite of his aristocratic *entourage*, there is a strong element of Bohemianism in the Prince, and a love of popularity in any form. Seriously, he may well find it some day that the people in Ireland will give him a refuge of affection, when the people in England shall have driven him out. It happened so to Charles I and James II, but he must do something now to earn their gratitude. To me he has sent an amiable message, hoping that I shall get into Parliament this time, whichever side it may be, ‘as there is a want of gentlemen in the House.’ He does not object to my having gone back to Mr. Gladstone. The Prince's debts are coming to a head and amount to half a million, and he will have to come to the House of Commons to have them

Hartington and Chamberlain

paid. So he may well be anxious to make friends. Lady C. tells me Hartington laments his quarrel with Gladstone, for whom he still has a deep affection, but he will join Lord Salisbury and the Tories, whatever people may say to the contrary. He and his father have always been Tories at heart, and the old Duke of Devonshire has such a respect for royalty that he gets quite excited still if the Prince comes into the room. The Duke was a much cleverer man than his son is. Of Chamberlain, who called upon her the other day, Lady C. speaks with small respect. *He* talks most bitterly of the G.O.M., who has insulted him, he says, and whom he will never forgive. Chamberlain has found himself obliged to make his political bed now with his aristocratic friends, Hartington, the Prince of Wales, and the rest. But they all hate and despise him in their hearts. The Prince is much affected just now at Andrew Cockerell's death. Andrew, his merry Andrew, died a few days ago, being taken with a second fit. The Prince is very superstitious, and is exercised at the coincidence that the seizure happened on precisely the same day of the month and hour of the day as the first seizure, five months ago, at Sandringham. He has been very kind to Andrew throughout. I remember Andrew Cockerell twenty-five years ago in Ireland, when he was Lord Carlisle's aide-de-camp and merry man, and very funny he was. Francis and I were invited with the Naas¹ from Palmerstown to stay with the Droghedas for the Lord Lieutenant's visit, and it was there we met Andrew. He was good natured to us boys, and an amusement to all the world.

“Called also on A., who alone among Irish land-

¹ Lord and Lady Naas, with whom we were staying. He was afterwards Earl of Mayo and Viceroy of India.

"Give us a Jew, but not a Catholic"

owners has some sympathy with my ideas, not much, but still the acuteness of the situation has not altered our friendship, and we must be thankful for this, as times go. I have been asked to stand for Eastbourne, but have refused.

"*June 16.*—Met Cyril Flower in St. James's Park, and he took me in by the garden door into Downing Street, where we talked over things connected with the elections. He and Artie Brand [they were both Liberal Whips] are doing their best to find me a good constituency, but I doubt if I shall get one notwithstanding. There are two things against me, first my quarrel with Gladstone about Egypt, and second and more important, my Catholic status. This last is almost an absolute bar to Parliament just now, as the Irish quarrel has inflamed all Protestant minds, and Wylie at the Liberal Office told me as much to-day. 'We have a good many Catholic candidates on our lists,' he said, 'but the constituencies say "Give us a Jew, if you like, but not a Catholic."'"

The next ten days of my diary are taken up with proposals made me by the Liberal Whips of this and that constituency at which to stand as candidate for the General Elections now beginning, the only one which promised any certainty, or even likelihood of success, being the Exchange Division of Liverpool, as to which Dr. Bligh, the Chairman of the local Irish National League, was keen that I should come forward as a Gladstonian Home Ruler. If I had been honestly supported in this at the Central Office I have no doubt that the Liberal Committee of the Division would also have selected me, and it was a sure Liberal and Irish seat. But though Morley, whom I saw at the Irish Office, authorized me to telegraph that he approved my

Davitt annoyed with Parnell

candidature, and the Whips, Flower, Arnold Morley, and Wyllie, professed their zeal, I found out afterwards from Bligh that their influence was used not for me but against. They wanted a more distinctly party man than I could pretend to be. It therefore came to nothing. It happened, too, at this moment that Parnell, who ought to have been attending to the work of the elections, and who might have decided the matter, was away, having made one of his periodical disappearances, even at that moment of crisis in the fate of Ireland, from the work of his party, disappearances not then generally understood, but which the scandal of two years later explained. This matter is alluded to in the following entries:

“*June 23.*—Called on Davitt, whom I found at a little old-fashioned private hotel, ‘Kent’s,’ 32, Norfolk Street, Strand. It is a beautiful old house with decorations of the early eighteenth century, and Davitt is quiet there among people of his own sort. I find him as always very cordial and very energetic. He is just back from the West of Ireland, where he has been distributing money. He told me the distress is much exaggerated; that he had gone with £1,000 to distribute, and had come back with £600. He says the people are easily demoralized by the subscriptions made for them, and he has no idea of helping to teach them to live on charity.

“*June 24.*—Again to Davitt’s, whom I found much annoyed because Parnell, who had promised to speak at the great Home Rule meeting last night at St. James’s Hall, had never turned up or even sent a letter of excuse. ‘It makes one’s blood boil,’ he said, ‘at a moment like this when every man of us ought to be working night and day, that he should be away idling at Captain O’Shea’s. There

A "laissez faire" Leader

are a hundred people at this moment in London waiting to see him on important business, and nobody can say where he is. When I see that old man Gladstone attending meetings night after night in every part of the country, and think that our leader will not take the trouble even to look in for half an hour at a single meeting here in London, I wonder our people are able to be patient. Why, the other day when the Belfast Bill came on, and members were being telegraphed for from distant parts of Ireland in Parnell's name, Parnell himself could not be found, and strolled in after all just too late for the Division. It is the same about answering your letters, about deciding anything. People praise him and talk of him as if he was managing everything; but it is nothing of the sort, he is a mere *laissez faire* leader. When you talk to him, he agrees to all you say, but he does nothing. There is no plan of campaign made yet for the elections. People,' said Davitt, 'make a great mistake about Parnell, thinking that he imposes his will upon everybody, but it is all a mistake, he is idle and difficult to get to act. Why, he is down now at that miserable Captain O'Shea's in spite of all that has happened. It is a disgrace. We say nothing about it, and I know you will say nothing about it; but we all know it, and it will go hard with him some day, for we are all getting very tired.' He then told me that it was decided that the four vacant seats in Ireland should be contested by Irish Protestants, so as to give an answer to the 'no-popery' cry—this at his own suggestion. A very pretty Irish girl, a daughter of the house, came in while we were talking and made great eyes at Davitt, as Irish girls do. But Davitt is not the man to be distracted by anything from the work he has in hand. So we went off together in a

A Demonstration Against Chamberlain

cab to the League Office, where he routed up the people and sent off telegrams about me."

At this moment, the elections having already begun, it was proposed to me to make a demonstration against Chamberlain at Birmingham, the first idea being that I should contest the Edgbaston division, but later that it should be in Chamberlain's own western division. There was, of course, not the remotest chance of success, but still it was thought the effect might be good of his being opposed there.

"I have, however, given up all minor projects, a telegram having come from Hope to say that the Birmingham Home Rulers perhaps may want me to fight Chamberlain. At the same time I got a letter from Mrs. Howard strongly urging me to go to Birmingham, if only as a demonstration and proof of my having left the Conservatives for good. Before, however, deciding, I called on Labouchere, whom I had not seen since the last elections. His advice was very plain to have nothing to do with Edgbaston; I should not get in, and there would be no credit in fighting Dickson, who was unknown out of his native town, but to go for Chamberlain. I ought to see Schnadhorst,¹ he said, before going down, as it would be no use if he disapproved. He also said the new Parliament would probably not last long, as Gladstone would not get a majority and the Radicals intended to obstruct. To Schnadhorst, therefore, I went and talked the matter of Birmingham over with him. He told me that his position was a very delicate one; it was difficult for him to say 'yes' or 'no' about my going to Birmingham; Edgbaston was not really a possible seat to win. I said, if it were for the honour of the thing to fight

¹ The late Francis Schnadhorst, from 1885 to 1892 chief organizer and adviser of the Liberal Party.

Chamberlain and make a protest, of course I should be ready; and he said he would think it over and tell me later in the afternoon. Then to T. P. O'Connor, and walked with him to Downing Street to see Arnold Morley. T. P. has got a sum of £2,000 he wants to spend on English elections, and asked me to arrange with Ashburnham that the sums given to candidates should be given under cover of the British Home Rule Association. This I am glad to consent to, and I have since seen Ashburnham and arranged it with him, but we are not to tell any one else about it. We did not say anything to Arnold Morley about Birmingham, as Schnadhorst had impressed upon me very strongly the necessity of keeping his name out of it. There are so many wheels within wheels one can trust no one. When Hope was at Liverpool he was accidentally shown the telegram the Exchange Liberals received about me from Arnold Morley, and instead of its being a strong recommendation, as was pretended, it was merely a question, 'Would Mr. Blunt be a suitable candidate as Radical Home Ruler?'

"At five I again saw Schnadhorst, who again went through the form of saying that it was impossible for him to move in the matter or appear in it, and that he might even be obliged to say that he had dissuaded it. But nevertheless he thought I might go down to Birmingham and see how the land lay. It is evident he wants me to do it, and wants to be able to repudiate his action to Chamberlain as soon as convenient. Schnadhorst is a soft-voiced, confidential, engaging little man, with a very kindly manner and appearance of frankness even while saying the most tortuous things. I left him agreeing that I would go down to Birmingham at once. And so this thing is settled, a further telegram the mean-

At Birmingham

while having come to the effect that the Birmingham people were willing that I should contest the Western Division against Chamberlain. This is a great undertaking, but it is useless to shrink from the battle when it comes. It is a good maxim to follow, 'When you are in doubt, to do a thing or not to do—do it.' Little Brady, the Secretary of the National League, told me to-day that, in conversation with Middleton, the Conservative agent, about the time of the last elections, Middleton let slip that the Conservatives did not wish me to win at Camberwell. This I have always suspected. At midnight I started for Birmingham.

"*June 25.*—With Hope, a round of the principal people, and at two attended a private meeting of Gladstonian Home Rulers at Arthur Moore's house, where they put me through my political facings. I gave them an account of my past relations with Gladstone and Randolph Churchill, with which they expressed themselves entirely satisfied, and promised me their full support against Chamberlain if the battle came off. This, however, is not certain. The principal men present at the meeting were Alderman Baker in the chair, Allday, Moore, Tait, Wright, Devey, a working man, Fulford, etc. My friend Tebbutt is at Birmingham, and attended the meeting with Hope and me. The questions I asked them were:

"1. What amount of votes could be expected? There was of course no chance of winning, but unless a thousand votes were certain, it would be better not to fight. They assured me the number would be nearer two thousand.

"2. Whether I could count on the support of all Gladstonians in the division? They said I could.

"3. Whether I could consider myself formally in-

Fear of Chamberlain

vited? They said I should receive a formal invitation as soon as the question was decided about fighting at all.

“The state of things in Birmingham is as follows: Owing to Chamberlain’s defection about Ireland the Liberal camp is broken in two, the mass of feeling being largely against him. Chamberlain, however, has so demoralized the caucus that the members dare not go quite openly against him. At a meeting held last week, 132 voted for Chamberlain, 27 against, and 103 abstained. They all hate him for his supercilious ways, love him for his good dinners, and fear him for his relentless character. The mass of the people do not love him, and at the open meeting received him very badly, and he almost broke down in his speech, but recovered and ended by carrying the meeting with him, for he is an excellent mob orator. Every one, however, tells me that the votes will be given against him in secret, and the difficulty will be to get people bold enough to canvass and appear publicly. The pluckiest of those at our meeting to-day were Devey and Fulford. The others seemed weak vessels. In the evening to West Bromwich, and spoke at a meeting for Moore who is candidate there.

“*June* 26.—Re-wrote my address and had it printed, so as to be ready. At two we had another meeting at Moore’s, where it was announced that Jesse Collings had issued his address, and that the Home Rulers meant war. Tait will stand for Bordesley, and I for the Western division. This is settled, and I gave Fulford my address, to get it published. Later, to the Oratory at Edgbaston, and with Father Bellasis to a cricket match they are having at the county ground. The Oratory Fathers, with the exception of Father Bellasis, are exceedingly

Tory and anti-Home Rule, Father Ryder especially, who used to be my friend there. He has grown to the exact type of John Bull. I remember him as a seraphic youth in Deacon's orders. Anne arrived in the evening, and Hope. The latter brings an account from Fulford, whom he has seen, giving a discouraging account of affairs here in the Western division. I hardly know what to think. Late at night a deputation arrived for me from Kidderminster, asking me to stand there, but I was in bed and too fast asleep to receive them. Besides I am bound, now my address is issued, to go on with the contest here.

“ June 27.—Spent the morning going round with Lamsdale, a young fellow who has been supplied us by Fulford to work as sub-agent, asking people to take the Chair at my first public meeting, which is to be to-morrow. The first of the prominent men we called on was Frank Wright, who excused himself on the ground of his having always supported the caucus, and that the caucus had selected Chamberlain as their candidate, so he could not go against his principles, however loath. Tangye was nervous about speaking; the third, Allday, was fond of fighting, but had a bone in his leg, and the fourth and fifth likewise. It looks very like a back out, and I don't know what to do. They all profess the most ardent zeal, but would like somebody else besides themselves to make the first move. These Birmingham people are miserable hares, and it is no wonder that Chamberlain lords it over them. Daly says they are so afraid of him that they dare not move or do or say anything they do not immediately back out of. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of Irishmen in an upper room, who received me very well. Daly presided. But Hope tells me that, while he was there, even this Daly, whom we have considered

the pluckiest and most straightforward of the caucus men, seemed afraid to introduce me. I don't know what to do, and feel myself altogether in a false position. We have got Devey, however, to take the chair to-morrow night; and we shall be able to judge by the meeting whether or not to proceed. I sent my address last night to the G.O.M.

"*June 28.*—A day of curious ups and downs. In the morning a letter arrived from Mrs. Pollen,¹ saying that Lord Ripon would not let her go down to Birmingham, as the Government had resolved to have nothing to do with opposing Chamberlain or any of the dissentient members of the Cabinet. This seems to bring matters to a crisis, and I have telegraphed to Arnold Morley to say a rumour has reached me that the Government did not wish Chamberlain opposed; that if so I would at once retire, but that if not I would beg him to telegraph an approval; it had not been at my own suggestion that I had come to Birmingham. Then Fulford came and brought another message from Kidderminster, again asking me to stand. So I made up my mind to retire; there is nobody at my back here at all, and my position is growing absurd. Arnold Morley has answered that there was no foundation for the report but would write, a message which we take to mean that he will neither approve nor disapprove. On receipt of this I telegraphed to London and to Kidderminster, saying I retired from West Birmingham, and accepted to stand for Kidderminster. This was replied to in an hour, begging me to meet a deputation at Kidderminster at 8.30. But I put it off till the last train, so as not to miss my meeting here. I should, however, have done as

¹ Her husband, Mr. John Hungerford Pollen, was Lord Ripon's private secretary, and so subject to his decision in these matters.

well to leave at once; but I felt it to be a point of honour not to retire without at least firing a shot. So to the meeting I went. Not a soul of all the caucus dissentients was there, not a soul of the Birmingham Home Rule Association, only Devey, and half a dozen outside supporters partly drunk, to join me on the platform, the room filled with a pretty noisy party of Tories and Chamberlainites, with a sprinkling only of Gladstonians. The wine, however, was drawn, and we had to drink it. It was ominous that the platform was guarded by the police.

“ I don't know why, but, on occasions of this sort, I feel quite indifferent to hostile demonstrations, and I got on my chair and laid into them. It was the only safe tactics, and had the effect of keeping the thing going, but I dared not mince my words, and gave it to Chamberlain as hot as I could make it. The thing that made most uproar was when I said that ‘ Joe Chamberlain would end his life as a Tory peer.’ The mob, however, seeing I was not afraid of them, grew good tempered, and I talked it out for some forty minutes in spite of occasional uproar. We had left the room and had gone outside into the yard; and somehow, in the open air, one talks more than one means, and perhaps I went too far; however, I am certain that, in the face of an angry mob, there is nothing to be done but to attack, and attack in the strongest language. Only, such speeches ought not to be reported. We saw it was useless attempting a resolution, so, the speech over, we went inside in high spirits at having escaped without broken bones. It is not a small thing to have denounced Chamberlain before an open meeting in the centre of his own citadel, and they have heard a few truths to-day which they will remember later when their

Kidderminster

master has gone over altogether to the enemy. I then sent a new address to the papers announcing my retirement, and we are all taking train for Kidderminster.

“After the excitement I had fallen profoundly asleep in the train, but was awoken by a great uproar. A mob was surging round the carriage, which had come to a stop at a platform, and people were forcing their way inside. At first I did not know what to make of it. But presently it appeared that these were the people at Kidderminster come to bid me welcome. An immense crowd had assembled, and we had no little difficulty in forcing our way to the breaks and carriages which had been prepared for us, and thus in triumphal procession we paraded the streets, stopping here and there to make speeches and receive greetings. It was the finest reception I have ever met with anywhere, and, coming so closely on the scene in Ickneild Street, seemed hardly a reality. But real enough it was. These Kidderminster people are at any rate the right sort, for it is not every day that several thousand people will come out, past midnight, to welcome an unknown man. Everything here is in perfect order, the organization complete, and the people full of fight. The reason why they were so late in the day without a candidate has been that their man, Pease, has seceded and retired. According to the figures, there ought not to be much doubt, though elections at Kidderminster have always been close things. The Liberals last time had a majority of 150, in spite of the Irish vote going against them; nevertheless, figures are deceptive.”

Here there is a gap in my diary of several days, caused by my having been too busy to write. I lost the Kidderminster election, as I had lost that at

Chamberlain's Early History

Camberwell, by a narrow majority only—288 votes. But, unlike the other contest, this one left nothing but a pleasant impression on my mind. The Kidderminster people were of a very different kind from the ignoble South Londoners, and from the first they took me to their hearts and fought the battle well for me. The weather throughout the week was lovely, the people kind, and our head-quarters at the "Black Horse" old-fashioned and delightful. I had the consciousness, too, of having done my best, and of having been at my best, and though I had been beaten, it had been most honourably. The Kidderminster weavers presented me with a handsome carpet for the hall at Crabbet in token of the fight, and made me promise them I would not close my connection with the borough, though in the end it went no further. My chief supporter and election agent, Talbot, was an excellent fellow. His mother, a very clever old lady, gave me some interesting particulars about the Chamberlain family, whom she had known well for more than thirty years. It is the only note my diary contains. "She, like the Chamberlains," I wrote, "is a Unitarian, and the fact accounts for her knowledge of them. She tells me that Joe Chamberlain as a youth was the most angelic being she ever beheld, beautiful, clever, and devout. She first saw him at a ball in Birmingham, where he was making the rain and fine weather for the young ladies. He was an accomplished dancer and croquet player, when croquet was in fashion, and insisted upon being first in everything. At balls he would come late and take the young ladies away from their partners, making them write his name over theirs on their dancing cards; but he was so charming that he had his own way. He married young, and, putting aside all amusements, took to school teaching and

T. P. on the Defeat

preaching of an amateur kind. Being very energetic and persevering, he reformed the school system at Birmingham; and this was the first thing that brought him into public notice. Then his wife died, and he changed his way of life. He gave up his religious preaching and took to trade. 'He is a man,' she remarked, 'who cannot do two things at a time, or even think of two things,' and he made a fortune. Having done this he married again, gave dinners and entertainments, promoted public undertakings, and was elected Mayor three years in succession. His second wife died. Then he went into Parliament. His school organization was what first gave him the idea of the caucus; and he has carried on his political management since as relentlessly as he has every other thing he has taken up. His quarrel with Schnadhorst was a matter of jealousy. He had looked upon Schnadhorst as a mere instrument in his hands, and resented his attempt last autumn to get into Parliament. He prevented this; hence the quarrel.

"*July 6.*—Last night we left Kidderminster, an immense crowd coming to the station to see us off. I never felt a defeat less, for the campaign has not been thrown away, and indeed we have done our best. The Home Rule candidates are falling all round us like ninepins, and, compared with most, our fight with Kidderminster was a capital one.

"*July 8.*—Saw T. P. O'Connor, who is still cheerful in spite of the heavy defeat. He thinks there may be three years of coercion, not more. I take a gloomier view, and am far from sure Lord Salisbury may not be able to crush the thing altogether. Lunched with the Howards. George is very sore about the whole matter; won't hear Home Rule talked of, but has made an exception for me, be-

cause I have 'a right to be a Home Ruler.' He says that Hartington will certainly not take office with Salisbury; they can do without him.

"*July 10.*—The Gladstonian rout is complete, and Salisbury will certainly come into power.

"*July 11.*—Anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria. It is curious that Gladstone should be ruined after all, not for his wickedness, but for his tardy repentance; not for having slaughtered the Egyptians, but for having tried to do his duty to Ireland. We live in an unhumanitarian age.

"*July 17.*—The elections have gone worse than even I expected, and Lord Salisbury now will have things wholly his own way. He will come into office, supported from without, but persistently, by the Whigs. They will proceed to 'keep order' in Ireland, and will do it with extreme severity. They will establish public works, and pauperize the Irish, and 'help' them to emigrate. In this, to a larger extent than people think, they will *succeed*. They must, however, make up their minds to a Land Bill, such as will make proprietors of the tenants in the poorer districts. If they have the courage to do this, they will cut the ground under the feet of the Home Rulers, and put off indefinitely the National hopes. The best chance for Ireland is that Lord Salisbury will not have the courage. If so, and they leave the land quarrel open, Home Rule is only a matter of time.

"*July 19.*—Our annual Crabbet Club meeting, very thinly attended. The only men of the whole set present were Button, Nigel Kingscote (junior), and Walter Seymour, with two new ones, Charles Russell, son of the Attorney-General, and Leo Maxse, grandson of my father's friend.

"Cyril Flower tells me he saw Gladstone yester-

Gladstone Resigns

day. Gladstone will resign at once, but he has no intention of quitting political life. He is cheerful, dignified, and ready to accept the verdict of the country. Lady C., whom I saw yesterday, tells me that Hartington is becoming embittered. The true reason of the line he has taken about Ireland is the recollection of his brother's death.

"*July 23.*—The sensation of the week, far out-doing the change of Ministry, has been Dilke's absolute collapse and ruin. This has been more complete than his bitterest enemy could have prayed for him. Four years ago, when Alexandria was burning, and when our people were hanging innocent men by scores for the destruction caused by the fleet, I knew there was one man responsible before all others for it; and, if I had been given three wishes, two of them would have been to see the ruin of Dilke and Gladstone. Now the downfall of both comes in the same week; Gladstone goes out of office with small chance of returning, and Dilke goes practically to the gallows. It is curious that Dilke in his evidence mentioned that he practically managed the Foreign Office for a year after he was translated to the Local Government Board. I was at luncheon to-day in Great Stanhope Street, and we discussed the whole affair. All made merry about it, and I talked its more serious aspects over with George Russell,¹ who sat next me. He confirmed what I told him about Dilke's connection with the Rothschilds, and the way in which the intervention in Egypt had been brought about. Lady Gregory had written asking me to call on her before she went back to Ireland, and I saw her to-day. I found her softened in her Irish ideas now the Government is out. Huntly

¹ G. W. E. Russell, author of "Collections and Recollections," etc.

The Salisbury Cabinet

McCarthy, whom I met in Piccadilly to-day, is, I find, much less sanguine about political results in Ireland than most of them. I think he is right.

“*July 31.*—The new Cabinet is announced in the papers. Randolph is Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House. I cannot help being glad of this for, in spite of all his wickednesses, I like him and admire him. He is enormously superior to Hicks Beach and all of them. Lord Iddesleigh at the Foreign Office is a good appointment. He is an honourable man, and I remember with pleasure my talk with him last year. But the rest are weak enough. Matthews¹ has been made Home Secretary, an appointment which surprises every one. His being a Catholic has doubtless something to do with it. If I had chosen to go on blindly with Randolph, I might have been pushed very far forward by him. Only what would have been the profit?

“I have been looking over the list of the new Parliament, and find that I was in communication with no less than twenty constituencies, with a view to my standing for them as a Gladstonian Home Ruler. These were:

Rotherhithe	Kidderminster
St. George's in the East	Central Sheffield
Tottenham	Exchange, Liverpool
North Paddington	West Toxteth
South-West Norfolk	Widnes
Camberwell	Bootle
Handsworth	Blackburn
Eastbourne	Cambridge
Edgbaston	Roscommon
West Birmingham	West Galway

¹ Henry Matthews, M.P., afterwards Lord Llandaff, Home Secretary from 1886 to 1892.

Letter to Dr. Walsh

Of these I accepted two, West Birmingham and Kidderminster, refused nine after being formally asked to stand, Tottenham, North Paddington, South-West Norfolk, Camberwell, Eastbourne, Edgbaston, West Toxteth, Bootle, and Blackburn; and the rest informally.

My view of the political situation at this time may be judged from the following letter which I wrote to Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin :

“ Crabbet, *August* 13, 1886.

“ MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

“ I have received, as I believe, from Your Grace a copy of the ‘Freeman’ containing a very interesting account of your views of the Irish question, and beg to thank you most cordially for having thought of me in connection with it. I hardly like to offer my own views in exchange, yet perhaps Your Grace will allow me to say a few words on what I conceive to be the present aspect of affairs. It is not to every one that I would care to speak quite openly on the subject, but with Your Grace I need make no concealment of my true opinion.

“ I suppose I am not of a sanguine temperament, but ever since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill I have taken, and still take, a gloomier view of the situation than most of my friends. In the first place I think that the Conservative reaction is stronger and will last longer than is at all imagined. I have watched it closely *from both camps* during the last year, and I am sure that it rests upon a logical process going on in men’s minds which it will take new events and years to turn again. The truth is, all the old Liberal formulas are worn out. Peace, retrenchment and reform, and even justice and humanity, appeal very little to the popular mind. In regard to

Salisbury's Irish Policy

peace, people have learned that the Liberal policy and the Conservative policy equally mean war, and their moral sense has been blunted about it by the scandals in Egypt, so that they are no longer ashamed of injustice. Again, the mass of the electors do not feel the pinch of extravagance as in former days, for it is not they who are taxed. As for reform none is left that they greatly desire. The question of Land Reform in England is indeed talked about at public meetings, but it is pretty well understood by the people whom it would most affect that no reform would greatly benefit agriculture in its present condition without some form of Protection. Therefore, the heart of the agitation is taken out of it. It is worth remembering that there is no love of the land for its own sake with us as there is with you in Ireland. So, too, with other reforms. They lack real interest, and until they become socialistic will continue to do so; but the Radical Party is not ready for socialism.

“Further, I doubt the Liberals being much in earnest about Home Rule. Their leaders are pledged to it, but in their hearts the rank and file are indifferent or would like some hybrid arrangement better; and except Morley and Labouchere, I don't know whom I would trust to continue the battle after Mr. Gladstone's retirement. It is on this that Chamberlain counts; and, much as one may despise him intellectually, one cannot but see that he is shrewd in his appreciation of political currents. All therefore in England depends upon Mr. Gladstone's life and health.

“In Ireland, meanwhile, I think I know the Tories well enough to be quite sure that they mean nothing at all in the shape of Home Rule. Lord Randolph meant it once, but he has changed his mind, and if

he ever gives so much as Local Self Government to Ireland, he will take care its exercise remains strictly in 'loyal' hands. His policy for Ireland will probably be something like his policy for India; that is to say, he will strengthen the Viceroy's hands, giving the local executive a wider discretion and fuller powers, and freeing them still further from interference in London. What will be attempted will be to win over the people from Home Rule by bribing them with such practical benefits as the Home Rulers have been demanding. There will be much money spent on fishery schemes and harbour schemes and schemes of drainage, and pains will be taken to make no more of the gross mistakes of past years. Perhaps there may be a Standing Committee appointed for Irish legislation. At the same time the land question will be dealt with in the poorer districts, partly by forced purchase, partly by emigration, possibly even by a form of Protection. Great efforts will be made to divide the people and disorganize the League before proclaiming it.

"I think Your Grace will see fresh efforts at Rome to get countenance for the cause of social order. Lord Salisbury's policy will be one of bribery far more than force. But he will use force too, and the people will have to show great steadfastness to win the day.

"For all these reasons I hope Your Grace will forgive me if I express a hope that you will not think the battle over yet because Home Rule was the Liberal cry at the last elections. I see a long and bitter struggle before us and against enemies who will be no longer ignorant or careless, for they will have learned much by the late fighting. Time, too, may not be in our favour. Appeals to justice alone have less weight every year with Englishmen, and

Imperialism grows Stronger

the tendency of the day is towards force. I am and have always been a Nationalist for all countries, and I am dismayed to find my ideas are less popular now than five and ten and twenty years ago, while the doctrine of Imperialism grows stronger.

“Thus I am disturbed about Ireland and only pray there should be no slackening of energy anywhere. The Irish people must continue to distrust us and count mainly on themselves. If once the idea is renewed here that there can be either peace or prosperity in England without giving Ireland Home Rule, Home Rule will not be given. We shall harden our hearts once more like Pharaoh. Your Grace will not forget the parable of the importunate widow. It is the only one applicable to such unjust judges as we English are,

“Yours very truly,

“WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.”

CHAPTER IV

VATICAN POLITICS

MY diary for the next few months is meagre and irregularly kept, with little in it of political interest. It corresponds with a period of lassitude and depression from which all friends of Ireland suffered at that time of disappointment, and I no less than the others.

By the end of July Gladstone, after some hesitation, had resigned and Lord Salisbury was once more in office, so to remain, almost without a break, during the rest of the century. It was a Tory administration backed by the Whigs who had followed Hartington, and by the dissentient Radicals under Chamberlain, who now called themselves Liberal Unionists, and, remaining outside the party, were more violently opposed to Irish Home Rule than the Tories themselves. Among these last there was a considerable section still strongly opposed to coercion in Ireland, and it was a little doubtful at first what course Lord Salisbury would take, whether he would rely, as he was believed to wish to do, on a strict enforcement of the ordinary law, or whether exceptional laws would be introduced to deal with boycotting and intimidation. He had given the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland to Sir Michael Hicks Beach, an anti-coercionist in 1885, and still more or less pledged to a policy of conciliation. Many were of opinion that such a policy would be adhered to now, or at least that the coercion resorted to would be half hearted and inefficient. For myself I took a darker view of the case, knowing something of the weakness of the Home Rule position in Ireland

itself and of the difficulties which beset a long continuance of the land war in the face of the present discouragement.

Not the least among these and of the perplexities of the situation lay in the unlooked-for defection from the battle of the man most needed to keep the fight alive. Parnell, when the brief August session of the new Parliament was over, after having brought in a land bill, designed to stay the evictions, which the Unionist majority of 110 had easily defeated, suddenly disappeared, leaving his lieutenants without direction as to a policy, and even without knowledge of whither he had gone. According to the varying reports published in the newspapers he was said to be in America, at Paris, at Rome; that his health had broken down, that he had quarrelled with his followers, that he was taking a brief holiday, that he had thrown up the Home Rule sponge in despair. None of these things were the whole truth. His disappearance had the quite human cause that he had given way to the infatuation of his passion for Mrs. O'Shea, and was living with her in retirement at Eltham. A few words need to be said here in regard to this matter, which was to end so tragically for Ireland.

Parnell, though in his early life he had not been, we may suppose, without experience of women, had never been seriously in love with any one of any social standing until he made the acquaintance, about the year 1880, of Mrs. O'Shea, the English wife of one of the Irish members, Captain William O'Shea, and, as often happens in such cases, she had obtained a mastering influence over him. A fuller account of the circumstances of their connection will be found at the end of the present volume, and it will be enough here to remark that

His Neglect of Duty

she and her husband between them used it for purposes alien to the patriotic work to which Parnell's life had been devoted. O'Shea was a contemptible fellow, who made pecuniary profit of the situation, and the lady, though fascinated by her lover's personal charm—and Parnell was one of the most distinguished and attractive of men—was little altruistic in her character, and entirely out of sympathy with any part of his aspirations except his personal ambition, which she encouraged at the expense of his patriotism. She not only wasted his activities, but encouraged him in his pride and aloofness from his Irish colleagues, and, in the end, effected his ruin, and that of his country with him for a full generation.

In the present instance Parnell's silent abandonment of his public duty was, I think it must be admitted, excusable only on the general ground of leniency to a too human weakness in one otherwise so strong. It has been said that he was also seriously out of health, but this, even if true, hardly covers the whole ground. For his was a complete disappearance, without notice given by so much as a secretary of his whereabouts to his political followers, or any indication of the policy he would wish them to pursue at an immensely critical time in his absence. He had decided on no programme for the coming winter, and a programme of some sort in agricultural Ireland was urgently required. Both he and all of them were pledged up to the eyes towards the Irish peasantry, whom they had taught to combine, that some relief would be obtained for them, and to desert them now, and allow the land agitation to subside, would have been to abandon the whole Irish cause. The fight needed to be continued in some form of activity, but what that form

The Plan of Campaign

should be the Chief had not decided. It remained for some weeks a matter of perplexity with those who, in his absence, were left to devise a solution, and might well have cost Ireland dearer than it did.

Fortunately there were not wanting men of character and initiative to supply their leader's place, and before the winter was well begun Dillon, O'Brien, and Harrington had between them hit upon a programme which was soon to become famous under the name of "The Plan of Campaign." The idea was originally O'Brien's, and the drafting Harrington's. It had for its general feature a combination against the landlords for "reduced rents," a special figure being arrived at for each estate whose tenants agreed to adopt it, and to pay in the amount to the leaders of the campaign on promise of assistance in their combination from the Land League's funds. There was no means of getting from Parnell either approval or disapproval of the plan; but nearly all the prominent members of the party were in its favour, the only notable dissident being Davitt, who, partly from his views on land nationalization, partly because the idea was not his own, and partly too, perhaps, because of his marriage, which just then had taken place, abstained from giving it his personal help. It was on Dillon and O'Brien that the burden of the battle fell. I would have willingly helped them if I could have done so, but, the session over, I had lost touch with Dillon, and knew nothing of what they had decided to do. It was a depressing moment, and I, away from them all in Sussex, gave myself up to a general disgust with politics. I recognized, what was a fact, that I was in a position of impotence, that I had achieved nothing, and that I could not be of profit to my Irish friends. The only import-

ant entries in my diary at the time about Ireland are these:

“*August 31.*—On the 13th, in view of the meeting of Parliament, I wrote to Dr. Walsh giving him my view of the Irish situation. I am far from hopeful, the case of Home Rule resting as it does on a doubly fragile foundation. In Ireland I doubt the constancy of the masses; in England the Radicals have never been in earnest. If Mr. Gladstone were to fail either in health or energy, Home Rule would be adjourned to an indefinite future, and the Irish might be discouraged, bought off with material advantages, and pauperized out of their hopes. Cardinal Manning, on whom I called, seems to have veered round, and I should not be surprised if new attempts were made at Rome, perhaps successfully, to restrain the Irish clergy, and separate them from the National cause. I wrote also to Justin McCarthy in the same sense, and pretty accurately as it turns out, for Lord Salisbury’s policy, when Parliament met on the 19th, was almost word for word according to my forecast.

“*Sept. 8.*—In Ireland my friends at Woodford have been fortifying their houses against their landlord, Clanricarde, and sousing his bailiff with hot water and lime. I have sent Dr. Duggan £5 for them. From Castle-island they write asking my advice about Sir Redvers Buller’s mission, and I shall probably go there next month, but somehow the interest in it all is growing less for me. The Arabs were my first political love, and I loved them passionately, but it was of no avail; it is coming to be the same for me with the Irish.

“*Sept. 15.*—To London by the early train to see Labouchere. I wanted him to take up the question of the evacuation of Egypt, and found him

willing enough, only he said it was impossible to get any of the official leaders of the party to touch it. Rosebery, he said, had identified himself altogether with Lord Salisbury's policy, and was so pleased with himself and his own importance, that, when he was Foreign Secretary, he almost fancied he could so manage matters as to stay on at the Foreign Office under the Conservatives. There was always the difficulty, too, of how to begin Eastern affairs in connection with Supply, but he would do anything he could to bring it on. He quite understood that the Salisbury policy must come to grief, and that a withdrawal from Egypt and Mediterranean affairs was our only wise course. We talked, too, about Ireland; he had been very nervous at first about Parnell's Land Bill, thinking the Conservatives might have allowed it to pass, which would have ruined the whole Nationalist position for the winter's campaign. But Parnell had now raised the reduction of the rent from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and the Bill would certainly not pass. He felt pretty confident in Parnell that he would stand firm on his present lines, 'but,' he said, 'one never knows quite how to trust him, he is such a splendid liar.'

"*Sept. 20.*—I went to-day to the House of Commons, where Dillon had got me a place to hear the Land Bill Debate, but could get no farther than the Lobby, where I met Sir Wilfrid Lawson just returned from Egypt. He says he has come back no wiser than he went; it was impossible for a traveller to learn anything. Dillon, too, was there. He talked about the resistance to be offered to the evictions, but said nothing would be of any avail to stop them until the evicted people barricaded themselves in their houses and shot the police; hot water and lime were only playing with the thing, but when the

A Time of Discouragement

Government found that each eviction would cost the lives of three or four soldiers they would be stopped. I asked him how he was to persuade the people to do it, the soldiers would rush in and bayonet every one, and that was what they wanted. He owned that that was the difficulty, but nothing else would be of any effect, though it would not do to give the advice in public. I don't know what he wishes me to do, nobody seems to take any interest in the Debate, which was unreal on both sides. The Ministerialists know that Parnell is right; Parnell would be very sorry if the Bill passed. The only thing of interest is that Gladstone has returned from the Tyrol to vote for the Bill."

This entry is of importance as showing that in Parnell's mind, as in that of Dillon and the rest of the Irish parliamentary party, as late as 20th September 1886, there was no real wish to make things easy for Lord Salisbury in Ireland on the agrarian side, as has been asserted in explanation of Parnell's retirement from active work at the time of the Plan of Campaign which was initiated soon after. It was the last I was to see of any of my Irish friends that year, and I returned to Crabbet depressed and despondent.

There were circumstances, too, about this time in my life which perplexed and worried me to the point that, as is often the case with men of imagination when they come to the turning-point between youth and age (and I was forty-six), I found myself disgusted with the emptiness of life's ordinary things, and entertained for awhile a serious thought of retiring altogether from the world as dervish, monk, or hermit, notwithstanding the fact that I lacked the essential quality of a distinct religious faith. I was as much Mohammedan as Christian, and, though I

I resolve to go to Rome

rebelled against it as a barren and unprofitable creed, perhaps more a materialist than either. It was the malady of the age in which I was born, and it hindered and disconcerted me. It was in this mood that in the early autumn I made up my mind that I would spend the winter at Rome towards which I was doubly attracted, first by recollections of my childhood and of days before railroads spent in Italy, and still more by my recent intercourse with those best representatives of Christianity in Europe, the Irish clergy and people. Nor was I without a certain curiosity in regard to the attitude of the Vatican towards Ireland of which so much was being talked. It seemed to me a point of extreme importance, and it was only at Rome that any real knowledge of the exact situation was to be had.

Papal Rome was to me in those days, as it had been in my childhood, still a sacred city. With all my love of liberty and sense of what was due to national sentiment, I had never been bitten with the Italian revolutionary enthusiasm, except in so far as it was directed against the Austrian occupation of Lombardy and Venice. I had little sympathy with the idea of united Italy, remembering the happy condition of the Tuscan peasantry under the older conditions of provincial independence, and I resented, and resent still, the destruction of their simpler life of joyous superstition with its religious functions, its processions, and its wayside shrines, their light taxation and their sufficing idleness, in favour of modern industrialism, the vandalic hatred of the past which is now their glory, and the tasteless rebuilding of their ancient cities. In Rome, above all, I was angered at the violent hands laid upon its dignified repose. My memory of the Papal States was of an old-world theocratic institution unique in

Europe, paternally administered under ecclesiastic rule on lines of reverence and decorum such as we see nowhere else but in our universities, cheerfully discreet, old-maidish in its ways and wholly reputable. I was and am *papalino* in the Eternal City, and I cannot understand the temper of the Roman citizen who should be willing to exchange that glorious and time-honoured title for the poor vulgarity of becoming an Italian subject. If happiness is an ultimate object of human ambition—and I see no other reasonable one—the people of Italy have gained nothing by their revolution and have lost much, indeed all, that made them loved and envied by our northern nations.

Such at any rate was my thought in 1886, and the attraction which made me turn my steps Rome-wards at the beginning of the winter. The East was in a measure still shut to me, for though Lord Iddesleigh, a comparatively friendly Foreign Secretary, had succeeded my enemy Lord Granville in Downing Street, Egypt was still forbidden me, and it was there that my chief Eastern interest lay. So to Rome I turned my eyes. I find the following in my diary:

“*Oct.* 10.—I have resolved to go to Rome for the winter, and shall start at once. The political interest is not unlikely to centre there, both as regards Ireland and as regards Egypt. I see by the papers that Cardinal Manning is at Paris on his way to Rome, and he must have been summoned there about Ireland, as he has constantly told me that he intended never leaving Westminster again. The Government is doubtless moving heaven and earth to get the Pope to throw Ireland over. Last autumn, when the see of Dublin was vacant, the Pope made a proposal to Lord Salisbury to appoint Dr. Moran,

“The Rut of Centuries”

a moderate man, to it, but the Government answer then was that they declined to interfere, even to the extent of expressing an opinion; they must be sorry for that now. With regard to Egypt, Italy is England's only possible ally in the Mediterranean, and it is most important no joint action should be concerted there.

“Oct. 18.—A few nights ago, being restless and unable to sleep I took up a volume of Rossetti's translations from the Italian poets, a book I have always admired, and read a large portion of it, and with the effect that I have resolved to close the phase of my active life and betake myself to what is the rational end of all existence, the life contemplative. In this idea I leave England for Rome, where I shall be in a world of thought far removed from all my recent interests. There was a time when I should have looked to the East for a retreat, but the East has come to be to me an irritant, and Rome will suit me better. I have told Hope of my determination, and urged him to look out for some better occupation than waiting the possibility of my success in political life.”

To Rome, therefore, towards the end of October I went, my last visit in London before starting being to Cardinal Manning.

“Oct. 18 (*continued*).—I called on Cardinal Manning and found him, as usual, affectionate and pleased to see me. He applauds my resolution of going to Rome. ‘You will get back there,’ he said, ‘into the rut of the centuries, and it will do you good.’ He was eager all the same to know about politics, the Eastern complication, and Randolph's new programme. But we did not talk about Ireland and soon went back to Rome. He praised the Italians for the moderation of their revolutionary movement

Cardinal Manning Approves

and their sobriety in politics. 'They are not like the monkeys,' he said, 'our neighbours (meaning the French), but have an inherited instinct of statesmanship and the tradition of the Faith which influences them even in cases where they have ceased to believe.' It was a mistake, the report of his having been at Paris. On the contrary he will never again leave home. He will be eighty next spring, and the infirmities of age will keep him here."

On the 28th, my wife having joined me at Paris, whither I had preceded her by a few days, we left for the Eternal City, the journey bearing for me something of the character of a pilgrimage; and it was in this spirit that my stay at Rome of some ten weeks presents itself to my memory. My diary of the time is of too intimate a character to bear much quoting from in its earlier part, and I will confine my extracts from it pretty closely to those that have a connection with public affairs, that is to say, the affairs of Ireland and incidentally of Egypt.

On arrival we took up our quarters in the Piazza di Spagna, and lived almost entirely in "black," that is to say clerical, society, seeing much especially of the Irish clergy, a powerful body there, and at the same time being on pleasant terms with Cardinal Howard and Monsignor Stonor, who represented English interests at the Vatican. The latter, whom I had found some months before professing opinions favourable to the Home Rule cause was now, I was sorry to perceive, in the other camp, and both were at the time acting as unofficial mediums of communication between our Embassy and the Vatican. This did not, however, prevent Stonor, as an old friend of many years' standing, from procuring me an audience of the Pope within a few days after our arrival, and the special privilege of an absolutely

private interview, in which I did not fail to press the claims of Catholic Ireland on His Holiness's paternal regard.

My personal memory of Leo XIII is greatly at variance with the character of mere diplomatic astuteness generally ascribed to him, and which I have a difficulty in believing to have been really his in spite of the undoubted fact that in his time the policy of the Vatican lent itself to more than one intrigue, mundane rather than ecclesiastical, and that our English Government obtained from him the Rescript which in 1888 was so grievous an injury to the Irish Catholic cause. To me during the twenty minutes which I was allowed the rare privilege of conversing with him absolutely alone, he showed himself to be a man of strong emotion and extreme paternal tenderness, and I cannot, in spite of the Rescript, believe him to have been other than a spiritual and saintly personage. In what he said to me about Ireland there was wisdom of a quite unworldly kind. "What!" he exclaimed, when I had told him of the loyal constancy of the Irish people and of their sufferings at English hands, "and you are an Englishman, and you yet say you love Ireland? Is not that a strange thing? To whom do you mean they are loyal?" I told him "To the Holy See." "It is well, very well, my child," he answered. "We know it and you do right to love them. But is not such a thing wonderful in an Englishman?" Surely in this is expressed the whole Irish case on its immaterial side? He added not a single word of reproof, and he held me closely by the hand, as I knelt before him, during the whole remainder of the interview.

It is descending from the heights to tell more of my stay in Rome than this; yet a few more extracts from my diary need to be transcribed as throwing

light on Irish affairs, and a few about other things at Rome.

“*Nov.* 12.—Trevelyan¹ is staying here at our hotel, and I have had good talks with him. He is a very charming fellow, honest and high-minded. It is a sin to have sacrificed him in the anti-Irish war. He talked to-day very unreservedly about politics, and I fancy would like to get back into the Liberal fold. He said he agreed with me in everything about Ireland, and he thought my position there a quite logical one. His own position was different; he had fought the elections of 1885 distinctly on anti-Parnellite grounds, and had never had a suspicion that Gladstone would make terms with the Irish. He told me of a talk he had had with Randolph on his return from India in the spring of 1885, when Randolph had predicted that after the elections the Conservatives would be just strong enough with the Parnellites to throw out the Gladstone Government, and then they would come into office on a strong anti-Home Rule policy. This is curious. About Egypt Trevelyan entirely agrees with me. He says that they would have evacuated long ago only that the Redistribution Bill had not been passed, and they were afraid of being turned out of office, and so held on. Gladstone, he says, during the whole of his term of office, from 1880 to 1885, never seemed to know his own mind on any question, and was led on foreign politics by Lord Granville and Lord Kimberley. It was owing to them that they pottered on in the Transvaal and Afghanistan, and neglected to retire from Cyprus and the Dual Control in Egypt. Gladstone had missed an immense opportunity of carrying out a true non-intervention

¹ The Rt. Honble. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., Chief Secretary in Ireland from 1882 to 1885.

policy, and everywhere his faults had avenged themselves.

"*Nov. 13.*—We rode out into the Campagna this morning, following the Appian Way by the Cecilia Metella tomb. These roads out of Rome are just now encumbered with carts carrying stones for the house-building which is going on everywhere, and they take off much from the rural ways of the Campagna. Nevertheless we passed some of the Frascati wine carts, with their old hoods and bells, going towards the city; also we heard a man singing in the old-fashioned way which is purely Arabian—it did our hearts good.

"*Nov. 14, Sunday.*—Lunched at Cardinal Howard's with the late Bishop of Bombay, with the Turkish Consul, Monsignor Stonor, and others. They teased me a good deal about Ireland, Howard being a strong anti-Nationalist, but I told them the story of the 'station' and Mass I had been present at in the stable in Donegal, to which there is no reply possible. Every one of the clergy at Rome, except the English, sympathizes with Ireland. In the evening we called on Mme. Chadwick at the Trinità dei Monti, to whom my Irish talk was altogether congenial. I like these nuns and I like the Trinità. It was there that C. L. died thirty-three years ago. Here, too, H. K. played the organ to Pio Nono in the last days of his temporal power. These things are recollections sacred to the place and sacred to me.

"*Nov. 16.*—Called with Father Anthony of the Capuchins on his fellow Capuchin, Cardinal Massaio, a strange old man, once missionary in Abyssinia, now lodged at the Propaganda. He is eighty years old and infirm, but his actual years give no adequate impression of his extreme antiquity, for he talks of

all things he has seen and known in the East as a Capuchin monk might have done in the days of Marco Polo. He told strange tales of Mohammedan depravity and of the wickedness of the heretical sects of Abyssinia with whom he had been combating for half a life-time 'a poco profitto,' for the hearts of all alike were hard. During all the thirty-five years of his mission work he can only count eight or ten Mussulman converts, 'such sons of the devil are they.' I liked the old man all the same, for he was quite simple-minded and whole-hearted in his talk, reminding me not a little of certain ancient Mohammedan divines I have been acquainted with. Indeed, in his robes and scarlet skull cap he might have passed very well for one of the older sorts of Turkish Ulema. 'We are all poor sinners,' he said, 'and as nothing in God's sight. Our danger is in pride, and yet we have but one thing to be proud of, that we are Christians; all the rest is emptiness and vanity of the heart.' He gave me the first volume of a great quarto history of his missionary doings which is being printed by the Propaganda; it is very interesting reading.

' "Nov. 18.—Hunting from the Vigne Nuove outside the Porta Pia, a capital run of twenty-five minutes to ground, with fencing over staccionate and walls. Both our horses, hired ones, half Roman, half Arab, jumped these well, but others got falls. The three barred staccionate are serious affairs and are not often attempted except by the huntsman and whips. I saw one of the whips to-day on a little Roman horse take one of these in such style that he was chucked clean over his horse's head.

"The news from the East is warlike, and it is clear that the alliance between Austria and England has become a fact, also that they are doing every-

thing they can to get the Sultan to join in. If they only bid high enough they will secure him; a guarantee of the whole Empire in Europe as well as Asia would do it, with a distinct understanding about the eventual evacuation of Egypt. If this is brought about I shall be well satisfied for Mohammedan interests, however our own may be served. It is probable that Italy, too, has joined the alliance. Drummond Wolff is on his way home.

“*Nov.* 19.—Called with Monsignor Stonor on Dr. Kirby of the Irish College, a good old Nationalist, and a good old man.

“*Nov.* 23.—To dine with the Irish Dominicans at San Clemente, it being the day of their annual feast. I sat between Stonor and Father Lockhart the Rosminian, an interesting old priest who knew both my father and my mother before they married, that is fifty years ago—what a dim link with the past! We had much sympathetic conversation on politics and other things. The Dominicans are of course strong Nationalists, and I held quite a little court among the novices after dinner, giving them an account of my recent experiences in Ireland, of Michael Davitt, John Dillon, and the rest. This Irish Nationalism is one of the strongest facts of the day, and one sees it nowhere more clearly than among the religious orders, where, as a rule, politics are little considered. These young novices talked just as strongly and just as eagerly as though they had been so many agents of the Land League. ‘Here is a man,’ they said, introducing one of their number to me, ‘a man you will like to see, because he comes from Kerry. He is a Castle-islander!’ Others wanted to know all about Woodford, and quoted things from the ‘Freeman’s Journal.’ Another was introduced as a Manchester man, ‘one of the Manchester martyrs.’

Stonor on the Inquisition

I should have liked a member of the Protestant Alliance to have been by and heard them talking. He might, too, have profited by seeing the Grand Inquisitor, the Head of the Sacred Office, who sat next but one to me at table. 'If the Church,' said Monsignor Stonor who sat between us, 'ever got full power again in the world, the Inquisition would be set to work once more, not perhaps by burning, though that was quite right in its day, but by some other forcible methods. Heresy would not be tolerated any more now than then.' Another curious character present was old Abbot Smith, an Irish priest of the pre-Maynooth type, but a Nationalist. [He affected this, though in reality he was held by the Irish at Rome to be a spy upon them of the British Government, as I learned later.] He took us over the crypts of the monastery and expounded to us their meaning and antiquity. The Dominicans were naturally more interested in a relic of St. Patrick which they possess. The three Rectors of the English, the Irish, and the Scotch Colleges were also among the guests, with Cardinal Howard and other English-speaking dignitaries. I was nearly the only layman present and so was made much of by them.

"*Nov. 24.*—Lunched with Stonor to meet Prince Giovanni Borghese, an Eastern traveller and a good fellow, who shares my sentiments about the Arabs, and who has seen enough to be humane.

"*Nov. 25.*—Out hunting in the Campagna. One of the most delightful days I remember, a lovely morning with a light north wind but warm. We found a fox and ran him fast to earth, then sat in the sun for an hour while he was being dug for, then twenty-five minutes more of fast galloping and the biggest jumping we have had yet, mostly over stone walls, and ran him over grass to near Castel Gandolfo and

killed in the open, only four in at the death, the master, the huntsman, the whip, and Perlino, who had carried me splendidly over the big places, and was giving each of the others at least a stone. Perlino is by a well-known Arab horse, 'Sultan,' out of a Roman mare, and a better beast for the work could hardly be. It is astonishing how he left the light weights behind him, but the Roman princes, though bold enough, are not good riders, and are unable to get along fast over rough ground. Young Howard on a plain Roman pony beat a good many of them. With him I rode home. He has just been ordered away from Rome, he does not know why. I fancy, though he did not tell me so, that he must have been sent here originally on account of his connection with the Cardinal. He was Lord Carnarvon's private secretary in Ireland when the Tories were friends with the Irish, and may have been sent here with an object.¹

"*Nov. 28, Sunday.*—I see by the papers that John Dillon has been arrested in Mrs. Deane's house, and I have written to her, sending a message to her nephew, offering once more my services if they are wanted. To serve the cause of the Irish peasants would be in unison with my present thoughts. We spent an hour this afternoon in the Vatican garden, a delightful place, where I would give the world to be a prisoner for conscience' sake. Who says that the Pope has lost anything with his temporal power? He is planting vineyards so as to be able to enjoy his villegiatura without going outside his prison walls.

"*Nov. 29.*—Freycinet has declared in the French Chamber that France will not permit a permanent

¹ Esmé Howard, attaché to the Embassy at Rome, now H.M.'s Minister at Christiania.

Storey the Sculptor

retention of Egypt by England. This will lead one of these days, when people are least thinking, to a war. The 'Daily News' has an article which seems to be Chamberlain's inspiration, advocating an understanding with Russia, the two thieves I suppose to divide the plunder of the East. There is more chance of a decent result even from the Tories, than from the Liberal Party now. Labouchere would abandon all to France as well; no one cares a straw any longer about liberty. In the meanwhile I am writing at Hodgson Pratt's¹ suggestion to an Italian Deputy about founding a branch of the Arbitration and Peace Society here—what a mockery it all is.

"*Nov. 30.*—Luncheon at Charles Plowden's, where we met Storey and his wife—an old chatterbox he is. He talked about Leigh Hunt, who it appears was a friend of his, and defended him warmly as to his money transactions. I used to go to Storey's studio when I was here twenty years ago, and found him good natured but absurdly vain. I never had any great opinion of his art; it consisted principally of employing excellent Italian workmen who did everything for him from setting up the clay model down to the last touches on the marble. His part in his statues consisted of little more than choosing the subject and general attitude, and devising the patterns, if any, upon the edges of the drapery. I remember his very seriously finding fault once with the Venus of Milo for being 'out of proportion.'

"*Dec. 1.*—Called on the Deputy Pietro Mazza, to consult him upon the possibility of founding a branch of the International Arbitration and Peace Society here. He is a little dried-up old man, but shrewd enough, dreadfully frightened lest I should be asking

¹ Founder of the Arbitration and Peace Association, of the Acting Committee of which I was then a member.

him to give time or money but otherwise ready to help, as far at least as giving the names of other people; his account, however, was not very encouraging. The Italians, he said, loved peace and would not go to war unless in such combination as to make the chances altogether in their favour; they wanted the Adriatic province of Trieste but nothing else very much; they did not really care for extension in Africa. To my question as to whether they would join England in keeping France out of immixture in the affairs of Egypt, he looked sly and said he thought so. I have little doubt that an alliance in that sense is as good as arranged, though, of course, all depends on Bismarck. Bismarck's policy until the general break-up comes will be to encourage combinations between England and Austria for Constantinople, and England and Italy for Egypt. Robilant, the Italian Minister, spoke yesterday in a sense quite compatible with an alliance against France. There is a recrudescence of the Egyptian controversy in the French papers, more violent than ever. All this is good, for our chief danger lies in peace and quietness. England is a wild beast which has devoured its prey and wants to digest it, and is furious at being made to get up and fight.

"*Dec. 3.*—In England the battle of Ireland and of Egypt are both raging. The 'Standard' and 'St. James's' are having their fling at Randolph.

"*Dec. 4.*—Played lawn tennis at the Embassy with Kennedy and the rest. There is unexpected news from Paris, likely to upset all calculations. Freycinet has been beaten in the Chamber on a vote on the budget, and has resigned; this will certainly be a serious check on our hopes for Egypt, for it will weaken French diplomacy, and, without strong outside pressure, Lord Salisbury will hardly

Hunting in the Campagna

trouble himself to do justice. At best it will delay matters for some months, and the only consolation is that Freycinet was able to get out of him the public declaration that England will not permanently stay in Egypt. Still it is very vexatious.

“*Dec. 6.*—A splendid day’s hunting from Torre Nuova with a panorama of snow, especially on the Alban Hills, around us. We had two runs, first a slow hunt which led us to the first vineyards of Frascati, where we whipped off, the second at half-past two, a slashing gallop of three-quarters of an hour, the hounds running at first clean away from us. The huntsman and whip were thrown out, riding the wrong way, and Anne and I, when we caught up the hounds, with Plowden’s groom, had the hunting of them to ourselves, and ran our fox into a dry well, being close behind him. It is astonishing how well our hired horses went, beating the thoroughbreds hollow, but Grazzioli,¹ the master, was not out to-day, and the other Romans don’t know how to get along in a fast run. This was the more remarkable as there was very little fencing, only one wall, and some nasty ravines to cross in the whole distance which could not have been less than eight or nine miles. The ground, however, was rough, and they are most of them afraid of galloping down hill. Howard was close behind us; then Prince Sonnino and Roger Plowden, the rest of the field arriving in dribbles, the whip’s horse dead beat. Our two, Perlino and Marquesino, trotted home gaily.

“*Dec. 7.*—A delightful and interesting day at Piacentini’s farm, some fourteen miles to the west of Rome, a curious old-fashioned place of monastic appearance, containing an ancient church with Roman columns, and other buildings of considerable age.

¹ Don Giulio Grazzioli, a very fine rider.

Horse-breeding in the Campagna

The Piacentinis are farmers on a large scale, and have held this place from the German College, to which it belongs, for over sixty years; they are also land agents to the Duke of Sermoneta and others, and have recently purchased a large tract of land on the Tiber, four miles from Rome, for £60,000. They are therefore men of substance. Their farm here used to be part arable, part pasture, but, just as in England, wheat has ceased of late years to pay; they are putting it all into grass, which comes naturally when once the ground has been levelled, and needs no sowing. The buildings where the labourers used to be lodged during the agricultural season are now empty—they never lived permanently on the farm—and he assures me the original state of the whole Roman Campagna was grass. I asked him about the fevers, and he said he had made experiments, taking soil from this part and that, and then putting small animals upon it to catch the fever, and he was certain the fever had nothing to do with wet in the soil, nor could be cured by drainage; it was a vegetable microbe existing in the soil, and the only improvement was to batten it down with a good layer of turf. Wherever the ground was broken up the fever was worse, and, now that he had left off all ploughing, there was a distinct improvement. The reason that Rome was healthier now was that they had paved the streets; you could not kill the fever, but you could keep it under ground. He keeps large flocks of sheep which go in the summer to Monte Terminelli, the highest point of the Apennines, which he showed us from the farm white with snow, also herds of the gray cattle. He tells me these are not indigenous to Rome, but were originally a Polish breed; they are very hardy and excellent draught animals. He is altogether averse

Arab Stallions

to the short horn breeds as too delicate, unable to resist either the cold or the heat; they catch the fever when imported.

“What interested us most was his breed of horses. This was got together some years ago by Count Aquila, who, seeing the whole breed of Roman horses perishing, collected what mares he could find of it free from foreign blood. Piacentini took them off his hands, selected the most likely brood mares, and sent them to Arab stallions belonging to the King. He had used four sires—Effendi, by whom he had bred, amongst others, my hired hunter Perlino, El Wady, Shueyman, and another. The double cross from El Wady and Shueyman has resulted in some capital animals with admirable shoulders, legs, and feet, and a sufficiency of the Arab type of beauty; a few of them you might take for real Arabs. At first nobody would buy them, but now he gets sixty pounds for them as unbroken three year olds, which is a fair price. El Wady was evidently a horse of high merit, all his produce have great bone and fore-arm, with the long Arab trot. We spent three hours looking at them, and they were well worth the trouble. There are five brothers Piacentini, the two who entertained us were Alesandro and Tito.

“*Dec. 8.*—To-day I got a letter, after a year’s silence, from Ibrahim Moelhy, full of penitence for not having written, but he explains that he was forbidden to write to any one as long as he was with the Sultan; now, however, he has got a permanent berth at Constantinople as Member of the Council of Instruction. He offers to do all and everything for me he can. A letter, too, has come from Jeddah announcing the departure of the Grand Sherif from Medina, he being angry with the Turkish Vali.

Jamil Pasha is to be moved from Aleppo, some say to Damascus, others to Mecca.

"*Dec.* 10.—A day at the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, under the guidance of Abbot Smith, a tiresome old man who, instead of inviting us to piety, insisted on explaining everything with the point of his umbrella. These things do not bear argument; it is so horribly evident that the tombs have been long ago rifled by sacrilegious hands, and it would be better to believe these hands to have been Alaric's, rather than the Pope's, searching for the relics of martyrs. Abbot Smith's archaeological discourses destroyed my feeble fund of belief, just as his umbrella and taper will have destroyed in a year or two what is left of the frescoes.

"*Dec.* 11.—Minghetti is dead here, the most remarkable man left of the kingdom of Italy people. There is to be a public funeral. In Paris Goblet has taken office, on the same lines they say of foreign policy as Freycinet's. Emin Bey, who turned up on the Equatorial lakes some weeks ago, is to be relieved by a private expedition supported by Egyptian money. This may mean trouble in the future, probably the sweeping out of Emin Bey, or a British campaign. I am glad to see the Arabs have destroyed the Congo settlement; the only chance for Africa lies in its conversion to Islam, otherwise it will be absorbed by Europe. Maxse writes from Aden; he has been to Constantinople and Cairo, but to no great purpose. At Constantinople he saw Prince Halim, but at Cairo people were afraid to speak to him. Mrs. Howard writes that she has been ordered abroad for her health, and she is to start in a month for Rome, Naples, Cairo, Luxor, Athens, Constantinople, and Vienna—children, tutors and all, a complete Cook's tour in themselves.

Dr. Croke and the Pope

“*Dec.* 17.—Called with Father Lockhart upon Prior Glynn of the Irish Augustinians, a remarkable man and strong Nationalist. He told me a number of interesting things, among others the history of the Encyclical Letter of May 1883, which is familiarly known as ‘*De Parnellio*.’ This was concocted at the Propaganda, where Errington had “earwigged” Monsignor Agliardi, the same who was afterwards sent to India as delegate, and, the very day after it was signed, Dr. Croke, who was staying with Prior Glynn, had his audience of the Pope. When he entered the Pope’s presence he began making his genuflections according to rule, but the Pope was angry and called him up. ‘I *must* make them though,’ said Dr. Croke, ‘and kiss your toe too.’ Then the Pope declaimed against the wickedness of the revolution in Ireland, which he said was the same revolution which had assailed religion in France and Belgium and Italy; and he added that he was determined to put it down, and that the clergy of Ireland must obey and abandon all connection with it, and so went on for a long time. Then, when he had finished, he asked Dr. Croke angrily what he had to say to all this, to which he replied, ‘When the Bishop of Rome has spoken, the Archbishop of Cashel knows how to listen and obey.’ This was all the interview. It took place on the Friday; and, when Dr. Croke returned to the Augustinian Convent, he was very much overcome. He had been going to Genzano, but now he said he could not do anything but go straight back home; and he went the following day. That very afternoon the letter ‘*De Parnellio*’ was left for him at the convent; but he was gone, and did not receive it till three weeks afterwards. It was published in the ‘*Times*’ on the Tuesday, before any of the Irish bishops had read

it, and made them furious. Its immediate effect was to raise the Parnell fund from £4,000 to £40,000. 'That,' said Prior Glynn, 'opened the Pope's eyes. If he had persisted in it, the fund would have gone to a million. Parnell ought to have sent the Pope £10,000 of it. But, all the same, it did "more harm than any letter that ever was written since the days of Peter." It destroyed the faith in the Holy See in the minds of hundreds of thousands, and threw them out of their religion. But now the Pope knows the truth, and there is no fear of anything like it again.' He told me, too, that when Dillon asked to be given an audience that year, the answer at the Vatican had been that he must get a recommendation from Mr. Errington; so he had to be content with hearing the Pope's Mass, where he received communion. The Pope, however, never liked Errington, and, seeing him one day at a ceremony at the Vatican, he expressed himself to that effect. Dr. Croke's second visit was the one he described to me, when he explained the land question, and gave the Pope the list of the communicants in his diocese. Prior Glynn is a man of Dr. Croke's stamp. I told him of what the Pope had said to me about Ireland, which pleased him immensely, also of the Pope's having offered to Salisbury's Government to appoint Dr. Moran to Dublin. This was news to him. He has not a great opinion of Dr. Moran, who seems to be something of a Mr. Facing-both-ways; he had written a letter once saying that not only should no rent be paid, but that the landlords should refund the rents of the last twenty years, but afterwards, at Sydney, he had blessed the Colonial expedition starting for Souakim, and called it a crusade. This moved Prior Glynn's wrath. I hope to see him again.

"*Dec.* 18.—Had luncheon with Kennedy to meet Prince Abu Malek Lazaref, a Georgian in the Russian service travelling in search of inscriptions, he said, but I suspect engaged also in Eastern politics, of which he has a very intelligent idea. He had been at Palmyra and had made acquaintance there with Mohammed Ibn Aruk (our companion on the Nejd journey), and I had a long talk with him about the state of India and Mohammedan ideas there. He spoke of a Russian invasion of India as a thing which might likely enough happen. He is A.D.C. to the Emperor and goes back at once to St. Petersburg. He was glad to see me, as he had heard about me in his Eastern travels—an intelligent young fellow and sufficiently Oriental to understand things readily, though in point of fact he has no longer any connection with Georgia beyond the fact that his family were once reigning princes there.

"*Dec.* 21.—Dined at the Sermonetas. The Duchess, who was a Wilbraham, is a very charming person, and Abu Malek was again of the party. The Caetani palace is the finest in Rome.

"*Dec.* 22.—Lord Hartington and Mr. Chaplin have arrived on a secret mission connected with the idea of re-opening diplomatic relations with the Vatican, though this is kept dark. I think, however, they will gain little by their move, as far as help in Ireland is concerned, though Cardinal Howard is evidently working in that direction. Stonor, who called again to-day, says that Hartington has not yet seen the Pope, nor asked to do so 'as he knows no French,' though Chaplin knows a little. They would clearly be afraid of gossip about it if they went to the Vatican. The Government at home seems now fairly embarked on the old Irish policy of arrests, proclamations, and prosecutions. I have

Randolph Resigns

had no answer from Dillon, so shall let things be. With regard to the East the Russo-Turco-French alliance seems stronger than ever, and there is a remarkable article in the 'Morning Post,' threatening the Sultan with vague punishments if he persists. I expect Egypt will become a prominent question in the spring. It is a splendid thing to have got that declaration out of Lord Salisbury that he did not intend a permanent occupation.

"*Dec.* 23.—Another delightful day's hunting at Castel Giubileo, mountains white with snow and lovely as a dream.

"Parnell, after nearly three months in hiding, has reappeared and has issued a notice that he has had 'a gastric attack with complications.' His absence is explained in various mysterious ways by the papers; but the truth is, I suppose, that he has simply been living in idleness with Mrs. O'Shea while the rest have been at work. He may, like enough, have been abroad, but not here or I should have heard of it. He is now going to Ireland 'to examine and report' according to the old Government formula. I don't like the look of this.

"*Dec.* 24.—Randolph has quarrelled with Lord Salisbury and has resigned!—in a fit of temper, I should say, and having quarrelled with them all on every subject. It must have been quite unexpected, for Chaplin tells me that he had just borrowed the Foreign Office to give a ball in, and I see in the papers that he was at Windsor two days ago and was to spend his Christmas holidays at Dublin. Lady Gregory, in a letter of the 29th, says 'Lady Dorothy Neville was at Hatfield a few days ago, to meet Randolph, who was in a most vile humour, saying quite loud "bad dinner, cold plates, beastly wine"; he had to apologize to Lady Salisbury after-

wards saying he was in a bad temper; he has taken a dislike to Mr. Matthews who used to be such a friend of his, etc.' The reason, however, put forward in the telegram is that he has refused to give the money asked for by his colleagues for the Army and Navy, and it may therefore be a quarrel about foreign policy. I am glad in any case it has happened, as it must weaken the Government and it will be splendid, too, to have Randolph back as Fourth Party. I said to Chaplin 'I suppose now you will get a seat in the Government,' but he answered 'Oh no, it is not at all likely. I have never been friends with Salisbury.' This was at a Christmas party to which I have just been at the Embassy, where I also met Freddy Leveson, who told me that Hartington had been telegraphed for by Lord Salisbury to come to England. I expect he will now enter the Government in Randolph's place and lead the House of Commons. He was at the party looking rather less dull than usual. He was talking French with a diplomatist, which proves that that was not his reason for not wishing to see the Pope.

"*Dec. 27.*—Hartington and Chaplin left yesterday for London.

"*Dec. 29.*—To a luncheon at the English College, a grand festivity, all the dignitaries there. I sat between the Archbishop of Edinburgh and Monsignor O'Brien. Old Abbot Smith tells me he had a long talk with Hartington about politics; he, Hartington, had said the renewal of relations with the Vatican was impossible on account of the English voters, though otherwise desirable. Smith did not gather from him that he was likely to take office now.

"*Dec. 30.*—Wrote to Randolph to congratulate him. We went to-day with Don Giovanni Borghese

Fogliano

to see his horses at the Villa Borghese, six three hundred guinea hunters, any one of which ought to suffice him for the whole season, as he can't ride much over ten stone, but such is the way with the Roman Princes. The stables in the grounds of the Villa are capitally arranged, and there is an exercise ground a kilometer round with a jump or two."

A last pleasant day's hunting in the neighbourhood of the Appian Road ended the year 1886. It had been one almost entirely of disappointment to me, my visit to Rome being the happiest part of it. We stayed on there for another short three weeks, as to which there is little in this place to record. On the 11th of January 1887 we went for a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta to their delightful country house at Fogliano beyond the Pontine marshes. "The journey there is no small matter. One goes by rail to Velletri, a station on the Naples railroad, then by carriage to the Duke's house at Cisterna, a fine old palace with splendid ceilings falling into decay, where we lunched, and then on in smaller carriages across the marshes to the Fogliano forest, where the road ends. At this point we were met by two-wheeled traps called "birruccini" and went on following a rough track for several miles till one emerges into open ground not far from the sea; it is only lately that wheels of any sort have been able to get through.

"Fogliano is the most perfect country place it has been my lot to see in a life of travel. It has every advantage one could ask for as a winter abode, though it is said to be intolerably hot and feverish in summer. It stands between the immense primeval oak wood, a grove of some 200,000 acres in extent, and on the other side a large freshwater lake several miles long and about a mile in breadth fringed with

The Pontine Marshes

reeds and marshy ground and covered with wild fowl. Beyond the lake there is a line of low sand-hills crowned with juniper scrub, and beyond that again, out of sight but not out of hearing, the sea. All this in clear sunlight might be an Egyptian landscape, but behind there is this tremendous European forest of ancient oak where herds of swine still graze and forest ponies, while far away above it one sees the Apennines covered with snow. For many miles round there is neither town nor village, nor hardly an inhabited place. The Duke's house is not much more than an enlarged farm-house without pretension, though the Duchess has lately made it gay with a flower garden where roses of all sorts are in bloom. The Duke manages his own property, being a good business man. It is 80,000 acres in extent, reaching all the way to Cisterna, and he has the whole of it, mostly grass, in hand, breeding cattle and horses. The latter pay him best and he has at present seven hundred head, some bred on the estate, some purchased as yearlings from the country round. The most productive thing, however, in his possession is the lake, which from the time of the Roman Empire downwards has supplied fish for the market in Rome. Whenever there is a flood caused by rain on the hills, the lake overflows through a narrow channel into the sea and the sea fish find their way through into the lake and remain to fatten in the fresh water, and then are captured on their return by an ingenious labyrinth constructed of reeds into which they swim. They are of the best kind, a sort of gray mullet, and 40,000 lb. weight of them are taken every year. The wild fowl shooting on the lake is the best in Europe, the Duke having killed over 4,000 ducks in one season with his own gun, fair flight shooting with an ordinary

The Duke of Sermoneta

double barrel. He once got 800 ducks in two days with only one companion. There are also geese, swans, and flamingos. The sand-hills have the best quail shooting in Italy. In the forest there are a few roe deer, boars, hares, and woodcocks, but the absence of game laws in the Roman States prevents there being much of anything, and it is only the great distance Fogliano is from the railway, twenty-eight kilometers, that keeps the lake secluded. All this makes Fogliano a delicious place.

“*Jan. 12.*—The Duke is a man without more pretension than he has a right to. His manner with strangers is formal, but he has seen a good deal of the world, and has far too much sense to be otherwise than natural and unaffected in his life. He explained his view of the world very well to me to-day in a few words incidentally spoken. ‘I do not ask,’ he said, ‘to be loved by the world, but that the world should treat me civilly and I can be loved by my friends.’ He is very well read, especially in history and science, understands mechanics, chemistry, and astronomy, is president of the geographical society of Rome and knows his own Roman history, which not all do. He takes his part, too, in politics, being a Deputy, and is intimate with the King; but he has not enough ambition to be a leader and prefers managing his estate. He is six foot six in height, too tall for active ambition. His wife, who is very charming, was a Wilbraham, and he has a number of sons almost grown up, but they are not here now, being at their studies and schools in Rome. They are intended for political life.

“We went to-day in birruccini to a farm twelve kilometres away, along the sea coast, where the Duchess has her stud. The mares are something in the style of Piacentini’s. An Arab stallion is much

needed. The day was luminous, almost too hot, and coming home we mounted ponies and had a bit of a gallop along the seashore. I can hardly imagine a more satisfactory existence than to live here and at Rome as they do.

"*Jan.* 13.—I went out flight shooting at five in the morning with Signor Filippi, one of the Duke's neighbours at Cisterna. It was a still frost with moonlight, and after rowing a mile we were each deposited in a tub, garnished with reeds, in the lake and surrounded with call ducks and painted decoys. The sunrise was beautiful, but the weather too still and clear for much sport, and all we got was some half-dozen birds each. There are vast numbers of Golden Eye and other divers on the lake, but the mallards have not come. After luncheon we rode in the forest to see an ancient cutting which drained the Pontine Marshes into the lake. The lake fishing, the Duke says, was carried on, on exactly the same system, in the days of Augustus. He got his property from an ancestor, the nephew of a Pope.

"Lord Iddesleigh answers my letter about going to Egypt, saying that he is no longer responsible at the Foreign Office, and I had better write to Lord Salisbury about it.

"*Jan.* 14.—The Duke is a man of very great intelligence, and gave me his views to-day on politics. He is Deputy to the Parliament, and calls himself a Conservative, but the priests do all they can against him. His opponent was on one occasion Menotti Garibaldi, and even for him the clergy voted. He says the Church has never been conservative, but rather democratic, at least to the extent of levelling down all ranks but its own. The Popes destroyed the power of the Roman nobility just as Louis XIV did the French nobility in France, and he, the Duke,

Ireland and the Vatican

still bears them a grudge for this. Thus he is not surprised at the Irish clergy taking the people's part against the landowners. This is a new light to me.

"We went away after luncheon, having spent a most enjoyable and instructive visit, and drove back to Velletri, where we saw one of the finest sunsets I ever remember. At Rome an abundance of papers and some letters tell us of Lord Iddesleigh's sudden death in Downing Street, which seems likely to break up the Conservative Cabinet, and already there is talk of a new dissolution at Easter. This is a sign that it is time for us to be off. Drummond Wolff is to go at once to Constantinople, and I have telegraphed to Ibrahim Moelhi to inquire whether I had not better be there. The fate of Egypt probably lies now in the balance, but I should do more harm than good at Constantinople unless the Sultan will see me. I have written to Lord Salisbury to ask to be allowed to go to Egypt.

"*Jan. 16, Sunday.*—To St. Peter's, a final visit, and to Father Lockhart, who is ill in bed; then to Lady Eyre's, where I talked to Monsignor Campbell of the Scotch College. He told me that he feared the Irish question would lead eventually to a schism; he is violently anti-Irish.

"*Jan. 17.*—To-day I saw Prior Glynn and had a long talk with him about the relations of Ireland and the Vatican, and he urges me to write a letter to the 'Times' in support of Dr. Walsh. I will do this if I can, but I feel unworthy to put my hand to the Ark of the Covenant in any form. To-night we dined at the Palazzo Barberini—Storey full of his stories.

"*Jan. 18.*—I began a letter about the Vatican, but was disturbed. Then I went to the Embassy and played lawn-tennis. We are to leave Rome to-morrow for Naples on our way to Egypt if an answer

The "De Parnellio" Letter

comes from Lord Salisbury. If not, I shall go to Ireland, and take part in the coming fray, which will be a hot one. Prior Glynn called in the evening. He tells me that the three prelates responsible for the De Parnellio letter were Monsignore Galamberti, formerly editor of the 'Moniteur,' Monsignore Agliardi, and Cardinal Giacobini; the letter was concocted with Errington. I called to-day to wish old Monsignor Kirby good-bye. Dear old man! He spoke of God's mercy to Ireland and the wickedness of the world till tears came into my eyes. I don't know why I am so easily touched, being myself of the wicked. He put his hand on my head, and gave me his blessing. There are certain men who are saints on earth and who have the power of healing diseases of soul and body.

"*Jan.* 19.—To the Embassy and got Lumley to telegraph to Salisbury about my going to Egypt, and an answer has come. 'Your letter received, Baring says no objection.' So we go. I have written my letter for the 'Times,' and have gone over it carefully with Prior Glynn, who highly approves. He will write about it to Dr. Walsh. Yesterday and to-day have been beautiful days, Santa Bibbiana being ended. Now we are off to-morrow, and I leave this journal behind me, for fear it should fall into the enemy's hands.

"Rome, farewell!"

CHAPTER V

CAIRO IN 1887

“Jan. 24.

“ON board the Italian ship ‘Enna,’ on our way to Alexandria. I go to Egypt without political object, though I shall, of course, keep my eyes and ears open. I expect to find little to please me in the state of things I shall find there.

“There are two English officers on board; one, talking of Alexandria yesterday, said, ‘The new town is built on the graves of the Arabs. The British public doesn’t know to this day how many of them our men killed when they landed; they were shot down and speared as they lay.’ The captain of the ‘Enna’ is the same Captain Rocco who commanded the ‘China’ when we returned from India in 1884. He is a man of considerable political intelligence, and has given me much information already about Egyptian affairs. He laughs at the government established by us, which would fall tomorrow if our troops left the country. All the European colonies are against it, as well as the natives. They hate the English regime, because now Englishmen get all the pickings and they get none. They would like a native government, especially under Ismail, and that the English should retire. All were united about this. Trade, they said, had much fallen off since the war and occupation; and it was the English Government that was preventing relations being opened with the Soudan. The colonists thought Ismail would manage things best; and the fellahin would like anything better than English rule. I am surprised to hear this from an

We return to Egypt

Italian, because the Italian Government is altogether allied with ours on the matter of Egypt. Captain Rocco says, however, that the alliance is because the Italians want Tunis and mean to have it if there is war with France. They could make good use of it as a colony, which the French never can. He saw no difficulty at all in restoring Egypt to a native government.

“He also talked a good deal about Vatican politics, of which he knows something, having relations in the Episcopacy, and knowing especially Monsignor Agliardi. He declares that the latter, whom he saw just before leaving Naples, has for his ultimate mission to go to China, and that, if he succeeds there, through English help, in ousting French influence at Peking, the Vatican will serve England in her Irish policy. I do not believe this, but he declares it will be so. We shall see. He has given me a letter for Tito Figari, the Italian lawyer at Cairo, who he says will do my business honestly for me, as he is a friend of Arabi.

“*Jan.* 25.—We arrived off Alexandria in the night, and I came on deck at sunrise to see the city for the first time since the bombardment. It was a lurid morning, red over land, but with a black storm rolling up from the sea. We were within a couple of miles of the port when it broke over us, and became so dark that the ship was put about, and stood out again till it got lighter. Fortunately we had our pilot with us on board, an Egyptian, or rather an Arab, a good sort of man, with whom I had exchanged some words overnight, though he was too frightened to talk of anything political; he was quite scared when I asked him what had become of Omar Pasha Lutfi. I was glad to see him say his prayers at sunset, and Captain Rocco tells me the Arabs have become very

devout since the war. As soon as the darkness cleared, he steered us safely into harbour.

“Alexandria looked miserable enough in the rain, its beauty, such as it had, shorn and departed. It is now a shoddy, fourth-class European port, the only picturesque feature being the little mosque which Beresford bombarded at the entrance of the port. After all the fuss made about my coming to Egypt, and Sir John Lumley’s cipher telegrams, I was passed through the Passport Office without remark, and went away straight to the railway, where a train was starting. The journey to Cairo was to me a melancholy one, the railway following the line of the Egyptian flight from Alexandria on the third evening of the bombardment. It was at the Rosetta Gate that Arabi tried to stop the fugitives and put a little order into the line of retreat; and it was there that Suleyman Sami left him to bring out the rearguard, when he also helped to burn the city. Arabi, as a matter of fact, was no party to this matter of burning, and Suleyman Sami did it on his own responsibility. But it seems to me to have been a most necessary precaution (though Sami may also have done it from revenge) in order to delay the enemy’s advance, and cover Arabi’s retreat. There is no question, anyhow, that it so acted, and that, if Beauchamp Seymour had not had his hands occupied with putting out the fires, he might have harassed, if not cut off, the retreating regiments. Certainly, Suleyman Sami was justified in supposing that the English fleet would land troops for this purpose, and he might well have pleaded ‘military necessity.’ His death, however, was sought for political reasons, and he was hanged in the square of Alexandria. What was unpardonable in the matter was, that he was drugged before leaving prison, and his stupefied con-

Kafr Dawar

dition was ascribed by his enemies to fear. Suleyman Sami was a Circassian and no great patriot, I fancy, but he died a murdered man.

“Then we passed through the lines of Kafr Dawar, with its earthworks and outlying mud forts. These were designed and executed in an incredibly short space of time by Mahmoud Fehmi, the engineer, the strategic head of the defence, Arabi being the political. Any one can see how strong the Kafr Dawar position was, impregnable in fact, as the English army very soon found out; only its very strength proved fatal in the end, for Arabi relied on it so implicitly that he neglected to fortify the Suez Canal till it was too late. This was not my fault, for as long before as the month of March I had warned him through Abdu that the attack would be made from the Canal. But he clung to Kafr Dawar notwithstanding. It is curious to think how this poor little place was then the fighting centre of the Mohammedan world. If Arabi had succeeded in beating the English, or only in keeping them at bay long enough to give Gladstone time to treat with him, he would have succeeded to the Caliphate in the Sultan's place, for the eyes of all Islam were upon him. It was therefore a game well worth playing, although we lost it. If he had only had military genius in addition to his other great qualities, the fate of the East might have been altered. They were not altogether wrong in making a lord of Wolseley, for Tel-el-Kebir was one of the decisive battles of the world. I doubt if Islam will ever bring another disciplined army on a large scale into the field against Europe. And what has Europe gained by winning? The one hundred millions of Egyptian debt for the Jews—nothing at all else but dishonour.

“Between Alexandria and Tintah I travelled

with a Greek agriculturist, who told me he was *mu-fellish* to the Antoniades' family, who are the largest foreign proprietors in the Delta. He complained loudly of the lack of government in the country, and of the number of thieves since the war. 'Talk of police,' he said, 'the police of Egypt is this'—showing his fist with a knife in it, for he was eating bread and cheese—'that's our police. Every man for himself.' The price of land, he said, had fallen since the war, owing to the want of certainty; Arabi had destroyed the credit of the country, and nobody would invest his money; he would like to see England annex Egypt; Englishmen were rich and would come and buy properties; money was still to be made out of the land if rightly managed. I think he thought me a likely investor, for he asked me whether I was not a proprietor. But under the present Government, he said, there was no security; it was not a Government except to collect taxes. The worthy man got out at Tantah, and if I mistake not he was one of those Greeks who used to supply Malet with his information in 1882—a Cypriote, who had taken refuge in Cyprus during the war; he was now an Hellenic *protégé*.

"We are now at the New Hotel at Cairo, a Babel of a place, having failed to get rooms at Shepherd's. I wandered miserably about the Mouski, which is ankle deep in mud. The European shops there have been pushed a hundred yards farther than five years ago, but that is all the change—the material change. But what a change in the *morale* of the people! Then every one was in ecstasy of delight at his new-found liberty. Now, the soul is out of the place. And this is what the 'Times' calls England's civilizing mission in Egypt!

"*Jan.* 26.—The anniversary of Gordon's death,

England's "Civilizing Mission"

which is being utilized by the 'Society for the furtherance of Christianity in Egypt' for their own purposes, as per advertisement posted in the hotels. 'Special Service. Collections. Gordon College.' What a burlesque! On the other side of the wall an advertisement of officers' races, 'Egg and spoon race! Brandy and soda water race!' etc. Thus is Lord Salisbury civilizing Egypt.

"We called for our first visit on Signore Figari, with whom we left the papers relating to our garden, which he will look through and advise on. He gave some political news, being very cordial with us for Arabi's sake. He lamented that he had not had the conduct of his defence, which he would have made a complete legal justification of the war from the National side, though he admitted that he thought Arabi might have been hanged in spite of it; Broadley came to him at the beginning of the trial, and he gave him all the advice he could, but when he saw that Broadley was acting in concert with Lord Dufferin he was disgusted. I asked him how Arabi was looked upon now by the people, and he said till last year he was always expected back, but latterly he was beginning to be forgotten; they only thought now of getting rid of the English occupation.

"We have moved into the Royal Hotel, where it is less noisy. Ashburnham is staying in it, so I have some one to talk to. On many points politically we go closely in common, and have arrived by different roads at the same logical result, of republicanism and the liberty of nations. He has all his life had the legitimate craze, consorting with Don Carlos and other dispossessed personages; and now, seeing their cause hopeless, he would sooner have a Republic. This is fair logic. He has just been stay-

Gymkana Races

ing at Munich with Don Carlos, and making his court to Maria Teresa, Princess Louis of Bavaria, whom he recognizes as Queen of England. He and Lord Beaumont have been for a long time the only two English Jacobites. But he tells me there are now thirty or forty persons who have formed themselves into a Jacobite Club, and who dine together and toast 'the Queen over the water.' He says the idea is gaining ground, and invites me to join them. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, but essentially paradoxical.

"Drove round this afternoon by the Tombs of the Caliphs, looking for the *menzil* of the Towara Bedouins. We found the place, but not the people. Cairo is curiously little altered by the English occupation. I can notice no special signs of Europeanizing, either in dress or buildings. If we could only get back a National Government, all would once more go well.

"*Jan.* 27.—Round by old Cairo and the citadel, passing on the way an English soldier's funeral, a sight which seemed to rejoice our Egyptian cab-driver. The old parts of Cairo are still quite unaltered, and the outward aspect of the people in the streets. Except that camels are giving way to wheeled vehicles in the streets, and European shops are creeping up the Mouski, there is little change. Only there is no political life anywhere, just a rule of police; also, for myself, I no longer have any friends in the old town, and dare make no new ones.

"*Jan.* 28.—To the Gymkana races at Gezireh to see our countrymen make fools of themselves—tent-pegging, tandem racing, egg and spoon racing, and the rest. The fifth event stood thus announced in the programme: 'Brandy and soda race, to saddle a pony, mount, ride a hundred yards round a post,

dismount, open and drink B. and S., unsaddle pony, remount and ride bare-backed again round the post, carrying saddle, and back to winning post.' It is by such feats of noble horsemanship that the English garrison here witches the Arab world. Fortunately, hardly any Mohammedans come to witness their antics.

"Another long talk with Figari. The best solution now, he says, would be to replace the English by a Turkish garrison. Although the British troops did what they could to conciliate the people, their presence would always be a scandal and an insult—a scandal because their men were so often seen drunk in the streets, an insult because all in Egypt resented the foreign domination. All would be pleased except the few who lived on the British occupation. As for Tewfik, he had become such a nonentity in all eyes that he might perhaps stay on if bolstered up by a Turkish commission. Otherwise he, Figari, would prefer Halim. Of Mukhtar he spoke as of a man with some character; he had the reputation of being a good soldier and had had the courage now and then to disagree with Wolff; he had published a work on astronomy and spent most of his time sporting with Sherif Pasha. Sherif had lost his influence by giving in so long to Malet. Riaz alone had any following, having stood out against the English from the first. All the rest, ministers and ex-ministers, were dummies.

"Called on Borj, the English Consul, who was formerly one of those best disposed to Arabi. He talked sensibly about affairs. He said nothing had been done to relieve the fellahin from their private debts, nor had Baring arranged any supervision to prevent their contracting new ones. The creditors, however, were less anxious to foreclose, as the price

of land had fallen so much. The *crédit foncier* was in a dangerous position, having on its hands an immense amount of land, which it could only work at a loss. This might be reckoned at hundreds of thousands of acres. Some day they might have to stop payment. The price of land was low, owing to the fall in price of cotton and other produce. He gave a better account of the reforms in justice.

“I came up, nose to nose, with Baring to-day at the races, but had the presence of mind not to speak to him, as I don't want it supposed I have made it up with him or his policy.

“*Jan.* 29.—One of the Towara Bedouins has given us news of the desert. All the tribes west of the Wady Arabah are now quiet and at peace. The Teaha and Terrabin Sheykhs are out of prison. The feud is ended between the Towara and the Maaze. Only in Arabia proper is it dangerous for Europeans to go. During the war there was a strong feeling against the Christians, but it has died out. He inquired much about Arabi, and whether I had seen him in Ceylon, and hoped I had not yet made friends with Tewfik. I told him to be careful about political things, as there were many evilly disposed people about. There are few such good souls in the world as these Towara. I should like to pay them another visit in their home. Having despatched him to Suez to look for Aïd, our camel man, we started to see our garden [Sheykh Obeyd] and spent the day there. It is melancholy to re-visit it after all these years. Nobody knew us, and it was only at leaving that I told the gardener that I was master of the place. Much damage has been done to the trees, especially the oranges and the lemons, by neglect of watering. But it is still charming, or would be if there were anything at Cairo in which I

could still be interested. As it is, I find nothing but regrets and sad recollections.

“*Jan. 30.*—In the afternoon we rode on donkeys to the citadel, and saw the mosque of Mohammed Ali in a deluge of rain. This mosque is, I think, the most satisfactory modern building that I know. It is difficult to understand its having been built at such a debased architectural period as 1830-1840. While we were waiting for the rain to stop, the guardians of the mosque chatted and recited the Fatha in no very reverential tones. The Mahdi would have done these people good with a little of his discipline. Ashburnham has been to see the Coptic churches, in which he is interested.

“*Jan. 31.*—Rode out on our donkeys to Abbasieh to see the horses in training for the races. They are of no great account, except a chestnut Arab called ‘Mahruss,’ which was originally bought for Prince Hassan when he started on his abortive campaign to Dongola. Looking on was Prince Ibrahim, with whom we had some talk on matters of horse flesh. He recommended us to call on his sister, Princess Nazleh, which we did in the afternoon.

“Princess Nazleh is really one of the most beautiful and charming women I ever saw. She must be five-and-thirty, an attractive age for a clever woman, and Princess Nazleh is at least as clever as she is pretty. Her conversation would be brilliant in any society in the world. She told us an immense deal that interested us, especially about Arabi, for whom she had, and I am glad to see still has, a great *culte*, talking of his singleness of mind, and lamenting his overthrow. ‘He was not good enough a soldier,’ she said, ‘and had too good a heart. These were his faults. If he had been a violent man, like my

grandfather, Mehemet Ali, he would have taken Tewfik and all of us to the citadel and cut our heads off. Then he would have promised the bondholders their money; and he would have now been happily reigning; or, if he could only have got the Khedive to go on honestly with him, he would have made a great king of him. Arabi was the first Egyptian Minister who made the Europeans obey him. In his time, at least, the Mohammedans held up their heads, and the Greeks and Italians did not dare transgress the law. I have told Tewfik this more than once. Now there is nobody to keep order. The Egyptians alone are kept under by the police, and the Europeans do as they like.' She told us, too, about Arabi's wife, and how a black servant of hers had kept Arabi's papers hidden in a well till Broadley came. But for this, Arabi would certainly have been hanged. The Sultan's letters saved him, and forced Lord Dufferin to compromise the trial. Some of Tewfik's women had let out the secret to her, Princess Nazleh, thinking it was an attempt at extortion, and that the papers were worth nothing. The Princess praised Broadley's management of the case. About present politics she talked very openly. She thinks Drummond Wolff is doing his best to bring about the return of the exiles, and she does not wish the English occupation ended until some more liberal and honest Government is established. As it is, the French would make a pretext within six months to intervene; riots would be got up as they had been at Alexandria—Omar Lutfi, she said, was still receiving a hundred pounds a month pension for that business—and the present Khedive and his friends would have no power to keep order. Almost as bad would be a Turkish occupation. The people who would immediately suffer by the withdrawal of

Stanley's Relief Expedition

the English troops would be just the old members of the National party, who would be left without any protection. She had heard from Wolff quite lately, and he had told her he counted on getting some of the exiles back now—those at least who were starving at Beyrout. Nothing, however, could really be done as long as Tewfik remained Khedive. Baring, too, would have to go. All this is very sensible, and no doubt gives the situation correctly; so very little is really wanted to make Egypt once more a happy country! She quite agreed with me that, after all, Arabi was the best friend England could have in Egypt, and added that Tewfik was probably the man, in it, who hated England most. 'I am sure,' she said at parting, 'that you thought I was like the rest of them and had gone over to the enemy. But you see it is not so.'

"Stanley¹ is here at Shepheard's on his way to Zanzibar to relieve Emin Bey. Such at least is his ostensible mission, though I fancy his real object is to establish some new commercial station on the Upper Nile. I hope to Heaven he may leave his bones half-way. All that Europe has done by its interference of the last thirty years in Africa has been to introduce firearms, drink, and syphilis, and the end will be servitude for the blacks, their degeneracy, and ultimate disappearance. Philanthropy towards native races is like a boy's love for a bird's nest with young birds. The only true philanthropy is to leave them severely alone. Stanley, however, does not affect any great varnish of high motives. He is a filibuster pure and simple.

"*Feb.* 1.—Rode to the Pyramids, a truly lovely day, but the trees have overgrown the road so much that one rides in the shade. On the road we passed

¹ Henry Stanley, the explorer.

The Pyramid Arabs

Prince H. in a carriage, a typical Circassian of the slimmer kind with no agreeable countenance. We did not go to the Pyramids themselves, but stopped at the last village and drank coffee with the Sheykh, who showed us a filly he had, the daughter of one of Ali Sherif's horses; and we then had a look at the Sphinx and the site of our old encampment of eleven years ago, just below where the trees are. It is astonishing how much there is that is good even in these Pyramid Arabs, when once they leave their English jargon and talk Arabic. The Sheykh's brother told me that many of the fellahin in the villages round had been killed in the war; and he reckoned the Egyptian loss at Tel-el-Kebir at 10,000 dead. His own people had gone with the Oulad Ali to fight at Kafr Dawar. He made some trouble at parting, when I gave him half a crown, protesting that he did not want it, so easily are even the most mercenary of them affected by a little sympathy.

“Amr has returned from Suez and promises that Aïd and the camels are to be here in two days. I feel restless and anxious to be away, for I am convinced that Baring will play me some trick. But it is necessary to finish the garden business first.

“*Feb. 2.*—We went to our garden with one Antonio (a friend of Figari's), who is Haidar Pasha's head gardener, and thoroughly understands his business. He saw at once how things stood in regard to the property, and recommends that we should spend £200 on it now, promising that after two years it will pay a good income, and with a little care it would again become ‘a magnificent property.’ This is better than I hoped. He will provide us with a Maltese as head man, and employ at once sixty hands to clean and prepare the ground, this being the season. Aïd has arrived. The runner sent to

Stanley's Blacks

fetch him caught him up at Ghurundel, and he left his camels and ran all the way back to Suez, fifty miles, and then came on by rail. He gives a good account of our herd. It now numbers eleven, most of the she camels in foal. The Towara have been in great distress, as no pilgrims have gone their way, and there has been little rain of late years. This year, however, will be a good one as there is snow on the hills.

“*Feb.* 3.—Went early to see Haidar Pasha’s garden on the Shoubra Road, which Antonio manages. He is a Frank of the old sort, and still walks about armed with a kourbash. I am not sure that he is any the worse for that. The garden is eighty acres, and was bought lately for £10,000. Cheap enough considering it is within a mile of Cairo.

“Passing by the railway station, we saw Stanley depart on his raid. He is an evil-looking man with a hard squat face, more like a slave driver than a slave liberator. With him was a scratch lot of blacks recruited here, dressed in khaki, and armed to the teeth. They did not look up to much business, however, though appearances may belie them. Baring was on the platform, and Stephenson and Valentine Baker, the last looking for all the world like a fat Circassian. I remember him a very smart Colonel of the 10th Hussars at York (in 1861), also the Duke of Hamilton and Schweinfurth and Junker. But there were no Egyptians to wish them God speed, only Zohrab, the Khedive’s Armenian—in all about forty persons, mostly English. I hope I may see their faces no more. The Devil go with them on their way.

“I dined last night with Colonel Currie and the Welsh Regiment at the Kasr el Nil, worthy people, but absurdly out of place there. I had not been to

the Kasr since the day I saw Arabi there receiving the compliments of the officials on his taking the Ministry of War. They were all on their knees to him then, General Stone and all. He received them in the room with the tapestry, which has been turned since into a mess room. Currie was in Ceylon and knew Arabi a little. He is some kind of connection of my own. Talking of the drunkenness of the English soldiers, he said it could not be prevented, and he thought it did not do much harm; the natives, on the whole, he said, respected the soldiers the more for it, as doing a thing they themselves were not allowed to do. Besides, when Englishmen got drunk they got quarrelsome, which also inspired respect; he had heard the Russians complained of somewhere ‘because drink only made them silent.’ This is a good theory, and was not put forward as a joke at all by the Colonel. They have lent me a tent for an expedition we are going to make with Aïd to Sheykh Obeyd and a little round. There is a capital article in the ‘Pall Mall’ by Caine on English drunkenness and vice in Egypt, but he refuses to see the remedy, evacuation and the re-establishment of a National Government.

“Lady Gregory writes that she has met Pauncefote at dinner, and he told her they intended to bundle me out of Egypt if I meddled with politics. We are off now to-morrow for Sheykh Obeyd, where we are to camp in tents. I leave this diary behind me for fear of accidents. Much pleasure may it give Baring if he chances to read it.

“*Feb.* 13.—My journal of the last ten days has been unwritten, and I am sorry for it, for a great deal that is interesting has happened. We have been camped out at Sheykh Obeyd, trying to put order into our affairs there, and, thanks to Figari,

Garden Management

I think we have at last succeeded. Figari has found us a neighbour, a Mohammedan, and an old friend of Arabi's, to hire the garden of us, paying all taxes and expenses, and a rent of £80 a year, while we shall still be able to live there and, if we like, build a house. The garden is certainly a delightful possession, and I should like to keep it as a place of retreat from the troubles of Europe, which one day must come. If the worst came to the worst in England, one could always make a living out of this garden, and, with £500 a year besides, live in it like kings. The pruning, arranging, and watering of it please me, and we are laying out the open spaces of it in *bersim*—in imagination, that is—and planting new trees in place of those that have died. There is nothing gives one more pleasure than to see the water let in to the dry channels, and the thirsty leaves reviving. We have only just come in time to save it all from ruin. This garden belonged to the celebrated Ibrahim Pasha, and afterwards to the Khedive Tewfik, but was seized by the Khedivial creditors in 1879, and we bought it in the spring of 1882 of the Domains Commission for really nothing—£1,600—but it has cost us at least £150 a year since through the rogueries of wakils and gardeners during our exile. It is thirty-three acres enclosed in a wall, with eighteen outside, and when we bought it it was the most beautiful garden in Egypt. It is still a charming place.

“The people round have all come to see us, among them old Hassan Abu Towil, the Aiaide Sheykh, who was one of those who broke into our house during the war and took our tents to go campaigning with Arabi. We did not talk about this incident. On the contrary, we are the best of friends; and he killed a lamb and made a great feast

An Excellent Eunuch

for us. Zeyd, the Muteyri from Aneyza, has turned up, the best of company, and Mohammed Nur-ed-Din, and Haji Mahmud. We have also renewed acquaintance with Prince Ahmed and drunk coffee with Nazir Agha. This old eunuch is an interesting being. He told me a deal about Princess Nazleh, whom he educated and taught to ride when she was a child; and he is still living in one of her sister's houses at Matarieh. He talked sensibly about Arabi and his movement. As a dependent of the Khedivial family, he, of course, did not sympathize much with the fellahin, though he admitted they had been fearfully treated in Ismail's time, and had some excuse if they would have nothing to do with the Circassians. His quarrel with Arabi was that he had not died at Tel-el-Kebir. The reason, he said, why everything had gone wrong in Egypt was that no man respected the law, nor cared for any one but himself. About the Soudanese he was more enthusiastic; they were brave and pious, and so had conquered. I like this old eunuch immensely; there is something refined about him and eminently worthy. Many a pussy-cat man in English society has the same sort of charm, perhaps for the same reason. He has a few thoroughbred Arabs, whose points he understands, and he holds the true Arabian idea that the possession of noble horses ennobles their owner. In talking with this excellent eunuch, and comparing him with many an able-bodied man one has known, one cannot help reflecting that it would possibly be a good thing for the world if the majority of its human males were civilized as he has been. When I first saw him to-day, he was sitting in Ahmed Pasha's garden house with half a dozen of the Prince's friends, and he took the lead of them with the natural dignity of a well-bred woman, or rather,

let us say, of a very old man or an invalid. They treated him with the utmost deference, and he deserved it.

“ Another visitor has been Abd el Salaam Moelhy, Ibrahim’s brother, and formerly a member of Sultan Pasha’s Parliament. This worthy man is a neighbour of ours at Birket el Haj, and he came with his nephew Mohammed, Ibrahim’s son, to pour out his political griefs. He told me that he had been an intimate friend and partisan of Sultan Pasha’s, and had been one of those who joined Sultan in his quarrel with Arabi. But they were all very sorry now for not having held together, and he did not approve of Sultan’s conduct during the war. Sultan had been deceived by Malet, who induced him to act as he did on a distinct promise that the Egyptian Parliament should be respected in its rights. Malet gave this verbally, and Sultan asked to have it in writing, but was dissuaded from insisting by the Khedive, who assured him that the English agent’s word was as good as his bond. The old man, when he found out after the war how much he had been deceived, took it to heart and died, expressing a hope that Arabi would forgive him, and that his name would not be handed down to posterity as the betrayer of his country. It was jealousy and anger at Arabi’s having become Minister that caused the quarrel. The military demonstration of Abdin, 9th September 1881, was planned, Abd el Salaam said, between Arabi and Sultan Pasha and Suliman Pasha Abaza, and all of them. The old members of the Parliament were consequently very angry now at the despotic regime which has been renewed (since the war), and Abd el Salaam complained bitterly of Nubar, who was ousting all Mohammedans from their places, and putting in

Armenians, Syrians, and Copts. He asked my opinion what should be done, and whether it would not be well if some of them went to England as a commission to ask for justice and a reasonable Government. Nubar, Tigrane, and Boutros were pillaging the country, and Nubar had got several hundred thousand acres into his hands. Their way was to get grants of State lands drawn up in the names of Arabs or fellahin, whom they used as dummies in the affair, themselves appropriating the lands. This I hear from other sources, and have little doubt it is true. He told me, too, of the deposition of old Abbasi, the Sheykh el Islam, and nothing shows the tyranny now exercised better than that. Nonewspaper dares speak of this astounding case. I told him that I was under an engagement to Lord Salisbury not to take any active part in politics while I was here, and so could do nothing personally in the matter beyond advising them to pursue the idea of a commission and address themselves to Gladstone. I would write to Labouchere about it.

“Selim Faris also called. It has been telegraphed that Drummond Wolff has proposed to the Sultan the neutralization of Egypt, the abolition of the capitulations, and—I was going to say Egypt for the Egyptians—but that is just what it after all is not, for Wolff declines to fix a day to evacuate, and says no word about a new regime, while he insists still on the army being officered by Englishmen. The crucial test will be whether Baring and Nubar stay on here or not. Faris told us the story of the deposition of the Sheykh el Islam, and also about what was doing at Constantinople. The reason of Halim being out of favour is that the Court intriguers tried to get money from him and failed. But out of

favour he is, and practically a prisoner in his house. He told us also several stories of doings in Arabia, and of an Embassy sent by the Chiefs of Kordofan to Cairo. Mukhtar, he says, is secretly against the Khedive and is working with Sherif. He, Faris, is for Riaz and the Circassian party.

“*Feb.* 14.—We started from Sheykh Obeyd on an expedition about three o'clock this afternoon with tents and camels, Yunus, the son of Ghrumri, coming to conduct us. An old Howeyti, Hajji Dahilallah Afash, came to see us this morning, and I think he may do some day as *rafik* if we make another journey beyond Akabah. On our way to Birket el Haj we met Abd el Salaam Bey driving in to Cairo in a gig with one of his children. We rode about two hours through the palm trees, and then came to Ghrumri's house, a tent on the edge of the desert, clean and well arranged, with reed fences round it to fold the sheep. Here lives a happy family, the Patriarch Rashid with his old wife and their four sons, Ghrumri, Sueyleh, Suliman, and Husseyn, all worthy people living in peace together, which is not always the case with Arabs or other men. Ghrumri's tent has in front of it a clean swept yard, fenced in with reeds which make a pleasant rustling in the breeze. The best carpets were spread, home made ones and excellent, and a lamb was killed for us and cooked in the Arab way, but far better than one ever finds cooking further East. I asked Ghrumri a good deal about the condition of the fellahin, and he gave what is the general reply, that things are better than they were in regard to the *Miri* [taxation], the Government taking its dues now monthly, and so more easily paid. He complained, however, of the lack of justice, and said the peasantry had 'debts like mountains.'

Wolves on the Desert Edge

“*Feb.* 15.—Taking affectionate leave of this worthy family we went on to Belbeis across the sand ridges, by the old Syrian road which, on the hard ground, is still deeply traced, though no caravans have passed along it these twenty years. I have always noticed this in the desert. It takes many years to efface a track on gravel, though it disappears so quickly on the sand. Going towards the sand-hills, my *delul* caught sight of a couple of wolves just visible like black spots on a white surface, and we afterwards crossed their track and that of a hyena. These beasts are common enough still in Egypt, living by day in the desert, and going down to the cultivated land by night. This was our only incident. But the way was enlivened by Zeyd’s songs and stories. At last we came to the Helwa, the freshwater canal, which cuts the desert in two, and followed it a mile or two till we stopped at the little saint’s tomb opposite Belbeis. Here we are in camp, and I have sent Zeyd and Mahmoud to buy *bersim* and provisions for the night. The canal divides us from the town. It must have been across this that Arabi galloped to the railway station in his flight from Tel-el-Kebir. There is a small encampment of travelling Syrians near us, with a tent and some pack-horses and a camel. I went to them and saluted them, but they were surly, as such travellers often are.

“*Feb.* 16.—The Syrians came this morning to our tents as we were drinking coffee to apologize for their rudeness. Their party consisted of a Kurd from Kars, with three thousand sheep and the pack-horses; of a Syrian merchant from Damascus, and of a man, Ahmed Sherab, from Gaza. The Kurd was an old fellow with little manners, the Damascene an ill-looking dog, and the Ghazawi alone a man of breeding. The last made excuses for his

Majelleh el Tihawi

friends, as being from the north and unused to society.

“ Our way led past the railway station and through cultivated land with palms, by several villages besides Belbeis. There was much water out, and on the narrow path, while we were passing a girl with a donkey, our baggage camel slipped into an irrigation canal. We could not get much help from the fellahin, who, taking us for a party of Arabs, rather enjoyed our misfortune. But Aïd and Mahmoud and Zeyd and I managed to get the camel unloaded without any great harm being done, though our beds got wet. The incident brought out a display of ill-feeling between the Arabs and fellahin I was hardly prepared for, though I knew, of course, there was little love lost between them.

“ We arrived about noon at Majelleh el Tihawi's, where we were unexpected, which I always like as it enables one to see people in their more natural life. Our first impression of Majelleh was not altogether a good one. He is a settled Arab living in a house, and shows some fellah blood. He dresses, too, in nondescript style, with loose Turkish trousers and a white cap, which, being a large fat man, give him the appearance of a slipshod pastrycook. His relations, however, seem much better bred people, and I have nothing to complain of in Majelleh's hospitality. It has been profuse and excellent. Our conversation soon became political, and Majelleh expressed himself strongly against Arabi and the fellah movement, which was to be expected on account of his kinsman Saoud's quarrel with Arabi, independently of other reasons. But some of the others sympathized when I took his part. They then put to me a variety of questions about European politics, which they understand fairly well, and about the

Debts of the Fellahin

Sultan's character and the prospects of the Mohammedans in India, Central Asia, and other parts of the world. I told them the truth without flattery, and that the only good Mohammedan government I had seen was Ibn Rashid's at Hail. They knew all about him, and applauded this; and, when I rose to go, I heard them exchanging remarks on what I had said, and acknowledging it was true. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that men in the East are ignorant or unwilling to hear the truth. In fact, they understand the world's politics far better than our people at home do, and are far more open-minded. This conversation was renewed in the evening over the fire, and I went on to join the younger members of the family who were sitting with Zeyd listening to his songs.

"*Feb.* 17.—We went on in the morning to the house of Mazin, a cousin and a man very superior to Majelleh. It was a 'house of hair,' where we had an excellent breakfast on lamb and rice with apricot sauce. We had some more political talk, and I find them generally sympathetic with my view of things. They laughed at the idea of the fellahin not being in debt; the *khawageh* I had found sitting in their yard on arrival was a usurer. We then went on towards Salahieh, Mazin accompanying us on a charming little mare, a Managhieh Ibn Sbeyel, which he had got from Suliman Ibn Mershid of the Sebaa Anazeh many years ago and which he is very fond of. She is long and low, with beautiful shoulders and quarters, and a good head well set on, but is not exactly beautiful, except to those who know. Mazin told me he had been seven years with the Roala, during the time of the Hannadis' flight from Egypt into Syria, and so had got to know and appreciate the true faith about horses. The Hannadis were a

Battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir

tribe originally of western Egypt, and the older ones still wear the western burnous. But Mohammed Ali moved them east of the Nile. Then they quarrelled with Abbas Pasha, and migrated in a body to Syria, which has given them their connection with the Anazeh. Some went to the Terabin, some to the Beni Sokhor, and some to the Roala. The Viceroy Saïd recalled them to Egypt, and, finally, Ismail Pasha forced them, when the Suez Canal was made, to cultivate. Mazin rode with us about three miles on our way. He is an excellent specimen of Arab manners, a fine-looking man, without a gray hair, though he told us his age was fifty-two.

“All this made us very late, and we have got no further to-night than Greyn, a little village close to Tel-el-Kebir. We had been directed to the house of a certain Hadji Ramadan, Sheykh of the village, but went by mistake to his brother's, Hadji Saïd's. At first we were anything but well received by the fellahin, who took us for Arabs; and it was painful to see how servilely I was treated when it was explained I was an Englishman—then *bersim* was fetched and a feast prepared.

“*Feb.* 18.—Hadji Saïd and the rest sat up all night round the fire, and we had much discussion about Tel-el-Kebir and Arabi, so much, indeed, that I had to stop Aïd, for he was making a fool of himself. Hadji Saïd, as they all do, pretended at first that he had never been near the Egyptian Army ‘as why should he, the cannon were not things any one would care to be curious about.’ By and by, however, he was more communicative, and this morning I have been with him over the battlefield, where he was able to point me out everything. He has no great respect for Arabi, of whom he complained that, instead of fighting, he had spent his

Tel-el-Kebir

time going round to the various Mowlids and praying in the mosques. None of those in command, he said, were worth anything except Mohammed Obeyd, who did all the fighting and, he believed, was killed with the rest of his men in the fort on the extreme north of the lines. A report, however, had gone about that he had escaped to the Soudan, and I know we at one time believed it, but it was probably a confusion of names, Mohammed Obeyd being mixed up with the Sheykh el Obeyd, one of the Mahdi's commanders. On Mohammed, however, the glory of Tel-el-Kebir rests in Saïd's mind, and on the negro troops, whose position lay to the south. These died almost to a man. We approached the lines from behind, and Saïd pointed out to me the tracks of the cannons which had come round and taken the Egyptians in the rear. The wheel marks are still very plain, another instance of permanent desert markings. Saïd says that the extreme left of the lines was unoccupied, and that the artillery came round in the night, and, if this is so, it is clear that the victory must have been an easy one, for the lines are quite open behind. In front they are strong enough; but still the trenches are nothing a camel could not trot over, except just by the forts.

To the lay eye the whole position seems badly chosen, being so easily turned, and the ground being of the hardest desert gravel, the most beautiful ground artillery could possibly gallop over. On the Canal side the position was strong enough, but here on the left quite open. If I had had the choice of ground, I should have preferred, with such poor troops, to have put them with their backs to the cultivation, where the water would have protected either flank. Saïd tells me most of the fellahin were mere recruits, soldiers only in name. He says there

Mohammed Obeyd

were twenty-five thousand of them, and that perhaps ten thousand were killed. He pointed me out the places where they were buried, and there were still here and there solitary skeletons of men, cut down probably as they ran, and which had either been overlooked in the burial or dug up by wild beasts. In the trenches of Mohammed Obeyd's fort there were many such remains, legs with the flesh dried to them, portions of white clothing, broken shoes, and a few bleached skulls. One of these I gathered reverently, the skull of a 'poor patriot, partly purchased, partly pressed,' or rather, let us say, of Mohammed Obeyd, who died as a soldier should. '*Ya Mohammed Obeyd,*' I cried, '*Salaam aleyk.* Peace to thee, I am thy friend, a friend from the race of thy enemies.' The lines, too, were strewn with six pound shot from the English Field Artillery.

"I asked Saïd whether there had been any traitors. But he would not agree to it; this, he said, was only talk; there was no need of treachery, for they did not know how to fight, not one of the Beys, excepting only Mohammed Obeyd. Of the English he spoke with much respect. Greyn had been one of the first villages occupied, and the English soldiers had done no harm; they even appeared as friends. Arabi was wrong to make the war inasmuch as he had been beaten. All wars were bad; they only did good to the wolves. One of these beasts, as we were riding back, we came upon quite in the open. He jumped up not thirty yards from us, and then deliberately sat down again, scratched himself, performed other natural functions, and, having looked us well over, retreated into some low shrubs, where he finally lay down again. Saïd tells me there are many of them here; that they do not attack grown-up men, but children only, and of course sheep. The hyenas

Zeyd the Scoffer

have disappeared since the freshwater canal was made. This visit to Tel-el-Kebir has been very interesting, and all the more so because my *cicerone* was no professional and had probably never visited the ground since the first few days after the battle. Then, he says, it was a terrible sight, ploughed up like a field and covered with dead men. On present matters he expresses himself content; says that there has been great improvement in the last two years, now that the taxes are collected monthly, and the debts are fewer; also that there is no tyranny now from the Mudirs, nor beating with the kurbash. Of the nature of the Government at Cairo he is ignorant, but seems to believe it an English Government. I like this excellent fellah, and am convinced there is plenty of material for self-government in the country if it was only sought out.

“The visit to Tel-el-Kebir took us till eleven, so we failed to reach Salahieh, camping instead amongst some sand-hills near a marsh, where we got a sucking kid for our evening meal, one of the best things the desert affords. During our ride an amusing discussion took place between Zeyd and the others *à propos* of the tomb of a saint we passed. Zeyd scoffed at this and at the fashion of killing a sheep in honour of holy personages; and he told us how Saïd Pasha had put a stop to the Mowlid at Tantah because of abuses practised there, and how the saint was wrath, and turned the village pond into blood, so that he had to reverse the decree. ‘All these stories,’ said he, ‘are absurd about one who had been dead so long ago. The saint could neither shorten nor prolong his days. It is all very well,’ he added, ‘and quite reasonable to kill a sheep in honour of one’s own father, but how ridiculous for a saint who has been dead for hundreds of years!’ At this the

others protested and grew angry, and I told Zeyd he belonged to the 'race of the philosophers' who believed in nothing but what they saw. He refused, however, to admit his error, and scoffed also at Jinns and Afrits, saying that he believed in God only. This, of course, is the Wahabi creed, but Zeyd is not a very serious man. One thing he told us that was interesting—that it was still the custom in his part of Arabia to kill a male or a she camel at the tomb of a chief, and to bury weapons with him and rice and all things for a journey. I did not know that this was still practised.

"*Feb. 19.*—At last to Salahieh, which is the extreme point of cultivation to the north-east. There is tolerable camel-grazing near the station, but we did not stop, and went on through some palm gardens to the market, which was just being held, outside the village. It is a very small place, so small that we could not get a sovereign changed; and I hear that this is a great difficulty everywhere, as there is much false money about. The telegraph clerk, a young Egyptian, told us something of the state of the place. The people, he said, owed less money now to the Greeks, and more to the village Sheykhs, who lent it at a higher price. He lamented his exile to such a distant post.

"Thence, after crossing a ferry, we arrived at Hajji Saoud el Tihawi's, a really charming place. He has a permanent tent of large size on the top of a *tell* which rises, an island of sand, out of the cultivated land, a beautiful situation. On neighbouring tells are other tents, those of his relations, and below there are mud houses in which the fellahin live who work the land. But Saoud prefers his house of hair. This place, he tells me, was forced upon him by Ismail Pasha twenty years ago, who

Did he betray Arabi?

made him a present of all the land round if he would agree to settle down and cultivate. He remembers, when he first came, seeing herds of gazelles two hundred or three hundred strong, close to the spot; now there are none nearer than beyond the Sweet Water Canal. Old people are still alive who remember having seen ostriches between Cairo and Suez. Hajji Saoud is a very handsome man of about fifty-five, with well-shaped forehead, and might almost be an Italian of a very well-bred type. He has beautiful hands and a distinguished manner, but with something European in it, from having lived much with Europeans. He is an old friend of Lesseps, and sees a good deal of the French. I know he used to carry messages between Lesseps and Arabi during the war.

“I was anxious to find out whether he really did betray Arabi, and fear it is true. I asked him where he had been during the war, and he said he had stayed at home, that he had had a quarrel with Arabi about some land, and if he had gone to Tel-el-Kebir Arabi would have killed him; besides, the Khedive had written to him to tell him to stay quiet; so quiet he stayed, keeping all his people near Kantara to be out of harm's way. I knew there was not a word of this true, because he was with Arabi daily at Tel-el-Kebir and down to the very eve of the battle; and when I told him that I had seen Arabi in Ceylon, he looked so much confused that I was quite sorry for him. It is curious how little Arabs can conceal it when they are telling lies. With this exception I find him a charming man, and I have not alluded to Egyptian politics since. But we have talked a great deal about Arabia and Ibn Rashid and other less dangerous topics. I am afraid he at least betrayed Arabi, in so far as

Two Palace Eunuchs

that he pretended to scout for him and did not do so. According to the account given me, he accepted a bribe of five thousand Austrian thalers; and his admission of having received a letter from the Khedive during the war seems to me pretty conclusive of his treachery. He has four sons, of whom Abdallah and Abdul Aziz are the eldest. These are not allowed to sit down in his presence, and are very well bred, modest young men. He has also a number of brothers and cousins, forming together a considerable clan. The rank and file of the Hannadis are, I fancy, pretty mixed, and the fellahin with them of Arab origin from various sources. The younger Tihawis dress like the Anazeh, but it is evidently an adopted fashion, as all the older men wear the western Arab dress. We had a great entertainment in the evening.

“*Feb. 20.*—Spent the day at the Tihawi camp, and rode with two of the boys and Zeyd to see their mares. These are pretty good, some of them from the Roala or Beni Sokhor, more remarkable for bone than beauty. Their best mare is a *Tamrieh*, but they have nothing so good as Mazin’s *Manag-hieh*. We also flew hawks, of which they have three, for practice. Coming back Zeyd and one of the boys had a donkey race, we on our camels. There are two eunuchs here belonging to Abbas Pasha’s widows—great fat creatures, with fluty voices, but good natured. They are here for change of air, and had heard of me as ‘the Englishman who had given Arabi a cannon during the war.’ They have nothing of Nazir Agha’s dignity, who, as the Arabs say, is ‘a Sultan among eunuchs.’ We dine to-night at the house of one of Saoud’s brothers.

“*Feb. 21.*—The boys are going into Cairo by train to see the races, and so are the eunuchs; and

Constantinople Politics

we have determined to break up our camp and go back with them. We rode into the station on our camels, and then went on by train, rather fun, in third-class carriages with the boys Abdallah and Abdul Aziz, two eunuchs, and various friends. At the station near Zagazig I had a few words with a Greek, who told me he was a friend of Arabi's, and then we passed the village (Horriyeh) where Arabi was born. We arrived at Cairo at four.

"*Feb. 22.*—First day of the Cairo races. The race-course is now at Ghezireh, and is pretty enough. There are very few good horses. The only Arab of real merit is one belonging to Prince Hassan called Mahruss. This is really a beautiful horse, a chestnut, and fast for his size. Prince Osman was there and Aarif Bey, who arrived a fortnight ago from Constantinople.

"*Feb. 23.*—Figari has arranged to let our garden to one Mohammed Bey. He is to pay every expense, repair the walls and house, and pay a hundred Napoleons yearly rent for nine years, we reserving the right to build a new house and live in it and other privileges. So that we shall have the pleasure of the property free of expense. No better arrangement could be made.

"Aarif Bey has called, and we have had a long talk about things at Constantinople. He had a quarrel with the Sultan some weeks after we left in 1884, the Sultan supposing him to have some connection with Achmet Bey, his private secretary, who was in disgrace. Aarif was arrested and kept a prisoner in the Yildiz Palace for a fortnight, and afterwards in his own house. Then he was exiled as Kaimakam somewhere in Asia Minor, and is not yet back in favour. He tells me it is absolutely certain the Sultan will ally himself with Russia

Wolff and Baring

unless Egypt is given up; they are only waiting to see what Wolff will offer. Wolff has offered nothing as yet the Sultan will accept, the only points at all acceptable being an abolition of the capitulations and a neutralization of the Suez Canal; but these must be attended by the evacuation of Egypt, and the Sultan will not allow any continuance of English administration, military or civil. Nothing remains but an alliance with Russia; it is inevitable, and Aarif believes will be best. He has been anti-Russian all his life, but now is only anti-English. He sees Mukhtar and is in his confidence. Mukhtar has orders to keep on good terms with Tewfik, but the Sultan has no intention of retaining any of the family of Mohammed Ali on the Egyptian throne. Aarif tells me that he saw a good deal of Wolff when he first came to Constantinople, and that then he was quite in favour of an arrangement with the Sultan on the Sultan's lines. But, on his arrival here, Wolff changed his tone, and now has adopted Baring's policy. Baring's policy is anti-Mohammedan and altogether opposed to the Sultan. I asked Aarif whether the Turks were not tired of Abdul Hamid, his irresolutions and want of courage, seeing how many chances he had thrown away. He said that of course he was blamed for his inaction; but, on the other hand, he had great qualities, and the Turks recognized these and feared to fall from bad to worse. There is no doubt Abdul Hamid attempts to govern well, and Turkey is making some progress, if not much, under him. Aarif urged me not to leave Egypt before Wolff's arrival. We stayed talking over two hours.

“*Feb.* 24.—Again at the races, and saw a match between an English pony mare, ‘Skittles,’ a diminutive thoroughbred, and an Arab pony ‘Hadid.’ She

Financial Rogueries

gave Hadid a stone, over a mile and a half, and a handsome beating; she was well known as the fastest pony in England. Hadid had been beaten on Tuesday by Mahruss, receiving one stone nine over two miles, and again to-day over three miles, receiving one stone eleven. Prince Hassan wanted to make a match for him against the mare, but the mare's owner would not have it. The match to-day was for £500 a side. Stead has written asking me to help him in bringing forward his case against the Cairo garrison of demoralizing the people. This I shall be happy to do as far as I can.

"*Feb.* 25.—Selim Faris has given me a number of figures, showing the roguery which is going on between Nubar and others in office here, as also about English officials pocketing over and above their salaries. It appears some gentlemen are in the habit of getting paid at the rate of £5 a day when away from their posts, as travelling expenses. N. received in all last year £6,700. The present Ministry consists of Nubar Pasha, President of the Council, an Armenian of Smyrna; Abd el Kader Pasha, Interior, a Syrian of Homs; Abdul Rushdi, Public Works, a Maltese; Mustapha Fehmi, Finance, an Algerian; Butros, Justice, a Copt; Tigrane, Foreign Affairs, an Armenian; Artin, Public Instruction, an Armenian. Abd el Kader bought three thousand feddans last year of the Government at forty piastres. Nubar bought land in Upper Egypt of the Government for twenty thousand pounds. He is bringing a Government canal to make them worth a hundred thousand pounds. Faris gets these figures, he says, from the secretaries of the Finance department. But it may be an intrigue of the Khedive's against his Ministers. I asked Faris what his alternative Ministry would be when Nubar was gone, and he said

Princess Nazleh again

Riaz, Sherif, Omar Lutfi, Ali Mubarek. These were always the Khedive's men.

"*March 17.*—On board the 'Amazone' off Sicily. I left off writing my journal because of the attentions of the police; I had sent this book with other papers for security to Figari's office. On the 4th of March, when I came into Cairo from the garden, I found a letter from Valentine Baker Pasha conveying a sort of unofficial warning that my visit to Hajji Saoud at Salahieh had been reported to the police. The letter seemed to betoken further measures. It is very absurd their having pitched upon this visit as a text for remonstrance, and I have written to Lord Salisbury expostulating. It is too absurd that I am to be put upon a sort of *parole*, and at the same time watched. For the future I shall give no pledges and take my chance of arrest.

"Our last fortnight was interesting. We saw Princess Nazleh again, and heard from her a full account of all that happened in the first days of the British occupation, and about Arabi's papers and all that she did for him while he was in prison. It was intended, she said, that Sir Charles Wilson should succeed Malet. But the Khedive refused; nor would he sanction other appointments in Egypt for him. This confirms all we know of the Government's intention at the time of restoring Arabi. Their retaining Tewfik has been fatal to their chance of doing any good in Egypt. Aarif, too, I have seen again several times. According to him, Wolff's mission has altogether failed, and the Sultan will certainly now make an alliance with Russia. I am to correspond with him in future, and I have drawn up a sketch of what I think the Sultan's language might be in future in regard to Egypt. He came to our garden with a Turkish friend one day

Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir

when I was entertaining Abu Shedid and the Assiri and other Arabs; and he is anxious I should come later to Constantinople. As to Cairo, he tells me there is a regular black list at the Abdin Palace of persons who have been known to speak to me. But, for himself, he is protected by Mukhtar Pasha, and out of the reach of interference. If I had not been hampered by my promise to Lord Salisbury, I would have stayed on in Egypt, and through Aarif would have advised Mukhtar. But I felt I could not do this under the circumstances, or even, as Aarif suggested, go to call on the Mushir. Aarif came the night before we left Cairo to wish me good-bye, and brought with him Mohammed Saïd, the old Mufettish Ismaïl Sadyk's nephew, who is now one of the leaders of the National party. On the whole I am satisfied with my visit to Egypt, as I have found out everything I wanted to know, and have at last arranged my garden too.

“ Mohammed Sid Ahmed, Arabi's servant, who was with him at Tel-el-Kebir, came to see me, and gave me a full account of Arabi's history, especially of his conduct at Tel-el-Kebir, with a plan of the battle. According to his account, the first firing began in the rear of the lines, a battery of English artillery having come round in the dark. And Arabi, who had with him a thousand men in his camp, engaged this force, and only fled after severe fighting. He, Mohammed, fled with him, and, after trying to rally once more at the bridge over the canal, where the English troopers got within a hundred yards of them, these two galloped away alone to Belbeis. They took train at Nessam, and on reaching Cairo went straight to the Kasr el Nil, where Arabi stayed till sent for by the English General. Then he drove in a carriage, with Toulbah and himself, to Abbassiyeh

Pilgrimage to Abu Seriyeh

and there delivered up his sword. He denies altogether that Ninet was there, or that Arabi was at Ali Fehmi's house after the battle. Amongst other things he told me were these: He entered Arabi's service on Arabi's return from Abyssinia (in 1876). Arabi took no part in the demonstration against Rivers Wilson, nor was he mixed up in politics until Tewfik's reign. Then he was introduced to the Khedive by Ali Fehmi, and was for some time very intimate at the Palace, it being his habit to recite the prayers there, 'the Khedive standing behind him.' Mischief was made between Arabi and the Khedive by certain Circassians who did it out of jealousy. He gave me the same account of the Circassian plot that Mohammed Abdu gave me. The men who took bribes at Tel-el-Kebir were the Colonel, and his second in command of the advanced cavalry, and Ali Yusuf. He says all the Arabs were with Arabi. But Saoud el Tihawi, though constantly at the camp, was suspected of playing a double part. The plan of the battle which I give on the opposite page is copied from a rough sketch of the position drawn by Mohammed with a stick on the sand of one of the garden walks. It corresponds closely with all I have learned from other sources, and explains much that I did not understand. Mohammed is a fine, manly, straight-forward fellow, and shows what the Egyptians might become under circumstances of freedom. [Here my diary contains a plan of the battle.]

"Our last days in Egypt were spent going to the Mowled at Abu Seriyeh, an interesting pilgrimage made far out in the desert to the south-east of Cairo. The tomb of the saint lies about half-way between the Nile and the Red Sea in a desolate wady, at some distance from water, and altogether out of the

Votive Offerings

line of any desert traffic. It takes place every winter at about the same date, the beginning of March, and attracts an immense concourse of Arabs and fellahin from all the western delta and the western lands above Cairo. This year, we calculated, there must have been some twelve thousand pilgrims. They carry provisions and water with them, travelling on their camels, with their wives and children with them, packed in highly ornamented howdahs. What is remarkable about the pilgrimage is that it takes place without any Government supervision. There was no representative at all of authority with us or official personage of any kind; everything is left, in the way of keeping order, to the Bedouin Sheykh, and to Sheykh Salem, the hereditary custodian of the tomb. The tomb stands solitary and open, except on this one occasion, all the year, a small low dome like other Egyptian tombs, somewhat dilapidated. Inside are hung various votive offerings, chiefly rude models of ships, the offerings of shipwrecked sailors. It took us three days from Sheykh Obeyd to arrive at the place, passing over the hills by way of the Wady el Naam, a district which had been occupied by the Howeytat and Terrabin Arabs during the war, their duty being to guard the approaches from Suez. Old Dahil-Allah, who was with us, gave me a deal of information about that time and told me also that three years ago one of Arabi's former A.D.C.'s, Yusuf Bey, travelled all through the tribes in Bedouin dress, announcing that Arabi was returning. In the Wady el Naam, or Ostrich Valley, we found rain water in a limestone rock. Dahil-Allah says there are men of the Howeytat still living who have shot ostriches near it. The Howeytat tribe extends as far as Akabah and Wej in Arabia. From Wej he originally came. He is a charming old man, and

Paponot on Lesseps

has the most beautiful dromedary I have seen. All his eight sons, he says, have died; they were 'as beautiful as Turks.'

"At Abu Seriyeh we joined the main body of the pilgrimage, and made our three conventional circles, riding round the tomb on our camels, and were feasted after it and entertained by Abu Shedid. On the march home next day there were camel races and feats of riding, with much amusement for the pilgrims. But the pilgrimage is sometimes attended by considerable hardships, and on one occasion, owing to violent south-east winds, their return was delayed, and some are said to have died of thirst.

"This was our last adventure in Egypt. Here on board ship we have two or three Frenchmen who know Egypt well, among them one Paponot, a friend of Lesseps, and connected for many years with the Suez Canal. He was at Ismalieh till May 1882, and remembers Lesseps coming in after paying his first visit to Arabi at Cairo, and exclaiming, 'Il a une tête de conquérant.' Also, he says that it was Lesseps who gave Hajji Saoud the advice to betray Arabi, when he saw his position as Director of the Suez Canal Company menaced. He blamed Lesseps much for this, explaining to me, 'Il n'a jamais eu de convictions. Il a toujours été diplomate.' Paponot says, moreover, that Lesseps has burnt his fingers with the Panama Canal, and that his scheme of flooding the chotts in Tunis is nonsense. The old man, he says, is obstinate when he has taken up an idea.

"Another fellow traveller is Kleinmann, who complains of the decay of trade in Egypt. There is plenty of capital, he says, but people are afraid to invest. I asked him what he thought of the events of 1882 in Alexandria. He said nobody now blamed

Demoralization of Egypt

Arabi for them. He thought Omar Lutfi may have had to do with the riots, but there were plenty of vagabonds, European as well as native, ready for any disturbance. He was present at the French Consulate on the day of the riots when Omar Lutfi was there, and when the soldiers came to expostulate with him and reproach him with a design in favour of landing British troops. Both he and Paponot now think it would have been better to have supported Arabi.

“A third passenger is General Keatinge, and a fourth Pantazidis, a Greek merchant, who took part with the Nationalists during the war. He was a great friend of Ali Fehmi's, and I remember hearing about him under the name of Scander. He gave me precious information about the conduct of the war, and on many matters I was ignorant of, also about the demoralization of Egypt in drink, gambling houses, and brothels since the war. He is very angry at the official accusation that it is the Greeks who cause these things. On the contrary he attributes it to the Maltese under English protection.

“*March 21.*—Paris. We arrived here last night, and are as usual at the Hotel Wagram. Breakfasted with Bitters, who gave me the news of George Currie's death. Philip¹ inherits the bulk of his fortune, and is now very rich. He has been talked about as Lord Lyons' successor at Paris, and I hope he may get the Embassy if Lytton does not. Lytton has been promised it. But Lord Salisbury is too afraid of public opinion to appoint him, and Lord Lyons consequently hangs on. With Sheffield I had a long talk. He tells me that a triple alliance, offens-

¹ My cousin, Sir Philip Currie, then head of the Permanent Staff of the Foreign Office, afterwards Lord Currie, Ambassador at Constantinople and Rome.

The Triple Alliance

ive and defensive, has been concluded between Prussia, Austria, and Italy, also that Lord Salisbury has not the smallest intention of evacuating Egypt. Sheffield will not outstay Lord Lyons in Paris. Back to England by the night train.”

CHAPTER VI

FAILURE OF THE WOLFF CONVENTION

“ *March 24, Crabbet.*

“ I HAVE been looking through my accounts, and find I must have spent quite £8,000 in the last five years on politics. Button, whom I saw to-day in London, confirms all that Sheffield told me of Lord Salisbury’s policy in Egypt. He has not the slightest intention of evacuating, and is only holding on now for the chance of a war and an opportunity of annexation. Wolff’s mission is only a blind to put off the day of decision and reduce the question of evacuation *ad absurdum*. Lord Salisbury, however, he thinks, will go out of office in a year, and Gladstone will come in and give Home Rule. Jem Lowther and many of the Conservatives say the game of coercion is up, and Home Rule must come.

“ *March 26.*—Lunched with Labouchere, in Queen Anne’s Gate, and his wife and infant daughter. He told me a great deal of what is going on, and we made a plan of campaign about Egypt. He says it is no use doing anything till after the Coercion Bill is over. But then, if we can get accurate facts about the swindles, he will bring them forward. He advises me to write to Harcourt to try and get him to take the matter up. Morley, he says, will be sure to do it, but, unless Harcourt is consulted first, he will be too jealous to move in it. He and Morley are very jealous of each other. So I shall write to Harcourt. About the Coercion Bill, Labouchere says it certainly will pass, and he doesn’t see what

“League of all the Fanaticisms”

is to turn the Government out this year or next, but they will obstruct all they can.

“*March 27.*—Spent the afternoon going round studios. Millais was, as I have always found him, most good-natured and naively pleased with his own work. By far the best thing he has this year is a portrait of Hartington, coarse but very powerful, and the absolute semblance of the man. ‘I am the only man now,’ said Millais, ‘who can draw a mouth; I am proud of that.’ And so he can. He has one of his best pictures in his studio unsold, ‘The Bird Collector.’ He has never been able to sell it; the man for whom it was painted didn’t like it. Yet to me it is immensely interesting. As we were going out, he said to me, ‘Ah, I should like to paint you; your face is such a capital brown.’ We also went to Val Prinsep’s, Tristram Ellis’s, and Mrs. Stillman’s, and last to Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones is the best man of them all, as he has imagination; and I feel again, what I felt years ago, that at least *he* has not wasted his life.

“*March 28.*—Saw Stead. He proposes a ‘League of all the Fanaticisms,’ a good idea. I think I have secured him for my Egyptian campaign. He is going, he tells me, to Rome to interview the Pope. But he knows not a word of French or any other language but English.

“*April 7.*—I came up to town yesterday to see Randolph, who has just returned from abroad. I found him at his house in Connaught Place looking aged, almost like a man who has had a stroke; and a great deal of the mirth has gone out of him. We talked, however, much as we used to do two years ago, and he told me everything with perfect frankness. He has quarrelled altogether with Salisbury, has not seen him since the 21st of December, nor

Churchill on Irish Home Rule

any of the official people; knows nothing about what is going on except from Wolff, and was very glad I should tell him about Egyptian affairs. He says Salisbury is a difficult man to get on with, and you can't depend on him for his policy; he never properly supported Wolff in Egypt, though at one time he, Randolph, had almost got him to recall Baring. 'It was as near as a toucher,' he said. He had heard from Wolff that the Egyptian question was a question of money at Constantinople, but I told him that was nonsense as far as the Sultan was concerned. Ismail had tried hard to get accepted here, and at one time very nearly succeeded, Randolph said, but it was all off now. I told him I was writing to Lord Salisbury about Egypt, and he begged me to send him a copy of my letter.¹

"I asked him what he really thought about Ireland. 'The Coercion Bill,' he said, 'will be read a second time on the 18th and I expect to see it followed by a calm in Ireland. I mean,' he said, 'as to crime, for there will always be some political agitation, but it will gradually settle down, because Parnell has not got the people really with him, and they will get tired when they see the thing doesn't succeed.' I told him I thought he made a mistake about the people. 'Well,' he said, 'out of 4,800,000 Irish there are perhaps 2,000,000 who go in heart and soul for Home Rule, 2,000,000 are indifferent, and 800,000 opposed to it.' I said, 'If there are anything like 2,000,000 heart and soul for it, it *must* succeed.' He said, 'Well, if the present Bill doesn't do it, there is nothing else but Home Rule. There is no middle course, and Home Rule it will be.' I should not be surprised, from the tone in which he said this, if after all he were to do the thing himself.

¹ For my letter to Lord Salisbury see Appendix.

Rustem Pasha

“I forgot to say that on Monday I saw Rustem Pasha (the Turkish Ambassador) and had a long talk with him. He is a worthy old soul, but feeble in body, and no longer vigorous in mind. He talked quite openly about Egypt, his ideas being right, but in a hopeless tone. I told him unless something was done quickly there it would be too late; the Sultan ought to write publicly and expostulate on moral grounds. He said this was altogether contrary to their way of doing business; that documents would sooner or later be published in the Blue Books; that he still hoped an arrangement with England might be come to; he had himself always trusted in England, and opposed the idea of an alliance with either France or Russia. I told him that, unless the Sultan was prepared to act in concert with any Powers that would help him, Lord Salisbury would never leave Egypt. We then discussed possible new Khedives. He would not hear of Ismail, and Tewfik was useless; he thought a quite new man would be better than any of the Mohammed Ali princes. I suggested Mukhtar, and this pleased him. He knew Mukhtar and thought him a good man, but feared the Sultan might consider him too independent; the French, however, might prefer this, as they were afraid of any increase of the Sultan's direct power in Africa. This conversation has been useful, and I shall send Rustem a copy of my letter to Lord Salisbury. Oh for six months' power at Constantinople! What things might be done!

“*April 8.*—Good Friday. I have despatched my letter to Lord Salisbury and hope much of it. I have been very angry this week about an abominable case of injustice near the Pyramids. Two English officers, Scofield and Louth, of the Welsh regiment went out quail shooting there, and peppered some

Anti-coercion in Hyde Park

Arabs. These were angry; a struggle ensued, and one Arab was shot dead and another wounded, whereupon the neighbouring villagers arrested the officers and tied them hand and foot till the police came. Here 'British Justice' intervened, and a military commission was appointed to give a 'wholesome lesson' to the natives for this ebullition of 'fanaticism,' and the whole village has been flogged! I wrote a letter to the 'Times' in protest against this, but they would not publish it. I got Labouchere, however, to look it up in Parliament, and Stead wrote something about it in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

"One thing we have got out of the Government. I prompted Labouchere to ask a question about Zebehr, and it appears now that they will let him out. We have sent a draft of a petition for Arabi and his fellows to sign, praying Her Majesty, for her Jubilee, to release them from their *parole* in Ceylon. If it was not for the Coercion Bill we might do a great deal, but as it is people are hard to move. Ireland, by an unfortunate accident, has always stood in Egypt's way. But for the Phoenix Park assassinations, Alexandria would never have been bombarded.

"I have received a letter from Ragunath Rao, who has been made Prime Minister in Indore. When Robert Bourke went as Governor to Madras I strongly recommended him to make friends with Ragunath Rao. Perhaps this may have had something to do with his appointment. Ragunath Rao had been in the official black books for years.

"*April 11.*—Easter Monday. Great demonstration against Irish coercion in Hyde Park. Went up to London in the morning, and at two took up a dozen members of the Home Rule Union at Westminster in my break and joined the procession. We passed Northumberland Avenue, Pall Mall, St. James's

Great Demonstration

Street, and Piccadilly, stopping to hoot at the Carlton Club and Brooks's—the last, at my suggestion, for the Liberal Unionists—and to cheer Mrs. Gladstone and her daughter Mary, who were sitting at a window in Piccadilly. Queen of Sheba and Halfa, though they had never been in London before, did their work well, and pulled the break gallantly. There was an immense concourse in the park, but we got through without difficulty, and took up our places at platform 13. I took the chair and opened the proceedings, and T. P. O'Connor spoke for half an hour with ornate Hibernian eloquence. The Socialists were close alongside of us, Davitt being their principal speaker. But there was a second platform for Morris's section, and I saw May Morris on their cart looking like a French revolutionist going to execution. The Irish agitation has brought on Socialism enormously, but their procession was after all a small one—not more than three or four hundred people, though a large crowd was attracted to them later when Davitt began to speak. I suppose there must have been close on 10,000 round our platform to hear O'Connor, and as many more round theirs to hear Davitt. A good many of these were Irish. But on the whole it was a fair political crowd, quite orderly and sober. During the whole afternoon I only saw one drunken man. Among the crowd I spied a Liberal Unionist or two sneaking about, Leo Ellis among others; and Frederic Harrison came to our platform afterwards. He said he could hear my voice plainer than any of the other speakers, which is satisfactory; but it was a lovely day for speaking, with very little wind, and all in our favour. Coming back I drove T. P. on the box seat, and we received a good deal of cheering. I went into the St. James's Club afterwards, and

The forged Parnell Letters

then to A's, a very different world; and altogether it has been a curious experience. Dr. Croke writes to me to say he is getting up protests in his diocese, but 'in Tipperary we don't lay much stress on mere verbal protests.'

"*April* 12.—Lord Salisbury has answered, acknowledging my Egyptian letter, and saying he will read it.

"*April* 16.—The Irish debate is monopolizing public attention. But more important things are happening abroad. In Afghanistan the crisis has arrived, and the revolt against the Amir, which was part of Jemal-ed-Din's plan, or, rather, the Russian plan, just as he predicted it eighteen months ago. He is probably himself there.

"*April* 18.—The 'Times' has published a letter from Parnell to Egan, real or pretended [this was the famous forged letter which led to the trial]. I have been comparing the signature with some of Parnell's I have by me, and in general there is great resemblance, but with some remarkable differences. The handwriting of the body of the letter is clearly not his. We shall see, however, whether it is denied. The division on the Coercion Bill is to take place to-night. There was a grand row in the House on Friday, Healy and Sexton giving Saunderson the lie direct, and making a fool of the Speaker. This letter in the 'Times' will have effect, unless clearly denied. It is, of course, just such a letter as might have been written, for, though the Phoenix Park assassinations were in no sort of way due to the Parnellites, and though I know Parnell to have written to Gladstone at the time offering, if he thought it would mend matters, to retire from public life, yet there is no question that Irish feeling in America was with the assassins, and Parnell may

“ *A Rothschild in Office* ”

well have found it necessary privately to qualify his public condemnation of it. This, however, does not prove that he wrote the letter, and it seems unlikely for a man of his prudence to have done so.

“ *April 28.*—Called on Staal, and talked about Egypt, Constantinople, and Afghanistan. I gather from him that they are no longer on such good terms with the Sultan, whom he talks of as ‘mercenary.’ Afterwards to the House of Commons, where Sir George Campbell had invited some M.P.’s to discuss Egypt with me. Among them Sir John Swinburne, and Rosebery’s ex-secretary, Monro Ferguson. Then on to see Mrs. Howard, who has just come back from Rome.

“ *April 29.*—Button tells me that Drummond Wolff’s mission has, after all, not failed. Percy Wyndham, whom I also saw, talked about his son George, who is leaving the army and entering political life. He goes every day to Balfour’s from 11 till 5 as his private secretary.¹

“ *May 4.*—To Kidderminster to attend a Woman’s Suffrage Meeting as Chairman. [If I remember rightly, my attitude on this occasion was one of friendly neutrality.]

“ *May 7.*—Lunched with Stuart Rendel, who has become a man of position in politics, being the chief of the Welsh party, and intimate with Gladstone. He is to go down this afternoon to see Gladstone at Dollis Hill. He agrees with me about Rosebery, that no good will be done by the Liberal Party in foreign politics until they have got rid of him; he is a mere Rothschild in office. He gave me also his view of the Irish situation, with a graphic account of an encounter there was last night in the House

¹ My cousin, George Wyndham, afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Oxford Undergraduates

between Randolph and Bradlaugh, in which Randolph seems to have got badly mauled. Dillon, he says, came out very strongly in the Privilege Debate, surprising every one by his eloquence. He is not generally a good speaker, but he was roused and angry. Rendel considers the whole incident of the quarrel in the House, about Dillon and the Parnell letter, has brought the Home Rule question on a considerable step. He even thought the Coercion Bill might be strangled this Session. But a new dissolution would be a doubtful good. It is impossible to get Home Rule candidates with money.

“*May 11.*—Harry Brand thinks the Irish quarrel will lead to a break up of Parliamentary Government in England. Some of the Unionists have been trying to persuade Lord Salisbury to give a form of Home Rule, thinking it would be necessary to allow the Irish rope to strangle themselves with before putting them down by force. But Salisbury says he will be no party to demoralizing politics, as Beaconsfield did, and will not touch it himself. This will probably give Randolph his opportunity with Chamberlain, but I doubt their success. Harry speaks very strongly against Randolph and Labouchere. But I told him my experience of politicians was that the only honest ones were those who had no principles.

“*May 12.*—By morning train to Oxford, and was met by Arthur Pollen at the station, and so to luncheon with him at Trinity. He had asked the following undergraduates to meet me: Charlie Howard,¹ Willy Peel,² Theodore Fry, Percy Wyndham,³

¹ Afterwards Lord Morpeth, M.P., and Earl of Carlisle.

² Afterwards the Hon. William Peel, M.P.

³ Afterwards of the Diplomatic Service.

Debate at the Union

and Frank Russell.¹ Then we went round to various colleges, and saw a cricket match. Dined with Raper at the upper table in Trinity Hall, and then to the Union, where we had a capital debate on the Irish Coercion Bill. The best speakers were Frank Russell, the son of Sir Charles Russell, Willy Peel, son of the Speaker, and MacGregor, an undergraduate from the Cape. I was much struck with all these, and consider there was more ability shown than at the debate last year at Cambridge. I, too, spoke for half an hour, with pretty good effect. And there was Colonel Waring, the Ulster member, who was dull.

“*May 13.*—Slept last night at Gell’s at Heddington, where he has a villa, and walked into Oxford with him in the morning. I forgot to say I travelled up yesterday as far as Reading with Alfred Lyttelton, whom I had not seen since his wife’s death. He is looking thin and aged. He is a very superior man, and has charm far more appreciable now than in his happier days. Gell is agreeable, having considerable sympathy, which stands him in the place of original thought. He is a Fellow of Balliol and head of the Clarendon Press. I met him first last year at Castle Howard. Dined with Davidson, Butler, and others at Balliol, and gave a lecture on the evacuation of Egypt at the Palmerston Club. This was a success.

“*May 14.*—There is nothing in the world so agreeable as living with undergraduates at a university if you have any claims on their intellectual regard. I have enjoyed myself here amazingly, and made many friends among the rising generation. It was fortunate, in relation to last night’s lecture, that the ‘Times’ contained a telegram from Egypt announcing that the evacuation had been agreed to

¹ Son of Sir Charles Russell.

Egypt to be Evacuated

at last at a fixed date. This is a great triumph. It is the Afghan rising that has decided them. But in any case the famous continuous policy is, the 'Times' notwithstanding, at an end. Baring, I take it, will be recalled and Wolff appointed to Cairo; Tewfik will be dry nursed by Mukhtar till he resigns in favour of his son, and Nubar will get the sack.¹ I may consider now that my journey of last winter was not made in vain.

"*May 20.*—Saw Stanley of Alderley, who rejoices with me, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who has been in Egypt and is back in better health. I hope he will have sufficient influence with the Radicals to prevent them from following Rosebery's lead against Wolff. Rosebery's hand is very visible in a leading article in to-day's 'Daily News,' which is for staying on indefinitely in Egypt 'to finish our work there' and oppose the Sultan—that is to say, for the bondholders' and Baring's policy. Lawson saw Princess Nazleh when at Cairo, and Nubar, who, in answer to his question what would happen if we evacuated Egypt, told him that the first thing would be the departure of Tewfik between the first and second battalions, and the second his own departure between the second and third. He was full, too, of amusing stories about the wiles of statesmen and the follies of democracy. He says the world gets worse as he gets older. I quite agree with him.

"To Buffalo Bill's Exhibition, a not very wonderful performance, less so than I have seen a score of times at South American estancias. Afterwards to the House of Lords to hear Lord Salisbury's expected communication on Egypt, but found it adjourned till after Whitsuntide. John Dillon tells me

¹ All this was very nearly being the case. See my diary later, also as to Gorst's part in Wolff's not being appointed.

The Wolff Convention Signed

Parnell is seriously ill, but he hopes he may recover. Both he and O'Kelly will do what they can about Egypt.

"*May 21.*—Saw Button, whom I find in blank ignorance about the Egyptian Convention. He says neither Natty Rothschild nor Buckle have been told a word about it. But they have been led to believe it only a pretence. This is capital, as it shows Lord Salisbury is working independently of them, the best sign one could have. I shall now trust Lord Salisbury; and perhaps after all Goschen may be keeping his word to me about having the Egyptian question settled on 'purely political grounds'—this for fear he should be thought ever to have been a Jew or a banker.

"*May 23.*—The Egyptian Convention has been signed. Hurrah! I wrote at once a letter to the 'Times,' burying the hatchet formally with Lord Salisbury, and took it up myself to the office, having read it over first with Lady Gregory, who by great good luck is passing through London. Button declares the 'Times' to have been disgracefully treated by the Government, though he is glad personally that the Convention is signed.

"*May 26.*—Yesterday we drove to the Derby—Merry Hampton winner, a very poor attendance. Of politicians I saw Randolph and Rosebery in the paddock. My letter is in the 'Times.' It is something to have got the 'Times' to put in anything so obnoxious to its opinions. It will be a game now of pull devil, pull baker, between the two principles, that of European grab in Africa, headed by Rosebery and the Jews, and that of Mohammedan autonomy in alliance with England, headed, I hope, by Lord Salisbury. If the Convention had not been signed I should say that the Jews would win the

Intrigues at Constantinople

day. The 'St. James's Gazette' is very bitter against me and against Wolff this evening.

"*June 2.*—To London to attend a meeting of the Arbitration and Peace Society, where I got them to vote a resolution approving Lord Salisbury's policy. In the morning letters had come from Constantinople, showing that my writings about Egypt were appreciated, and that my letter to Lord Salisbury had been read by Munif Pasha to the Sultan. This has relieved me from a doubt which has lately troubled me, whether after all my policy of accepting the Convention would not be disavowed by my friends there, but it is clear now that it is not so.

"*June 4.*—Father Lockhart has been here (Crabbet). It is arranged that we go together to Dublin next month. He tells me that my work for Ireland is appreciated by Archbishop Walsh, and that they will be very pleased to see me there.

"*June 6.*—I wrote a letter to Munif Pasha at Constantinople giving my ideas about the Convention. I am uneasy about it, as it is announced that Nubar is coming to England with presents from the Khedive for the Queen's Jubilee, also that Baring has been sent for to consult. If these two are confirmed in power at Cairo the Convention will be worse than useless, and I have advised the Sultan through Munif to get declarations on this point before ratifying the Convention.

"*June 8.*—All the fat is in the fire about Egypt, as the French and Russian Governments refuse the Convention. This, of course, was to be expected, and we shall see whether Lord Salisbury has the backbone to pull it through. If he yields to popular clamour here and insists upon a right of re-entry into Egypt, the Convention will fall through. It will be the test. Egypt must gain either way, the

Salisbury Explains

only danger for her being a common agreement among her robbers.

"*June 10.*—To the House of Lords to hear Lord Salisbury make his declaration about Wolff's Convention. His tone was apologetic and sounded honest, but he was very guarded in what he said, and one never knows what official persons really mean. Still, his speech was reassuring. Afterwards heard Parnell speak in the Commons. It was the first time and, I fear, may be the last, as he is looking very thin and ill. This will be the last serious night of the Coercion debate.

"*June 13.*—Drove to Witley with the team—Queen of Sheba, Halfa, Sherezade, and Mejliss. A piping hot day. We went by Horsham, baited at Buck's Green, where there is a nice little old-fashioned inn, and took the upper road by Hambledon, where we got entangled in narrow lanes, making the whole distance about thirty-three miles. Arrived at Witley, we found a junket going on for the Queen's Jubilee—swings, roundabouts, Punch and Judys, fireworks in the park—a strange, unholy spectacle.

"*June 19.*—Crabbet. Selim Faris came down for the day, just arrived from Egypt. He is brimfull of news; says the Convention will cost the Sultan his throne; that the Russian party is too strong for him at Constantinople, and that there will be a conspiracy. He himself is in favour of it (?the Russian party), and is trying to get himself made a Russian subject. He declares that Mukhtar protested against Nubar's coming to England for the Jubilee. But the Khedive and Baring would have it. I have persuaded him, I think, that it will be the best policy to accept the Convention, and work to get its conditions kept. He says, however, that the Sultan is mad, and there is nobody with a head on his

Jubilee Day

shoulders at Constantinople to carry out any policy. It appears that, after we left, Salar Jung arrived at Cairo and arranged a marriage with Princess Nazleh's sister. Everything was settled, but the Khedive out of jealousy refused his consent. This made Princess Nazleh furious, and she went off straight to Constantinople and arranged another marriage for him with Prince Halim's daughter. The story is curious.

"*June 20.*—To London with Judith for the Jubilee to-morrow. I never saw the place so crowded and gay. Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall blocked tight, and a great deal of not very skilful decoration being done. In the park a compacted mass of carriages, from Albert Gate to Grosvenor Gate. I saw Pertab Sing riding by, and heard a man from the crowd exclaim 'Ah, ah, Blackie!' It was so loud he must have heard it too. If I were a Rajput I should stay at home. But he looked like a prince, every inch of him. Back to Crabbet in the evening.

"*June 21.*—Crabbet. This is Jubilee Day—Her Majesty's Jubilee, but I remained quiet, having transferred my allegiance for the year to our more legitimate sovereign, Queen Maria Teresa of Bavaria. This saves me a world of trouble and subscriptions. All the same, I have lent the park for festivities, and at this moment they are running in sacks, and through casks at the top of the hill. I went to fetch old Mrs. Selwood to take her to see it, but found her at her tea, unwilling to move out. She cannot precisely remember George III's jubilee in 1809, but she has often, she told me, run as a girl to open gates for the King when she lived at Bulstrode, and he came that way hunting the stag. He used to ride in a red coat, and always threw crown pieces to the children when there was a gate opened;

Queen Victoria as a Girl

so they all looked out for him, and got to know by the wind whether the stag would come their way. Her father was a large farmer, and also warrener at Bulstrode to the Duke of Somerset, and her grandfather had been a blacksmith there, and forged the iron gates of the park. This goes back long before the Jubilee, for Mrs. Selwood was already thirteen years old when that took place, and out at service. She came here to Crabbet as cook and housekeeper in 1823. When she was a girl, she used to sew the ferrets' mouths up for her father. She also saw Queen Victoria's Coronation, having gone up to a house in St. James's Street, and remembers the young Queen, with her mother, the latter 'very beautiful, with black eyes,' and much more so than the daughter, who, however, seemed pleased 'to bow to the gentlemen.' Mrs. Selwood had a good look at them, inasmuch as for some reason the procession came to a standstill just opposite where she was. All this is interesting now. The little festival in the park went off successfully; a bonfire was lit in the evening in the field opposite Caxtons, and another on the top of Balcombe tunnel, which was thought the best part of the fun.

"*June 22.*—I have written a new letter to Lord Salisbury, having received news from Constantinople which suggests a definite move. I have consequently offered the co-operation of the Nationalists in any scheme for establishing a strong Mohammedan Government which may be attempted in Egypt under the joint protection of England and the Sultan. But I must consult Button first.

"*June 23.*—Lunched with Button in the City. He does not know more than others what Lord Salisbury really intends, but says that Baring and Nubar are certainly both going back to Cairo on the

Will the Sultan Sign?

15th of July. He advises me to wait a day or two before sending in my letter, and see whether or not the Convention is ratified. Things are in a very ticklish state at Constantinople, as the French and Russians are doing all they know to prevent the Sultan signing. But I hope my letters to Munif Pasha and Ibrahim may have some effect. I advised them last week to get the Sultan to sign if the English Government would give them any assurance of a change of regime at Cairo. I notice that Nubar's name is not in the list of Jubilee honours, though Baring's is. Button says that Vincent will probably not return to Egypt. All this is very exciting.

“*June* 24.—Walter Montagu Kerr, a friend of Napier's, came and dined. He is a son of Lord Charles Kerr, and has some of the Kerr originality. He has knocked about the world a great deal, and has lately made a journey of importance from South Africa to the equatorial lakes. He wants now to go to Khartoum and recover Gordon's journals and rescue Lupton Bey—rescues are the fashion—and has asked me to help him. His ideas about natives and civilization are humaner than most Englishmen's. But I did not encourage him. The Soudan is better without Europeans, good, bad, or indifferent. Besides, he knows not a word of Arabic, and would probably be knocked on the head, or at least kept there as a slave. It is better he should not go. Rewrote my letter to Salisbury. I shall keep it till tomorrow, when I hope to hear from Button the result of an interview he is to have with Natty Rothschild. The time has come when we must decide in Egypt between England and France. Now, as long as England meant Nubar and Baring and annexation, I have been forced to advise an

A French or an English Alliance?

alliance with France. But, if the Convention is ratified, it *must* mean that there is to be a change of policy, and that we have the option of England's *alliance*. This is clearly better than France's alliance, and is in fact what Arabi always looked to. I have therefore no hesitation in throwing the French over; and we declare for England. In my letter I pledge Arabi to support any Mohammedan Government, which may be jointly agreed upon by England and the Sultan. The truth is, the French idea of protecting Egypt means only Egypt for the Europeans. Egypt, the physical land of the Nile, might be made by her independent. But the Egyptian people would be reduced to slavery at the hands of the cosmopolitan colony of Cairo and Alexandria. This would be no gain for us, and Arabi would remain for ever an exile from home. Now we have the chance of seeing him recalled.

“ In the afternoon our annual Crabbet party began to assemble. This year I have resolved to strike out a new line, and have asked Arthur Pollen to bring down half a dozen of his undergraduate friends from Oxford. These have arrived, and are Willy and George Peel, MacGregor, Percy Wyndham (Hugh's son), Leonard Goodenough, Mathew, Morris Davies, and Theodore Fry, with Stephen and Clement Pollen, and two of the old set, Artie Brand and Kingscote, with Herbert Vivian from Cambridge. Altogether a good set of fellows, unencumbered with the baggage of love, politics, or money making. I suppose it is a sign of age, but I have come to adore the young.

“ *June 26, Sunday.*—A great day in several ways. The ‘Observer’ has an article which I take as an excellent sign. It abandons its annexationist position in Egypt. And so, though Button has not

A Debate on Egypt

written his promised report of Natty Rothschild's views, I have, nevertheless, with many a *bismillah*, posted my letter to Lord Salisbury. This categorically promises the support of the National party to whatever Mohammedan Government he and the Sultan may appoint at Cairo. So now the thing is done.

"*June 27.*—To-day the Convention is to be signed at Constantinople, and I am most anxious it should be so. Button telegraphed in the morning that those he had consulted thought it would be signed, and that there would be a change of Ministry at Cairo, though Baring was to go back. This, if true, means that we have triumphed. I went up to London for further news and found Button, and walked with him in the park. He tells me that he has seen Natty Rothschild and Henry Oppenheim, and especially Edgar Vincent. They tell him Nubar will not remain Minister. Lord Salisbury is in earnest about evacuating, and in earnest about making friends with the Sultan. And Button agrees with me that we have at last pulled our policy through. Oppenheim, he says, has quite come round to accepting it, and even Natty is beginning to do so. This is splendid. I have telegraphed to Ibrahim Moelhi at Constantinople, imploring him to get the Convention signed. My letter to Lord Salisbury cannot have arrived at a better moment.

"*June 28.*—The Convention has again been put off being ratified for another week; and the 'Daily News' and other papers are in full fling against it. I have written a letter to the 'P. M. G.' to try and stop this nonsense, which is all Rosebery's doing.

"*June 29.*—An answer has come from Lord Salisbury, thanking me for my letter.

"*July 1.*—There has been a debate on Egypt led

Her Majesty Drives by

by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who, I hear, quoted my letter in the 'P. M. G.,' and I see that the 'Daily News' has changed its tone again, and says now that the Liberal policy is to evacuate.

"*July 2.*—Called on Evelyn, who recurred again to the idea of my taking his place at Deptford. But I told him I was determined not to come forward again for either party; and, indeed, if all goes well in Egypt, I shall not want to trouble myself any further with English politics. I next saw Lawson, who on his side also suggested my coming forward for North Paddington, where there is a vacancy. So that on the same day I am asked to stand for Parliament by both parties in the political world. My position has always been that of the ass between the two bundles of hay. Lawson is quite with me on the Egyptian question really, but sticks rather at any sort of protectorate, and also at the Sultan. The first is a logical difficulty for a non-interventionist, the second is surely illogical.

"Walking through the park, I saw Her Majesty driving by. She has much improved in appearance in the last few years in the way women do when they become old instead of middle-aged. Then I ran up against Randolph, and we stopped to talk. He is of course for the Wolff Convention, as it is really his policy; and he told me the betting on its ratification was fifty to twenty. I said, 'Well, they will get on all right if they get rid of Nubar.' 'Why Nubar?' he asked, 'What is the fault with Nubar?' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'I don't enter into the details of the arrangement. The main thing is the principle that Egypt is to be under the joint protection of England and Turkey.'

"Luncheon at George Wyndham's, where I met the Duke of Westminster, who talked of Basilisk (an

Gladstone reads Baron Münchhausen

Arab mare he had bought from us) and her foals by Bend'Or and Melton. 'But the pure Arab foal,' he said, 'the one by Kars, is the best of the three, and, what is strange, the biggest.' He seemed very pleased with them, but said they would be no use for racing. George is full of his poetry, some of which he showed me. I think he has the sacred fire. He has ear and a certain power of putting what he says effectively. More will come later unless I am mistaken; and I encourage him to go on. He is a charming young man, married to a very charming person, two things not the most productive of poetry. If he could be unhappy, he would write really well.

"July 3, Sunday.—Crabbet. Stuart Rendel is here. His conversation to-day has been instructive. He tells me Gladstone is getting old. When he travelled with him lately in Wales, Gladstone was always asleep in the train, except when he was making speeches at the stations. He timed him once, from the moment of waking to the moment of speaking, only forty-two seconds. And as soon as the train moved on again he would take out his volume of Baron Münchhausen and immediately go to sleep again. He cannot be got to understand that the break with Hartington is final, though it is with Chamberlain. When Gladstone first resolved on Home Rule, he had an interview with Hartington, at which Hartington did not all at once dissent, and Gladstone thought he had secured him. But it turned out otherwise. Rendel agrees with me that Gladstone is a very different man in private from what he is in the House of Commons. At home his true opinions are shown; in the House he is a special pleader.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson came down in the middle of the day, very pleasant and funny, and full of the

Lawson on Light Refreshments

Spalding election and a speech of Randolph's, of which he said it had given him cause for reflection. On this theme he sat down in the hall and wrote a number of verses. Then we played tennis, a match of what he called 'Light Refreshments' against 'Heavy Drinks.' He gave a very amusing account of a sermon he had heard in favour of the Church House, in which the preacher had complained of its being supposed that 'the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London would go there for "light refreshment." "Light refreshment was the last thing you would have expected them to ask for."' He stayed to dinner but went back to London by the late train—the best of men and the best of company.

"*July 6.*—The Government were beaten last night on the case of Miss Cass, who had been brought before a London magistrate on a charge of street walking. This was taken up by the 'P. M. G.,' and everybody in the house was delighted at the opportunity of jumping on Matthews, the Home Secretary, a Catholic lawyer foisted on the Government by a whim of Randolph's. Randolph is now very angry with him because he failed to back him up last winter in his quarrel with Salisbury; and he has got Chamberlain to bring the case forward against Matthews in Parliament. Chamberlain, on his side, was glad to pay Matthews out for the smashing he gave Dilke. The Radicals, of course, joined in, and Salisbury, who is sick of Matthews, has let him be defeated without much regret. So they were all on the top of him last night.

"*July 7.*—That astonishing person, Randolph, has had the face to write to the papers and say he had nothing whatever to do with Wolff's appointment to his special mission in 1885. This is too much. But

The Wolff Convention Breaks Down

why should we be surprised? It will probably do Wolff some good, now that Randolph has become so unpopular. Ibrahim writes from Constantinople that he has got Bairam Agha, the chief eunuch, Sheykh Abul Huda, and Sheykh Zaffir, the three most important personages in the palace, to agree to the Convention, but that the Sultan is obstinate in his fear of Russia. Ibrahim wants to declare for an English Protectorate in Egypt. But I have written to tell him I can have no part in this. A joint Turkish and English one, good. A plain English one, no. Our Government are evidently clinging to the Convention, and a further delay has been given to the end of the week. So my letter may yet be in time. The Sultan deserves his fate, if he holds back now. Russia and France will not forgive him his having tried it on with England, and he will lose his prestige with every one as being a coward and incapable.

"*July 8.*—Button writes that he heard last night at the Queen's Ball that the Convention after all will not be signed. This is a great blow. But still it is far better the question should have been raised; and I fancy Lord Salisbury will not now go back from the principle of evacuation. I am inclined to be a Tory again, and have written to Kidderminster to say they had better look out for another candidate. I am determined to have no more to do with party politics. Jemal-ed-Din is announced as having joined Dhuleep Singh at Moscow.

"*July 18.*—The Turkish Convention has altogether broken down, and Drummond Wolff has left Constantinople. This is a tremendous defeat for English credit in the East, and at home for Lord Salisbury. I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry. I have worked hard to get the Convention ratified, and I am, so far, disappointed at the failure.

Staal on the Convention

But it is just possible we may get as much out of the refusal to sign. It is always easier to treat with a Government in a mess than with one cock-a-hoop and successful.

“Next I saw Stead. He is angry because I will not let him publish an absurd account of a conversation I had with him last April on grogshops and brothels at Cairo. It is written more or less on the lines of our talk, but exaggerated and clothed in his own absurd teetotal language. I told him I had a political position to lose in Egypt, if not here, and could not afford to be made ridiculous.

“Talked with Staal¹ at the Club about the Convention. He was inclined to agree that the French had overshot their mark in opposing it as strongly as they have done, though its failure has, of course, suited Russian diplomacy. He proposed coming down to Crabbet for a couple of days next month. Frank Villiers,² who is now Lord Salisbury’s private secretary, was also there, and asked me whether I had seen his chief, and talked in a way which shows I am once more in fairly good odour at the Foreign Office. A., too, upon whom I called later, confirms this, but regrets my ‘Irish escapades.’ ‘Certain persons,’ she said, ‘thought you very foolish and changeable (about Ireland), just as they were beginning to think you right about the other (Eastern) things.’”

¹ Georges de Staal, Russian Ambassador in London, an old friend of the author.

² The Hon. Sir Francis Villiers, now H.M.’s Minister at Lisbon.

CHAPTER VII

THE PERSICO MISSION

THINGS standing thus about Egypt I turned my attention once more to Ireland, being hastened thereto by a visit I paid to Cardinal Manning the same day, 18th July, and what he told me of a mission which was being sent from the Vatican, and his suggestion that I should go to Dublin and talk it over with Archbishop Walsh. The mission was to inquire into the morality of the Plan of Campaign, boycotting, intimidation, and the rest of the features of the Irish agrarian war, and the Cardinal thought I could be of use in explaining these matters to the Papal Envoys. I consequently arranged to start at once for Dublin, taking with me young Arthur Pollen as travelling companion. My visit to the Cardinal is thus described:

July 18.—Called on Cardinal Manning. He urges me to see Monsignore Persico, the new Papal Envoy in Dublin, and seems quite satisfied with the objects and progress of his mission. I narrated to him my interview with the Pope last winter, at least the Irish part of it, and he told me that he knew positively beyond question his Holiness's mind about Ireland. 'The Pope,' he said, 'considers that the union of the two countries should be maintained; that there should be one imperial Parliament, in which the Irish members should sit; but that there should also be an assembly in Ireland for their own local affairs. His Holiness is entirely in sympathy with the Irish, and he knows how good a people they are, and how loyal to the Church.' All this is in strict accordance with what I myself heard at Rome; and I have no

The Persico Mission

doubt the Cardinal has had a private letter from the Pope on the subject. With regard to the Persico Mission, it has been ludicrously represented by some of the newspapers, that it was despatched in opposition to Manning's wishes and the wishes of the Irish clergy, whereas they really had the whole management of the matter. This is evident in the choice of the two envoys. Monsignore Persico is a Capuchin, and as such essentially a democrat, and on the Irish question a Home Ruler. All Capuchins are Home Rulers. Father Gualdi, on the other hand, has been for two years Manning's own private secretary, living with him at Westminster. The Cardinal, therefore, when he wrote his indignant letters the other day to the 'Times' and again to-day, had good reason to be angry. He told me, if he had said all he might have said, the letters would have been even stronger; the 'Times' called him a Separatist; in doing so it was only likely to make separation popular with the London people, but it was a calumny, as all the world knew. Indeed he is not a separatist, as I can myself testify, or anything but a very conservative old English gentleman, with a flavour of democracy got by long dealing with the working classes. He thinks badly of Lord Salisbury's prospects of staying in office. Mr. Gladstone will come back 'with seven devils more wicked than himself.' The Cardinal is looking better than I have seen him for years. He speeded me on my way with his blessing.

"*July* 19.—Dublin. Arthur Pollen met me at Euston, and we travelled over here in the night. We have got through a deal of work already. First, we called on Father Lockhart at the Carmelite Convent, then on Father Walsh at the Augustinians. They are both in high spirits about the political

Talk with Monsignore Persico

prospects. The turn of the by-elections has put everybody over here in good heart, if they were really ever out of heart. Prior Glynn, too, is at Dublin, but hidden for some mysterious reason away. He has been in America collecting for his church at Rome, and Father Walsh declares there are now only three saints in the American Irish calendar—Leo XIII, St. Patrick, and Prior Glynn.

“ At half-past ten we went to Rutland Square, saw the Archbishop, and then had a long audience with the Papal Envoys. Monsignore Persico is a worthy old Capuchin, a diplomatist of the silent, sleepy school, with an enormous nose. Gualdi ‘est petit, mais il est tout nerf.’ I should judge from his physiognomy and manner that he was a Jesuit, but am not sure of it. He seems the cleverer one of the two. They begged me to speak and tell them all I knew, and I improved the occasion to the best of my ability, treating the land question especially, which they said was the special difficulty. ‘How,’ Monsignore Persico asked, ‘should people behave when the law was bad until it was repealed?’ I said I was not casuist enough to answer that. But in England we agitated for repeal. In Ireland they were obliged to combine against the law, because they could not make the English people hear. There was no means of forcing attention except by breaking the law. Formerly the Irish had resorted to crime, moral crime—this was bad—now they sought to replace these violent remedies by combinations, to resist the civil law, which should not break the moral law. There was a higher law which all peoples must obey, the right to live; and the English law as it stood was exterminating them. What made most impression on them seemed to be that I was an English gentleman and a landlord. This they said

The Dublin Mansion House

was 'good testimony.' O'Hagan and Gavan Duffy came in as we went out.

"We went next to the Lord Mayor's, where we saw Mrs. Sullivan, or, as the butler corrected us—'the Lady Mayoress.' She is a clever woman, with some wit, and amused us not a little. She showed us the ball-room and other glories of the house, but without any of the assumption an English mayoress would have shown; and she offered Arthur her maternal protection to get him an Irish wife 'to cement the alliance between the two countries.' It was curious to see the old-fashioned Dublin Mansion House, with its civic glories, its portraits of defunct English functionaries, and its ball-room built for George IV, inhabited by this little middle-aged Irish Catholic woman, who poked her fun at their pomposities, and pointed out to us the Harp deprived of the Crown. It was enough to make some of her predecessors of the Protestant Ascendancy turn in their graves. But these are the little revenges of history which console us for much injustice in the modern world.

"This took us till luncheon time, when we returned to the Archbishop's. Dr. Walsh looks more than a year older than when I saw him last year, and the gray of his hair improves him. But he is still far too brisk for his dignity as prelate according to received ideas. I like him all the better for it. A straightforward, plain man, without pretension, very eager in his duties and an enthusiast in his politics. We talked quite unrestrainedly before the Papal Envoys of all that was going on, and, when I said we were going to-morrow to lunch with Davitt, the Archbishop exclaimed, 'Well, you must make haste, for he will be arrested before the end of the week.' Davitt has been down at Coolgreany, inciting Captain

Land League Cottage

Hamilton's tenants to resist eviction, and there has been some striking and wounding, and this clearly comes within the Crimes Act, which Her Majesty is to sign on Thursday. The great question is whether Lord Salisbury will have the courage to go to extremities, for opinions are divided. A month ago I should have said he certainly would. But now, with Randolph attacking him in Parliament, the by-elections going badly, and the facer he has just received from Constantinople, I doubt his entering on this new campaign, which will mean war in Ireland. His position is crumbling, and his enemies too many and too determined. The lunch at the Archbishop's was a very frugal meal, mutton chops and cheese.

"From the Archbishop we went on to a National League meeting in Sackville Street, and finished the day with a walk in the Phoenix Park and a sound sleep on the grass, where the British garrison was playing cricket.

"*July 20.*—By train to Ballybrack, where we sat on the beach for an hour reading the new Egyptian Blue Book. I am doubly sorry reading it that the Convention has fallen through, as the only end now will be that we shall make an arrangement with France about Egypt, leaving the Sultan out.¹ This will end all chance of better things. We then walked up to 'Land League Cottage,' asking our way. But nobody seemed to know where Davitt lived, as Ballybrack is a coast resort of the Castle people. Nevertheless, we ended by finding the place, a little bit of a cottage with an acre of ground, and the most lovely view in the world. We were before our time, and Davitt was doing some unpacking of stores in the passage when we arrived, but was very glad to see us, and began talking at once about the political

¹ This is what eventually happened in 1904.

Davitt on the Plan of Campaign

situation with the unreserve which is his special charm. He is of opinion that the Tories will harden their hearts and go on, and is quite prepared to be arrested to-morrow. But he says it will do good, as hastening on the crisis; resistance to eviction is perfectly sound ground, both morally and as regards public opinion outside, and, if he is arrested for advising resistance, 'Why, it will only call more attention to the facts.' He has been arrested too often to be much concerned about it, and six months in prison would be a cheap price at which to get the evictions stopped; they will be obliged to do it anyhow next autumn when the gale is due, for owing to the drought there will be a very bad harvest, and it will be absolutely impossible to pay rents. The best land and the worst in the hill districts have suffered less than the ordinary light lands; the potato crop in the hills is good, and there will be no need this year for beggary; it is the middle class small farmer who will be without his rent. Davitt considers this a political good fortune. He is for 'no rent,' instead of 'reductions,' and he blames Dillon's 'Plan of Campaign,' because he says it establishes a false standard of what the people should pay.¹ He is strong for Land Nationalization, and in this he disagrees with the Parliamentary leaders. It is one of the reasons, he says, why he has refused to be in Parliament; he could not agree with them, and he could not hold his tongue. The other reason is that he declines to take the Oath of Allegiance as long as Ireland is deprived of her own Parliament; he will take the Oath some day at Dublin, not at Westminster.

¹ This does not agree with his own published account of his reasons in his "Fall of Feudalism." But that was written twenty years after the event; mine is a contemporary record, and as such is probably the more correct.

Davitt on Secret Societies

“Talking of the possibility of his arrest, and of an attempt being made to suppress the League, he said it would at once be resented by a new crop of outrages, and in England probably as well as Ireland. He could not blame the people if this was the case. The secret societies would then again get the upper hand, and outrage would be resented by outrage. He told us a good deal about these secret societies and his former connection with them. ‘I was turned out of them,’ he said, ‘when I founded the Land League. The societies were very angry with the League, because it took away from them their recruits, and nobody was more delighted than they when the League was suppressed.’ Talking of ‘Parnellism and Crime,’ Davitt said: ‘Parnell has the clearest record of any of us and might be cross examined in any court of law. He has always kept himself clear from any connection with the secret societies. The truth is he is a Tory at heart, and at Dublin would be the head of the Conservative Party; he never cared much for the land agitation, and nobody has suffered more by it than he, as his tenants took him very strictly at his word when he said “No rent.” Most of them pay him no rent to the present day. He has a brother who is a fierce landlord, and Parnell gets the credit of evictions which are ordered by the brother; he himself has never evicted anybody. But he is a Conservative, and will always be one; when they get Home Rule the English Government will find him their strongest ally.’ He says Parnell has nothing dangerously the matter with his health, but the work and the worry have told upon him. There were not many of the present Parliamentary party who would be in the Irish Home Rule Parliament; the leaders would, but not the rank and file of them; perhaps a dozen or twenty,

“*Evictoria*”

not more. He talked very highly of Sexton as a man who was doing good by his moderation at Belfast, blamed Healy as too violent and Tanner and young Willie Redmond. These he was afraid wanted to make a name for themselves by their fooleries,¹ and there were many others unworthy to be in Parliament. He believed the next Parliament would see a great change, and that Parnell would weed out the incapables and put in better men. There were plenty of good men who in a Dublin Parliament would come forward, men in professions and official life who were thorough Home Rulers, but dared not yet touch politics. Such was Murrough O'Brien, whom he should advise Parnell to give the highest office to of responsibility in any Home Rule administration. 'The present men,' he said, 'have been elected for a purpose, to get Home Rule; we shall require another sort to work it. The first years under Home Rule will be very Conservative. That is why I would sooner put back Home Rule, if necessary for five years, to get the Land question settled by the English Parliament. Our own Parliament would be too liberal to the landlords.'

“Mrs. Davitt is a nice little woman unmistakably Irish and unmistakably American. She seems very happy. Davitt explained she did not understand politics yet, having been brought up in a convent and lived very quietly. She was rather shy in playing her part of hostess, but was helped by Davitt's sister, an older woman, and our luncheon was a very good one, much better than at the Archbishop's palace yesterday. She showed us with much laughing the jubilee flag she had displayed over the cottage door on Jubilee day. It consisted of a black strip with

¹ Both Tanner and Willie Redmond were good hard workers, and though somewhat violent, I hold them in the highest respect.

William O'Brien

the word 'EVICTORIA' worked in white on it. This seems to me a very allowable joke, especially as her neighbours here at Ballybrack are, with the exception of Murrough O'Brien, Castle people and members of the 'Landlord class.' After which she sang us 'The Wearing of the Green,' and we wished them all good-bye and a safe deliverance from gaol. They were very hearty in their expressions of regard for me for what little I have done for the cause. Davitt told me that he knew a Nationalist who used to be warder of his cell at Dartmoor and was now Governor of the gaol at Colombo, and that he had come to him the other day to consult him about buying a farm which should not be boycotted. The man had been intimate with Arabi, and gave capital accounts of him, saying that he was popular with all classes in Ceylon. I am glad to hear this. If anything happens to the Davitts I shall always remember this little visit we have paid them. But I doubt if Lord Salisbury will find courage to strike. Their cottage is an ideal peasant property, and they seem entirely happy in it.

"We then went back to Dublin, and, finding William O'Brien at the hotel, dined with him. He is an entertaining man and indeed a man of genius, a wild enthusiast, and thoroughly sympathetic. He was full of fun about Dr. Tanner and the incident of the Lobby which is to come on in the House of Commons to-morrow. They have all been down to a convention at Cork, and we made acquaintance with two or three more of them, and arranged to go with Crilly on Friday to the trial of the Coolgreany prisoners at Gorey. Crilly is a little bull-terrier fellow who crushes your fingers when you shake hands with him, and there was a Dr. Kenny, M.P., who is as near the type of the bird 'in two places at

“ Thomas of Cashel ”

once' as a man can be, for he combines his parliamentary functions at Westminster with a medical practice at Dublin. O'Brien, however, is king of them, and there is something very impressive in his manner, especially of shaking hands; while in conversation he is running over with wit. He told us about his visit to America (which by the way Davitt had blamed as a false move), and the way in which Henry George had tried to trick him into attending a Socialist demonstration when at New York. He does not believe George honest, nor will he have anything to do with Land Nationalization. He is for peasant properties; and in this I am sure he has the mass of the Irish with him. Of Father McGlynn he said he had gone off his head, 'if he was ever on it,' and was stark mad in not obeying the Pope's order to go to Rome.

“ This Imperial Hotel is full of priests, and it is a curious feature of the movement that the priests and laymen work together on terms of absolute equality. Except for the dress, you could not detect a difference between them, either in language or in manner. This is to the credit of both. I notice it much more than last year.

“ *July 21.*—We came down by late train last night to Thurles and slept at the inn, though the Archbishop had invited us to the palace. But it was too late at night, and in spite of O'Brien, who declared that there was nothing 'Thomas of Cashel' liked so much as friends dropping in on him at midnight, to the inn we went.

“ At half-past seven this morning, however, we went to the cathedral, where I was pleased to see Fiji trotting about after his master while he said Mass. This the little dog does religiously, and follows the Archbishop round when he gives com-

munion at the altar rails. Pink was not in church, but on the breakfast table when we came into the palace afterwards. We found the Archbishop in great form, and he began at once to poke his fun at 'Persico,' as he called him shortly and without title. What was it he wanted over here in Ireland? He did not want to see him, but if he came to Thurles he, the Archbishop, would 'open his eyes for him, or shut them, too, if he liked it better.' His Grace was not much more reverent about the Pope, and he gave an amusing account of his first interview with Leo XIII. 'He began at me,' he said, 'about the "revolution" in Ireland; there was revolution in France, and revolution in Germany, and revolution here, and revolution there, and now there was to be revolution in Ireland too. "I won't have it," says he, "and you're the man that's doing it." "Sir," says I, "if I may make bold to say it to the Pope of Rome, there is a certain sophism in what your Holiness has remarked." "Explain, sir," says he. "There's revolution," says I, "*and* revolution, revolution with guns against law and order, and a moral revolution against injustice. It's the latter we're having in Ireland." "Oh no," says he, "it's a disturbance you're making, and I have given my orders to stop it. What more have you to say?" "Nothing at all," says I, "when the Pope of Rome has spoken, the Archbishop of Cashel can only hold his tongue." Leo the XIII is a diplomatist. He wants to make peace with everybody. "I'm not only the Pope of Ireland," he said, "but of the Universal Church, and I can't sacrifice the Church to Ireland." "No, nor Ireland either," said I, "to the Church."

"I reassured him about Persico and also about the Pope, and told him what the Pope had said to me about Ireland, which pleased him very much. He

He will "open Persico's eyes"

then showed us the improvement he had been making in the nuns' garden, which he calls the 'Toolery (Tuileries) gardens' because he has laid it out with ornamental iron railings—not as I think to its advantage, but it pleases the old man;—and he showed us the new chapel, and the old one which he has turned into a theatre. 'We must get Persico to see this,' he said. 'He should have been here for the opening of the cathedral. There were 100,000 people, 24 bishops, 280 priests, and 15 dozen gallons of whisky, 20 of champagne, 30 of sherry and claret, and not a drop of any liquor left in the town that night. When I tell you this you will see there were powerful goings. If Persico comes here we'll open his eyes or shut them either.' He then told me stories of his dog and his magpie and his cat and his horse; and we breakfasted with him and spent the day and dined. He told us William O'Brien's history. They were from the same town, Mallow, and Dr. Croke was his master at school and gave him his first communion. O'Brien, he says, is a very pious fellow and would not do anything he thought wrong for the world. He has no personal ambition, but is wrapped up in the cause. He was leader writer on the 'Freeman' but gave it up to take to 'United Ireland,' though he was offered any sum he chose to remain. He and Dillon and Davitt are the three Dr. Croke most respects. He does not care much for Parnell.

"We returned to Dublin late after visiting Holy Cross, and slept there.

"*July 22.*—We took the early train to Gorey, travelling with Mr. Crilly, M.P., who showed us the sights as we went along. The most remarkable of these is Parnell's country house, Avondale, which one just sees for half a minute as the train goes by.

In the Court House at Gorey

It is a fairly good house, very well situated on high ground with fine woods round it, and a river which 'would be a capital trout stream, but has been poisoned,' Crilly tells us, 'by a copper mine.'

"At Gorey we went straight to the Court House, with a number of priests and others, to be present at the trials. The prisoners were half a dozen men and four women, who had defended their houses against the sheriff's officers, very respectable people to all appearance; and the first girl, Mary Macdonnell, put on her trial, was only seventeen. She sat next to me, and I asked her about her relations. There are no boys in the family, and she defended the place by throwing hot gruel on the bailiffs. She looked barely her age, a blushing child of the shepherdess kind, or rather like one of Morland's milkmaids. She had really done the thing and scalded one of the men, but Bodkin, who defended her, managed to make the whole case so ridiculous that they let her off. The Chairman of the Court was Lord Courtown, who accidentally happened to be President of the Property Defence Association, whose secretary was Captain Hamilton, the agent and evictor; and this Bodkin took hold of very cleverly, and to such effect, that it was almost impossible the Bench should convict any one. I never was more struck than to-day with the cleverness of all the Irish concerned in these cases, and the dulness of the Englishmen, or rather of the landlords and their semi-English retainers. With the exception of Captain Hamilton, who is a clear-headed fellow, they all seemed in a fog, while any little slips of Courtown's were seized by the Irishmen in the twinkling of an eye. Woods, the chief of the bailiffs, was a resolute dog, built like a prize-fighter, and he was the chief witness. He had been pushed forward

everywhere, and had had boiling water and lime-water thrown on him, and been pitchforked, and on one occasion chucked into the middle of a house head foremost through a hole in the roof, and fought his way out. It was clear, however, that no real killing had been intended on either side, and a few ugly scalds and contusions were all there was to show. Indeed, from what the priests told us, there had been some little difficulty in getting the people to resist stoutly enough, though they were quite willing to go in for the Plan of Campaign. But this is not a fighting district, and, until of late years, the feeling has been good between landlords and tenants. John Redmond assured me that it was thirty years since even a common murder had been committed in the county, nor has anybody ever been shot at.¹ What makes most of the ill-feeling is that these bailiffs and emergency men are strangers imported from Ulster to do the landlords' dirty work, men who all have shady histories, and are great hulking blackguards, more fit for prison than to be going about the country armed to the teeth. They brought their revolvers with them into Court, and were evil visaged ruffians as one would wish to see.

“After the Sessions we adjourned to the inn, and sat down, some twenty of us, to dinner, when songs followed and speeches, my health being drunk, and Bodkin's. Bodkin, who is a very amusing man, and really good fellow, has lately been acting as editor of ‘United Ireland’ in O'Brien's absence. He considers O'Brien's visit to Canada, on the whole, a success, but this is not everybody's opinion, notably not Davitt's, though they are all fond of O'Brien.

¹ Here there is a sketch I did of Mr. John Redmond while we were in Court.

“Intimidating” the Bench

“*July 23.*—Drove down before breakfast with Bodkin to the sea to bathe. There was not a ripple on the surface, and we jumped in off a rock into several feet of water. Bodkin tells me that they have often asked him to go into Parliament—for he is really as clever a man and a speaker as any of them—but he cannot afford it, as he has his living to make; but as soon as there is a Parliament in Dublin he will stand. He is far from a revolutionist in his ideas, and considers that the landlords will be of great use, politically, to Ireland in the first years of Home Rule. The only wonder to my mind is how few landlords have joined the cause. But the truth is there is a monstrous class prejudice and a prejudice of religion. A young fellow of the name of Hopkins, who has been down to represent the ‘Freeman,’ told Arthur to-day that, being a Protestant Home Ruler, he found himself practically out of it with both sides. Thus, a Protestant landlord would find it very difficult to get himself trusted, and a Catholic would be cut by all people of his own rank in life. As soon as Home Rule is given this religious antagonism will disappear, and the Home Rulers will break up into political groups according to their interests. One thing is certain, the Home Rule parliament will be very differently composed from that now sitting for Ireland at Westminster.

“At half-past ten the Court re-opened and began with a question about the order of a certain case which the Crown Solicitor had promised should be first, and I spoke to having heard him say it, though I was put down by the Bench. But I think it did good, as the Bench gave in, and they all declare that the presence of strangers makes the whole difference in gaining a fair trial; there is nothing

John Redmond

the landlord-magistrates are more afraid of than the criticism of Englishmen. Certainly I can bear testimony to the proceedings to-day and yesterday having been quite fairly conducted, as far as the Bench was concerned; and old Courtown gave the prisoners every chance, much to the anger of the Crown Solicitor. 'If you had not been there,' the priests said, 'the cases would have been settled off hand in one day, and the whole of them sent to gaol.' The best of the joke is that the prisoners were all really guilty of a great deal more violence than could be proved, and everybody in the Court knew it, except the magistrates and the Crown people. We, who were in the secret, found it very amusing, and the whole thing was treated as a joke even by the prisoners. When a sentence was passed, there was a general shaking of hands with the condemned person—'Only six weeks, Father. That's a small thing for the Plan.'

"We went on in the evening, with John Redmond, towards Wexford, and he showed us Vinegar Hill, and told us the story of the fighting there. He is a man of this part of the world, and is Member for the County, as his family has been for thirty years. He, too, is rather conservative than otherwise. Then we branched off to Bally William, crossed the hills, which are pretty, and came on to Athy, where we now are.

"In the evening a young and good-looking priest came to see us, Father Monaghan, who said he had only just been converted to Home Rule. He had been infected with the Chamberlain heresy of local self-government, but was cured now and most ardent in the cause. He spoke very enthusiastically of Dr. Walsh, who was President when he was at college. He tells me that Dr. Healy, of Clonfert, has got

Kilbride of Luggacurran

into great trouble with his parishioners, who boycott him, and he threatens them with interdict. He was very popular, he says, as a professor, but is too overbearing to get on with the people. He tells us that the meeting at Luggacurran, to see which we came here, is likely to be proclaimed. If so, we shall have some fun; but I mean to preserve the attitude strictly of a spectator, as I do not want just now to play a political part in Irish affairs, and I have to keep Arthur out of mischief. We are at 'Kavanagh's Hotel.' O'Brien is to come down by the early train, and I suppose we shall go with him to the meeting, which is seven miles off. It is likely to be a big affair.

"*July 24.*—At half-past ten William O'Brien arrived. He was met at the station by a band, and a sort of procession was formed, but there was no very large crowd. We then breakfasted at the house of Mr. Kilbride, who is a solicitor in Athy, and brother of the Kilbride who was evicted by Lord Lansdowne. Both Kilbrides were there, and their very pretty sister, all highly respectable people of the upper middle class, who, in Ireland, are distinctly superior in manners and good breeding to our own middle class. With them, and O'Brien, and an Englishman name Westall, who seems to be a sort of commissioner from the 'Spectator,' we proceeded by car to Luggacurran, ten miles, where a large number of people, say 3,000, were gathered. It was a beautiful morning, and everybody was cheerful and good-tempered, but an Irish crowd does not cheer as an English one does.

"A platform had been erected in a field, and the parish priest was put in the chair. There was a doubt, up to the last moment, whether the meeting was to be proclaimed or not, and a body of twenty

Clerical Intimidation

or thirty constables was on the ground. But nothing further was attempted than a warning given to O'Brien that the new Crimes Act would be enforced. A proclamation that it was in force had been issued the night before at Dublin. William O'Brien made a very sensible and moderate speech, which suited the political circumstances well, but seemed rather disappointing to the audience, who preferred, it seemed to me, the violent but incoherent address of one of their curates, who denounced land grabbers and weak-kneed brethren in terms which put him very plainly within the scope of the new Act. O'Brien, however, knows when to be moderate, and it really is no losing race now, and the leaders have only to sit still to win. I did not myself go on to the platform, though much pressed to do so, nor would I let Arthur Pollen speak. If the police had interfered I should have made a protest; but there was really no call for English intervention. Afterwards we adjourned to the priest's house, where a lively discussion arose between the curates and O'Brien in regard to the backsliding of some of the tenants. It would have been a capital case for the Primrose League, as the 'intimidation' exercised by the priests over their parishioners was unmistakable. I think Mr. Westall was a trifle scandalized. But these things must be in a campaign, and if the campaigners were allowed to make their personal terms with the enemy, there would be no possibility of success. The particular question was what should be done to encourage the tenants to repossess themselves of their houses vacated by the emergency men. It seems that they objected to do this on the ground that they would be liable to imprisonment. But O'Brien declared it was a burning shame that the Parliamentary leaders should be called on to

Sir Gerald Fitzgerald

defy the law, and the rank and file should hold back. How the thing was ultimately settled I know not, as we had to leave in the middle of the discussion to catch our train, which took us up late to Dublin."

On my way back from Ireland the following day I stopped at Kidderminster, where my wife joined me, and we were presented by our Radical supporters of the year before with a carpet in token of the good fight we had made for them; and so on to London. On my way over from Dublin I met Fitzgerald (Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, K.C.M.G., now Accountant-General of the Admiralty), whom I had not met since the events in Egypt in 1882. We had a long discussion about Egypt, where he used to be in the Finance Department, and he declared that Malet and he and Colvin had done all in their power to make things go smoothly with Arabi, but that Arabi was not content to work with them and preferred "military adventure." This is only true to the extent that if Arabi would have consented to be their tool, they would have made use of him; but the moment they saw he meant to act independently of them, they resolved to ruin him. Of the Khedive Tewfik he said that they could not have had a better man for their purpose. Of Nubar, that he had failed as an administrator, and was besides dishonest; of Sherif, that he was incapable, and of Riaz that he was a violent fanatic. He would have preferred Arabi to any of them if he could have been got to take a sensible view of the situation. I found Fitzgerald, nevertheless, much more friendly than could have been expected.

"*July 26.*—Crabbet. A ciphered letter has come from Ibrahim El Moelhi at Constantinople as follows: 'The hostile party here, which is headed by Riza Pasha, purpose to get up a disturbance in

Affairs at Constantinople

Egypt, to show forth both the hatred of the population towards you English and your powerlessness to keep order in the country; and they propose that the Porte shall send troops backed up by the two Governments, France and Russia; also that Sheykh Hamza Dhafar be sent with certain of the Ulema to the Soudan *via* Tripoli to make a treaty with the enemy's people. All of this has been laid before the Sultan, and although he has not given his sanction, I fear he will be persuaded to do so in the end. That party are rejoicing in their triumph in having broken up your English prestige in Moslem eyes after Her Majesty had ratified the Convention. I hear them saying, too, that the observance of the Queen's Jubilee, for which you got together such an assemblage of people, was the cause of the Convention not being signed. So look well to your affairs.'

"This is valuable information. But I shall leave Lord Salisbury to get out of the mess as he can, or at any rate wait till he proposes to see me. It is clear that, if the Sultan is not to ally himself with England, the next best thing he can do is to go in thoroughly with the others. Turkish troops ought to have been concentrated in Syria years ago.

"Drummond Wolff returned on Monday. Button knows nothing of what is going on, having been away at the Naval Review, an account of which he wrote for the 'Times.' De Staal is coming here on Sunday, and I have asked Dillon and T. P. O'Connor to meet him, also Pope Hennessy, who has just got the better of his enemies in Mauritius. We intend to go to the East in October; till then I shall stay quiet; 'it is lost labour that we rise early and so late take rest.'

"*July 31, Sunday.*—At Crabbet. Staal came down

Dillon on the Plan of Campaign

at two, and Dillon. Speaking of Egypt, Staal says that we have failed there precisely from the same fault as had made the Russian Government fail in Bulgaria. If we had been content with our fair share of influence, we might have had it; but we wanted more; we must needs force our administration on the country, and the consequence has been that we are hated. In Bulgaria they made just the same mistake. The Russians, he said, did not care particularly what we did in Egypt, but they backed up the French; Lord Salisbury would end by taking something less than the Wolff Convention.

“With Dillon I sat for an hour on a bench in the Icehouse wood, and he told me very frankly what the Irish situation was and is. ‘The Government,’ he said, ‘are always too late in what they do. If they had been down upon us at the very first meeting of the Plan of Campaign, they could have crushed us. The people had lost their confidence in us, and would have been scared. But they let us go on, and then interfered in such a bungling way that we scored a victory. This re-established our position, and we got the people to trust us with their rents. The accounts of what we did were of course exaggerated in the Press, and where we were receiving hundreds it was put down as thousands, and now we are stronger than ever we were.’ He thinks, however, that Lord Salisbury means mischief yet, and that he and O’Brien will be arrested in the autumn. He means to make no defence, except a political one, and to employ no counsel, but to get over twenty or twenty-five English M.P.s to attend the trials and intimidate the Court, as we did the Court at Gorey the other day. He has promised to let me know if I can help him in any way. If there is no trouble of this sort, he

Davitt's Attitude towards it

will try and spend the winter with us in Egypt. His health wants recruiting badly.

“Of Michael Davitt, he said he was playing a foolish game just now. He had quarrelled with O'Brien and himself about the Plan of Campaign, saying that it ought to have been a campaign of 'No Rent.' This was only because the plan was not his own, and as a matter of fact it would have been impossible for Davitt to get anybody to go in for 'No Rent'; the farmers would not have joined; it would have discredited Gladstone; it would have frightened people even in America; also it would have set the Pope against them at Rome. The absurdity of the thing was that in 1881 Davitt had been equally strong precisely *against* 'No Rent,' when the 'No Rent' idea was being brought forward. Dillon has taken a house for his aunt, Mrs. Deane, at Killiney, and is going to spend the autumn there. He tells me, as Davitt did, that there is nothing really the matter with Parnell more than over work.¹

¹ Davitt's account, in his "Fall of Feudalism," of his abstention from all personal part in the Plan of Campaign is different from this and from all he himself told me at the time. He says that Parnell had not been consulted about it when it was launched in October 1886, and that on his, Davitt's, return from the United States early in 1887, he requested him not to take any part in the new agitation until he should have seen him; that when they met Parnell "severely criticised the tactical unwisdom of the whole proceeding. The plan could not possibly be justified before English public opinion . . . it was a deliberate challenge to a new measure of coercion." He also says: "Parnell was suffering at this time from some serious illness, the real nature or extent of which he was too proud a man to explain to his political friends. He appeared to be in wretched health, and remarked in a kind of foreboding spirit: 'I don't care who leads when I am gone, but I am anxious the old country should get some kind of parliament as a result of our struggles, and unless Mr. Gladstone can do this for us no other living Englishman can.' This, beyond all question, was the real motive of Mr. Parnell's abstention from the

John Dillon and Count Dillon

“In the afternoon a party came over from Imberhorne, including Madame Arcos and Madame de Clermont Tonnerre. They were very curious about Dillon and shocked to find that he looked like a gentleman. Their friend, old Count Dillon, it appears, has been telling people in joke that he is his son. As a matter of fact John Dillon is no relation to the historical Dillons.

“Pope Hennessy¹ came to dinner. He is an amusing fellow and told some capital stories. It will be a good thing for him to have met Dillon, for he has never been quite forgiven by the Home Rulers for having taken a place under Government. He has deserved well of them, all the same, for he has gone very straight on Irish questions and has smashed up the Imperial system in every colony he has governed. He has just gained a brilliant victory over Clifford Lloyd, and has been reinstated in Mauritius. Altogether the conjunction of Staal, Dillon, and Hennessy has been most fortunate, and we have enjoyed our Sunday greatly.

“Dillon among other things said: ‘The greatest Dillon-O’Brien movement. He was undoubtedly right in his view at the time, and at his request I took little or no part in the campaign.’”

This is very different from what both Davitt himself and Dillon told me of his reason as to “No rent.” I feel quite sure that none of them knew at this time, July 1887, of Parnell’s disapproval. Mr. Dillon has always assured me that, at the time of the drafting of the Plan of Campaign, Parnell had disappeared without giving any indication of what his views were and leaving no address; it was impossible to communicate with him, and action of some sort in Ireland was altogether urgent. I certainly never heard from him, or O’Brien, or Davitt, or any one in Ireland, a hint of Parnell’s disapproval of the Plan till I read his speech at the Eighty Club in 1888. The speech was as great a surprise in Ireland as it was in England, and was very ill received.

¹ Sir John Pope Hennessy, formerly M.P., afterwards Governor of several Colonies.

Affairs in the East

success of all we have had has been the way in which we have put down crime. This has been an immense triumph.' And so it is, for it proves their capacity to govern even under the hampered conditions in which the League has stood. It is this that is winning their cause for them in England.

"*Aug. 2.*—A memorandum has been published by the French Government which points to the evacuation of Egypt being insisted on by France; and I see the 'St. James's Gazette' has already gone round, and treats it now as a necessity. What is clear is that the conditions asked by Lord Salisbury were impossible ones, and I am reluctantly coming to the conclusion that he did not mean them to be accepted. Dillon would not hear on Sunday of any good having been intended, and he is probably right.

"Zebeyr Pasha has at last been released from his captivity at Gibraltar, with no more rhyme or reason than there was for his arrest. I have written to Ibrahim to tell him to do nothing to help the English policy, but warning him against disturbances; the massing of Turkish troops in Syria would do no harm, but there must be no more rioting at Cairo. Zebeyr's release just now I do not understand, unless it is meant as a backhanded blow to the French, seeing that Zebeyr was arrested for planning a move in Tripoli. The Indian princes, and especially Holkar, have gone away from London furious at their rude reception; and, just as the Queen's Jubilee at Cairo cost Wolff the signature of his Convention, so the Queen's Jubilee here may mean future trouble in India. Jemal-ed-Din is stirring up the waters at Moscow, where, however, Katkoff is dead. Speaking of Katkoff, Staal told me on Sunday that he was the greatest power in Russia next to the Czar.

Trevelyan a Gladstonian

Russian diplomacy, he said, was angry with him; they would be happy he should be made Prime Minister, if the Czar liked, or put in any responsible position. But, as it was, he only did harm. He told me, however, he did not expect him to live long.

“*Aug.* 10.—To London and lunched with Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the House of Commons. A new Blue Book has been published about Wolff’s mission, which shows that Salisbury was either insincere or very faint-hearted about it. The failure of the Convention is practically a triumph for Baring and the Jews, but its ratification by the Sultan was made impossible by absurd conditions. I talked it over with Cremer and Dr. Clark. Labouchere was not in the House. Trevelyan was in the Lobby, the hero of the moment, having taken his seat a few days ago once more as a Gladstonian. I thought this would be when we met at Rome.”

CHAPTER VIII

BALFOUR CHIEF SECRETARY

THE half engagement I had made with Dillon to help him in Ireland, should there be serious trouble there, did not seem to me at the time one very likely of fulfilment. Although the new Coercion Act (technically known as "The Crimes Act, Ireland, 1887") had passed through both Houses of Parliament, giving ample powers of repression to the Dublin Castle authorities, it was doubted whether these would be exercised to the full extent permissible or with the absolute rigour which alone could deal effectively with the situation created by the Plan of Campaign. The reason of the doubt lay partly in the fact that a considerable section of the Government's supporters, Tory as well as Whig, were opposed to violent measures, being more or less pledged to an anti-coercion policy at the elections of the year before, partly, and perhaps principally, because of a misconception of the character of the new Chief Secretary, in whose hands the executive functions and, with them, the interpretation of the Act lay. Lord Salisbury, in the reconstruction of his Ministry necessary through the death of Lord Iddesleigh and Randolph Churchill's resignation, had given the Irish Office to his nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour, whom no one at the time suspected of the Parliamentary talents he afterwards displayed, and still less of its being in him to play the part anywhere of a "man of blood and iron." The House of Commons looked upon him as an indolent observer of politics rather than an initiator of anything of a virile kind, a dilettante who trifled with his

Balfour Chief Secretary

work and approached all questions "lackadaisically" —it was a word applied to him by Philip Stanhope and one which represented the idea of his opponents pretty faithfully about him, if not that of those personally his friends. The Irish members jibed at him from the Opposition benches, and the general opinion was that, except as the Prime Minister's nephew, his appointment to Ireland was wholly unaccountable.

For myself I had but a slight acquaintance with Mr. Balfour. I had met him once or twice in former days as a frequenter with myself of the Wyndham circle, where he was intimate, and knew him chiefly as a lover of music and the fine arts, a pleasant talker, and an entirely amiable man of society. There was nothing whatever about him to suggest exceptional energy either of thought or action. He had quite recently taken my cousin, George Wyndham, to work with him as his private secretary, and I was as far as possible from any idea that I should be brought into collision with either of them of a violent kind. Nor I think would it have happened but for the accident of a meeting which took place between us at the beginning of September, and which disclosed to me something of what was passing in Balfour's mind, together with a glimpse of that philosophic hardness of view which is at the bottom of his estimate of political things. I find some difficulty in laying stress on this, because, since our public quarrel in 1888, I have long buried the hatchet with him, and have nothing now but pleasant recollections connected with our subsequent intercourse. Still it is necessary that I should allude to it, because without it my narrative could hardly be understandable, or a true estimate formed of either my own action or his. What I mean is this. Mr. Arthur Balfour belongs philosophically to a school

His Temperament in Politics

of thought which has grown up in England during the last thirty years, and which bases its view of human things on what it considers to be the teachings of modern science. In former times and until towards the end of the last century, although strong Governments in every age had been little scrupulous in their dealings with the weak, and though violences of repression had been resorted to by princes and their ministers far more freely than now, still it had always been with the consciousness that the moral law imposed its limits and forbade their extermination on mere economic grounds. Christianity acknowledged at least this right to the weak races of mankind, that they had their place in the general scheme of things and equality in God's sight with the most efficient. As heretics they might be persecuted, but only for their good, not done away with merely through covetousness of the lands they occupied and to the profit of the strong. In Ireland the contest between Celt and Saxon, though often used for covetous ends, had been so far justified on grounds of religion. It was as papists that the former had been subjected to penal laws; the ascendancy of the latter had been a Protestant ascendancy. The line of cleavage in Ireland was not in race rivalry, where clear distinction of race there was very little to be traced. With the decay, however, of religious conviction in England, and the subsidence of fanatical passion in the mob to which to make appeal, those who were interested in what began about the same time to be called imperial questions were obliged to look elsewhere than to theology for a moral sanction in their dealings with subject peoples, and this was found by men of Balfour's scientific temperament in the evolutionist creed of man, which in the sixties and seventies imposed itself on the thought of the

Darwin and Inter-Racial Relations

day as a development of Darwin's "Origin of Species." This represented the world of life no longer as an ordered harmony, but as in its essence a struggle for existence where whatever right there was was on the side of might, and where it was a waste of pity to deplore the extinction of the less capable races either of beast or man before the competition of their more capable rivals. The rule of the survival of the fittest was seized on eagerly by our imperialist politicians as a new argument in favour of their political ambitions, and enabled them to stifle what promptings there might be in them of pity for those they were destroying inherited from a less scientific age. This line of reasoning, which has now pervaded all the field of racial politics, and is revolutionizing international law, was in 1887 confined to a very few of our political thinkers, perhaps only to the family group of which Balfour was presently to become the accepted leader. In both Balfours, Gerald no less than Arthur—and both in succession filled the office of Irish Chief Secretary—it had the effect of giving to characters naturally kind and just a certain amount of political insensibility, hardening at times into ferocity.

To myself all this was supremely repellent; and perhaps it may not be out of place if I make a confession here of my own creed of race relationships, and the morality of inter-human things. To begin with, I will say that I am as convinced an evolutionist as any of those from whose political conclusions I differ. From as long ago as the year 1861, when Darwin's great work first fell into my hands (I was not yet twenty-one), I have never had the smallest doubt of the general truth of his idea, namely, that the world of living beings has been slowly evolved from the lowest to the highest forms,

My own View of them

and that we men have a genealogic kinship, to go no farther, with all vertebrate life. As between the races of mankind the kinship is here close, there distant, but it is a difference only of degree, and if we have any moral duty towards our fellow men all must be included in it. I cannot admit that it should be less a crime for a European to murder or rob a Chinese or a negro, than a man of his own colour and tongue and speech. The natural law appealed to by our imperialists does not show attacks made by race on race as practised in the animal world. The struggle to live resulting in the survival of the fittest is not in nature between species and species, but between individuals of the same species, nor is it decided by appeals to force or superior cunning, but by the power of endurance and adaptability to environment. There is nothing in non-human nature, at least among warm-blooded vertebrates, comparable at all to our wars and our combinations to despoil and exterminate. These are essentially human vices, growths of a vitiated intelligence marring the harmony of the natural world, which apart from them is a world of mutual concession and unbroken racial peace. There is nothing in Darwin's teaching really to suggest the contrary, or to excuse the modern rule of race-selfishness and organized colour aggression.

So much for the scientific aspect of the case. There is another aspect, too, which to me is not less convincing, and which for want of a better adjective I will call the aesthetic. The natural world is one everywhere of beauty, of health, of happiness. Of beauty, because of its variety; of health, because of its conformity to type; of happiness, because of its suitability to its surroundings. To my view of things the insistence of a single race, be that race my own

The Celtic Peasantry

or another's, to usurp more than just that limited space in the world for which it is best fitted, is an insolent pretension sanctioned by nothing in the natural law, and violating its harmony. It is of the same ill character, destructive of the world's happiness and beauty, as when we see a forest with its infinitely varied glory of growth and undergrowth fired by some wanton shepherd that he may graze his goats in spring. It is a fair thing squandered for a paltry end. The world would be a poor misshapen deformity were it planted from pole to pole with a single crop of wheat; and how valueless will it have become, according to any canon of beauty, when the Anglo-Saxon rule of order and law shall have overspread both hemispheres—which may God forbid—and established over them its debased industrialism, its crude cookery, and its flavourless religious creed. This is the other point of view from which I regard these things, and perhaps the more convincing of the two. As applied to Ireland, what I had seen of the poor Catholic Celts convinced me that with all their poverty, and the lack of comfort in which they lived, they were a happier people far than our English peasantry, even in Sussex, the most favoured of all counties; that they were social, joyous, and dignified by their religion, and that as such they were both better fitted for the land in which they lived and which they passionately loved, than could be any new band of immigrants which could take their place from Scotland or England. The world would certainly be poorer for the loss of them. If I pitied them it was not for the poverty of their dwellings, for the broken thatch and the gaps in their walls letting in the rain, but for the English laws which were driving them from these happy homes, and for the grim fate that awaited them as

George Wyndham

outcasts in our English and American cities. On all these matters, Balfour and I stood a whole world apart. I will return to this matter presently.

To resume my journal. I spent the week following the 12th of August shooting grouse with Prince Wagram in Scotland, but on the 19th was back in London.

“*Aug.* 19.—To the House of Commons to inquire about Egyptian affairs. George Wyndham, whom I met in the Lobby, informed me that the Irish National League had just been proclaimed, and afterwards I walked home with him and we talked the matter over. He does not seem to have much hope of his Party’s succeeding in their desperate idea of stopping Home Rule; and the proclaiming of the League, he said, would have little more effect than to put an end to open boycotting, tearing down placards, etc. I fancy it has only been done to satisfy the Jingo demand for ‘vigorous action.’ They cannot do anything effective, however much they wish it, or stave off their evil day of defeat longer than till next spring. This we are all sure of now. George is a charming boy, and is still young enough to talk without reserve. He said he would have liked to come down to Crabbet for Sunday to meet T. P. O’Connor. But I would not encourage it, as I thought it might compromise him in his political position with Balfour. Balfour’s brother Gerald is marrying Betty Lytton, and I have written to Lytton congratulating him about the engagement and his new volume of poems. George gave me tea at his house, and walked back with me to Victoria Station. He is to be at Clouds when we go there next month.

“T. P. O’Connor is starting a new half-penny evening paper, and has asked me to take a £1,000 share, and support him in the management. I have

Philip Stanhope

agreed to do this, though it is not much in my line. We have been discussing the title. I suggested 'Tomorrow,' or 'Vanguard,' or 'Pioneer.' He is for 'Torch,' or 'Beacon.' £24,000 have been subscribed. He expects to be paid £1,200 a year as editor, and a quarter of the profits.¹

"*Aug. 20.*—Again to London for the Egyptian Debate, and got Dillon to bring forward the case of Arabi's Amnesty. The Debate to-day has had the result of showing what the various policies about Egypt are. The Conservatives will do nothing there, but wait events; the front Opposition bench will support Tewfik and Nubar, and the Radicals will follow my lead for evacuation. It is satisfactory that the majority of the speakers, three to one, were for clearing out. Randolph's representative, Hanbury, spoke in the sense of my recent letters. Monro Ferguson, representing Rosebery, of course supported Baring.

"*Aug. 27.*—Crabbet. Philip Stanhope² and his wife, Countess Tolstoy, here. He is a good fellow, a fair speaker, and an excellent man of business, and is getting a good position in the Radical party. He goes next week to Ireland to demonstrate with other M.P.s against the suppression of the League. I have agreed with him that we shall go together to Constantinople in October if things suit."

The first days of September saw my visit to Clouds, a large family party, the earlier details of which need not here be given, as they have no political importance. Clouds house had then only just been built, and I spent a pleasant week there with

¹ The paper was eventually called the "Star," and I remained for a year one of the directors, though I refused to draw any salary.

² The Hon. Philip Stanhope, M.P., now Lord Weardale.

Balfour at Clouds

the relations to whom I was most attached. All the Wyndham family were there, including George, 'a sunbeam in the house,' and his brother Guy, and we spent our time partridge shooting on the downs, and playing the games common in English country houses. On the afternoon of the 3rd Arthur Balfour joined us, having arrived, with Henry James the novelist, from his work at the Irish Office at a very critical moment when the first strong measures under the Crimes Act had been ordered, and it was expected that these might possibly lead to bloodshed at a National League meeting to be held next day, Sunday, at a place called Ballycoreen. Although, as said, I already knew the Chief Secretary, we had not met since he had taken office, and his arrival interested me. "Balfour," I wrote September 3, "is clever and light in hand, but with a certain hardness and cynicism which are not altogether pleasant. 'I am sorry for Dillon,' he said at dinner, 'as if he gets into prison it is likely to kill him. He will have hard labour, and it will be quite a different thing from Forster's ridiculous imprisonments at Kilmainham. There is something almost interesting about Dillon; but it is a pity he lies so. He is afraid of prison, and he is right, as it will probably kill him.' He sat all the evening playing a new game called 'reversi,' which he plays well. He strikes me as a man of considerable capacity, and more backbone than what his 'lackadaisical' appearance would suggest. This is a term used yesterday about him by Philip Stanhope in Parliament, who was called to order for it. He has still some of his quiet domestic ways, but has been hardened by politics, and is now a cynic.

"*Sept. 4, Sunday.*—George and I spent the morning and part of the afternoon reading out our respective poetries. Besides several excellent sonnets

Balfour's Policy of Severity

he read me two longer pieces of very superior merit. He is only twenty-four, the age I was when I first met Lytton at Lisbon, and I certainly had not at that time written anything at all better than these. He has great facility and ought to go far. I read him in return *Griselda* and the *New Pilgrimage*.

“Then we played lawn-tennis, George and I against Balfour and Guy, and gave them, I am glad to say, a thorough good beating for the honour of Home Rule. Balfour is really, I fancy, the best player of us, but he was out of form, and we won three sets to love, one of them a love set. It is rather absurd my being here playing tennis with the Chief Secretary on the very day and at the very hour of the Ballycoreen meeting, where he evidently expects bloodshed. When he came in to tea he said to George, ‘I suppose it’s all over now.’ But he will not hear about it till to-morrow, as he gave orders at the Irish Office not to have his Sunday disturbed with telegrams. Talking last night about some mistake he had made in his game of reversi he said to his partner, ‘There is no more vain and foolish feeling than remorse.’ So I suppose the blood that he expects to shed will not disturb him much. Later he and I had it out about Ireland. He seems to imagine that by locking up and getting rid of Dillon, O’Brien, and half a dozen others he can take the life out of the National movement, and he wants an excuse for so doing. But I told him his expectation was vain; the Nationalists had nothing to do now but to sit still and win; at the next elections in England the Liberals would come back into office, and then, Home Rule being their chief plank, Home Rule was a certainty. To this he agreed, but says it will take two or three years at least for a bill to pass, and in the interval Gladstone may die, and no competent successor be

“*Home Rule will break Parliaments*”

found for him. I assured him it would not be so, and that, if he were serious in preventing Home Rule, he would have to follow Bismarck's example and disregard Parliaments. This he was not prepared for, and said Home Rule would yet break two or three Parliaments. ‘After all,’ he said, ‘when it comes I shall not be sorry. Only let us have separation as well as Home Rule; England cannot afford to go on with the Irishmen in her Parliament. She must govern herself too.’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘she is being governed by everybody except Englishmen—by Scotchmen I should say if you were not a Scotchman.’ I don't think he quite liked this, as he did not take it up.¹

“At luncheon we had a great discussion about modern poetry, and I recited Mrs. Browning's ‘Gods of Hellas,’ which, curiously enough, none of them knew.

“*Sept.* 5.—We went out shooting on the Haddon Hill beat, which is very pretty—but it was a wild stormy day, and the birds were like hawks. We got about twenty-five brace. Balfour was not with us, as he had gone back to London. A telegram came

¹ This conversation, as will be seen in the sequel of this narrative, became a few months later the cause of a quarrel between Mr. Balfour and me, and as that quarrel has long been set at rest, I would willingly omit all reference to it here. But the matter was so public a one, involving innumerable newspaper articles and even discussion in the House of Commons, that I have decided to give the conversation just as recorded in my journal. On some points his words became exaggerated by repetition, and I was much blamed for having divulged what he had said, especially about Dillon's probable death in prison, on the score of its having been a casual utterance in a private house, though there was nothing really confidential about our talk. Its transcription can do no harm to Mr. Balfour now, and will serve to clear up any doubt there may be about it some day in the minds of his biographers. Mr. Gladstone, be it noted, held me justified.

Fight at Mitchelstown

for him in the afternoon, saying that all had passed off quietly yesterday at Ballycoreen. I am glad of that, as there is no need now of fighting. I read 'Esther' to George with success, and had a grand discussion about Socialism and the repudiation of public debts with Percy.

"*Sept. 6.*—All the party are gone but ourselves. I spent the day reading and painting as in the days of old. The visit has been a most pleasant one. We go home to-morrow.

"*Sept. 8.*—At home at Crabbet, preparing for a new start. I have arranged with Lytton to take George Wyndham to see him at Knebworth on the 23rd, and he has written very kindly about it. I mean now to do nothing but poetry, until I have a book ready for publication. In the afternoon Cardinal Howard came over with Mrs. Henry Blount from Imberhorne. We talked a little about Rome, and a little about Ireland. In spite of our political differences he was kind and nice.

"*Sept. 9.*—To Naworth, travelling from London with Mrs. Morris. We arrived about dark. Nobody else staying here, and George Howard going away to-morrow with Mary to Castle Howard, for some temperance festivity. Cecilia, too, is away, and only Mrs. Howard and the other children staying on.

"*Sept. 10.*—Out shooting with Charlie. Coming home we heard the news that there had been a fight at Mitchelstown, in which the police had fired on the people, killing two or three. This is a very serious matter, and may oblige me to go over to Ireland. But I am happy here and loath to move. I have just written, too, to the Home Rule Union, to refuse their proposal that I should go to Dublin as part of a deputation.

"*Sept. 11, Sunday.*—I was troubled about Ireland

Back to Ireland

during the night, and have now decided to go. There are so many who have shirked committing themselves that, now that it is a case of a real fight with the Government, it would be mean to hold back. I have so often resolved to wait for the first blood, and now it has been shed. Up to the present I have never been sure that the Irish meant fighting, or indeed that the Government would force it on. All the same, my flesh and blood rebels against a new political campaign of any kind at a moment when all my ideas are set on poetry, and when I had absolutely determined to hold myself free. There is, however, no help for it. Mrs. Howard, on the whole, thinks with me on the matter. And so I have written to Lough to say he may expect me. The day was rainy, and except for a game of lawn-tennis between showers we did not go out, and after tea I read some of my poetry to Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Morris; the sonnets I wrote at Rome, the piece which begins 'There is no thing in all the world but Love,' and the 'Quatrains of Life.'

"*Sept.* 12.—Shot partridges with Charlie at the old castle farm by the moors. There were plenty of birds, and we got ten brace before luncheon. Then I went in to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Howard. Her talk, however, has discouraged me, and I leave Naworth for Ireland with a heavy heart. William O'Brien was arrested yesterday at Kingstown, and has been taken to prison at Cork.

"*Sept.* 13.—I left Naworth in the gloom of the morning, and travelled with David to Carlisle and Chester. There has been a debate in Parliament, in which Balfour has declared, brutally enough, his policy of hard labour for the Nationalists he can get into his power. There is no doubt, therefore, that bad work is before us, and the only question for

An English Deputation

myself is whether I can personally help in the battle, and whether I am wanted. At Chester I had an hour to wait, and spent it looking at the cathedral. It is very interesting, and less barbarously restored than many. There is nothing more stupid than the present mania for scraping off the whitewash, which was evidently intended as an internal decoration, and of leaving the stone ribs and walls bare. At two the London mail came in, with the members of the Home Rule Union deputation in a saloon carriage, where I joined them. They are not a very interesting lot: Thorold Rogers, Pickersgill, Page Hopps, Eve, the Aldershot solicitor we employed for Arabi's trial, Heald, whom we put forward last year to contest East Grinstead, and a dozen more, but the material of the deputation is of no great importance if it has the approval and concurrence of the Parliamentary leaders. We are to have a meeting in the Rotunda, presided over by the Lord Mayor, and then make a tour of the provinces. I feel little keenness in the programme, but hope to meet Dillon in Dublin and find out what exactly is the case, and whether there is to be real fighting. The affair at Mitchelstown and Balfour's attitude seem to announce a battle.

"*Sept.* 14.—Dublin. We had a preliminary meeting of the deputation at the League rooms to settle arrangements, and then I went on to a conference of Irish landlords, which is being held to consider their hard case. But nothing of much interest was said there. In the evening we had a really splendid reception at the Rotunda, which was densely packed with a most intelligent audience. The speaking excellent, though perhaps we ought not to say so. My own part was a very small one, that of taking the second chair at the end of the meeting, and I only

T. D. Sullivan sings

said a few words. I was glad of this, for until I have seen Dillon I hardly know what line to take. We are in presence of the enemy, and it is no use skirmishing without orders. The only thing of any importance I said was to urge the people not to remain quiet while O'Brien was in prison; and then Michael Davitt, who was sitting behind me, plucked my coat tails and warned me that I had said enough. The best of the entertainment was when, at the end of all, T. D. Sullivan, the Lord Mayor, sang his own song of 'God save Ireland.' This he did admirably, in a voice astonishingly strong and clear for a man of his years. He has, too, a fine style, and his singing touched me more than anything of the kind I had heard since Térésa first gave the 'Marseillaise' at Paris in 1870. There was an overflow meeting afterwards, at which Conybeare was the chief speaker. Then we adjourned to Doctor Kenny's, and held a long discussion with him and his friends about the iniquities of British government in India and Egypt. Finally, I walked home with Conybeare, a roughish fellow, but of considerable merit and information on things political. I explained to him the power of the Jews in the London press, and was glad to hear from him that the anti-Hebrew feeling is becoming strong in extreme Radical circles.

"*Sept.* 15.—The first person I saw to-day was old Doctor Duggan. He is more Fenian than ever. He does not believe in the success of Home Rule on friendly terms with England, and regrets the day when the Chief Secretary needed to walk in fear of his life. If the Irish people, he said, had not the courage to destroy England by destroying her commerce with dynamite, they would be destroyed by her. Every decade, during the last forty years, they

Dillon at Ballybrack

had lost a million souls; in forty more years they would have disappeared altogether; he had seen it all; and he regretted he had not spoken out more strongly on the moral aspect of the case. It was *war* that the Irish were waging, and their only argument with John Bull was fear. Unless the doctrine of passive resistance was canonical, they could not be condemned for returning blow for blow and death for death. Dear old man! He is for blowing up the English men-of-war and for everything else in the way of reprisals: 'But it is their religion,' he said, 'will prevent them—the fear of breaking the law of God.' He had explained many things to Monsignore Persico which were new to him. But he feared the diplomatic necessities of Rome, and that Ireland would be sacrificed. I told him of my audience with Leo XIII, and so consoled him.

"Then I went down to Ballybrack and had luncheon with Dillon and his aunt, Mrs. Deane, and two other ladies, in a villa they have by the sea, and afterwards had a long walk with Dillon along the shore—he called it the 'strand'—and by some pretty shaded lanes which he had known from a child. His father lived here, he told me, in a house with eleven acres on the shoulder of the hill, at that time there being no enclosures nor any of the villas looking towards the sea. When the railway was made they all thought the place would be ruined, but in fact it had served as a safeguard against civilization, for otherwise there would certainly have been made a carriage road with rows of houses fronting the beach. Dillon, with all his Plan of Campaign, is essentially a Conservative in thought and feeling, and there is nothing more absurd than to talk of Home Rule as Jacobinism. Ireland, under her own Parliament, would infallibly be retrograde, at

Ethics of Retaliation

least for several years. Dillon, during this walk, was charming, and discussed the political situation with all possible frankness. I told him my impression of Balfour's character, and the danger there was for him, Dillon, and the other leaders of arrest and cruel treatment in prison; and we argued the point whether personal reprisals would be justifiable from a moral point of view. That reprisals would be taken by the extreme party, Dillon seemed to think certain, in the case of the death of any of them at English hands. But he was not sure whether it would be morally right. 'If Balfour kills us, should we be right in killing Balfour?' I said: 'You had better put that question to Doctor Duggan.' 'That,' he said, 'would hardly do, I fear.' And, indeed, the good old Bishop would undoubtedly decide that such would be an act of war. With regard to public meetings and the chances of his own arrest, Dillon said: 'We have a very delicate and difficult task before us. It will not do for us to be *all* locked up, for that would leave the people without proper guidance and would be a terrible discouragement. They would then be led by violent and imprudent men, and we should have a repetition of the Phœnix Park murders, which would put us back to the position we occupied in 1882. On the other hand we cannot turn tail or cease to hold our meetings. Fortunately there was no Government reporter at Ennis, or I should have certainly found myself within the limits of the Act; and now they cannot take hold of me for that. We must hold our meetings as best we can, and only resist when the police, as at Mitchelstown, put themselves clearly in the wrong. We are to hold our Convention at Limerick on Wednesday, with closed doors, and if the police interfere they will have to break them open, and

Mrs. Davitt at the Mansion House

then they will only find us sitting round a table. Dillon has asked me to go down with him for this Convention, and I have agreed to do so on Wednesday, and shall not be sorry of the excuse to get out of my connection with the English deputation, which is composed of people wholly uncongenial to me. And so it is decided.

“Our luncheon was a good one, a grouse, a cold capon, and a plum tart with cream. Good old Mrs. Deane is evidently anxious about her nephew, and she may well be so. William O'Brien lunched with them there at Ballybrack only last Sunday, and he was arrested the same evening. It is very pleasant to be so entirely trusted as I am by these good people, and I wish I could do more to help them. Walking back to the station with Dillon, he gave me a graphic account of the way the police use their batons and the kind of defence to be made against them with the blackthorn. He tells me he is only thirty-six. Yet he has the experience and character of a man of fifty, and already there are gray hairs in his beard. He is certainly the most fascinating of men.

“In the evening to a party at the Mansion House. It was curious to see the Lord Mayor receiving Dr. Walsh and Michael Davitt—neither of these are at all in the habit of going to social entertainments—and there they were standing together in the round hall built for George IV. The company was mixed, or rather it was confined to the bourgeoisie, for no Irish person who consults his gentility will enter T. D. Sullivan's doors. Yet he is probably the most distinguished man who has ever occupied the Mansion House as Mayor. Mrs. Davitt had quite a little court round her on the daïs where she sat, though she is simple enough with it all. I took her

Hugh Montgomery

husband apart and talked to him, too, of the probability of arrests, and he said it would certainly lead to personal danger for Balfour. He is clearly, however, not inclined himself to be just now the martyr, as he is going next week away from Ireland for some time. He talked, as I thought, ungenerously of O'Brien, who, he said, had brought his arrest on his own head; and he condemned his Plan of Campaign.

“*Sept.* 16.—Called on Hugh Montgomery at the University Club, he having left his card on me. I found him very contemptuous of our Home Rule Deputation, in which he is not far wrong, and of the prospects of Home Rule, in which he is. As far as I can understand him he bases his assurance in regard to landlord supremacy on Gladstone's death and consequent dissensions in the Liberal Party—Balfour's argument—and on the incapacity of the men of the Home Rule party to organize any kind of government if they are put in power. They are mere Jacobins, he says, and peasants, and have no administrative talent, all of which resides with the landlords. He makes, however, a mistake in thinking that, if Home Rule were once certain, the majority of the landlords would not in self-defence join it and so give the party the benefit of their capacity—and a still greater mistake when he thinks the landlords will ever again be protected by England as a garrison. This is nonsense. Not a penny of money will they get, except in connection with a scheme of Home Rule. Montgomery is nevertheless one of the most able and clear-headed of his class, and much that he said was true enough. He travelled up with me afterwards in the same train, though not in the same carriage, as far as Dundalk, and invited me to spend Sunday with him in Fer-

Dr. Walsh on Cardinal Manning

managh if I got tired of Home Rule preaching. He seemed to think we should get broken heads in the north. He has just been elected member of the Landlords Acting Committee.

“Then to Archbishop Walsh, with whom I had an hour’s talk on the land and other questions. He was much amused at the resolution passed at the landlords’ conference approving his own suggestion of a round table meeting, and especially of the reason given for voting it by Montgomery, namely, the landlords’ belief that Dr. Walsh had become frightened at Home Rule and was seeking to back out of his position by a timely retreat. The true reason of the proposal made by the Archbishop is that it was politic, in view of Persico’s mission, to show a readiness to heal the agricultural wound. I asked him about Persico. He said that Persico, having started on his tour round Ireland better posted up as to Irish affairs than ever a stranger had been before, was finding everything he had been told confirmed in the provinces. Dr. Walsh was in high spirits about the way things were going at Rome, and he warmly praised Cardinal Manning for the part he had played there. The Cardinal is in constant correspondence, he said, with the Pope, and, on the occasion when it was reported in the London papers that the Vatican had reproved Dr. Walsh, he had written to the Pope to say that, so far from Dr. Walsh being worthy of chastisement, he, Cardinal Manning, would long ago have merited much more to be chastised had he been Archbishop of Dublin instead of Westminster. The union of the two dignitaries has in truth been the saving of Ireland. Of Cardinal Howard he said he knew how much he had done against him at the Propaganda; but the Pope understood the position, and one day, when Dr. Kirby

A Visit to Ulster

was at the Vatican, the Pope had cited the gift of 200,000 acres of land in Australia for missionary purposes as a proof of what was possible under an English Government; to which Dr. Kirby had made the prompt reply that the Government of Australia was not an English but a Home Rule Government, the same that they were asking for Ireland. The Pope then said, laughing: 'It is lucky for you that Cardinal Howard is not here with us to-day, or I should know how to answer you.'

"I asked Dr. Walsh his opinion how I ought to act in case of being at any meetings interfered with by the police; and he said he should advise, in the case of proclaimed meetings, that they should be held elsewhere than at the spot proclaimed if the platforms were occupied by the authorities, otherwise the police might be resisted if they were the aggressors. I think this is the true attitude to take. He suggested, too, that Irish speakers, prevented from addressing meetings in Ireland, should go over and make their speeches in England. But this would entail vast expense, and I told him there would not be funds.

"At two I joined Thorold Rogers, Eve, and Hobson, my fellow Deputies, at the station and went with them to Omagh. Rogers is a thorough don, puffed up with his own importance, and monopolizing the glory of the Deputation, which we are willing enough to concede him—affecting, too, as dons do, a universal acquaintance with the world of fashion. His stories, however, are amusing, and he is a mine of historical information. Hobson is an excellent fellow. It is dull work, though, being tied to them, but may possibly be of use to the cause.

"We arrived after dark at Omagh, where a torch-light procession, not of a very imposing character,

Dinner with the Davitts

escorted us to the hotel, and a few short speeches were made, and then there was nearly being a row between the police and the mob owing to the seizure of some tar barrels. But all ended quietly.

“*Sept. 17.*—There was some idea of our meeting to-day being proclaimed, and the magistrates seem to have consulted about it, and we on our side arranged our programme in case of interference. The following is the draft I drew up, to be used in case of need, which we signed.

“‘We, members of the Home Rule Union, acting as a deputation and charged with a message of sympathy to the Irish people, protest against the interference of the Police with our right of holding a public meeting to deliver our message. We distinctly repudiate any desire to incite to a breach of the peace; but we are firmly determined to adhere to our programme, and shall continue to address the meeting until prevented by force, in which case we shall hold the magistrates and the Police Inspector personally responsible for any disorder that may arise.’ The meeting, however, was quite a peaceable one. We made our speeches, and I think did some good, and then we went on to Strabane, where another meeting was held. I had to leave it in the middle to catch the night train to Dublin; and here once more I am.

“*Sept. 18, Sunday.*—I am sorry I wrote two days ago what I did about Davitt, for, though perhaps founded on a certain amount of truth, I have done him injustice. After writing my letters and calling on the Lord Mayor I went down to Ballybrack, it being a lovely afternoon, and dined with Davitt and his wife, and then went on with him to spend the evening with the Dillons’ party at Vartry Lodge. It is easy to see by the cordial intercourse of all

Powderley and Henry George

and their plans for William O'Brien that there is no real want of good feeling on Davitt's part or any lack of harmony; Davitt, however, is really out of health, having had a severe attack of diarrhœa, and his sister tells me he only weighs ten stone, which for a man of his height shows serious evil. He will have to take a rest if he is to do work later when the troubles of the no rent days are renewed; and Dr. Kenny, who came in while I was talking to him, recommended a sea voyage to Lisbon and the Mediterranean. But I am inclined to think he has some other project in his head, though what I cannot quite divine. Old Dr. Duggan had just gone when I arrived, and our talk naturally turned on Fenianism. 'Fenian and saint' I had called Dr. Duggan once to Davitt, and he had repeated it to the old Bishop, who it appears was much pleased at the appellation. Dr. Duggan, too, had told Davitt that I was the only Englishman whom he quite trusted about Ireland. We discussed the more violent remedies of patriotism, which Davitt always holds in reserve for extreme cases, and the possibility there might be for action against certain persons, as for instance if Lepel Griffin were appointed to succeed Redvers Buller and govern Ireland on the Indian system. We are not, however, come to this yet, and civilization still has resources.

Davitt's newest plan is to get over Mr. Powderley, the head of the Knights of Labour in America, to help them in their autumn campaign. Powderley's position in America is this: the Knights of Labour, being Christian Socialists and for the most part Irish Catholics, have quarrelled with Henry George, who is violently atheistical, and he has consequently lost his chief support, and Powderley has become the Conservative leader, 'if one may use the ex-

Indians for Irish Seats

pression' (I am quoting Davitt), of the movement. He and O'Brien are allied, having come together over O'Brien's quarrel with George at New York last spring, and he represents an enormous vote at the coming Presidential Election. His use in Ireland will be that the English Government will not dare touch him. His American citizenship will prevent that, backed up as he needs must be by all parties competing for the Irish and Socialist vote; and when the Plan of Campaign is renewed in November he will take a chief part in it. Davitt showed me this gentleman's photograph, which was that of an energetic, serious-looking man. But photographs are always deceptive. Then we discussed the possibility of including the enslaved natives of the East in our ultimate campaign against the British Empire. I explained the situation in India and Central Asia with the policy of the Russian Government. This suggestion was not mine, but Davitt's own; and he said, what he has told me before, that he has several times suggested to Parnell the advisability of giving a couple of Irish seats to Indians, so as to put the Irish movement on a broad footing of humanity. I dissuaded him, however, from this, as I do not think Ireland can afford as yet to undertake the championship of humanity, nor do I expect that the Indians could help her in any substantial way. I agreed with him, however, that after Home Rule was given, this should be the policy of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, and also that we would make a move to get Arabi invited to Dublin, where he would have an immense reception.

"Then we walked down after dinner to Mrs. Deane's, where we found John Dillon, with whom I have arranged to meet him to-morrow night at

Dr. Kenny

Thurles station, whither I go to-morrow morning to see Dr. Croke. He recommended me to provide myself with a blackthorn, and I shall get it blessed by the Archbishop. They all walked back with us to the station—that is to say, Dr. and Mrs. Kenny, and two other visitors, and with these I returned to Dublin. Dr. Kenny is an old member of the Home Rule party, having been martyred early in the movement by losing his place, I forget exactly what, in the medical profession. Mrs. Deane's last words to me were that I must 'take care of John and not allow him to get into the Government's hands.' This I promised her I would do.

"*Sept.* 19.—To Thurles by the early train, but found to my chagrin that the Archbishop is away, and I have had to spend my day with Father Arthur Ryan, the President of the Seminary, a good fellow, but less interesting. It is curious how the absence of Dr. Croke takes the life and meaning out of Thurles. I found his little dog Fiji sitting disconsolately in his garden, but all looked black and formal, in spite of an astonishingly beautiful afternoon, with which I was forced to content myself reading O'Connor's 'Parnell Movement.' I met Dillon at the hour appointed, and we came on together to Limerick Junction, where we are to spend the night.

"*Sept.* 20.—The Limerick Junction Hotel, Dillon tells me, used to be the head-quarters of the League in its early days, on account of its central position; and he still speaks of it with affection, though in truth it is as desolate a refreshment-room place as you would wish to see. We walked up and down the platform, while he pointed out to me its beauties and those of the Golden Vale in which it stands. This is the richest part of Ireland, and all the way

Dr. O'Dwyer at Limerick

to Limerick we passed through splendid country. In the train we were joined by Mr. Abraham, M.P. for a division of Limerick, a dark, good-looking man, who has just arrived from London.

"We were met by friends at the station on arrival, and proceeded to Cruise's Hotel, and on, after breakfast, to attend the Limerick Convention, which was the purpose of our visit. The meeting consisted of about one hundred delegates from various parts of the country, convened to discuss ways and means for the coming campaign. Dillon made an excellent speech in his best manner, a little hesitating and commonplace at first, but growing in strength and feeling, all that a speech should be. He never prepares his speeches now, or hardly at all, a thing he regrets, but he had given attention to this one as it is a great occasion, being in fact a declaration of the League's policy. Our first resolution was in protest against O'Brien's arrest, and he asked me to speak to this, and I did so. I was glad to do it, as O'Brien has been in my head for the last forty-eight hours.

"The Convention over, we paid a visit to the Bishop, Dr. O'Dwyer, whom we met walking out with his chaplain to his country house. We walked on with him, and he brought us in and gave us tea; and a curious conversation ensued which, if it could have been reported to the 'Times,' would have caused some malicious comments. Dr. O'Dwyer, whom I remember last year as a shaky kind of patriot, has now gone over bag and baggage to the enemy; and he took Dillon severely to task for his Plan of Campaign at Herbertstown, which he talked of as 'highway robbery and plunder,' asserting that The O'Grady, whose the estate is, was a much injured man. Dillon, however, defended himself with great courage and frankness. He told the

The Herbertstown Case

Bishop that he, or rather O'Brien, had taken up the case on the assurance as to facts of the priests, and that on them the responsibility lay of any injustice that might have been done. He could not, however, now, just or unjust, back out of the matter and retire in face of the enemy, even supposing the Bishop's case to be correct. All that he could do would be to accept any offer of a compromise honourable to the tenants which should be offered. On this, the Bishop put forward a feeler, and I think very likely he has been commissioned by The O'Grady to effect a settlement. All the same, it is most unfortunate that the diocese should have fallen into such hostile hands. Dillon explained to me afterwards the history of the relations of the Party with the clergy, and how obstructive they had been in times past and still occasionally were. I told him I considered it very unfortunate, but urged him, whatever he did, to keep well with the Church. Its support is really what has made Home Rule a possibility and given it its moral status in public opinion. He quite agreed in this, and indeed he is so prudent and well advised in all he does that he hardly needs advice. I could not help admiring the tact with which, while speaking plainly enough, he dealt with the Bishop. The latter is a dangerous little man, and it appears that he is heading a reactionary movement in the Episcopacy which may yet bring evil. I am glad it was not another Englishman that was present at this discussion. I have urged Dillon, however, to come if he can to a compromise at Herbertstown, and this he promises me to do if it can be honourably done.

"We went back after dinner to Limerick Junction, where we slept, this time in the same bedroom, as the house was chokefull.

Talk with Dillon and Davitt

“*Sept.* 22.—Michael Davitt joined us last night from Dublin on his way to Cork; and this morning, having finished a song I had written about O’Brien, I showed it him, and he pitched at once on the line ‘every hedge lends argument,’ applying it to moon-lighting, which is not what I intended. Both he and Dillon, however, agree that the Dublin papers would not dare to publish it on that account. I shall send it to O’Brien in Cork gaol, and he can do with it what he likes.

“After breakfast we (Dillon, Davitt, and I) took car to Mitchelstown and had a most interesting conversation on the way as we walked up the hills together. Davitt said he had altered his views of late about education, which he was beginning to see had its dangers for Ireland as well as its advantages. Every post brought him in requests from farmers’ sons for places as clerks or pressmen, and the labouring population was getting too proud to dig. If this was to be the result of education, it could not be well for Ireland, and the education he was inclined to wish for was a manual one. In this Dillon cordially agreed, and I need not say that I did also. Dillon is essentially conservative in his ideas, and anti-socialistic, and I am glad to find Davitt, too, beginning to realize the fact that the National movement in Ireland is a little reactionary, and that, put into open competition with the world, the Irish race, whatever it might achieve, would lose its individual existence. Davitt is off to Cork to-night, but Dillon and I stay here.”

I remember that during our walks both Davitt and Dillon spoke with strong feeling on the necessity there was of getting the land question settled without delay, seeing the rapid diminution of the agricultural population; in another twenty years it might be too late.

Harrington at Mitchelstown

“ On arriving at Mitchelstown we stopped at the Court House, where the inquest in connection with the riots was going on. Harrington was cross-examining a policeman of the name of Ryder, in somewhat outrageous fashion it seemed to me; but he said afterwards that this was necessary if you were to get anything at all out of the constables. He had now succeeded in frightening them, and they were confessing everything. Dillon then gave his evidence, which the counsel for the police hardly ventured to question, and left absolutely unshaken. According to this, it is abundantly clear that the original trouble in the square was caused by police interference, and that afterwards certain members of the force, having been roughly handled and driven back to their barracks, fired without orders and maliciously on the crowd. We went on, after the Court broke up, to inspect the positions, which quite plainly prove these points. The Court House is fifty-four yards from the corner of the square. There were only a few boys actually in the street near it; and, to fire at the mob in the square, it must have been necessary for the constables to lean quite out of window, inasmuch as the square lay to their right, and firing from the right shoulder this would give an awkward shot. Moreover, only six panes of glass in the barracks are broken, and the police confess to having themselves broken two of them. It is positive, therefore, their firing was not in self-defence, but in revenge. There is the worst feeling here between the police and people, and Dillon has all his work to do to keep peace between them. The little inn is choke-full of press reporters, and Dillon and I have again to sleep in the same room.

“ We went in the evening first to visit Mr. Mandeville, who is in the Bridewell charged along with

Mandeville and his Gaoler

O'Brien, and next to his brother's house in the town, where songs were sung by Condon and others, and where I recited mine about O'Brien. There are several Englishwomen and Americans in the town—Mr. and Mrs. Forster from Boston, Miss Mander, Miss Cobden, Mrs. Sickert and others, also Rowntree, M.P. for Scarborough, an intelligent and pleasant man. Condon is a great character. Originally a butcher or meat contractor, now an M.P., a great rollicking fellow full of life and Irish wit, he has been the soul of the movement here, the priests being men of little initiative and held in check by their Dean, a man of the old school. Harrington, too, is very amusing, with astonishing go and impudence. However tragic the Irish struggle may be to Dillon, to them it is an excellent farce, in which they play their parts admirably to an ever laughing and delighted audience.

“*Sept. 23.*—To-day we had a holiday, going to the Mitchelstown caves. Our party consisted of Dillon, Harrington, Condon, Forster, and the ladies. It was a lovely day and we were all in high spirits. The last joke is that Mandeville and the prisoners in the Bridewell got hob-nobbing last night with their gaoler, who was so inspired by patriotism and whisky that he threw them the keys of their dungeon, and they availed themselves of his generosity to the extent of going out for a couple of hours' leave, returning to prison later so as not to compromise their friend. Dillon assures me it would be quite possible to get O'Brien out of nearly any prison in Ireland, for the turnkeys are generally their partisans in secret, and O'Brien is universally beloved. Now, however, there is no question of that, for O'Brien does not want to get out, but to go to gaol and assert his right, for the sake of other political prisoners, to

O'Brien's Trial

decent treatment. His intention is to refuse the prison dress, even if they strip him and leave him naked, and to refuse every menial labour. Thus he will establish the claim of all political prisoners to proper treatment. But it will be hard work. Harrington declares they will give him three months with hard labour. We expected him here to-day, but he did not come.

“The caves are curious, but damp and disagreeable, and such things interest me little. Dillon was more imaginative and declared it would be the most horrible of fates to be lost in such a place. He is not much of a climber and lagged rather behind. Harrington amused himself by purloining some whisky and provisions belonging to a party of press reporters who were also visiting the caves.

“*Sept.* 24.—The day of O'Brien's trial. We had a grand consultation last night and this morning as to our course of action. During the night a proclamation was issued forbidding all assemblies in the town, and Dillon and Condon went at once to declare that no meeting was intended. This had been decided on last night, as both Dillon and Harrington were strongly of opinion that no colour should be given for the idea that they wished to intimidate the magistrates in regard to the trial. I have all along advised that, seeing how admirably the inquest on the riots is going, no second riot should be permitted to take place. All that is required in the way now of demonstration is just sufficient to convince English opinion that the League is alive, proclaimed though it be; but for this it is not necessary to have a collision with the police more than very rarely, and battle should never be given except with every advantage of situation. To-day it would be hopeless to rout Her Majesty's forces, as the

A Packed Tribunal

town is held by a battalion of the Guards, a troop of Dragoons, and some fifty constables. At the same time it was hoped that people would flock in to show their sympathy with O'Brien. All in the end has passed off as intended, and I am glad to say without trouble. Some 8,000 men (not women or children) came in from the country round, but without music or banners. At ten we called on the minor prisoners at the Bridewell, and then walked on along the road to the cross ways, where we waited O'Brien's arrival. Here he presently appeared, grotesquely escorted by a troop of dragoons and a number of pressmen in cars and a deputation from Cork with a green banner. A single dragoon rode in front, but seeing our party in the road fell back upon the main body, fearing apparently an ambushade. Then they swept by in a cloud of dust through our cheers. O'Brien, arrived at the Court House, was a spectacle for heaven, powdered with dust from head to foot. He looked as if he had been performing the Via Dolorosa. He was in high spirits all the same, and we were able to shake hands with him and wish him luck, and the ladies to present him with flowers. The square was occupied by the Guards, in their scarlet uniforms and shakos, drawn up across each opening.

“ The proceedings of the trial were very interesting, both from the composition of the Court—it was as much a packed tribunal as any in the Stuart days—and from the absurd nature of the evidence. The facts, of course, were not denied, but of *evidence* there was not a particle. It had been manifestly got up by Captain Plunkett and the police for a set purpose, and, as the magistrates were also appointed by Captain Plunkett, the trial was an absurdity in law far more than in justice. Harrington all along intended to throw up his case, so as to give O'Brien the oppor-

Captain Plunkett

tunity of a personal address to the Court; and this he very ingeniously managed by provoking the Court prosecutor to insult him and then returning him the lie, a comedy grotesque enough to those who were behind the scenes, and throwing down his papers. We then all adjourned to a still more exciting scene. In the middle of the trial Dillon and Condon slipped away and, walking outside the town, made speeches to the crowd in a meadow, and this had so enraged Captain Plunkett, a swaggering, loud-voiced fellow in a check suit, that he was doing his best to provoke a collision with the crowd. Dillon then came out with great dignity and courage, standing between the people and the constables and walking up and down, very pale, like a caged black panther it seemed to me, and cowing both with his presence. Condon and I, too, did what we could to appease the crowd, and for a moment I thought there would be a collision, but fortunately it did not come to that, and after parading his men offensively for half an hour Captain Plunkett retired with them, the regulars having preceded him. It was an anxious moment, and Dillon told me afterwards it was a still more anxious one for himself, for the police were thirsting for a row, and the tenant farmers were nothing loath. It was best, however, as it was, only it made one very angry to see all this display of armed force to suppress a free people, and for the hundredth time I cursed my country with its red coats and black coats and its absurd truculent ministers of an infamous law.

“*Sept.* 24.—We went early to the Bridewell or prison to see O’Brien, whom we found in the highest possible spirits. He and his fellow prisoners had spent a merry evening singing patriotic songs, and his description of the gaolers coming in to caution

them was very amusing. 'I do not wish,' the gaoler had said, 'to interfere, gentlemen, with your diversions, but I would remark that there is an echo in this place and that you'll be heard in the street.' We then had a great discussion as to whether he should appeal and give bail, and both Dillon and I were strongly of opinion that he should, as it would give him a month or so of liberty to continue his campaign in and make no difference in the end. He promised me, too, to let me know whenever he should have arranged for a large demonstration, as I wish to come back for it and to carry on the war with them during the autumn and to bring Anne with me.

"We then went on to the Court House and heard the trial out. Harrington having thrown down his brief, O'Brien was his own lawyer to-day, and made a very vigorous defence. He has two tones in his voice, one low, soft, and very touching, the other strident and declamatory. He began in the first, and standing up before his judges he was the ideal of a martyr speaking to an unjust tribunal. His declamatory harangue which followed I liked less, and yet it, too, was very powerful. Dillon sat next to him, to advise, and on the other side sat the Dean, a white-haired old priest of the Douay school. It ended, just as Harrington had all along predicted, in a sentence of three months imprisonment, and, indeed, I feel sure the words uttered by the Bench had been dictated in Dublin Castle. Eaton, the chief magistrate, denied that he read the sentence, but I was just behind him and saw the paper he was reading. The whole trial was a farce, and so, too, will be the punishment, for O'Brien will be out on bail to-night and attending meetings of the League during the whole of the following month.

"This done, Dillon and I drove back to Limerick

Dillon's Early Life

Junction, a lovely drive in lovely weather, and so by the late train to Dublin. On our way we discussed many things. He told me something of his early life, how he had first rushed into politics as a supporter of John Mitchel's, and canvassed Tipperary for him on Fenian lines. They were opposed then by the clergy, and the very men who were now working for him had then shut their doors in his face. He was a medical student, and very poor. One day he remembered going the whole twenty-four hours without food, and having not enough money to pay his railway fare back to Dublin. John Mitchel's whole expenses for the county election were only £60, and, though defeated the first time, they got him in the second. Dillon's views now are conservative enough, not to say reactionary. He looks upon the invention of machinery, and especially of railways, as a curse to humanity, and he is against secular education, and inclined to Protection. Even on the land question he is conservative. He would not abolish the game laws, and spoke strongly on the folly of promiscuously destroying wild animals. He would also be very sorry to see the old parks and domains cut up and their trees felled. We passed along the park wall of the Mitchelstown estate, and he spoke with regret of the old Lord Kingstons, who must have been 'princely fellows in their day'; parks like these were an inheritance for the nation, and must be protected. We then went on to Eastern politics, and I told him of the constitution of Arab society, and described Hariri to him. In this he was much interested. Though no poet, he has an interest in romance and the things of the Middle Ages. His favourite song is 'Mary at the Stile,' and he was quite excited to hear that I had known Lady Dufferin, who wrote it. Dillon is certainly a charming

fellow, and I have never seen him to such advantage as in these last days. We parted at Dublin with, I think, mutual affection, and with promises to renew our campaign together later in the autumn. I am glad to think that I have been able to bring him back safe to his aunt at Ballybrack.

“At the Imperial Hotel I found Thorold Rogers and Eve, and went with them to the Contemporary Club, where we spent an interesting evening discussing the land question with Townsend French.

“*Sept. 25, Sunday.*—To Kingstown by the early train, meaning to go on to London. But the fast day-service is taken off, and so I remained at Kingstown till the evening. This gave me the opportunity of attending an open-air meeting by the seaside, where I made a speech about recent events. Dr. Kenny was there, besides Rogers and Eve.

“As good luck would have it, I found Prior Glynn in the night train, and travelled with him as far as Crewe. He was, all the spring, in America, and gave me a very exact account of Irish affairs there. McCafferty is now the leader of the dynamite faction, O'Donovan Rossa being merely a wind-bag and discredited. McCafferty was in prison with Davitt, and served seven years, having before that fought on the Confederate side in the American war. In prison he was always irreconcilable, and when at last he, with the rest, was to be released, and the Governor of the gaol, as the custom is, went with him to the prison door, expressing good wishes for his future prosperity, McCafferty would have none of it, and said, with a curse, that he would cut the Governor's throat on the very first opportunity—so much so that the Governor delayed his delivery until he had consulted the Home Office. McCafferty then went to Australia, and afterwards

Talbot's Skull

to the States, where he made a large fortune in silver mines. He has since devoted this to his revenge. It was he who got up the Phœnix Park assassinations and the band of Invincibles, being in reality the No. 1 then so much talked of, and not Tynan. McCafferty was in Dublin last time the Prince of Wales was there, designing to have him killed. He had quarrelled with all the Parliamentary party, and even with Davitt, who runs some risk at his hands. He is a man of great courage and determination, but thoroughly bad. Prior Glynn told me also the history of Talbot, the police inspector, who pretended to be a Fenian and a Catholic, and who took the sacrament so as to betray the Fenians. He was shot eventually by a man named Kelly. Prior Glynn was in Dublin one winter and happened to slip and fall on some ice, and a man picked him up, who, when he had done it, exclaimed 'I was the boy who shot Talbot.' Talbot's skull is, or was, preserved in Cork gaol, having been used in evidence at the trial. Prior Glynn saw it there some years afterwards, with the bullet mark in it, when it still 'stank horribly.'

"The Prior explained to me, next, Father McGlynn's quarrel with the Vatican. Father McGlynn was a good, unselfish, and very charitable man, but he had madness in his family. He had been educated at the Propaganda, and was named head of the American College. But the Americans wanted to be independent of the Propaganda, and Dr. Corrigan was appointed instead. Thus there was an old quarrel between him and Dr. Corrigan. Dr. Corrigan had been much in fault in the affair, but it was now hopeless. Dr. Gibbons had explained things at the Vatican, and about the Knights of Labour, which Dr. Corrigan had condemned. Davitt's

Father McGlynn and the Vatican

quarrel with George was about Cardinal Simeoni, whom Davitt had apologized to at Prior Glynn's suggestion. It was better they should have nothing to do with George. Powderley was a good Catholic and an honest man. About the Bishop of Limerick, he said that Dr. O'Dwyer's action was caused by jealousy of Dr. Walsh. He had been a much stronger Nationalist than Dr. Walsh, but was jealous now, and seeking to head a rival party in the Episcopacy. The inspirer of the English press at Rome was a certain Mr. Bellamy, a hanger on of the English College, but holding no position. Prior Glynn strongly advised me to go to America next spring, and to Rome in January.

"*Sept.* 26.—Arrived in London at 6.30 in the morning, and on to Knebworth, where I arrived in time for breakfast. Anne and Judith are here, and George Wyndham. It is like returning from another world."

CHAPTER IX

MY ARREST AT WOODFORD

THERE is another long gap here in my diary, and unfortunately one which, if filled, would have included the most important incidents for me of my Irish campaign, inasmuch as they led to my arrest and imprisonment at Loughrea, and to much else that had its historic significance. In returning, however, to Ireland on a somewhat sudden summons from Dillon, received on the 14th October, I, with a presentiment of coming trouble, left my diary at home, being unwilling that it should fall into hostile hands, and it was not till some weeks later that I jotted down a few brief notes of what had happened, enough to enable me to fill in my narrative of events with at least a certainty as to dates, and some approximation to accuracy in regard to the rest.

My stay at Knebworth was a very brief one, and I do not remember that in my talk there, either with Lytton or with George Wyndham, we touched upon my Irish adventures. There was a tacit understanding between me and Lytton that politics should be avoided when we met, and we had enough to interest us in our common love of poetry, and the higher things of the spirit, without troubling each other with matters where we knew we differed. From Knebworth I went back to Crabbet, where, and at Newbuildings, I spent a fortnight in complete inaction, except for a correspondence which took place between me and my friend Evelyn, of Wotton, in regard to a proposal he then formally made me of resigning his seat at Deptford in my favour if it could be so arranged with his constituents.

Evelyn's position in the Tory Party had become an impossible one through the passing of the Irish Crimes Act, and Balfour's speech, foreshadowing extremities of coercion, decided him to retire from Parliament. Evelyn was a man of a highly chivalrous nature, with ideas no longer prevalent in the House of Commons of strict adherence to his pledges, and it irked him that Lord Salisbury and the Tory party, after having denounced the Whigs for their coercion laws in 1885, should now, in 1887, have brought in an Act ten times stronger of coercion for Ireland. Without being quite a Home Ruler he sympathized with the Irish in their present struggle, and being at the same time unwilling to vote against his party, he saw no way out of his difficulty but to retire from Parliament, and transfer his influence, which was great at Deptford, to me. We were country though not near neighbours, and at the 1885 elections had worked on the same lines, as holding Lord Randolph Churchill's opinions rather than those of the main Tory Party. He came to talk over these things with me on 4th October. "I urged him to stay on in Parliament and declare himself a Home Ruler. But he said he had not the courage for this; he could not stand alone, and he had not a soul in the world to go with him, not even his wife, an Ulster Protestant, whose view about Ireland was that the people should be shot down, and the priests hanged. If I had only got in for Camberwell in 1885, he and Hanbury and half a dozen others would have followed me into a Conservative Home Rule cave, but without a leader they could do nothing; he was therefore resolved to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds as soon as Parliament met."

On the 12th, after some further correspondence, I

I return to Ireland as Delegate

paid him a return visit at Wotton, and a kind of understanding was come to between us that when he did so I should take his place as candidate for Deptford at the by-election, and in the meanwhile I was to return to Ireland. On the 13th I went on to London, and calling at the office of the Home Rule Union was commissioned by them to act while in Ireland as their delegate and representative in order to test the validity of the Crimes Act, especially in the matter of forbidding public meetings, which it was thought could best be done by placing the Government in the dilemma of having to arrest an Englishman for doing in Ireland what in England was admitted to be the right of every peaceable citizen. About this I wrote to Dillon, and awaited only his approval before starting. At the same time the following letter reached me from O'Brien:

“ 11 Oct., 1887.

“ DEAR MR. BLUNT,

“ It was only yesterday I received your note. It was wandering about after me to various addresses. Ireland is such a country of surprises it is always difficult to tell when or where events of importance may arise, but I think you may rest satisfied that the next week or fortnight will afford many occasions on which your presence would be of enormous value.

“ I think Balfour is bound to make a ‘splurge’ of some sort to retrieve the recent disaster, and he will probably suppress the League *en masse*—after which the deluge. Next Sunday we will hold at Woodford (co. Galway) a meeting, upon which I think much will turn. It will be on Lord Clanricarde’s estate and in a ‘suppressed’ district. The chances are that it will be ‘proclaimed,’ but that we will of course make provision for. If you could come in time to attend

O'Brien's Meeting at Woodford

that meeting, it would be a great advantage to us, and I need scarcely say that your wife's co-operation would lay us under an additional obligation. If, however, you have already formed engagements which a visit to Ireland this week would upset, depend upon it there will be many other occasions during the winter when we shall need you and shall not hesitate to call on you.

“With kindest regards, sincerely yours,
“WILLIAM O'BRIEN.”

On the 14th I had to fulfil an old engagement to my friends at Kidderminster that I would take part in a Home Rule demonstration they were having there, and it so happened that, while I was speaking at their meeting that evening, Dillon's telegram in reply reached me, urging me to come at once to Dublin, an incident which gave a dramatic turn to the proceedings, and obliged me to conclude my speech abruptly, and, taking a carriage hastily sent for, to gallop twelve miles in the dark to catch the Holyhead mail at Crewe. There I found my wife and her maid Cowie, who had also been telegraphed for to come. It was in the expectation, therefore, of great doings that we arrived on the morning of Saturday, the 15th, at Dublin, knowing that a crisis had occurred, and that something in the way of a fight with the Government must have been arranged by our friends, in which we might hope to take a part.

At the Imperial Hotel, instead of Dillon, we found O'Brien, and learned from him that he was on the point of starting for Limerick to hold a meeting in one of the proclaimed districts, and he strongly urged us to accompany him, promising that we should have an exciting time, and as Dillon, he told

Bodyke and Tomgreany

us, had already left Dublin on one or another such errand, I easily allowed myself to be persuaded, and without stopping so much as to wash or breakfast I went on with him to catch the train, leaving, however, Lady Anne and Cowie to await the event or rejoin me later, for there was no time for anything but a rapid decision. They were tired with the night's journey, and there was prospect of hard work before us. At the station we were joined by another Englishman, James Rowlands, M.P. for one of the London boroughs, and his wife, with Macdonald, a "Daily News" correspondent, and a correspondent of the "Freeman," and, our party thus made up, we all travelled to Limerick together, O'Brien entertaining us on our way with a slight sketch of what it was in his mind to do. This was all rather in the vague, except that he was under engagement to hold a meeting at Woodford, the meeting referred to in his letter, either Saturday or Sunday, and that the district in which Woodford lay had been proclaimed. At Limerick we stayed a couple of hours only, enough to get a wash and a rest at Cruise's Hotel, and then O'Brien, having gathered information about what there was going on in the neighbourhood, decided that we were to go first to Bodyke, where evictions were in progress, and from that to Tomgreany, where there was to be a small meeting, and then by a long night's march to Woodford, the real object of our expedition. Much mystery was preserved by him about this, Bodyke and Tomgreany being in reality visited only for the purpose of putting the police, who were on the lookout for him, on a wrong scent. The telegraph clerk at Limerick Junction had warned him that he had "been on the wires" since the morning. In that day O'Brien's popularity in the West of Ireland was

We Evade the Police

such that nearly every one was in complicity with him against the Government, down to the smallest employé on the railways, and the prison warders.

We left Limerick, therefore, in a two-horse break, ostensibly for the Bodyke evictions, but, without stopping there more than a few minutes, drove on to the priest's house at Tomgreany, where we dined. After it a small meeting was improvised, less for the purpose of satisfying the people of the place, who were anxious to hear O'Brien speak, than to give him an opportunity of mystifying the police, and enabling him to slip away unperceived to Woodford. This he managed by announcing casually in the course of his speech that he was to stay at Tomgreany that night, police reporters being, as he knew, among the audience, and then retiring as if for the night to the priest's house. The meeting was held on the village green, a picturesque place with a rock and a tree noted as having been used by O'Connell for one of his mass meetings during the Repeal agitation. From the priest's house, having left Mrs. Rowlands at the inn, Rowlands and I and O'Brien, after a pretence of retiring to bed ("Heaven forgive me," said O'Brien, "for that deceit") crept down in the dark, and having been conducted by our host through some gardens and passages behind the presbytery, found ourselves once more outside the village, where fresh cars were in waiting for us.

It was a pitch dark night, altogether favourable to our evasion, and several times after we had emerged into the high road on our way to the cars, and we had two miles to walk, we passed groups of police, but without being challenged by them. It was a long tramp, as we each of us had our hand-bags and wraps to carry (on this occasion David was not with me and I was in my frieze coat), but once in the

The Proclamation Burnt

cars these wraps were very welcome, as it was bitter cold, and we had twenty weariful Irish miles before us, and an Irish car is the least comfortable of conveyances. I was never more pleased than when at last we met a man on horseback come from Woodford to meet us, who told us the end of our journey was close at hand. It was signalled to the Woodford people by the sudden lighting of bonfires made by the ready plan of setting matches to the furze bushes of a common, and presently the whole country round was in a blaze. Presently, too, we found ourselves escorted by an enthusiastic mob of country people each with a clod of turf dipped in paraffin, and carried on the point of a pitchfork, a simple and very effective kind of torch, and so in a flare of triumph we at last reached Woodford. It was astonishing that the light of it did not reach Loughrea, where a large body of police was stationed; but they slept peacefully through it all, and our proceedings that night were not interfered with. They had been taken in by O'Brien's announcement that we were to sleep at Tomgreany, and some of his friends had also had the precaution to cut the telegraph wires.

Arrived in the village, we alighted about midnight at the house of my friend Keary, a well-to-do shop-keeper living in the principal street, and there we held our meeting, O'Brien addressing the crowd below from an upper window. It was a dramatic performance, which he concluded appropriately by burning a copy of the Lord-Lieutenant's proclamation, which forbade all public meetings in the district, and defying the impotence of the law. Rowlands and I also made speeches, though what we said I do not well remember. There were no reporters present, and it was a moment of great excitement, and I

Clanricarde's Evictions

have no doubt we talked wildly, as did all the rest of the company.¹ It did not end till between two or three in the morning, when at last we got, still in Keary's hospitable house, to bed, and slept peacefully till aroused about daybreak by a large body of constabulary with a company of regulars arrived from Loughrea to occupy the village. It was a case for them of "Too late for the fair," and the laugh in the streets next day was very much against them. It will be seen, however, that my presence at the time of the burning of the proclamation was later on to be used effectively against me in connection with the trial of my case in the Dublin Four Courts.

The rest of the day after the meeting we spent making a round of the evicted houses on the Clanricarde estate, the most interesting of which was a fine old sixteenth-century tower on the shore of the lake, which the tenant Burke had fortified and provisioned with the intention of standing a long siege in it by any process-server who might be sent against him. With its moat and drawbridge it was easily made impregnable against the ordinary officers of the law, but troops had been sent against him from Portumna, who, arriving by boat in the early morning, had surprised the place and taken possession while the tenant was away. It was now in the charge of an emergency man, with a guard of police, a ruffianly fellow who, seeing us approaching from the land side, rushed out at us with a double-barrelled gun threatening to fire. It needed the persuasion of the police and their explanation that Rowlands and I were Englishmen to prevent a conflict. It was a picturesque incident, typical of the ill-feeling then preva-

¹ At the trial three months afterwards at Dublin, it was put in evidence that my speech that night had been the most moderate of all that had been made.

Irish Hospitality

lent, and the disturbed state of the country. In the evening we dined with Father Coen, a merry party, with speeches, songs, and much drinking of whisky, which I, with my temperance habit, found not a little wearisome. It was an aggravation of my hardships when campaigning in western Ireland that there was little anywhere that I could eat or drink, though I was constantly being feasted with all possible hospitality by those who wished to do me honour, laymen and clericals. Irish cookery in those days, whatever may have been the other Irish virtues, was the rudest that the civilized or, perhaps, even the uncivilized world could show. In its ordinary form the flesh meat was restricted to bacon, which my Eastern prejudice forbade me to touch, and for drink, to whisky, from which I was equally debarred. The eggs were seldom of any freshness, and the potatoes, good in themselves, were made impossible of digestion by being so superficially boiled as to retain what was called 'a bone' at the centre, leaving hardly anything cooked enough on the outside for even the most hungry man to venture on. There was never any sweet dish, or fruit, or green vegetables. On grand occasions only, at clerical entertainments, the fare was more abundant, yet almost equally disappointing. The ordinary programme of such a feast was a first course consisting of a boiled leg of mutton, half cooked, like the potatoes, at one end of the table, and a roast goose at the other, and when these had been removed, a second course consisting of another precisely similar roast goose and another boiled leg of mutton, their positions on the table being reversed. The meal stopped there, whisky potatoes supplying all further deficiencies. I do not mean, in saying this, to criticise in any special way the good fare set before us by Father Coen or to pay other than a

A Night of Wandering

tribute of praise to the hospitality of one and all at Woodford. The peasantry and the middle classes in Ireland from which the clergy are recruited are distinctly higher in breeding, and in every thing that deserves respect than the same classes among ourselves in England. It is only in their cookery that they are deficient, a deficiency to be noted in varying degrees among all the European peoples who remained outside the radius of the ancient Roman civilization.

The night that followed our Woodford escapade was occupied with an even more adventurous drive than that which had preceded it. O'Brien and Rowlands had gone back to Dublin and it was my intention, the dinner at Father Coen's being over, to spend the rest of the evening with the good bishop, Dr. Duggan, at Loughrea, and for Loughrea I started in an outside car, taking with me Mr. Cox, one of the Irish M.P.'s who had turned up in the course of the afternoon, and an Englishman whose name I have forgotten. The car driver, however, had partaken of Father Coen's bounty, and was not in his soberest condition, and after driving us for some hours about two o'clock in the morning acknowledged that he was out of all reckoning, and knew not in the least what road we were on, or which direction we should take. It was an almost uninhabited country, and, after passing a solitary cottage where we were refused admittance by an old woman, who taking us for moonlighters, parleyed with us through the shutters of her windows and would give us no information, we had half resolved to spend the night in a field by the roadside, and I had already begun to build up a camp fire from a turf-stack lying handy, when a light was signalled by one of the party who had gone forward on foot to explore, and we went on

Gort

and presently found ourselves in front of what proved to be an evicted house occupied by a party of police. It then became a matter of argument between us whether it would become us as defiers of the law to ask help from such a quarter, and indeed it was a humiliating case, but the night was cold and the higher law of necessity was held to be more valid than the other, and so prevailed to the extent of our sending in Cox to represent us as a party of distressed Englishmen, and get the information wanted. It proved that we had wandered many miles away from our road, that Loughrea was at an impossible distance, and that the nearest town was Gort. At Gort, then, between three and four in the morning we found ourselves rousing the town with our knocking at the door of its principal inn. This was in due time opened to us by two sad-visaged women who resented our intrusion on their rest, but consented to a turf fire being lighted in the travellers' room, by which we thawed our half-frozen limbs. There were beds somewhere, but unmade, and presently we had to yield this comfort of the fire to the ladies of the house, who explained that the two horsehair sofas of the room were their own habitual beds. I preserve a grim recollection of that night and of the good town of Gort and its lugubrious inn, memorable to me otherwise as being Lady Gregory's post town at Coole.

The next morning, October 17th, I returned by train to Dublin, falling in with O'Brien again at Ballinasloe, and so on, the same day, to Ballybrack, where I found Anne, staying with Mrs. Deane and the Dillons. The 18th, 19th, and 20th were occupied with a visit to Wexford for a first trial under the new press act, where I renewed acquaintance with John Redmond, and there was some talk between us, if I

An Episcopal Dinner at Arklow

remember rightly, of my paying him and Parnell a country visit at Aughnaraghan, a plan which the events of the following week, to my regret, put an end to. I went also to Coolgreany and Arklow, and visited the Land League huts. At Arklow we found everybody expecting the visit of the Papal Envoy, Monsignore Persico, and Dr. Walsh, but the latter only arrived, Persico being afraid to commit himself further in view of the new legislation. But it is a pity he should have absented himself for we had a really interesting evening, at the house of the parish priest where we had dined, in which Dillon and O'Brien, as well as the Archbishop, were present and spoke. At it O'Brien made by far the best speech I remember to have heard from him, for at a small gathering such as this he was able to control his voice and what he said was persuasive and touching. It explained the nature of the relations existing between the Nationalists and the Church, and Persico could not but have been affected by it. They asked me, too, to speak, and I dwelt on the wonderful revenge history had taken on Celtic Ireland's English persecutors. It had first persecuted their faith, causing them thereby to cling the more to it, and adding a religious obstinacy to their obstinacy of patriotism; secondly, it had persecuted their language, insisting upon English being taught them in their schools, and armed with this weapon they had subdued their masters in Parliament and in the English press; and, thirdly, it had driven them from their homes to multiply and grow strong in riches and power in America. These three revenges of history are certainly as astonishing as they are true.

· On the twenty-first, having returned that same night to Dublin and hearing on the way that evictions were once more taking place at Woodford,

Back to Woodford

where a girl's head had been broken in an affray with the police, it occurred to me that the moment was now come for me to take action as delegate of the Home Rule Union, and after consulting Dillon and O'Brien on the point of its opportuneness, I decided to return at once to Woodford and hold, not a secret meeting such as the last had been, but a public one. They both approved of this, warning me only to be careful not to give the police an excuse for bludgeoning the mob, and advising me to hold my meeting in a meadow rather than in a street, where there would be less danger of a collision, though of course certain risks would have to be run. But they thought I might take my wife with me, and, as I found her awaiting me at Ballybrack station where Dillon and O'Brien got out, I came on with her to Dublin, and we made up our minds to the venture. We were to have no Irishmen at all on the platform, but to collect what Englishmen we could find to make the demonstration with us. It was with difficulty that we effected our start by the early train, and alighting at Ballinasloe we took car together, a long twenty mile drive, arriving at Woodford late in the afternoon. Here we were hospitably entertained by John Roche, the patriotic miller, in his comfortable mill house just outside the village, and by his equally hospitable and patriotic wife and sister. The evictions had been postponed, they told us, and the constabulary force had left that morning for Portumna, and it became a question whether or not under the circumstances our intended meeting should be held. Roche, however, whom I consulted privately about it, was strongly in its favour, as he was of opinion that it would probably have the effect of stopping the evictions altogether, and it was agreed between us that we should draw up a hand-

We announce a Meeting

bill of the meeting which he undertook to get printed early the next morning at Loughrea, announcing that it would be held at two o'clock on Sunday the 23rd. My name alone was to appear upon the bills as delegate of our Union, for Rowlands who had also returned to Woodford for the evictions, and whom we had hoped would associate himself with it, was seized with a sudden fit of caution; as member for a London constituency he was not a free man, he said, and stood in fear of his electors—they might disapprove of anything suggestive of a defiance of the law, and especially if it was to take place on a Sunday; he had business calling him back to Dublin on Saturday; and he had his future prospects in life to consider. Mrs. Rowlands, however, was of a more heroic temper, and it was finally agreed that both he and his wife should stay over Sunday, and though his name should not appear upon the bills that they should accompany us to the platform. And so the thing was settled.

On the morning of the 22nd we had our bills posted through the town and also at Loughrea. The afternoon we spent as we had done the week before at the evicted houses, and once more visited Burke's Castle, this time in company with a French artist named Renouard, who was travelling in the interests of the "Graphic" to make sketches of Irish evictions, and was being bear-led by a Norfolk ex-parson Fagan, also on the "Graphic." What Renouard had seen in the course of his tour had made of him a strong Home Ruler, though he was still mystified on certain points of the situation, and found it difficult to understand the savagery of the government action in a Christian country. When we arrived at Burke's castle the emergency man repeated the demonstration he had made on our first visit, rushing out of

Our Plan of Action

his stronghold gun in hand, and threatening us as trespassers; and, taking him for a moonlighter or some such "vaurien," the little Frenchman threw up his hands in astonishment: "Mon dieu, mon dieu," he exclaimed, "est-il possible qu'on permette d'assassiner en plein jour—et la police qui regarde!"

Late at night a telegram arrived from O'Brien warning me that our meeting for the next day had been proclaimed at Dublin, and that copies of the proclamation had been despatched to Woodford by the mail train, a timely notification, because it gave me and Roche time to consider the position at our leisure and concert our plans. I told no one else the news that night for I had no great confidence in Rowland's resolution, and it seemed unnecessary to disturb the others from their rest; it would be time enough in the morning for the facts to disclose themselves. With Roche, however, I discussed the details in full, and how we best could carry out the recommendation given us to make the meeting as far as possible an English one, and while defying the authorities publicly and unflinchingly, avoid for the Woodford townspeople the danger of their being fired on should soldiers be sent to reinforce the police against them. It was a matter for me of anxious responsibility, for the threat embodied in the Dublin Castle orders, "Do not hesitate to shoot," had been acted on to the loss of life some weeks only before at Mitchelstown, and our object was not to fight a physical but a moral battle. It was arranged, therefore, that Keary's mead, a paddock of two or three acres close to the High Street, but not quite adjoining it, should be secured for the meeting, a position from which it would be illegal for the police to eject us on the mere pretence that we were causing the obstruction of a thoroughfare, though close at hand

Our Meeting Proclaimed

and in full evidence; also that our appearance on the ground at two o'clock in the afternoon, should be punctual to the minute, inasmuch as the dinner hour being one o'clock and all things in Ireland habitually behind time, no great crowd might be expected to have assembled such as would invite a serious collision by the strength of its numbers; I was also to write a letter to the Chief Constable challenging his legal right to intervene by force, and so raise the whole question of the validity of the Lord Lieutenant's orders. All this required a good deal of consideration, and my sleep that night in Roche's mill was not a very sound one,

Sunday, October 23rd was our day of the Woodford battle, and I had already written a first draft of my letter by the time the earliest dawn appeared, and with it news, brought in by Roche's children who had been sent out scouting, that the village had been occupied during the night not only by 150 of the Constabulary but by a company of H.M.'s Scots Guards. This was indeed doing us honour beyond all we could have hoped, and placed our little meeting on an almost heroic footing. Having called Anne and told her how things stood, and found her prepared for all eventualities, I myself ran out into the street, and finding a copy of the proclamation still wet upon a wall, pulled it off and brought it in with me. It seemed too good to be true, a proclamation headed with the royal arms forbidding our own special meeting, and signed with all pomp and circumstance in Her Majesty's name by Lord Londonderry as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Arthur James Balfour. The answer to it, already half drafted, did not take long to finish; and, as it was in the sequel submitted to no less a legal authority than the Lord Chief Justice Sir Charles Russell (Lord

In Her Majesty's Name

Russell of Killowen) and pronounced by him to be a perfectly sound exposition of the common law of England on the point, I shall be excused for giving it as well as the text of the vice-regal proclamation in full.

[Text of Proclamation]

“ Londonderry,

“ Whereas, It has been represented to Us by information duly sworn that a Public Meeting has been summoned to be held at Woodford in the county of Galway on Sunday the 23rd of October 1887.

“ And that the object and effect of the said meeting will be intimidation and interference with, and resistance to the administration and enforcement of the Law, and that the said meeting will cause alarm and terror, and will produce a breach of the peace.

“ Now, We the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland do hereby Prohibit such Meeting and do strictly caution and forewarn all Persons whomsoever that they do abstain from taking part in or encouraging or inciting to the same.

“ And we do hereby give Notice that if in defiance of this Our Proclamation any such Meeting at Woodford or its neighbourhood shall be attempted or take place the same will be prevented; and all persons attempting to take part in, or encouraging the same, or inciting thereto, will be proceeded against according to Law.

“ And we do hereby order and enjoin all Magistrates and officers entrusted with the preservation of the Public Peace, and all others whom it may concern to aid and assist in the due and proper execution of the Law, in preventing any such Meeting as

Text of my Letter

aforesaid, and in the effectual dispersion and suppression of the same, and in the detection and prosecution of those who after this Notice shall offend in the respects aforesaid.

“Given at Her Majesty’s Castle of Dublin, this 22nd day of October, 1887.

“By His Excellency’s Command

“ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

“God save the Queen.”

[*Text of my letter.*]

“To the Officer in Command of the Constabulary, Woodford (and sent also to Major Frere, Officer in Command of H.M.’s troops).

“Woodford, Sunday Morning Oct. 23 1887.

“Sir,

“It having been announced to me that the meeting of the Home Rule Union advertised for this afternoon has been proclaimed at Dublin Castle, this is to inform you that I do not recognize the right of the Lord Lieutenant causelessly to interfere with a meeting convened by orderly Englishmen, loyal subjects of Her Majesty, for an orderly and loyal purpose. As chairman of the meeting I shall appear in my place at the hour named, and shall use my full authority to make matters pass quietly and with decorum. I guarantee the moderate language of the speakers, who are to be all Englishmen, and if uninterfered with by the police, the good conduct of the audience. On the other hand, I give you fair notice that on you and on your men will rest the full responsibility of any breach of the peace, should you seek by forcible means to disperse the meeting. I hold you personally responsible for any wanton

A Patriotic Sermon

attack on the unarmed crowd, and I warn you, in dealing with the speakers, that there will be ladies as well as gentlemen present on the platform.

“Since writing the above, I have seen the terms of the proclamation, and notice with surprise that a sworn information has been laid before the Lord Lieutenant to the effect that the object of the meeting to be held to-day will be the ‘intimidation and interference with, and resistance to, the administration and enforcement of the law, and that the said meeting will cause alarm and terror’ [I quote the words of the proclamation] ‘and will produce a breach of the peace.’ I need hardly say that the meeting of the Home Rule Union—a purely political organization—convened by me, had and has no such purpose, its object being on the contrary to encourage the unfortunate victims of Lord Clanricarde’s rapacity to a steadfast and patient endurance of their wrongs, which cannot now be of long duration, and to excite the indignation of civilized humanity against the scandalous travesty of law and justice exhibited in this neighbourhood, and the details of which, in their full indignity to Her Majesty’s authority, no one should be better acquainted with than yourself.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

“*Chairman of the Meeting.*”

This done and written out in duplicate we went to breakfast and after it to mass, accompanied by Sheehy, the Nationalist Member for the County, who had unexpectedly turned up, and found there the whole population of Woodford assembled, to whom Father Roche, our friend the miller’s brother, delivered a short discourse by way of sermon exhorting all to pay no attention to the proclamation what-

We March to the Meeting

soever and without fail to attend the advertised meeting. Rowlands in the meantime and Fagan and a new English arrival Mr. Macer Wright from my own county of Sussex had assembled at Roche's house, and having obtained their approval of the letter I entrusted the two last each with a copy to be delivered to Inspector Byrne the Divisional Magistrate in command of the police, and to Major Frere the officer in command of the regulars. We delayed this purposely till midday so as to leave as little time as was just necessary for an answer, and while waiting for this we adjourned to Keary's house in the centre of the town and close to the meadow where our platform was already erected. It was not long before the answer came, delivered by Byrne in person and to me. Had I read the proclamation, he asked, and if so did I understand that my holding it would be illegal. I answered him by asking in return whether he had read my letter and saying that I would act according to my judgement. My object was to reach the platform without hindrance and in this we, rather contrary to my expectation, succeeded.

Precisely at two we formed our procession which consisted of Anne and myself, Rowlands and his wife, a valiant little lady, the Revd. Fagan, the Norfolk ex-parson, and Macer Wright, with Sheehy, Roche, Keary, and others to escort us to the platform, but, as calculated, with a tail of only a hundred or two of the townspeople and without drums, banner, or display of any kind. Rowlands had drafted the resolution to be proposed and was now in good heart, and I was to open the proceedings as Chairman of the meeting. Keary's presence with us was necessary as that of the owner of the meadow which the police might otherwise have raised difficulties about our entering, and so it proved. At the gate of the meadow Byrne, a

“Men of Galway”

great burly fellow, had posted himself with four of his constables and would have contested our passage through but for Keary's alertly turning the tables upon him by complaining loudly of his own trespass on his, Keary's, land; and, unprepared for this, he let us pass, and we reached the platform some fifty yards away without more hindrance, though Byrne, who had posted the main body of his men at the end of the field, waved to them to advance and guard it, the regulars being held in reserve. The constables, however, were not in time to prevent our mounting the platform, and wasting no time in the preliminaries usual to public meetings, I opened the proceedings by coming forward to address those who had followed us into the enclosure. Byrne, in the meanwhile, had mounted the platform behind us and interrupting asked me formally whether I was the same Mr. Blunt whose name had been printed on the handbills as calling the meeting and informed me that he was Division Magistrate Byrne, that the meeting was illegal, and that it was his duty to prevent it. I answered briefly, "It is my duty to hold it," and without further words began my speech.

What I intended to say as Chairman of the meeting was that we English delegates of the English Home Rule Union had come to express our sympathy with the Irishmen of the proclaimed districts, and especially with those of Woodford, and to make protest against the denial of the right universally claimed by our countrymen to meet and speak where grievances existed. All, however, that I was given time actually to utter was, I believe, the three words, "Men of Galway!" when a rush was made at me from behind and I found myself suddenly pushed forward off the platform by Byrne and his satellites, who had mounted it at his signal in our rear; my wife and

Swept from the Platform

Mrs. Rowlands were swept off by the same impulse with the rest of our little group. It was no great drop for us to the ground, as the platform was less than four feet high, and the line of the constables having cleared it passed on beyond us intent now mainly on batoning the crowd. There may have been some 300 people present by this time. Father Coen alone was left standing on the platform disputing with Byrne, while the rest had passed on.

This gave us a new opportunity, and seeing the place otherwise unguarded I again mounted, followed by Anne, and once more began to speak, though in truth my audience was too much occupied with its rough-and-tumble with the police to pay much further attention to me. I was determined, however, that we would not be driven a second time from our position except by actual force, and when Byrne attempted to repeat his manoeuvre gave him as good as I got in the pushing-match that ensued between us, until he had to call for help, when seven or eight of his men ran back and, laying hold of me, dragged me as before to the edge of the platform, from which we all again toppled over together. In all this, being prepared for it, I did not lose my temper, nor had I much to complain of on the part of the constables in the way of undue violence towards myself. Byrne alone among them was brutal, and towards Lady Anne. Anne had during the whole affair obstinately clung to me, and he, seizing her from behind by the throat, hurt her considerably in his attempts to drag her off. Once on the grass and in their hands I lay there passive, while Anne, who thought me injured, adjured them to stand off; and they would have let me go had I been so minded. But my mind was now made up to push things to their ultimate issue and force them

Arrested and in Gaol

to arrest me, and while they were hesitating what to do I jumped to my feet and, facing a band of them drawn up in front of us, I shouted suddenly: "Are you all such damned cowards that not one of you dares arrest me?" It had the desired effect, and one of them, Sergeant Wade, thereupon came forward and, laying his hand on my shoulder, arrested me. "It is all right now," I whispered to Anne. "Come along." And so they marched us off.

The only real trouble in this little battle occurred as we were leaving the field, when stones began to be thrown at the police, and one of these, Inspector O'Brien, was rather badly hit, an accident which was followed by a baton charge in the street on our way to the Court House, in which Keary got knocked over the head, and Roche, having defended himself with a blackthorn, got arrested. Major Frere and his men of the Scots Guards we passed on our way, but their active services were not called upon that day in the interests of law and order, and presently we found ourselves locked up for the rest of the afternoon in an upper room of the police station.

That same evening I was brought up with Roche, before a local J.P., charged with resisting the police, and being committed, was offered bail on condition that I would hold no further meeting that night. This, however, I refused on the ground that the proclamation had been irregularly drawn, it having been stated in it that certain informations had been sworn as to the intended meeting which were "false, perjured, and untrue," and so was in itself invalid. Whether this was good law or not I did not know, but it was rejected as a reason, and so I was ordered to be sent to Loughrea and lodged there with Roche that night in gaol.

It was a long journey that Roche and I made

A Constable Stabbed

there in the dark, all the longer for the demonstrations of sympathy displayed towards us on the road. Not only were we greeted with bonfires and torch-light processions at every village we passed through in honour of ourselves, but as a mark of peasant anger against our captors large stones had been rolled into the roadway, which it took time for the police to clear away. Byrne had lent his brougham for the occasion, as there was no prison van, and we were comfortable enough, but the journey thus obstructed was a long one, and it was well past midnight when we arrived at Loughrea. Here the carriage was surrounded by a surging throng of well-wishers who pressed round us to seize our hands and curse the constables who from time to time charged in among them with their batons, and, as we neared the prison doors, I saw a man from the crowd spring like a wild cat on to the box-seat and, quick as lightning, strike the constable who was driving us a blow, as I thought, with a stone—it was really with a dagger—and disappear again into the night. On arrival at our destination I was questioned by those in charge of me about this, but the morality of the gaol had already claimed me from the simplicity of truth, and I denied stoutly having seen anything. The driver was but little hurt, his thick coat saving him; and the striker of the blow, an old hand apparently, was never identified.

Once inside the prison gates a feeling of great peace succeeded in me to that of the long day's excitement, such as I have experienced more than once on board ship when riding into still water after a storm; one's responsibility for the time was over, and sleep was one's only wish. Loughrea gaol, in truth, was no very terrible dungeon, and Roche and I were received in it by all there as friends. The

A Night in Loughrea Gaol

gaol-keeper was not only a kind-hearted man but a sound Nationalist, who disguised his opinions so little as to have a portrait of Gladstone set up conspicuously on the wall of his private room, into which he brought us to warm ourselves by the fire while the best cells in the place were being got ready for our reception. There was ample choice, seeing that except for ourselves the building was empty of prisoners. Of common crime, other than what was called "agrarian," western Ireland was at that time almost entirely free, and Loughrea was no exception. My cell was small, only eight feet by six, but the bedding was amply sufficient for a tired man, and I slept as soundly as at home.

Such in its plain facts is the history of my Woodford escapade. As an episode personal to myself, it had nothing in it which deserves to be called heroic, though it was treated as such by the Liberal journalism of the day, and though in truth no little courage was displayed by my wife and Mrs. Rowlands on the occasion, at a time when women rarely took part in political scrambles, or exposed themselves to being rough-handled by the representatives of imperial law and order. All the same, it had a large political importance in its day, and from one point of view deserves to be remembered in Irish history as being the first recorded instance, in all the four hundred years of English oppression, of an Englishman having taken the Celtic Irish side in any conflict, or suffered even the shortest imprisonment for Ireland's sake. After a single night in Loughrea gaol, I was brought before two removable magistrates, and was sentenced by them to two months' imprisonment—it was left doubtful whether with or without hard labour. It will exemplify the extremely low level of the justice at that time administered in Ire-

A Sentence of Two Months

land when I record that these two persons entrusted with summary powers were neither of them possessed of any legal knowledge or even of social fitness, one of them being a Limerick grocer, the other a decayed racing man, who, on the very day on which he was sentencing me, was having judgement delivered against himself for debt in the Court of Queen's Bench. Yet the case they were set to try was one of extreme constitutional complexity, needing high magisterial ability. The only evidence adduced against me in Court was the testimony of the police proving that resistance had been made. There was no attempt to show an illegal object in the meeting or the probability of a breach of the peace, or that the case came under common police regulations for free traffic in the streets. The ignorance displayed by these amateurs of the law was such that after declaring the proclamation to have been issued under the Crimes Act, and finding that decision to be untenable, they fell back on a reference to the Common Law, and in the end gave judgement on the astonishing ground that "all resistance to the police was unlawful." Cross summonses against Byrne and the police were refused by them, and also against Balfour as representing the Dublin executive; and I was sentenced, as already stated, subject only to an appeal to Quarter Sessions. As the sentence had every appearance of illegality, I availed myself of the appeal, and was forthwith released on bail. It seemed doubtful whether the case could be proceeded with against me.

That night I spent with my good Bishop, Dr. Duggan, in his forlorn abode, the episcopal palace of Loughrea. The grand old peasant prelate was in more than his usually emotional mood, and shed

Sir Charles Russell Approves

tears of joy over Lady Anne and me at having achieved what was in his eyes a martyrdom, an act of sublime reparation for the secular wrong done to his people by the Saxon enemy. Having entertained us with his best, and in truth it was but scanty fare, he discoursed to us, as was his wont, of the historic past in strains that moved and consoled us, while outside the palace gates the people of the town and of the country round, having learned our presence with him, began to assemble. Presently torches were lit, and a great surging crowd besieged the doors, demanding an opportunity to bid us welcome; and the good Bishop, casting prudence to the winds, addressed them from the steps in words which have, I imagine, seldom been uttered in such strength on any occasion by episcopal lips. As the meeting was a spontaneous display, the usual Government reporters were not in attendance that night, and tongues were free, and the Bishop's speech, half sermon, half appeal to passion, though even so he was careful not to incite to violence, left all who heard him weeping. For myself I could never listen to Dr. Duggan in such moods without being moved to tears.

On our return to London, my first step was to consult Sir Charles Russell as to the legal aspect of my case, and submit to him a written statement of the facts. Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen, and Lord Chief Justice, was the greatest luminary at that time of the legal world, and the lawyer most trusted by Gladstone and the Liberal Party; and having read the statement, which included the text of the proclamation the posters announcing the meeting and the letters addressed by me to the Chief Constable and the Commander of the troops, he pronounced my attitude and action in the affair

Legal Opinion

to have been a perfectly correct one, and my letters in entire accordance with the maxims of the Common Law, an opinion embodied some days later in the following document signed not only by himself, but also by Mr. Asquith, now Prime Minister, Mr. Robert Reid, now Lord Chancellor Loreburn, and Mr. W. S. Robson, afterwards Attorney-General and Lord Robson, all of them then Queen's Counsels and M.P.'s.

“ OPINION

“ I. Upon the facts brought before us, summarized in the accompanying statement headed Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's arrest at Woodford on 23rd October 1887, we are of opinion:

“(1) That the action of those members of the Executive who are responsible for dispersing the Meeting held at Woodford on the 23rd of October 1887 cannot be justified either at Common Law or under the Crimes Act. And

“(2) That at Mr. Blunt's trial there was no evidence given on which he could properly be convicted, and that the conviction ought to be set aside on appeal.

“ II. We are also of opinion, on the facts before us, that Mr. Blunt has a good cause of action for assault against the persons who actually used force upon him at the meeting, and those members of the Executive under whose orders they acted,

“ C. RUSSELL.

“ R. T. REID.

“ H. H. ASQUITH.

“ W. S. ROBSON.

“ 28th Nov. 1887.

“ 10, New Court, Lincoln's Inn.”

Thus vouched for, a public meeting having been

A Tour with Sir W. Harcourt

held under the chairmanship of Mr. Schnadhorst, at which I was invited to tell the tale of my adventure, and submit to cross-questioning as to its incidents, a test which I sustained to the entire satisfaction of my audience, I was formally acknowledged as having rendered good service to the Liberal Party and the cause of Home Rule, and received an invitation from Sir William Harcourt, with whom I was not as yet personally acquainted, to join him in a tour of the North of England on which he was about to start, while my friend Evelyn insisted now on vacating his seat as Tory member for Deptford, and proposing me as anti-Coercionist candidate in his place. I was glad to accept Sir William's proposal, and with reluctance the other, being urged thereto by my Irish friends.

The tour was a successful one. In Harcourt's company and that of several minor lights of the Liberal Party, I attended a round of meetings in the chief Northern cities, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm as 'Balfour's Criminal,' enjoying a short-lived popularity as such entirely at variance with the general experience of my public life, but which Harcourt declared to be for the moment 'second only to Gladstone's.' Our touring party was an amusing one. Harcourt himself a sympathetic and jovial personality was the best of good company, and night after night, the meetings over, he sat up with us entertaining us with stories excellently told, and he and I speedily made friends, and remained so I am glad to remember for many pleasant years until his death. I have known no one of greater conversational powers, a readier wit, or more good humour in exchanging buffets with rivals and opponents. To me he was invariably kind, and allowed me, though his junior by many years in age,

all possible latitude in argument on subjects where I differed from him. He had the art, not only of talking admirably himself, but of inciting others to talk their best, and his heart was not difficult to touch being near the surface and always a warm one. If I carry these memoirs into later years they will be found to contain much wit and wisdom of which he was the exponent. Thorold Rogers was another of our company, a story-teller, too, but of a less pleasant order; and for some nights we enjoyed the companionship of that prince of humourists, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose *rôle* it was on one or two occasions to introduce me to his constituents as 'a convicted law-breaker,' and 'criminal under Mr. Balfour's Act.'

Among the many friends, who on the news of my arrest and sentence expressed their sympathy, none was more welcome to me than Randolph Churchill's, who took a public occasion to say some pleasant words in my favour, although we were parted now politically. My young undergraduate friends at Oxford, too, telegraphed their congratulations, and Herbert Vivian from Cambridge announced his secession from the Tory Party, a conversion accepted as a serious political event by the 'Daily News'—he being then, if I remember rightly, no more than twenty or twenty-one years old.

Another who at this time took up my cause with vigour from among the front bench Liberals was my relative, George Shaw Lefevre, now Lord Eversley. I had not, so far, seen much of him in public life, but we now made friends, he being a strong Gladstonian and Home Ruler; and a good friend he proved when rougher weather followed the fair wind of favour I was now enjoying. As to my candidature at Deptford, though towards the end of the year I agreed to it, it never smiled on me, and I gave it

My Trial at Portumna

little of my attention, having enough to attend to in other ways. Nevertheless the fact of my being announced, shortly before the date of my appeal case in Ireland, as candidate for an English borough gave importance to my coming trial, and made of it a considerable political issue in the public mind. All the party world was interested in the result, for it was felt that here was a test case by which the success or failure of Lord Salisbury's plan of "twenty years of resolute government" and his nephew's Coercion Act would be gauged, and that, if either my sentence was reversed on appeal, or if I won the Tory seat at Deptford on anti-coercion lines, Balfour would lose credit even with his own side, where there were so many anti-coercionists. That that really was so has been confirmed to me in later years by those most nearly interested in the result. As a consequence my return to Ireland for my trial was treated as an event of importance to be reported in full by all the London newspapers. The "Times" was to have a special correspondent at Portumna, where the Quarter Sessions were to be held, and most of the other great journals were to be in like manner represented. My long relations just then with the "Times" were, if I remember rightly, for the time interrupted by the temporary absence of my old ally Button from London in connection with his recent marriage.

The first days therefore of the New Year saw me once more in Galway to surrender to my bail at Portumna. I had left London fortified against the extremities of prison treatment by a double recommendation, temporal and spiritual. Sir Andrew Clarke, Mr. Gladstone's own Scotch medical adviser and privileged friend, had thumped and sounded me and given me a letter of hygienic advice

“To amuse Arthur Balfour”

to be handed when the time came to the prison doctor; and Cardinal Manning had bestowed on me his archiepiscopal blessing, and promised that if the worst befell me he would travel to Ireland and visit me in gaol. Many good wishes attended me besides these, and not a few friends to lend the countenance of their personal presence at the trial. Among them were the two Evelyns, my friend of Wotton and his brother Edmund, George Lefevre, John Pollen, John Murray Macdonald, now M.P., and half a dozen of the Irish members, with several ladies, Miss Jane Cobden, and her sister Mrs. Sickert, Mrs. Kenny, and Miss Mander. Lady Anne of course was with me, and also Herbert Vivian, who in view of the coming election at Deptford I had taken on as private secretary; Stafford Howard, too, and Rowlands.

As to the result of the trial it was from the first a foregone conclusion, the only doubt having been whether the authorities at Dublin would push the case, so doubtful a one in law, to an extreme issue. Lord Salisbury, talking of the matter a few days before, had said to a friend of ours, Lady Alice Gaisford, that he thought they could not imprison me, inasmuch as the meeting could not be proved to be illegal, and in reply to her further question as to the proclamation had explained, “Oh, that was to amuse Arthur Balfour.” Our Irish advisers, however, had no such illusions. Knowing the ways of Dublin Castle they affirmed that, law or no law, the sentence would be confirmed. The judge, who was to try the case without a jury, Mr. Justice Henn, would do neither more nor less than the Chief Secretary ordered him; and whatever the evidence or lack of evidence it would make no difference in the result; in political trials the law in Ireland had always

Atkinson and Carson

made itself the handmaid of the Government, and so it would be now. Nor did they exaggerate the case.

The case against me was conducted on the part of the Crown by Atkinson and Carson, two of the Castle bloodhounds, who for high pay did the evil agrarian work in those days for the Government of hunting down the unfortunate peasantry when, in connection with the eviction campaigns, they came within reach of the law. It was a gloomy *rôle* they played, especially Carson's, and I used to feel almost pity for the man, when I saw him, as I several times did, thus engaged in the West of Ireland Courts. My counsel for the defence were The Macdermott and Tim Harrington, capital fellows both, who gave their services gratis, but not for that less ably.

The trial—if trial it can be called—lasted a week. Portumna was, so to say, the capital of the Clanricarde territory, and being there had for me a certain melancholy attraction through the circumstance that, some sixty years before, my father—a friend of the Clanricarde of the day—had paid more than one visit to it for purposes of sport, and that I myself had in former years been friends with the present owner, in conflict with whom I now, more by accident than design, had placed myself in the grip of the law. The family seat of the Burkes lying low in its meadows beside the lake, shut up and deserted in its winter bareness, was a mocking reminder to me of these things, and in the intervals of the trial, when the court was adjourned, I used to wander through its desolate grounds, trying to imagine what my high Tory father's feelings would have been, as ex-officer of the Guards, squire, and Justice of the Peace, could he have foreseen that his son's first and only

Proceedings under the Crimes Act

visit to the place he had frequented as a guest would be in the character of law-breaker and accomplice of its owner's rebel tenantry. But these are among the common contrasts of life, and fortunately we do not foresee.

It would serve no purpose were I to say more of the trial than that the evidence produced against me on the present occasion, though more skilfully arrayed, was little more convincing of illegality than that brought before the Woodford magistrates. After the first day's proceedings I ceased to take any great interest in the case, for it was clear that Mr. Justice Henn had decided on a conviction; and in a conviction, or rather in a confirmation of the earlier sentence, the trial resulted.¹ All that was doubtful was

¹ Lord Eversley, who was present at the trial, thus described it at the time in his "Incidents of Coercion": "Mr. Henn, the County Court Judge, has been long on the Bench. His reputation among the tenants is of the worst. . . . At Portumna he has always been lodged and fed at the cost of Lord Clanricarde. . . . The impression left on my mind by the long proceedings in the case now before him was that he was completely under the influence of the Crown lawyers; almost without exception he followed their direction or suggestion in the various legal points which came before him. . . . Nothing could be more bitter than the tone of these representatives of the Crown towards Mr. Blunt. Every particle of evidence which could be scraped together to connect him with proceedings of a more doubtful legal character and with more violent persons was adduced and was admitted by the judge, while everything throwing light upon his objects and intentions, and every point of evidence bearing on the conduct of Lord Clanricarde and the eviction of his tenants was rigidly excluded. . . . After five days' trial, in which every possible advantage was allowed by Mr. Henn to the representatives of the Crown, he gave judgment in the case. . . . Mr. Henn was evidently determined to do his utmost to prejudice Mr. Blunt in the eyes of the British public and to cover him if possible with ridicule and contempt. Mr. Blunt, in his view, in coming to Woodford was actuated only by a desire of notoriety; he was a vain man of an unbalanced judgment. In order to convict Mr. Blunt and to

Sentenced on Appeal

exactly the character of the imprisonment imposed, whether as a first-class misdemeanant, or as an ordinary prisoner with the rigours of the plank bed, deprivation of books, and the penal incidents of oakum picking, and other forms of hard labour. The imposition of these depended entirely on Mr. Balfour's goodwill and pleasure, and it was a matter of speculation with me whether he would make experiment on me of those methods he had forewarned me of as designed to subdue the resistance of the Irish leaders. It had become, in some measure, a trial of personal strength between us, and I felt obliged to prepare myself for the worst. The imposition of the full sentence, when at the end of the fifth day it was delivered, came as a signal that I might expect the worst, and for the first time in the affair I recognized that I had a possibly serious fight before me, with incidents perhaps deserving good Doctor Duggan's name of martyrdom. It was an inspiriting thought which lightened that dark January afternoon.

Sentence delivered, I was once more arrested and placed under strong escort for conveyance by train

hold the meeting of the 23rd an unlawful one, the judge was obliged to bring in aid the midnight meeting of the 16th. For this he held Mr. Blunt to be responsible; he described the burning of the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, which the Crown lawyers had treated as a document of no legal value, as an act of insurrection for which, as Mr. Blunt did not intervene to protest against it or to prevent it, he was equally responsible with Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Blunt was also held responsible for the strong language of Mr. O'Brien and other speakers. . . . On the strength of these views Mr. Henn affirmed the appeal and condemned Mr. Blunt to imprisonment for two months as an ordinary criminal. Nothing more unjust, in my view, has been done in the name of the law in recent times."

Mr. Henn, be it noted, was a County Court judge empowered under the Crimes Act to decide without a jury.

A Journey to Gaol

to the county gaol at Galway. The escort was very necessary, as the whole countryside was in emotion, not far from a revolt against authority, and trouble was apprehended. Signs of this were everywhere apparent. By an act of grace Lady Anne was allowed to make the journey to Galway with me, and at each railway station where we halted dense crowds, with difficulty restrained by the police, had possession of the platforms and thronged about our carriage doors. It was a strange emotional sensation to find ourselves thus the object of passionate regard and demonstrative affection among a people embittered against our English nationality by centuries of wrong doing, and once more the thought surged strongly in me of how noble a thing it was that I should have been called to suffer something, however little, of ignominy and pain in expiation of my country's crime. Let who will count this as an exaggeration of vanity, it was not such that day. I have before me the recollection of one particular peasant girl who broke through the crowd and for an instant grasped my hand and called out her blessings on me, and of the strange sensation for the first time experienced of being already parted from the world of life, which is so strong an aggravation of a prisoner's sufferings—so near and yet so far. I felt as a man might feel who on a sea voyage has suddenly fallen overboard, and for a few moments is still near enough to his fellow passengers on deck to watch their eyes and hear their voices before he is swept away to his doom. Another incident, too, is vividly before me. We had with us in our compartment two constables in charge of us, and Anne, as she sometimes did when wishing to speak to me without being overheard, began to talk to me in Arabic, and for some minutes our conversation was thus carried on.

At the Gaol Gate

Here, again, was a strange, unexpected incident that we two, far away from all Eastern associations, and in a purely local quarrel in the extreme west of Christian Europe, should be exchanging our thoughts in a language which had not, in all probability, been used there for two hundred and fifty years, and then only once for the short forty-eight hours during which Baltimore was in the hands of the Moors and part of the land of Islam.

It was a slow, weariful journey in the lagging Irish train to Galway, and we arrived there long after dark, and found ourselves at last before the gaol gate in the gloomy street which marked the end of it. There Anne and I bade each other our good-byes and parted, she to watch for some days the outside my prison walls, though she was powerless to help me, I to accept of providence or fate the thing that next might come. Once again, as on the first night of my being lodged in Loughrea Bridewell, I heard the gloomy turning of the bolts as the gates closed behind me, and shut out those whom I had left; and once again, weary with the day's excitement, I entered the cell assigned me, not without a certain feeling of relief and sense of finding in it for awhile a welcome refuge from a too violent world, as when after struggling with the first stages of a serious sickness through long days of useless effort one takes at last to what may be one's deathbed, and finds comfort in the thought.

From Caiaphas to Pilate I was sent,
Who judged with unwashed hands a crime to me.
Next came the sentence, and the soldiery
Claimed me their prey. Without, the people rent
With weeping voices the loud firmament.
And through the night from town to town passed we
'Mid shouts and drums and stones hurled heavily
By angry crowds on love and murder bent;

In Gaol

And last the gaol—What stillness in these doors!
The silent turnkeys their last bolts have shot,
And their steps die in the long corridors.
I am alone. My tears run fast and hot.
Dear Lord, for Thy grief's sake I kiss these floors
Kneeling—then turn to sleep, dreams trouble not.

CHAPTER X

IN GAOL

1. *At Galway*

IT is a matter of extreme regret to me that I had no opportunity, during my eight weeks of prison life, of recording each day's impressions as they came, for they were a curious psychological experience. But our English prison system—I speak of it as it was in Ireland in my time—where no distinction is made between political and common crime, denies to men incarcerated for their opinions as to all others the simple amenities of pen, ink, and paper allowed in every age and in all other countries by even the most autocratic kings, princes, and potentates to political offenders. Voltaire, when arrested by *lettre de cachet* one hundred and sixty years ago, made instant demand for three things of the Governor of the Bastille, a change of his own linen, fresh milk, and writing materials, and all three were granted him. But in our gaols no such requests are listened to, and the least criminal of men detained for a technical offence is placed on the same level of treatment with the most brutal wife-beater and the lowest pickpocket. All alike are garbed in coarse frieze clothing, heavy hobnailed shoes, and a round felt cap; all sleep on a bare plank bed at night, and all are intellectually starved, being kept without food for the mind in the way of books or other mental occupation. To me this last deprivation was the most severe. With pencil and paper I could have found occupation for my solitude, and could have been happy in my cell. Nay more, I could have

In Galway Gaol

made my time of punishment profitable to myself and to others, and I should have left prison chastened and improved, not angrily embittered. When I entered Galway gaol I was in a mood of softened feeling comparable to that of a man weary of the world who retires for a while to a religious "retreat" for his soul's good. I needed only the opportunity to turn my imprisonment to real spiritual profit. I should have proved a docile subject. But ideas of this sort, or of any kind of improvement for the prisoners, seem to have been wholly foreign to the thoughts of those who framed the regulations of Irish gaol life, and with the exception of a few minutes' daily visit from the prison chaplain the convicts are cut off from all religious or humanizing influences.

My own case was made lighter by a number of irregular indulgences afforded me by the kindness and political sympathy of the prison warders (for nearly all the warders in Ireland were then Home Rulers), but it was in defiance of the regulations, and at the warders' peril. Even so, the monotony and the absence of all mental exercise was a deadening process. Dr. Duggan, who could have helped me so much in the best spiritual sense, was denied access to me, and so would also have been doubtless Cardinal Manning had he made application in accordance with his promise. Trouble, as will be seen, was made for me even about such a poor matter as the prison Bible allowed for their sole reading to all, that given me being illegible through the smallness of its print; and, although through the intervention of Doctor McCormack, the Bishop of the Diocese, this was remedied for a while later, the first tenderness of soul which I had brought with me to Galway had by that time given place to resentment, and the effect was marred. The evil done to the prisoner is the

Friends in Prison

effect rather of an accumulation of small indignities than the imposition of any particular form of labour or of suffering. A diary of these, if I could have kept it with accuracy, would have had a real value for the understanding of what is wrong in the prison system, and as showing the direction towards which the mental punishment inflicted tends. The physical punishment is practically nothing, but the other is a black discipline that crushes the prisoner's soul. Nevertheless, though without such help, I will endeavour, by recollection and by what few records I have recovered in the shape of letters scribbled on fragments of tissue paper and conveyed by kindly warders from time to time to my friends outside, to continue my narrative. It will be less satisfactory than a diary would have been, but will still remain of use.

Galway gaol, as I remember it, was a roomy old-fashioned place, built, I should imagine, about a hundred years ago—at any rate before the time of scientific prison planning—and as such not without its attraction to an imaginative mind. It had the appropriate prison gloom outside the walls, but within possessed the advantage of irregularity in its construction—a rambling building with corridors not all of a piece, and cells of various sizes. The cell assigned to me after the first night was fairly well lighted, showing a good patch of sky and the windows of the house opposite, the gaol governor's, where occasional glimpses could be had of ordinary human life, and pleasure got by watching the seagulls as they hovered overhead, and the jackdaws and sparrows on the look out for scraps of prison food. Here I was not unhappy for some days. The discipline, as I have said, was lax and the warders friendly. I was allowed to do many things contrary to strict rule,

Small Privileges

such as to sit cross-legged on my blanket on the floor instead of perched upright upon a stool, a privilege which enabled me to imagine myself once more in the East, perhaps in my own tent detained by stress of weather. By the bishop's intervention, too, a good quarto volume of the Douay Bible was substituted in my case for the regulation one, a handsome edition, and with it a smaller volume, the "Imitatio Christi." I had been allowed to retain my own long frieze overcoat and my own shoes and a rug which had accompanied me in my travels. Otherwise I was clad in the common prison dress. All this was quite contrary to regulation, for I was an ordinary hard labour prisoner, and no exception in this regard had been made by Justice Henn in confirming my sentence. Also—and this was perhaps the most important point of all—I was treated, except at my first reception by the Governor on the night of my arrival, with a certain respectful consideration quite foreign to prison ways. My cell each morning was swept out for me by a fellow prisoner, impressed for the occasion, who was glad enough of the opportunity it gave him of exchanging now and then a word with me, while other small privileges in the way of extra food were secured by connivance of the warder in charge, who, when the superior authorities were not in hearing, would stop to give me the morning's news, addressing me with all due formality as "Sir." His talk was at times amusing, and instructive, too, of the curiously perverted view which life inside a gaol engenders in all who are subjected to it, prisoners and warders alike, on matters of right and wrong. I soon found it influencing myself.

The Galway prisoners were none of them in gaol for any serious crime, or, with few exceptions, for any infraction at all of the moral law. They were

Prison Morality

nearly all of them peasants run in by the police for small agrarian offences, resistance to eviction, stone throwing, and the like, acts for which the law had been far more really in fault than its breakers—pious Catholics too, as their demeanour in chapel sufficiently testified, and probably of excellent domestic behaviour in their homes. It was impossible for the warders, men of the same peasant class, bred in the same ideas and possessed of the same virtues, vices, and weaknesses with those they had in charge, seriously to regard their charges as their moral inferiors. They generally knew the history of the various cases and were aware of how little true connection there was in them between legal criminality and what is theologically called “sin,” just as the prisoners themselves were well aware of it. And thus these came to be regarded rather as men who had been unfortunate in court, through the accident of having had tales sworn against them which magistrates or juries had believed, than as actual evil-doers. Right and wrong under such conditions speedily change places, and a general confusion of thought ensues. The few cases in Galway gaol of habitual offenders were through drink, and the worst case we had was of a man who, under the influence of whisky, had stabbed a sheep at a fair. The warders all drank hard themselves and could not be censorious.

As to myself, the warder Denby in charge of me excused himself at the outset of his attendance on me for the politeness of his address and the special treatment he accorded me, which he felt I must regard as a dereliction by him of his professional duty, in this way: “You see, Sir,” he said, pointing to the prison rules, a copy of which adorned the walls of my cell, “these regulations have not in them

The Warder explains

much sense. They are supposed to be applied to every one who comes here, whoever he may be, and whatever may be the reason. But you will understand, Sir, that it is impossible for us warders to act up to this and not make exceptions. You would not wish us to treat you just as we treat Tommy Burke, who is always in and out for little trifling matters, a week at a time, and then only because he has been drinking, and maybe joked a constable. It would not be respectful to do it or behaving to you in the way due to you. We are obliged to distinguish between case and case, and it is not often we have a gentleman like you here, but when we do we know how to consider him. Why, Sir, it was only last year we had just such another case as your own, a gentleman from Dublin who had had a misfortune like yours—he had signed another gentleman's name thinking it was his own, and he was here with us for some months. How was he to be sweeping out his cell? We could not let him do it any more than I can you; a case, Sir, just like yours—just like yours."

Nor was it only among the subordinates that I found these amenities. The chief warder, Grant, himself was a man of no great severity, and would occasionally relax his discipline to the extent of leaving with me a copy of the "Freeman"; and even the Governor of the gaol, Captain Mason, on his daily visit, would prolong it to the length of a quarter of an hour to give me the news of the day. The Chaplain, Greavan, was less genial, prison chaplains being selected for the absence of just those qualities of sympathy which one would have supposed would affect the prisoners for their good; but Kincaid, the doctor, was excellent in his care of me, and Dr. McCormack, as Bishop of the Diocese, had a right

Old Testament Consolation

of *entrée*, which he availed himself of to come to me nearly every day with little consolations of snuff superadded to his episcopal blessing. Snuff was then still a recognized ecclesiastical indulgence, encouraged even in boys at Catholic schools, where it helped to keep them awake during the long religious services in chapel. It had been so at Stonyhurst in my own school days.

With these small mitigations of the regular prison discipline my first days in Galway gaol, if dull, passed happily enough. Squatted on my travelling carpet on the floor near the window, I had my large print Bible to read (I am a rather fastidious book lover), and found in it a mine of political consolation. It is hardly realized, I think, in our modern day how much this is the case, especially with regard to the Old Testament, with its books of Kings and Judges, its major and its minor prophets, its Psalms of David, who had been himself a fugitive from the law, its violences of malediction on the oppressors, and its obstinate faith in God's ultimate justice and His vengeance on the unrighteous: "Thou shalt bring my soul out of trouble and in Thy mercy Thou shalt destroy my enemies. Thou shalt destroy all them that afflict my soul, for I am Thy servant." These are the kind of utterances that console and fortify a political prisoner in his angry moods, while the New Testament offers a less bitter consolation, that which comes of submission; and both are applicable to him and vividly personal. How sure a refuge, too, was it for me, who knew the East so well, to escape from the squalid miseries of my actual state into the free air of the desert, which had been to me as a second home, and forget the indignities of a Christian prison far away in the West, while reading those splendid passages in Job which

Pleasure of Oakum Picking

describe the natural wonders of creation, things heroically incompatible with our bastard civilization of Europe; how good to follow the Beni Israel in their desert wanderings, Amos and Elisha in their Arabian sojournings, and Moses in his passage of the Red Sea. Every step between the Nile and the Euphrates to me was familiar ground, and it was there that I regained the freedom of my soul. Thus regarded, and thus mitigated, my first days in Galway gaol were no great punishment, hardly more than the imprisonment one undergoes on shipboard on a sea journey and with less discomfort.

The physical hardships of my life were a mere nothing; the labour imposed, that of oakum-picking, had in it even an element of pleasure. It consisted of unravelling a piece of old tarred rope, and reducing it to its elemental shreds, a work which occupied my idle hands as usefully as knitting, and not otherwise than agreeably both to scent and sight. The smell of the tar was a good healthy smell, and the aspect of the pile of finely-shredded hemp, as it grew with the progress of my work, hardly less attractive than that of a woman's golden hair, so that the adding to it was a daily pleasure rather than a pain. It appealed to me strongly enough to cause me on Saturday nights to secrete a bit of the rope's end for my amusement on Sundays, when penal labour was forbidden. Some hanks of my completed oakum task, gathered in those first days, remain to me, with a short note to my friends outside, telling them of the light conditions of my treatment and my comparative well being, and these serve me still as a memento of the time, set as a marker in the pages of my good quarto bible, now a chief treasure of my library at home.

This was the pleasant aspect of my imprisonment.

The Plank Bed

It did not last for many days; nor was it without suffering of a kind which every day became severer. As long as daylight lasted I was happy, but the night soon became to me a torment all but intolerable. The plank bed is a real instrument of torture for any one not inured to hard lying, and not worn out with physical hard work. Often in my Eastern travels I had slept soundly on the naked ground, but it was at the end of a long day's camel ride, and when the nights were warm and comparatively short. But these long January nights in Galway gaol, with their thirteen hours of unlighted darkness, insufficiently clothed and covered, were beyond patient endurance, and little by little destroyed my peaceful acquiescence. When I first lay down, the lights being out, I would sleep an hour or two to be woken by the prison clock tolling out the slow lapse of time. Each stroke I would count—one, two, three—still hoping I might have slept so late as to the small morning hours, only to be deceived when the strokes went on and stopped perhaps at nine, telling me the night was still but just begun. Beyond that there was no possibility of a second sleep, and I must watch till morning with my aching limbs, wounded by the plank's hardness and growing colder with the lapse of each succeeding hour. A very few of such blank nights were enough to affect my mental balance, for during them the mind, feeding on itself and unrelieved by any novel incident, lost sense of just proportion, and saw things in the light of its unreal imaginings, its recollections of a less destitute past. It ceased to be in its power to lie inactive, and imperatively demanded resistance. Little matters began to annoy and disturb. I had to my great delight made friends with a mouse, as many another prisoner has, and it had lost all fear of me. In a moment of expansion

Prison Dress

with my warder I told him of the fact, and without suspicion of ill consequences. But mice were unfortunately forbidden by the rules, and my words were repeated as a complaint to the higher authorities, and the mouse was sought out and destroyed. It was a lesson, which prisoners have to learn, that warders, however kindly, are trained to spy and to report. It seemed to me a barbarous thing and troubled me, perhaps unreasonably. A more important matter was that after the first day or two I began to be worried by the Governor of the gaol about the carpet and great coat which so far I had been allowed to retain. The regulation garb of prisoners gave nothing but a short round jacket, which in winter was quite insufficient clothing, and I clung to this garment as my chief bodily comfort and protection against the rigours of the long wakeful hours of night. It was to me what the hero of the "Assemblies of Hariri" describes his fur robe to be "my plumage by day and my bed by night," and I had come to look upon it in an exaggerated way as symbolizing my physical hold on life. News, however, of my having been seen in it had somehow reached the Prison Board at Dublin, and the Governor had been admonished about the irregularity. The question of prison clothing was one that had been raised by William O'Brien, and although I had been inclined hitherto to consider its importance exaggerated, it now seemed to me one where a stand needed to be made, and I would not agree to part with my coat except on compulsion. The Governor was deprecatory about it, pleading the general prison rules, but I would not be persuaded, and for the moment he let me be. The day after, however, he reappeared, this time accompanied by two able-bodied warders, who were strangers to me, and in-

The Prisons Board

sisted so strongly that I foresaw he would eventually use force. I find the incident mentioned in two letters written on tissue paper which I had caused to be secretly conveyed to Lady Anne while she was still at Galway, thus:

“*Jan. 11.*—I think it best you should go back to London. Neither you nor any one can help me here. I am not unkindly treated, only I am never allowed to leave my cell, and the Governor worries me from time to time about my great coat. They sent me one from Dublin yesterday, but it was too small, a miserable skimpy thing, without pockets, and I shall cling to my own as I do to my life, for it is ‘my plumage by day and my bed by night.’ My chief misery is that I have nothing to do. The Bible they have given me [this was before the Bishop’s intervention] is of microscopic print, and except when the sun comes into a corner of the cell in the afternoon I cannot read a word of it. So push on the application for writing materials and books. When I have got them, however, I shall be under a certain obligation not to write letters, so you will understand if I cease writing them.

“*2 p.m.*—I have had a visit from Colonel Nolan (one of the visiting magistrates), which has resulted in my getting half an hour’s walk, also a better dinner, *i.e.*, a scrap of cold mutton and a rice pudding. I now feel quite well, and I don’t want any fuss made about my treatment, except in the matter of writing materials, which depends on Balfour, or if you hear that my great coat has been taken from me, which will be the doing of the Prison Board at Dublin. Charlie Bourke is Chairman of this Board, and it might be as well to consult Button. Tell him I complain of nothing in my treatment here. Indeed, Governor, Doctor, and warders are all most kind.

I cling to my Coat

But I *will not* give up my coat. I thought at one time that O'Brien was perhaps wrong to insist so much; but really the prison suit by itself is not sufficient for human clothing, at least for one used to civilized raiment. However, I am quite happy here, and hope that, the fight about trifles once over, I shall be left in peace and not shifted to Tullamore [there was talk about this at the time]. Here I have good air, friendly warders, a glimpse of sunshine, my jackdaws, and my mouse. With leave to write, I should be no worse off than on a long sea voyage. The smell of the oakum reminds me constantly of the sea. I send you a piece of it I picked this morning. I hear the bell ring and the warder's step, so farewell. Nobody must know you hear from me. I wish nothing published about my treatment, except as to writing material.

"*Jan.* 12.—Yesterday evening after dark, while I was getting ready for bed, the Governor came to my cell with some strange warders, and began again on the subject of my great coat. He had had a prison one put in my cell which had been sent from Dublin, but it was a wretched substitute, and I again refused to part with my own, as it is the only thing I have to keep me warm at night. They give me plenty of blankets, but on the narrow plank one cannot lie still, and half the night my arms and chest are bare. So I cling to my coat as I do to my life. I thought the Governor was going to order them to take it from me by force, but he did not do so. I have an idea, however, that they will eventually try this, perhaps to-night, and the thought worries me greatly. I am sure it is not the Governor's fault, nor the doctor's, nor the head warder's, for all are most kind. But I know they have orders from headquarters at Dublin, and are afraid to show me too

My Clothes are taken

much leniency. You will remember what Balfour told me in the autumn about letting John Dillon die in prison. His words trouble me now, though I know he could do nothing without changing the doctors and the warders. Still, both he and Ridgeway¹ are quite unscrupulous men, and if you hear of any violence being done me you will know exactly how the matter stands. Until last night I was quite happy, as I have no dispute with any of them about anything, and you must not believe stories to the contrary. My food now is good, and I had an hour's walk yesterday in the yard, and with books and my poems to revise I should be quite contented."

It was, I think, the day after this last letter, 13th January, that the dispute about the great coat came to a final issue. The Dublin Board having been once more referred to, and the necessary orders obtained, Captain Mason again came to me in the evening with his men, and told me that he had authority to use force, and my coat was taken from me after a formal resistance on my part, which did not amount to a real struggle. I was, however, very angry, and made demand, which by the prison regulations I was entitled to do, that I should see the visiting justices next morning and explain my case to them, and I declared I would not put on again any of my prison clothes till attention had been paid me. Whether I was right or wrong in this I will not decide, but it had so happened that that very day I had heard from one of the warders that William O'Brien and John Roche had once again been arrested, and the idea presented itself strongly to my mind that the moment had now come when something more than a protest in my individual case

¹ Sir West Ridgeway, Under-Secretary for Ireland, 1887-1893.

I Appeal to the Justices

should be made, and that in order to obtain humaner treatment for all political prisoners I should fortify my complaint of the violence resorted to by repeating to the justices the words Balfour had used to me four months before at Clouds, words which now seemed to me likely to be fulfilled in their literal meaning, if not towards me, towards others. I do not say that I was right in coming to this decision, and I came to it contrary to certain instinctive feelings which fought dimly against it. It was naturally repugnant to me to use a private conversation, even on a matter of public policy and with a Cabinet Minister, in what was in part at least a personal quarrel, and I foresaw that to do so would risk for me much social reproach. But the temper of the moment proved too strong, and I had convinced myself that behind the Prison Board Balfour himself was standing as director of its proceedings, and inasmuch as I had appealed to the Visiting Justices, I was resolved now to go on further and do battle to the end, and with whatever weapons I could find to my hand.

Whether in truth Balfour had ordered the use of force in my case or no I cannot even now say positively. I attributed it later to another of my friends just then in power at Dublin, Charlie Bourke, who was at the head of the Prison Board, and who as a strong Irish Protestant and typical member of the ruling caste at the Castle was certainly hostile to me, and all the more so because of our intimacy. He was younger brother of the Lord Mayo who had married my cousin, and had been Viceroy of India, and consequently was uncle of my close ally "Button," and I had known him well from my youth up, especially during the years when he was acting as land agent to my neighbour and relative Sir Percy Burrell in Sussex. Now, however, he had

“Hitting Below the Belt”

been pitchforked into this Irish place, and had become a true representative of what in Ireland goes by the name of law and order. All the same, I doubt if the extremity of violence would have been exercised towards me without the Chief Secretary's consent; and though I no longer regard Mr. Balfour as in any way a personal enemy, there is little doubt in my mind that at the time I am writing of there was a strong personal element in the trial of public strength between us, one in which, as will be seen, I was destined to be worsted, but which was very nearly being for him a defeat. It is certain that my action, whether justified or not, was among the causes, perhaps the strongest, of his having to mitigate his plan of treating his political prisoners with the full measure of his intended severity, and as a fact they were soon after accorded exceptional privileges; and when John Dillon fell eventually into his hands, Balfour was careful that no evil of the kind he had predicted should befall him. Mr. Balfour continued to protest all that year in Parliament that he made no difference in his treatment of political and common prisoners; but in fact a different treatment was conceded, and by the end of the year the former all wore their own clothes and were relieved from menial duties. Thus, though I was accused for my action on this occasion of “hitting below the belt,” and though my own conscience did not wholly acquit me on the point, I find it difficult to regret my having spoken out. The “hitting below the belt” was not at that time wholly on one side, and it must always be recollected that, as between a prisoner and the man who has him in his grip, there cannot really be a fair political fight. The first is always at a terrible disadvantage, that of being unable to command the public ear except

Visit of the Galway Justices

through some exceptional accident, and then never fully. How true this proved to be in my instance will presently be shown.

Be all this as it may, however, when on the following morning, 14th January, in response to my formal demand, half a dozen of the worthy local magistrates made their appearance in my cell to receive my complaint, they found me, as I had threatened to be, without my prison clothing, robed only in a blanket from my bed, and prepared with a full statement of my case, including the Clouds conversation. I was encouraged the more to make it because, somewhat to my surprise, I found them for the most part sympathetic with me, and quite disposed to listen. There were several reasons for their amiability. In the first place, though all of them were Unionists and men of the landlord class, my action at Woodford had not been too much condemned by them. Clanricarde was almost as unpopular with his brother landlords and county neighbours in Galway as with his tenants, for, as an absentee and extremist in his assertion of landlord rights, they considered he had brought discredit on their class, and they were perhaps not sorry to see the scandal of his estate management made an object of English attack, while, as I soon discovered, they had besides an odd class feeling which acted in my favour. They found it wrong that a man of their own rank in life, a squire and owner of broad acres, should be treated with less than the respect due to him as such, even in prison. They had knowledge of me, moreover, as a breeder of horses, and they looked upon my action at Woodford as an eccentricity almost of a sporting character, such as one of themselves might have indulged in in a gay moment. It had been little more than the flooring of a police-

I make my Statement

man, or the resistance offered to a bailiff for debt, things always admitted as gentlemanly exploits in Ireland. I learned too, afterwards, that an appeal to some of them had been made early in my imprisonment in my favour by my good friend Lady Gregory, whose family—she was a Persse—was an important one in Galway town, while Sir William Gregory had been for many years member for Galway County.

Thus, when I explained that I desired to make a communication of importance, they gave ready assent, and accorded me an attentive hearing, listening to all I had to say both about the great coat and about the other more momentous matter. As to this last I stated my readiness to give evidence if necessary on oath, and though after some consultation they declined to go farther in the matter than receiving my communication as an oral statement, they treated it with all due consideration. The immediate effect of my appeal was to secure me a suitable over garment, not indeed my own coat, but one precisely like it, except that it was made of the regulation material, and they added a recommendation that books and writing materials should be accorded me. It was in consequence of this visit that I immediately got my quarto Bible and a better lighted cell, as I find these concessions alluded to in a letter of 26th January, the first I managed to get away after the event. In this I said: "*Jan.* 26.—I am in a little cell nine feet by eight on the ground floor, and very damp and cold, but it has the one precious advantage of a window, which gives enough light for reading. Otherwise I have lost by the change. My birds have followed me round, at least the jackdaws have, and there are generally half a dozen sitting on the spiked railings outside. But the tomtit is gone, and the mouse. This morning,

I Long for the Desert

however, when I got up, I found a very young spider hanging from a thread, and I have suspended him to a copy of the prison rules, where I hope he will spin a web in a position where the flies caught in it may be able to read the section about 'prisoners under sentence of death.' . . . For the last few days I have had rheumatism, and there is a chance, I believe, of my going to hospital, the fiddler's green of prison life. I read nothing but the Bible, for which I made a tremendous fight, and have got at last one of a type I can read. It is an old quarto with pictures and notes, and I can fancy myself a monk perusing it. I have read all Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, and Joshua, and am now in Judges, besides the Macchabees and parts of the Prophets. But I am going regularly through. It is the finest reading in the world for prison, as it takes one away from the foolish things of this modern life, and I spend half my time thinking about it and our travels in 'Bible lands.' The desert and the desert and the desert is what I turn to night and day, and I care inconceivably little about all the rest. . . . I have written three or four sonnets in the end leaves of my prayer book. . . . My brain is weak with silence and low diet, but at times I am not unhappy. . . . I know nothing of what is going on, and feel much like one who has gone down into the pit, but hope to last out my time, and then take the wings of a dove and fly away somewhere to the desert and be at rest."

In the meantime, however, my communication to the Justices had raised a storm against me in England among my Tory friends, a rumour of which began to reach me. Balfour had denied, in the way public men deny such things, the accuracy of my account of our Clouds conversation, and the social

Ripon and Morley

clique, of which he was the centre and which was to some extent also mine, was open-mouthed against me for what they called my betrayal of an after-dinner confidence. Nor was it in the Tory camp alone that the reproach was heard. It found its echo also in what remained of the Whig element in Home Rule circles, and affected men who, while fighting Balfour in public, were privately his friends or frequented the same drawing-rooms with him. I was to a certain extent prepared for this, but still it worried and depressed me, the more because it was reported to me that it was precisely my own nearest relations, the Wyndhams, who blamed me most severely. Lord Ripon and John Morley, who had planned a tour in Ireland and had talked of including Galway gaol in it, omitted me from their programme, and the good Cardinal at Westminster, perhaps for this reason, forgot his promise.¹ Almost alone among the high political people Lefevre did not abate his concern in my affairs. At the same time my candidature at Deptford, which was being pushed on by my wife with the support of my ever loyal friend Evelyn, seemed to require a rejoinder on my part, and I find among my papers a letter I addressed to Evelyn about this time for publication if required, which I managed to get conveyed to

¹ I find a note in my wife's handwriting of Jan. 30: "With M. to see John Morley at 1. Looks extremely ill, and, when he told me how much he would like to go and see Wilfrid in Galway *but* added reasons why not, I felt that it would be fortunate if his health did not break down again merely on the visit to Dublin. Among reasons he said the matter must come before Parliament (the case of W.'s imprisonment), and that his view was against mixing it up with his own and Lord Ripon's visit, the object of which is to assure the whole Irish people of the determination of the Liberal Party to do them justice. Excuses of course. But in fact the whole position *is* bristling with difficulties for any but a man of genius, and R. and M. [Ripon and Morley] are not that."

Another Letter from Prison

him through my legal adviser Valentine Dillon, a cousin of John Dillon, who was allowed admittance to me to consult about the civil action which was being brought in my name against Byrne in the Dublin Four Courts. This letter gives an account of my conversation at Clouds in much the same terms as those already quoted in my diary, and I have thought it well to include it here in the Appendix in case any question as to the incident should still be raised. For some reason or another it was not published at the time, and the omission to do so, for which I was not responsible, proved to be a mistake, for the story in my absence got exaggerated and misrepresented, and it was all the more difficult to deal with when, six weeks later, I was out of prison and able to defend myself in person.¹

Here is yet another letter from Galway of a little later date, the beginning of February :

“I have seen a few letters, but I want to know more, that I may have something to feed my mind on in the night when I lie awake. When it is fine I can see the stars through my window, and the grating makes cross lines such as they put in telescopes to watch the motion of the heavens, and this is an amusement. But I am worried and perplexed with a thousand anxieties. I am not tormented now by being much watched, and everybody is as kind as possible to me. Only from the want of air and change I have become very nervous and imagine all kinds of evils.

“I am sorry in some ways for the trial which is to be next week, for it upsets my thoughts. I am like an invalid, but without any Cowie to make tea for

¹ See Appendix, my letter of Jan. 26 to Evelyn. It was given to him by my wife on Jan. 31: “Gave Mr. Evelyn the letter. He read with tears in his eyes and gave it back to me.”

Cunninghame Graham

me. Otherwise I am well—only sick in mind. It has been a disappointment to me not seeing Dr. Duggan [the good bishop had been refused admittance], and now I am told that Lord Ripon will not come, and I had thought he might help in this. But I fancy all the front bench people will have abandoned me now that I am in prison: ‘My enemies revile me all the day long, and they that praised me have sworn together against me.’

“I want you to write to Mr. Cunninghame Graham to say I sympathize with him.¹ I daresay it is much worse in an English prison. Here everybody is kind, and does what he can for me. I have a nodding acquaintance with one or two of the other prisoners, an old fellow who tells me he has been all his life in and out of jail, and a post-office clerk who embezzled money. These come and clean out my cell of a morning. But I prefer to make my own bed.

“The day begins in this way. At six o’clock a convent bell rings the Angelus, which I can hear if the wind is not too strong. Then a fog-horn is sounded by a whisky distiller who uses this as a signal for his workmen. At half-past six a warder comes round and raps each door with his key, and again five minutes later. This means getting up in the dark. But I wait till seven, when they come in and light my gas. Then I dress and make my bed and walk in the passage for five minutes while the embezzler or the old man empty the basin and sweep out the cell. The oakum is put in and I am locked up again. I then read certain prayers, standing at the window, and feed my birds with the scraps of bread. Other remains are carried off by the sweepers.

¹ R. Cunninghame Graham, M.P. He, following my example in Ireland, had resisted the English police at a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, and was at the time in a London gaol.

The Daily Round

Then at eight new milk and bread are brought, and the day properly begins. After breakfast there is generally a quiet hour when nobody is moving, and this I choose to write.

“If only I had my poems to correct and finish I should now be quite happy; as it is I have written a few sonnets, but not very good ones, for one’s brain is too ill-fed to work well. I have written these in my prayer-book, and they will be curious to look at some day, if nothing more. Generally, however, I read the Bible all the morning through, having got a delightful old quarto after a long fight with the Governor and Balfour and the Prisons Board. When tired of sitting thus cross-legged on my bed, I pick a little oakum, and so the morning passes. At eleven I am let out for five minutes in the yard to walk round with the other criminals, or sometimes for a treat in a separate yard, where at mid-day there is a chance of sun. Some fantailed pigeons inhabit this. The Governor has just been round to pay me his morning visit, 9.30. He is a worthy sort of man and generally talks for a few minutes on prison topics or about St. Helena, where he was born, and the prospects he once had. Then at twelve Father Greaves [the chaplain] comes in and stays a quarter of an hour, and wipes his shoes on my oakum, and tells me news, much Bowdlerized and adapted to prison regulations. This takes me till dinner at half-past twelve—or the doctor comes for five or ten minutes, a superior man, and does what he can for me. He would take me into the hospital if there was any excuse. But there is, unfortunately, none.

“After dinner I generally pick my oakum for an hour or two and then read on till it is dark. Now and then a Justice calls. Old Persse the distiller [a

Charlie Bourke

relation of Lady Gregory's] is the one I like best, as he insists upon talking about horses. But generally these visits are a bore, the Governor being present and the sole subject allowed being complaints as to treatment. At five gas is lit again, and milk and bread brought. Then it sometimes happens that a friendly warder slips in with a secret 'Freeman' or other forbidden fruit. At six the cells are locked up for the night."

I cannot remember exactly at what date it was that the comparative peace and pleasure of my prison life at Galway was interrupted by the unlooked for visit of certain members of the Prisons Board from Dublin on a tour of inspection, or perhaps purposely sent by the Chief Secretary, in the principal personage among whom I at once recognized my friend Charlie Bourke. They entered my cell escorted by the Governor and chief warder, and I had no difficulty in perceiving that the visit boded me no good. I was seated as usual cross-legged on my travelling carpet reading, instead of in the way imposed by the prison rules bolt upright on a stool picking oakum, and at sight of the infringement I could see that my friend the inspector's bile was roused. He stared at me with an unsmiling face, and after a few uncivil words about the condition of my cell turned round and left it abruptly. This, however, was not the end of the affair, for the next day my precious quarto was removed by a warder, to be replaced by the illegible regulation Bible, and with it my rug, while henceforth my blankets were made up every morning as the rules directed in a roll at the top of my plank bed, so that I had no choice but the stool to sit on in the daytime with my oakum for sole occupation. It was the end of my pleasant prison time. Nevertheless Galway remains in my recollection as a

Prison Sonnets

not otherwise than happy time. Worse was in store for me before a week was over, caused by my removal to Kilmainham gaol at Dublin, an altogether less agreeable experience. I shall, I think, be excused if I reprint here a few of the sonnets alluded to in the letters as belonging to my first weeks at Galway—sonnets thought out, most of them, in the dark of the long nights with the roar of the Shannon falls in my ears which I mistook at first for the thunder of the sea.

AT THE GATE

Naked I came into the world of pleasure,
And naked come I to this house of pain.
Here at the gate I lay down my life's treasure,
My pride, my garments and my name with men.
The world and I henceforth shall be as twain,
No sound of me shall pierce for good or ill
These walls of grief. Nor shall I hear the vain
Laughter and tears of those who love me still.
Within, what new life waits me! Little ease,
Cold lying, hunger, nights of wakefulness,
Harsh orders given, no voice to soothe or please,
Poor thieves for friends, for books rules meaningless;
This is the grave—nay, hell. Yet, Lord of might,
Still in Thy light my spirit shall see light.

HONOUR DISHONoured

Honoured I lived erewhile with honoured men
In opulent state. My table nightly spread
Found guests of worth, peer, priest and citizen,
And poet crowned, and beauty garlanded.
Nor these alone,—for hunger too I fed,
And many a lean tramp and sad Magdalen
Passed from my doors less hard for sake of bread.
Whom grudged I ever purse or hand or pen?
To-night, unwelcomed, at these gates of woe
I stand with churls, and there is none to greet
My weariness with smile or courtly show
Nor, though I hunger long, to bring me meat.
God! what a little accident of gold
Fences our weakness from the wolves of old!

Prison Sonnets

A CONVENT WITHOUT GOD

A prison is a convent without God.
Poverty, Chastity, Obedience
Its precepts are. In this austere abode
None gather wealth of pleasure or of pence.
Woman's light wit, the heart's concupiscence
Are banished here. At the least warder's nod
Thy neck shall bend in mute subservience,
Nor yet for virtue—rather for the rod.
Here a base turnkey novice master is,
Teaching humility. The matin bell
Calls thee to toil, but little comforteth.
None heed thy prayers or give the kiss of peace.
Nathless, my soul, be valiant. Even in Hell
Wisdom shall preach to thee of life and death.

THE TWO VOICES

There are two voices with me in the night,
Easing my grief. The God of Israei saith,
“I am the Lord thy God which vanquisheth.
See that thou walk unswerving in my sight,
So shall thy enemies thy footstool be.
I will avenge.” Then wake I suddenly,
And as a man new armoured for the fight,
I shout aloud against my enemy.
Anon, another speaks, a voice of care
With sorrow laden and akin to grief.
“My son,” it saith, “What is my will with thee?
The burden of my sorrows thou shalt share;
With thieves thou too shalt be accounted thief,
And in my kingdom thou shalt sup with me.”

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

Long have I searched the earth for liberty,
In desert places and lands far abroad,
Where neither kings nor constables should be,
Nor any law of Man, alas, or God.
Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood,
These were my quarries, which eternally
Fled from my footsteps fast as I pursued,
Sad phantoms of desire by land and sea.
See, it is ended. Sick and overborne
By foes and fools, and my long chase, I lie.

Prison Sonnets

Here, in these walls, with all life's souls forlorn
Herded I wait,—and in my ears the cry,
“Alas, poor brothers, equal in Man's scorn,
And free in God's good liberty to die.”

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

'Tis time, my soul, thou should'st be purged of pride.
What men are these with thee, whose ill deeds done
Make thee thus shrink from them and be denied?
They are but as thou art, each mother's son
A convict in transgression. Here is one,
Sayest thou, who struck his fellow and he died.
And yet he weeps hot tears. Do thy tears run?
This other thieved, yet clasps Christ crucified.
Where is thy greater virtue? Thinkest thou sin
Is but crime's record on the judgement seat?
Or must thou wait for death to be bowed down?
Oh for a righteous reading which should join
Thy deeds together in an accusing sheet,
And leave thee if thou could'st, to face men's frown!

THE COURT OF PENANCE

Behold the Court of Penance. Four gaunt walls
Shutting out all things but the upper heaven.
Stone flags for floor, where daily from their stalls
The human cattle in a circle driven
Tread down their pathway to a mire uneven,
Pale-faced, sad-eyed, and mute as funerals.
Woe to the wretch whose weakness unforgiven
Falters a moment in the track or falls.
Yet is there consolation. Overhead
The pigeons build and the loud jackdaws talk,
And once in the wind's eye, like a ship moored,
A sea-gull flew and I was comforted.
Even here the heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
And the free firmament thy handiwork.

MITIGATIONS OF PAIN

My prison has its pleasures. Every day
At breakfast-time, spare meal of milk and bread,
Sparrows come trooping in familiar way
With head aside beseeching to be fed.
A spider too for me has spun her thread
Across the prison rules, and a brave mouse

Transferred to Kilmainham

Watches in sympathy the warder's tread,
These two my fellow-prisoners in the house.
But about dusk in the rooms opposite
I see lamps lighted, and upon the blind
A shadow passes all the evening through.
It is the gaoler's daughter fair and kind
And full of pity—so I image it—
Till the stars rise, and night begins anew.

FAREWELL, DARK GAOL

Farewell, dark gaol. You hold some better hearts
Than in this savage world I thought to find.
I do not love you nor the fraudulent arts
By which men tutor men to ways unkind.
Your law is not my law, and yet my mind
Remains your debtor. It has learned to see
How dark a thing the earth would be and blind
But for the light of human charity.
I am your debtor thus and for the pang
Which touched and chastened, and the nights of thought
Which were my years of learning. See, I hang
Your image here, a glory all unsought,
About my neck. Thus saints in symbol hold
Their tools of death and darings manifold.

2. *At Kilmainham*

The reason of my being transferred to Kilmainham was that I might give evidence in the suit which had been filed in my name by the Irish National League for assault against Byrne when he had me arrested at Woodford. It was a constitutional point of great importance on which to a large extent the legality of the Chief Secretary's action in forbidding the meeting, and with it the interpretation of the Crimes Act, depended. If it could be won, Balfour could hardly have retained his position in the Cabinet, and he certainly would have been obliged to abandon his policy of imprisoning the National leaders at what was practically his will and pleasure by a legalized

Lefevre in Ireland

manipulation of the law courts to suit his political ends. How the legal case stood is well described by Lefevre in his "Incidents of Coercion," published in 1889. It will be remembered that Lefevre had been present during the whole five days of my trial at Portumna, and during the weeks which followed of my imprisonment at Galway he had not been idle in making the inequity of the case publicly known in England. He had written letters to the "Times" and expressed his opinion strongly regarding it in other public and private ways, and had given his help to those who were carrying on my candidature at Deptford. He had also returned to Ireland, and, in order to emphasize his approval of my conduct, had held a meeting, precisely similar to mine, at Loughrea, which the Government had not dared to forbid.¹ It had been attended by 7,000 persons, including 1,500 of Clanricarde's tenants from Woodford. By this he had "established the right to hold a meeting in the heart of a proclaimed district and in what was supposed to be the most disturbed part of Ireland, to protest against the conduct of a great landlord and to express sympathy with the tenants even though they should be engaged in the Plan of Campaign." All that now remained for a complete victory over Balfour was to win the case for me against Byrne in the civil action; and it was to enable me to give my evidence about it in the Four Courts, which the Government could not refuse to allow, that I was now to be transferred to Kilmainham. I had learned what was going on in connection with

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Kilmainham Gaol

the case from Valentine Dillon, who, as my solicitor in the affair, had visited me on the 26th; but the order of transfer came to me unexpectedly soon and not altogether pleasantly. I felt that in Galway gaol I was at least in a friendly atmosphere, and I had an anticipation that the other would be very different. The adieux, however, allowed me to those who had been kind to me were brief, and I was speedily hurried away in a prison van to the station in the dark at 5 a.m. on the morning of the 8th February, and so under police escort by rail to Dublin. Although the hour was so early there was, nevertheless, a demonstration at Galway station, and at other points of my railway journey, and again on arrival at Dublin, where about noon I found myself once more within a gaol gate, its bolts made fast behind me and called to face its quite inhospitable reception.

Kilmainham gaol stands (or stood, for it has now ceased to be a gaol, having recently been turned into some sort of religious establishment) in marked contrast with old-fashioned, easy-going Galway. It had the pretension of being a place of penance entirely up to date and scientifically designed for the prisoners' greater tribulation and their more complete surveillance by the Governor and chief warders for the prevention of irregularities. It was a circular building with a kind of conning tower in the centre towards which every cell converged, and where the man in charge, Governor or chief warder, could sit like a spider in the centre of his web observant of everything that might occur. Thus it was impossible that the officers under him should linger, more than the half minute permitted on the round, to chat with a prisoner, or that chaplain or surgeon could pay an unauthorized visit without immediate detection. The circular space or hall enclosed by the cells was, if I

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A Black Melancholy

remember rightly, roofed with glass and iron, and the internal fittings were also of iron, and the spiral stairs leading to the upper floors and the surrounding corridors connecting cell with cell. This gave it something of the forbidding aspect of a modern battleship, where all is done by machinery. There was the same repellent regularity and absolute uniformity of aspect, look in whatever direction one might, and the same scrupulosity of cleanliness and abominable exactitude. The officials in charge corresponded with the building. Their attitude towards the prisoners was that of masters towards servants, of drovers towards their cattle, of martinet sergeants towards a squad of raw recruits. There was no sign of friendliness, no word but of command, no relaxation of the features to a smile. In this grim world there was a stupefying silence, for none spoke, only the tramp from time to time was heard of prisoners passing in batches to and from their work in the exercise yard, where they marched like mill horses round and round in dreary circles, or when a warder went his tour of the cells peeping in at each through the spy hole in the door to see that the occupants were rightfully employed. The jingle of the keys in his hand was the only sound which could pretend to any cheerfulness. In an abode thus subjected to clockwork discipline the mind in a little while becomes inert and numb; it refuses to work; its opposition ceases and all but a dull sense of angry resentment. During my stay at Kilmainham I made no friends—the rigour of the prison rules were an inexorable bar—and the last three weeks were passed in a black melancholy which nothing could relieve, not even the thought of my approaching freedom.

This was made worse for me I think by the inter-

Issue at stake in the Four Courts

lude of the civil action, at which I was called upon to give evidence in the Four Courts during the first few days, and which ended in our side failing to obtain a verdict. The excitement of the trial was a momentary relief which made the shadow only deeper. For a few hours each day that it lasted I found myself in the living world, and in contact with my friends. My wife was there, and while waiting in the room reserved for witnesses I had the opportunity of conversing with her and learning news of home.¹ Her whole thought and energy during the past month had been given to my candidature at Deptford, where she had worked devotedly with her maid Cowie and a number of enthusiastic helpers, and where all her hopes now were placed. Distinguished among those who were lending active assistance were Sir Charles Russell and his son, Charles Russell, Evelyn the ex-member, and my good friend Lefevre, who now once more had come to support me at the Dublin trial, and who sat beside me while I was giving evidence. It was generally felt that a great public issue depended on my success in the constituency, and that this again largely depended on our success in the Four Courts. Nor was this an exaggerated view. If we had succeeded in obtaining a verdict the back of Irish coercion under the Crimes Act would have been broken in law; the legality of my action at Woodford would have been publicly proclaimed, and without doubt my return to Parliament would have been secured. This would have as certainly affected Balfour's position in Ireland, and it is hardly possible that he should have continued there as Chief Secretary. Nor is it too

¹ It was in this room that some of my friends managed to have me photographed in my prison clothes, a portrait from which the etching which serves as frontispiece to this volume was taken.

A Unanimous Verdict required

much to say that the issue of Home Rule might have taken a new and more happy direction. The position was well appreciated by the Irish Party and also by our enemy the Government, and the utmost efforts were put forth on both sides for victory. Thus the trial was the theme of conflicting hopes and fears during the week it practically lasted, and every day, as I was driven from and to my prison, the van which conveyed me through the Dublin streets was greeted with the cheers of the multitude. I was the newspaper hero of the moment, and in my weak state the position was strangely emotional. It was now the thought of vengeance on my political enemies that predominated in my mind, not the most wholesome for it, but engrossing as the indulgence of a vice. It was followed necessarily by a reaction, the morning after a debauch. But of this later.

The trial, though in form a civil action for damages by me against Byrne, was in reality a third hearing of the case against me conducted by the Crown, this time to be decided by a jury, but with this heavy disadvantage against me that, whereas in the case of a criminal prosecution by the Crown a disagreement of the jury would result in an acquittal, here such a disagreement would be in the Crown's favour; without a unanimous verdict I could not win my case. The proceedings were opened in the Court of Exchequer on 11th February, and I was brought forward as one of the first witnesses, the Judge in the case being the Chief Baron Palles, and the Crown lawyers against me the notorious Peter O'Brien, better known as "Peter the Packer," on account of his skill in packing juries for the Government in political prosecutions, who cross-examined me in chief, with Atkinson as junior counsel, and a third Lynch, Q.C., for Carson, who was considered, I believe, to

Peter the Packer

have overdone the case at Portumna, was on this occasion left out. On my own side I had The McDermott and Mr. Tim Healy, than whom no better counsel could have been chosen, and, though the Judge was, as at Portumna, hostile throughout, his attitude to me was personally polite, as was that of the Packer, whose first appearance it was in the character of Attorney-General. The object of the cross-examination was to connect me, as at Portumna, with William O'Brien's midnight meeting at Woodford, and the burning of the proclamation, and so with the Plan of Campaign. In an account of the trial the Packer's attitude towards me is thus described in a Dublin paper of the date beneath a sketch of him (and of me in my prison dress): "This is 'Pether' in a new character, his first appearance in the rôle of Attorney-General. Everybody has heard of him in other capacities, but it was reserved for Mr. Blunt to encounter him bearing all his blushing honours thick upon him, and truly 'Pether' put on his most excruciating leers, and waved his right arm with the most graceful curves and winked his most bewitching wink at the jury box, and bore down upon the Englishman with his most insinuating questions and most mellifluous brogue. But Mr. Blunt was equal to these trying emergencies, and it was generally noticed that the Attorney-General's cross-examination bore very little point—in fact, the counsel committed himself so far in one instance that the witness was able to extort an apology. Pether apologizing is a sight for excited humanity. He had half a dozen bad falls. . . . 'Woodford—a dark spot! No; on the contrary, I consider it a bright spot on account of the patriotism of the people.' Mr. Blunt used those words in reply to one of Peter O'Brien's opening questions."

Chief Baron Palles

This quotation shows that, as always in Ireland, there was an element of comedy in the trial mixed with the tragedy of the issue publicly at stake, and that as far as my evidence went there was no failure. "He did not take a feather out of you," was Tim Healy's encouraging word to me when my cross-examination was ended. I had the sympathy of the public with me throughout the five days that the trial lasted. But the judge's ruling was always adverse, as was to be expected considering the fact that Chief Baron Palles had made himself notorious already on the Bench as a condemner of the Plan of Campaign. He admitted as evidence everything that had occurred, not only at my own meeting, but also at O'Brien's meeting at which I had been present indeed, but was really not responsible for, and whose only connection with mine had been that it had taken place in the same village, and was addressed to the same people, a ruling without which it would have been impossible to show any cause whatever in justice for condemning my action. His summing up at the end of the week took indeed a politer tone towards me than Justice Henn had taken. Henn had been brutal and unsparing. Palles, in face of a wider public opinion which was all in my favour, did not venture on strong words of condemnation; he treated me as a well-meaning but ignorant Englishman, who had blundered into an illegal position without understanding that he was breaking the law, but who nevertheless must take the consequences of his mistake, and had no ground of action against the guardians of law and order if they fulfilled their duty in using force to prevent any breach of the peace his action might occasion. He admitted good intention on my part, but dwelt on my admission in the evidence I had given that I approved the Plan

We are Non-Suited

of Campaign, which he pronounced to be "criminal conspiracy." Nevertheless, I should have certainly won my case but for Peter the Packer, who had justified his nickname by a severe exercise of the right of challenging the jurors at the beginning of the trial, and who by this process had succeeded in including a certain Quaker among the twelve jurymen on whom he could rely. It was the peculiarity of my case that, whereas I had been condemned in the criminal action at Portumna by a single judge without the protection of a jury, here at Dublin in my counter-action, before a civil court, I could only succeed by obtaining a jury's *unanimous* vote. In the issue, though eleven of the twelve were for me, the twelfth, the Quaker, stood obstinately out, and we failed of the unanimous verdict needed, and were consequently non-suited.¹

The result of the trial was a serious blow to my supporters and to Home Rule, a triumph for Balfour and the coercionists. As it affected myself personally, although the civil trial had been none of my suggestion, the risk and expense of it having been undertaken by the Irish National League, it was nevertheless a deep discouragement. I had become interested in the issue during the week the trial had lasted, and if we had won it, I could hardly have any longer been retained in prison, for the verdict would have amounted to a decision that I had been illegally sentenced. I should then have been released, and should have returned to England with all the honours of a hard-fought victory upon me, and as certainly should have won the Deptford election which was to take place in a few days, for the ques-

¹ Compare "Incidents of Coercion." Its author, Lord Eversley, had come to Dublin on purpose to support me in court, and took his place by my side during the trial.

tion of legality or illegality is always powerful in determining the opinion of the average English voter for or against an unusual situation. I should then have been able to meet Balfour and my other political enemies face to face in the House of Commons, and in all probability have satisfied my Old Testament desire of vengeance upon them. Balfour must almost of necessity have resigned the Chief Secretaryship, or at least have abandoned his policy of extreme coercion. Home Rule might even have been won.¹

It was, therefore, a gloomy alternative to this vision of a glorious and vain-glorious triumph to be conveyed back on the last day of the trial to Kilmainham gaol, there to complete the three yet remaining weeks of my sentence. The hope of freedom delayed made my heart sick, nor was I even permitted to return to the milder discipline of Galway, there to await it. Kilmainham, with its Dublin thieves and pickpockets, and its stony-visaged warders, held no consolation for me within its walls, and the solitude, blank and unbroken, of my cell, encompassed me once more like a nightmare, and with redoubled importunity. One especial drop of bitterness was mingled with my cup. At the very moment of my re-incarceration, and during the weeks that followed, I knew—for I had learned it during the days of the trial—Balfour was holding high revel at the Chief Secretary's Lodge outside, entertaining there a party of my especial friends, including my Wyndham cousins, with George Wyndham as his private secretary. The personal struggle between

¹ That this would really have been the result of the trial in the Four Courts, had it gone in my favour, I was many years after assured by one in the very best position on the Tory side to know.

Last Days in Prison

us had ended thus. It hardly needed the news imparted to me a few days later by my usually taciturn warder, Foley, of the failure of my Deptford candidature to complete my dramatic discomfiture.¹

I feel that it is out of place to be tragic about these troubles after so many years and so long an experience of the insignificance of human things, especially things political, yet to omit them would make my narrative, as a personal one, incomplete. The last twenty days of my imprisonment were like a whole year to me of mental suffering, which, if they had been prolonged, would, I believe, have driven me mad. The halo of martyrdom, which in Galway gaol had seemed to surround me, had faded away, my little attempts at piety and my trust in an ultimate justice. Before the end of them I had ceased even to look forward to my release. It was an endless waiting for something that did not come, and which, when it came, I knew would bring no pleasure. I used to liken my case to that at a railway station, where a traveller should have missed train after train till the last was gone and the lights were

¹ The following curious incident I find recorded in my diary of a year later as having occurred to me in Kilmainham gaol the night following the Deptford election: "I had gone to sleep full of confidence in the result. In the middle of the night, however, I awoke, and, while I lay thinking of other things, suddenly the whole prison was shaken by a wind, which filled it with a noise like the roaring of a crowd, and I started up exclaiming: 'It is the Conservatives cheering our defeat.' I waited awhile, some twenty minutes till the clock struck twelve. From that moment I felt certain things had gone wrong, and my confidence vanished. Curiously enough it was at that very hour, between half-past eleven and twelve, according to the newspapers, that the result of the election was announced in Pall Mall, and the Carlton Club had cheered their victory. I read the result in the manner towards me of the Governor of the gaol next morning, which was less polite than usual, and about noon Foley, my warder, brought me the figures transcribed on a scrap of paper."

A curious Anagram

being put out and the doors closed upon him. Each day passed with the leaden length of a hundred days. I could sleep not at all now at nights, and for the first time in my life I found my eyesight failing, and gray hairs in my beard. I was given a slate and pencil, and on it I spent hours constructing anagrams of the names of those I hated, one or two of which I still remember; thus, out of Balfour's, with variants, I constructed several anagrams, one of them,¹ describing him as "the brutal gaoler of Irishmen," seemed to me at the time very appropriate, and in accord with a passage in Lingard's "History," which had been pointed out to me by a well-wisher shortly before my imprisonment. It is certainly a curious passage. Describing Strafford's mission to Ireland in the time of Charles I, Lingard says: 'Strafford found gross abuses in the administration of the Irish Viceroyalty. Few public men could bear a close investigation into their conduct. Of Balfour, in particular, we are told by Wentworth that 'he had done as many outrages and grievous misdemeanours as ever Vizier Basha had done under the Grand Seignior. There was not such a tyrant in the King's dominions who, utterly drunk with the vice of violence, had, with unequal and tottering paces, trod down His Majesty's people on every side.'"

In the last few days of all, my state of depression seems to have been reported as somewhat alarming by the prison doctor, and orders to have been given to provide me with a book, a secular book of lighter reading, but this by an odd accident proved only a worse trial to my nerves, plunging me into a still deeper dejection. According to prison custom it is

¹ This was, I believe, "The Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour of Whittingehame," resolved into: "How! Am I not Arthur B., a huge thief, the brutal gaoler of Irishmen?"

“*Notre Dame de Paris*”

the chaplain that has the choice of a prisoner's literature, when books are allowed, and it so happened that among those at Kilmainham was a volume of Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris*." The name seems to have struck the worthy priest as one likely to be devotional and of spiritual profit, and it was this he selected for me. Under ordinary circumstances such a work of genius as "*Notre Dame*" most certainly would have been welcomed by me as a fortunate choice; but in the state in which I was, none could have been less so. It is the least consolatory of romances for a prisoner's soul, dealing as it does with mediaeval crime, punishment in dungeons, tortures ending in madness, and deaths by hanging. It added to my nightmare a violent sense of the injustice of mankind and a resolve from that time forth to live my life apart from its ungenerous ways.

THE FINAL BITTERNESS

No. I will smile no more. If but for pride
And the high record of these days of pain
I will not be as these, the uncrucified,
Who idly live and find life's pleasures vain.
The garment of my life is rent in twain,
Parted by love and pity. Some have died
Of a less hurt than 'twas my luck to gain,
And live with God, nor dare I be denied.
No. I will smile no more. Love's touch of pleasure
Shall be as tears to me, fond words as gall,
The sun as blackness, friends as a false measure,
And Spring's blithe pageant on this earthly ball,
If it should brag, shall earn for me no praise,
But silence only to my end of days.

This was the last sonnet of my prison life. On the 6th of March, at eight in the morning, I was taken, according to custom, by the chief warder Power, to the Governor of the gaol Mr. Beer's room, to receive from him the pittance gaol-birds receive, when they are considered to have earned it, as payment of their

Governor Beer Christens his Son

prison labour. In my case it was the sum of eight-pence sterling, which the worthy man delivered to me with the following short discourse. "It is usual," he said, "with prisoners to give them a word of advice when they leave our doors. With you, I believe, this will be unnecessary, and I will dispense with it. Instead of it, allow me to tell you something which will perhaps interest you and cause you to remember us with pleasure. Last night my wife was safely delivered of a son, and in memory of your visit to Kilmainham, Mrs. Beer and I have decided to christen him after you by your name, Wilfrid Blunt." I told him I was much honoured by his appreciative choice, shook hands with him and retired. The prison doors were unlocked in front of me, and I found myself once more with my wife and an assemblage of friends in the street.

CHAPTER XI

THE PAPAL RESCRIPT

HERE, properly speaking, closes my active connection with Irish affairs, as also with public life in England. The rest was but a gathering up of loose ends of action, and the smoothing out of tangles.

On my release from prison I found that my brief popularity with the Liberal Party at home was over, and even the enthusiasm with which I had been treated in Ireland had lost something of its first full fervour. It was the natural consequence of the battle I had failed to win against coercion, and, though I had suffered defeat by no fault of my own, it was seen plainly enough that fortune had turned against me. I shared the fate of those who have had and missed their opportunity. Dillon, O'Brien, Harrington, Healy, and the rest of the Plan of Campaign leaders, did their best to cheer me under my defeat, and displayed their gratitude in many kindly ways. If it had depended upon them they would have consoled me with a Parliamentary seat as one of themselves in Ireland, and there was more than one constituency which entered into communication with me just then with that intention. But Parnell, without whose approval nothing could be done, was at that time in close alliance with Gladstone and Morley and was working the Irish question on purely English parliamentary lines. He had, though we did not know it more than as a vague suspicion, thrown over the Plan of Campaign in deference to the English middle class terror of any public action that

I Lunch with Gladstone

could be called illegal, and such character of illegality the decision in the Four Courts seemed to prove against the Plan and against me. He, Parnell, did not so much as by a message of sympathy give sign that he approved my action, and without his initiative I declined even to entertain the idea of an Irish candidature. I had always opposed the notion of Englishmen being given Irish seats, as a dangerous one for Ireland, and I could not ask for an exception to be made in my favour having in my veins no drop of Irish blood. I did not urge it.

On my return to London I called, with my wife, on Gladstone to thank him for a letter he had written me while in prison and for much sympathy shown to her by Mrs. Gladstone during the Deptford election. There was some sort of kinship between them, and both she and Gladstone had been kind. I found the old man, however, in a curious mood. I suppose some of my friends must have been telling him that he ought to provide me with an English seat—neither I nor my wife had done so nor any one that I know of—and before I had opened my mouth he began in an embarrassed way to excuse himself about it, and for not offering me a place of some sort in the Government when he should come into power again. Nothing of the kind had been in my thoughts, and I had some difficulty in persuading him that I had not come to him as a suppliant for any favour. Once reassured on this head, however, he became pleasant, invited us to stay to lunch, and remained talking with me about Ireland for an hour after it. He was anxious that I should write my prison experiences, told about the success he had had many years before with his pamphlet on prisons at Naples; the prisons, he said, had been a small part of his work, but they were what had struck the public mind. My difficulty

His Comments on Balfour

about this was that to tell my story truthfully would have involved all the warders and others, who had befriended me, in trouble with the prison board, but he still urged it. He was very anxious, too, that I should renew my charges against Balfour. "I have had reasons," he said, alluding to Balfour's denial of our Clouds conversation, or rather of the exaggerated version of it which had been published in some of the papers while I was in prison, "to doubt Mr. Balfour's accuracy before," and he spoke of him on this head with extreme bitterness. He referred, as I understood, to the case of the mission Mr. Balfour had undertaken between Lord Salisbury and himself at the beginning of the Home Rule dispute, and pursued the matter for some time until I was foolish enough to be persuaded, though contrary to my better judgement, into saying that I would do so. It led to a re-opening of the whole matter, to my necessary discomfiture, for what I had to tell was of course less than its exaggeration, and the old man was disappointed at this and failed to support me when it came to be discussed publicly. The issue confirmed me in my resolve to have nothing more to do with English public life.

I had, however, made a promise to my Irish friends that I would pay them yet one more visit, which should be one especially of thanks to the many good people who had been kind to me at Galway, and also that I would see Dillon and O'Brien to the end of their troubles or at least to the doors of Dillon's prison, for it was his turn now to undergo his long threatened martyrdom. The repudiation of the Plan of Campaign by the English Liberal leaders had given Balfour new courage, and O'Brien and Dillon had once more been singled out for his coercive operations. I return therefore to my diary

Balfour's Triumph

and give what remains in it of my Irish experience. It is but a brief history.

"*April 16.*—To see Cardinal Manning. With him I had an hour's most interesting talk. On politics he advised me to remain quietly and wait events. I had done enough, he thought, for Ireland.

"We have had some young men staying at Crabbet—Bruce, the secretary of the Eighty Club, Santley, Charles Russell, and Arthur Pollen. With them I have discussed the situation. We all think very badly of it. Brett's attack on me represents a good deal of Liberal opinion in high quarters, and there is no doubt that I have been thrown over by Morley and the others in my quarrel with Balfour. On Wednesday Balfour made his speech at St. James's Hall and *danced* on me to his heart's content, and not a single word has been said for me by anybody on my side. The 'Daily News,' while reporting him fully, has left me quite undefended, and my letter in reply to the 'Times' has been neither reproduced nor quoted. The result has been O'Brien's new arrest on Saturday, and the issue of a warrant against Dillon.

"*April 22.*—Lefevre declares that when O'Brien and Dillon are both in prison he will go over and be put in too. And he thinks he can get fifty M.P.'s to go with him. But I doubt if he will get five. I have decided to go also to Ireland to show my sympathy, if I can do no more. I believe I might be of considerable use encouraging the people quietly. Lefevre is all for violent action by the people, and it may have yet to come to that. But I confess I would sooner see the violence in England. As long as the Opposition chiefs go on calling the Government their 'Right Honourable friends,' it is ludicrous to urge Irishmen to risk their lives. I hold

My Last Visit to Ireland

Parnell responsible in great measure for this polite policy, which will never win the battle.

“*April 24.*—Dublin. I arrived here this morning by the night mail, and found Dillon at his house in North George Street. With him I had a long conversation on the political chances. He is looking ill and worried, but is nevertheless more sanguine than I am. He complains of the cowardice of the Liberal Party in Parliament. When he resolved to have the Sunday meetings in answer to Balfour’s boast about the suppression of the League, he wrote to fifty of the (English) M.P.’s, who had all previously offered their services, to come to Ireland and demonstrate, but of all one only came, W. J. Wilson, and even he was not happy at the idea of ‘breaking the law.’ Dillon said Englishmen in Ireland could do very little further good. Their promises of sympathy and help from England were no longer much heeded, and, unless Lefevre could really bring at least twenty-five men ready to go to prison, he had better stay at home. We talked about the idea that fighting and a renewal of the old methods would have to be resorted to. On this Dillon said he dared give no advice, for, even if outrages were things ready to be got up by order, it was impossible to count on English opinion. All the Liberal leaders were ready to throw up their hands in holy horror if an act of violence went wrong. Dillon is to be tried at Mell, near Drogheda, on the 9th, and expects a long sentence, but to retain the right of appeal. I think they will give him six months, or perhaps a year, and, with O’Brien also locked up, Balfour will take his shot at the Plan of Campaign.

“O’Brien I found very anxious about news which has come of the Pope’s having condemned the

The Martyr Morony

National League, or rather the Plan of Campaign; but it has been so often reported that I am sceptical this time. It would be a terrible moment for anything of the kind to happen.

“At three I went to the League rooms and found Dillon presiding at a meeting, and I said a few words, as little as possible, of a political character, for I do not intend to play any public part. But it was necessary I should return some sort of thanks for past sympathy.

“*April 25.*—They announce in the Government papers that I am to be candidate for St. Stephen’s, a piece of pure *cussedness*, for it has never entered into any of our heads. Breakfasted with Monsignor Kennedy, and went on to Kilmainham, where I found everybody very pleased to see me. I had a talk with Morony, the political prisoner, which put me rather to shame. After fifteen months he is just as courageous as the day he went in—says he will never leave the gaol, is ready to die there, and would like hanging best. ‘The scaffold,’ he said, ‘is, they tell me, four feet high, just the height of my heart. We only live a short time in this world, and I should like to die for God and country; the Plan of Campaign was inspired by heaven.’ Morony was a small butcher, then a small farmer; and he is locked up for refusing to give evidence about the ‘Plan.’ He is, perhaps, a little off his head, and yet it is wonderful to see a man with such spirit after fifteen months of it.

“I lunched with John Dillon and his aunt, Mrs. Deane. She is very anxious about him, and no wonder, as he is quite unfit for prison life, and we feel sure they will give him a long sentence, perhaps a year. O’Brien came in and we had a discussion about the possibilities of disturbance. Dillon said:

Brady and Rossa

‘You can’t mix up the two things, parliamentary action and methods of violence, and, if we wanted it, we could not, being what we are, arrange that outrages should break out. These must come, if they come at all, from individual action, and they are a dangerous thing. You cannot control the moment or the effect on public opinion. Apart from all other reasons, we could not give it encouragement.’ O’Brien said: ‘I sometimes think of Joe Brady and Donovan Rossa, and my mind misgives me whether they may not all this while have been right and we the botchers.’ Brady, he said, was an honest-minded fellow, and so once was Rossa, but he was destroyed by drink; numbers of men were driven to drink by prison life, which weakened them and left them reckless.

“I am to go down to Loughrea with O’Brien for his trial to-morrow.

“*April 26.*—We started by the early train for Woodlawn—O’Brien, Healy, Chance, Bodkin, and myself. A merry party we were—you would think going to a wedding rather than a trial. But the Irish have the blessing of high spirits, and no one more so than O’Brien. On the way down O’Brien propounded his scheme of defence in court, which had up to that moment been left to the inspiration of the moment, and a very good one it seems; namely, to bring up the whole of Loughrea one after the other as witnesses, avowing themselves members of the League, and that they came to the meeting ‘to give Balfour the lie when he said that the League was a thing of the past,’ at the same time all swearing that it was not a League meeting—which it was not.

“I had not been at Woodlawn since I was brought there under arrest in January; and I saw and thanked

The Papal Rescript

the station-master's wife there for her cups of tea on that occasion.

“At Loughrea we went straight to the Court House, and then to the Bishop's. There is apprehension in the Bishop's mind, as well as in O'Brien's, with regard to Rome. Telegrams have appeared during the last day or two speaking of a new Propaganda letter. But I find it difficult to believe that Leo XIII can have changed his mind. O'Brien declares he always mistrusted Monsignore Persico, and Dr. Walsh remaining at Rome is suspicious. The Bishop is dark in his forebodings every way.

“I am reading Doughty's book about Arabia, which is far the best ever written. It is exhaustive and accurate, though less sympathetic with Arabian ideas than I expected. He sees the worse rather than the better nature of the people.

“*April 27.*—To-day, while we were in Court, the rumour passed round that the Pope had condemned the Plan of Campaign; and presently the ‘Free-man,’ containing the telegram, appeared. I watched O'Brien's face as he read it, and it grew paler and more determined. Afterwards we all discussed it. The Bishop declares it will be the beginning of the loss of the Faith in Ireland, and O'Brien considers it very serious. The Bishop, it appears, had warning of its probability from Dr. Walsh some days ago, and the only doubt now is how to deal with it. First, it has been determined to wait for the letter itself; next, if it corresponds with the telegram, to answer it by action. The Plan of Campaign cannot be abandoned, and must be pushed on more vigorously than before. O'Brien, however, looks upon the letter as a cruel blow difficult to ward. My impression is that it will serve Home Rule, but at the expense of religion and of much that will make

Parnell Contemplates Retirement

Home Rule worth having. The news lies like an incubus on us all.

“ I did not go to the Court in the afternoon, but stayed talking with the Bishop. He told me that he had reason to know that Parnell was beginning to despair of Parliamentary methods, and would shortly give up the conduct of Irish affairs to others who were for stronger measures. He, Dr. Duggan, related to me a curious conversation he had had with Mrs. Parnell two years ago at Liverpool about the American Irish and her son; there were then half a dozen men in America ready to produce half a million each, but not for a land campaign or a campaign in Parliament. He also told me that the prospect of a new line of action was what had made it impossible for them to receive me, an Englishman, into their Parliamentary party.¹

“ The trial goes on well and may last for weeks.

“ *April 28.*—At luncheon, where we were all

¹ I do not know what grounds Dr. Duggan had for attributing to Parnell the idea of retirement from the leadership at that time, and of a resort by others once more to violent methods, nor have I been able to find any corroboration of it in the histories since written. It is, however, quite possible that he may have had it at the back of his mind in view of the little progress Gladstone was making in his Home Rule advocacy. Certainly the Irish Home Rule cause was already losing ground in the English constituencies, largely, as I think, through Parnell's own slackness and abstention from active work. It was not till his success in rebutting the charges made against him by the “Times” a year later that election prospects began to revive. I have never, however, been of opinion that Gladstone could have carried his second Home Rule Bill through against Tory hostility, the Liberal Party's lukewarmness in England, and the obstinacy of the House of Lords, to the point of its becoming law, even had not the catastrophe of 1890 happened. When it did happen, Parnell showed himself ready enough to denounce his Liberal allies and appeal to the extremists, who welcomed him back enthusiastically as reconverted to their views.

How Dr. Duggan read the Rescript

assembled, a letter was brought to the Bishop which he received with an extraordinary chuckle and a long whistle, and then read out to us all. It was the Pope's Rescript, and I suppose nothing could be less like the way in which such a document ought to have been read, for we filled our glasses all round and, as each paragraph was laboriously deciphered from the Latin, received it with roars of laughter. All the same, we were serious enough. Only it is clear that the document can be evaded and will probably prove a dead letter, for it is founded on a misapprehension of facts. Talking to the old Bishop, I advised him to treat it as not applicable to his own diocese, where the facts are different from those stated in the circular, and what he is going to do is this: He will issue the letter to his clergy, enjoining on them, in the words of the circular, not to 'transgress the bounds of charity,' and he will wait till special cases are brought before him.

"O'Brien's attitude is admirable in the conjuncture. As a loyal son of the Church he will say not a word against the Pope—to strengthen him in his personal loyalty I told him the details of my conversation with Leo XIII in December 1886—but he will continue his practical working of the Plan of Campaign. Yet he feels that it is a cruel blow from the hand that least of all should have dealt it, and at a time least of all suited for such a blow, and, whatever the Pope's own thought in the matter may have been, it is clear that those who drafted the letter and urged its publication just now must have been bitter enemies to Ireland. O'Brien sees, as we all see, that it is religion far more than Home Rule that will suffer. Practically it will make his work in the land question difficult, for the influence of the priests has been very necessary; the faint-hearted will fall away.

A Cruel Blow to Ireland

“We had a disagreeable instance of this at the very moment of the reading of the circular. One of the priests present, Father E . . . , began to talk about his conscience and the binding force of a ‘pronouncement on faith and morals.’ Now this very Father E . . . was the man who at Woodford two years ago had been the most violent talker—the same, in fact, who took me to see Finlay’s widow, and whom she had reproached for having refused to say Mass for her husband. Yet he had the audacity to speak to Dr. Duggan of his conscience and the necessity of bowing to the orders of Rome.

“Looking back at dates I see that the circular is signed 18th April, that is to say two days after my talk with Cardinal Manning. Now on that occasion, though I have not noted it in my journal, there was a conference of all the bishops being held at the moment I entered, and, passing out as I passed in, I saw the Duke of Norfolk. Later I asked the Cardinal about him and about his mission to Rome, and his answer was: ‘Judging from what I have read in the newspapers, and speaking from no special knowledge, I should say that his mission has had no particular result.’ Now, was this an equivocation? Or was the Cardinal really kept in the dark as to what was going on? If the latter, it would make the matter graver. I suppose I shall learn some day. His manner in speaking of Ireland was certainly that of one apprehending no evil of this sort, and he has generally spoken to me very frankly of his relations with the Vatican.¹

“To-day’s proceedings in Court were excellent, and Healy is conducting the case admirably. Healy is a good Catholic, and it is lucky he and O’Brien

¹ As to the Cardinal’s connection with the Rescript, see later, p. 434.

A "White Terror" Needed

and Bodkin, the three principal men connected with 'United Ireland,' should be here together, with Dr. Duggan, just now to discuss the Roman circular. The attitude of 'United Ireland' will be the attitude of the mass of Irish Catholics. They have returned to Dublin for a conference on the circular.

"*April 29, Sunday.*—Drove in the Bishop's carriage with Father Maher to Woodford. We had given strict injunctions that there was to be no demonstration or meeting that the police could interfere with. We gave no note of our movements, but had hardly got three miles before we were aware of a police force following us in a car and a break. We went first to Mrs. Roche's. She is a brave woman and is carrying on the mill business and the farm while her husband is in Galway gaol. Then I saw the widow Finlay at Father Roche's. She is on good terms now with her neighbours. From the time the police left off protecting her she has not had an angry word from any one.

"We dined at Father Coen's with speeches, interrupted a little by police inquiries, but not interfered with, and so back to Loughrea. Sat up late talking with the Bishop. He is more desponding than ever and insists that John Bull can never be dealt with except by a 'white terror,' and that religion will be lost in Ireland.

"*April 30.*—The Bishop advises me not to think of joining the Irish Party at present. He is convinced that the Parliamentary policy will break down and that it will be succeeded very shortly by another in which no Englishman could easily take part. 'Go away, my dear boy,' he says, 'and save your soul—that is what I should like to do—and it will save your neck too.' Indeed, I have long thought that it must eventually come to hanging in Ireland. Dr.

Dr. Duggan's Death

Duggan declares the priests to be unreliable. Three-quarters of them, he says, are only fair weather Home Rulers, and would prefer having things left as they are. There are half a dozen bishops of the same class, Limerick, Armagh, Ossory, Elphin, Kildare, and his own coadjutor Dr. Healy. Most of the priests of his diocese are against him. But he has the whole of the people with him.¹

“To the Court House again, O'Brien's trial still dragging on. O'Brien has had a consultation with Dillon, who has been with Dr. Croke at Thurles. They have decided to telegraph to Dr. Walsh at Rome to return home and tell them exactly how matters stand. At present the only thing that can be done is to refute the *reasons* of the circular. Dillon has already struck the keynote in his speech at Herbertstown. Nothing has given me so high an idea of his quality as a leader as the promptness with which he made this speech and its extreme sense and moderation.

“By the evening train to Galway.

“*May 1.*—Galway. I am lodged with the Bishop, Dr. McCormack, in a most comfortable house he has just bought the lease of for £1,500—£50 rent.

“I have been busy all day paying visits of thanksgiving to various friends who looked after me when in prison, Brother Lynch who managed my correspondence, Kincaid the doctor, the warders at the gaol, Persse the distiller, Waithman and his wife Lady Philippa, Major Lynch, Colonel O'Hara—these

¹ This was the last I ever saw of my dear friend Dr. Duggan. He died a few years afterwards, as I have heard, according to his wish and to a prayer he had in his humility made daily, that he should die as the poor die. He fell struck down by a sudden paralytic stroke in the streets of Dublin, and so, carried to the nearest hospital, passed out of life.

The Pope "Bamboozled"

last all justices who visited me in prison. I also recovered my prison quarto Bible, a great treasure, which the bookseller who owned it had labelled 'Blunt's Bible.' He gave it me for ten shillings, less than it was worth. I drove round the prison walls, which interested me greatly, and saw at last the weir, whose sound I used to think was of the sea. It is the fishing season, and one rod caught eight salmon on Saturday.

"At four we had a clerical dinner, and I had to speak to about thirty priests, and did so on the spur of the moment successfully, touching the subject of the Papal circular with their approval. Dr. McCormack declares the circular to be a *brutum fulmen*. He attributes it to Monsignore Agliardi, now an officer of the Inquisition, who has always been hostile; they have bamboozled the Pope about the facts and these can be answered. He says Cardinal Simeoni is favourable and has had nothing to do with it, as his letter enclosing the circular shows.¹ He was at Rome during the winter and was not prepared for anything of the kind. The decision was forced on by Lord Emly, Lord Denbigh, and other English and Irish noblemen.

"After dinner came two visitors from the gaol. Grant, the chief warder, repeated to me what he had told me in prison, that the second week after O'Brien's removal to Tullamore an order had been issued for the strict observance of prison rules and to make no difference between political and common prisoners—also that Kincaid would have taken me into the infirmary if Captain Mason (the Governor) had allowed

¹ I find an entry in my diary of 15th November 1889, that Prior Glynn assured me that the Plan of Campaign Rescript was never meant to be published, but was issued as a private instruction to the Irish bishops; it got into print by accident.

No News from Rome

it. The other, Mrs. Coleman, gave me the history of Denby's (the warder in charge of me) dismissal, showing that it was on my account. I gave Grant a small present and urged him to take the pledge. No man required it more, and he consented and took the pledge from the Bishop of total abstinence for life. This at least is a good action done. But the Papal Rescript is hardening my heart. The charge against Denby had also been for drunkenness, but he had been hauled over the coals before for making a distinction in his treatment of me and of the other prisoners. In answer he had said that it was impossible to treat a gentleman the same as he would Tommy Burke, a drunken fellow always in gaol. The charge of drunkenness was a pretext.

“The Waithmans have a nice place two and a half miles from Galway. She was a Stanhope and so a cousin of the Wyndhams. Lynch is a Catholic Liberal-Unionist, Colonel O'Hara a thorough Tory, but clear headed and understanding the political situation well. If such men were to take a lead in National politics they might yet keep them in their own hands.

“*May 2.*—Returned to Dublin.

“In Dublin saw Kenny and John Dillon. Dillon holds the situation to be very dangerous and is calling, through Sexton as mayor, a meeting of the Catholic M.P.s to denounce the interference of the Pope in politics. No news has been received from Dr. Walsh at Rome, so that the people in the street are beginning to say that the Archbishop is a prisoner and is to be deposed. Dillon is looking very ill. Dr. Kenny says he will not live through three months of prison. So Balfour may get his way yet.

“*May 3.*—To Tipperary to see Dr. Croke. He will not believe that the circular will be followed up by further action, but admits that a letter he received

Dr. Croke on the Rescript

to-day from Dr. Walsh alarms him because it says nothing about what has happened at Rome, only asking what is happening in Ireland. It is certain that so late as the 22nd, four days after the Pope had approved the circular, Dr. Walsh knew nothing of it. He was to have presented his counter case that day, and learned that all was over from a man in the street. So, too, it is clear Cardinal Manning was kept in ignorance. It is difficult to understand that if the circular had been a friendly one, these two would have received no hint. Also the *Moniteur de Rome* has gone over bag and baggage. 'It will come right some day,' His Grace says, 'but in the meanwhile we shall have trouble.'

"Dined with the Archbishop (Dr. Croke) and clergy at Canon Cahill's. Last night in Dublin, at Valentine Dillon's, where I was dining, I met Father Duffy, S.J., who talked more violently than any of them against the Pope. He is an old man, and a Nationalist of Fenian days. 'We shall all get our absolution from you, Father Duffy,' was the general cry.

"O'Brien's trial has been absurdly interrupted by the theft of the written depositions during the night. It is impossible to say which side has had this done.

"*May 4.*—To Mass and breakfast with His Grace and the nuns at the Convent. His Grace is in his element with these pious women, shocking their sense of decorum with his jokes, and making all merry. He slept badly last night, he told me, as he often does, perturbed with half-waking visions on account of the circular. He had come to the conclusion that very vigorous action must be taken by the Catholic members, and gave me a message for Dillon to that effect. 'Tell him,' he said, 'to lay it on as strongly as he can. The Court of Rome must

Miltown Malbay

be frightened, as it was at the time of the 'de Parnellio' letter, and at once, so that they may not have time to take another step.' I asked him if he meant they were to protest against Papal interference in politics. But he said: 'No, not that. It would do harm, and the Pope in some things, as education, has a right to interfere. Nobody would blame the circular if the facts were true. But let him say all he can about these, and as strongly as he can.'

"O'Brien has been condemned to three months' imprisonment on the first charge, and is to be tried on a second, which means a month at once without appeal.

"I came on by train to Miltown Malbay just in time to find that Dillon had been there with Sheehy holding a meeting. It is vexatious to have missed him. He came unexpectedly, having crossed the Shannon yesterday in a boat to Kiltrush, and driven on here.

"Miltown Malbay interests me as the market town of the Leconfield estate. I have long been curious to hear about it, and to-day I went round the estate with Father White. It is certainly the best managed estate I have seen in the West of Ireland. The rents have never been much raised except on certain farms where there was a middleman. The improvements have, where asked for by the tenants, been made by the landlord with a charge of 4 per cent. on the buildings, and 5 per cent. on draining, landlord doing repairs. But in the good times many of the farms were overbuilt, and the tenants complain of the percentages charged. Some have gone into the Land Court, not many, and got reductions. One tenant gave me as follows: '20 English acres, £9 rent + £9 on £200 landlord's improvements—reduced to £14; the land poor as

A Posse Comitatus

pasture, but used to grow fair corn crops.' The most of the tenants I consulted expressed themselves satisfied, and that they were far better off than on other estates. I am glad of this. Mrs. Moroney's estate is where all the trouble has been.

"In the evening I was presented with an address, and the little town was illuminated. I am keeping clear of making any statement regarding the Plan of Campaign. The poverty in this district is certainly due in part to bad farming. All has been laid down in grass, and, now the price of cattle has fallen, there is no remedy. The farmers have half forgotten how to plough and reap. Father White and his tall curates are fine specimens of the country clergy. There is hardly a man in their parish but belongs to the League.

"*May 5.*—To Limerick, still in pursuit of Dillon, to give him Dr. Croke's message. At Ennis I found a great gathering of police—Colonel Turner, a sort of sham Wolseley, Captain Plunkett, of the bottle-nose and 'don't hesitate to shoot' notoriety, District-Inspector Heard, and a *posse comitatus* of bludgeon men. They were all on their way back to Cork after a wild-goose chase for Dillon, who had held his meeting by boating it across the Shannon in a storm in spite of them. I was honoured with Heard's and Plunkett's company part of the way in my compartment. These men are gentlemen by birth and bringing up, but have sold themselves to do this pitiful work. They see nothing in it—to judge by Heard's conversation with a lady in the train—but a terrible inconvenience, being sent about to new quarters, especially on account of their horses. Such is the way of mankind. What is a fight for existence on one side is a fight for pay and rations on the other.

Mrs. Pope Hennessy

“At Limerick I stopped a few hours to see Mr. Cox, M.P., who is in prison there, very comfortably, as a first-class misdemeanant. The warders all very friendly. John Roche has been released from Galway gaol. This is a distinct victory, and the result of my having repeated the Clouds conversation. It establishes a precedent for the release of other prisoners ‘in danger of death.’ Curiously enough it was the news of Roche’s arrest that decided me to bring the matter originally forward, and now he is the very man whose life is saved by it.

“Afterwards I saw Father Higgins. He tells me the Herbertstown case has been used at Rome against the Plan of Campaign, and with great damage. He declares the case a bad one, that the tenants were not really rack-rented, that their landlord was the best in the county, also that at the present moment they would all outbid each other for the terms, if not afraid. He confirms what the Bishop of Limerick told Dillon and me in the autumn, that Canon Scully, the parish priest, takes the landlord’s side, and he blames Father Matt Ryan as a hasty man and unreliable. He says the priests of the Limerick diocese will be obliged to accept the Rescript.

“I then came on to Cork, where I was met by the Mayor, Lane, M.P., Maurice Healy, M.P., and others, and was escorted to the hotel.

“*May 6, Sunday.*—To Youghal with Lane for the day and visited the Ponsonby estate. Called on old Mrs. Pope Hennessy in Sir Walter Raleigh’s house, an interesting place and an interesting old lady with recollections of O’Connell. She hailed me as ‘a new Liberator.’ In the cottages the women all knew me from the pictures in ‘United Ireland.’

“Lane is an excellent fellow, a butter merchant;

Parnell's Speech at the Eighty Club

Maurice Healy a very able young solicitor. The Mayor, O'Brien, and several others have been in prison—indeed nearly all our party belonged to the 'criminal class.'

"*May 7.*—To Queenstown, certainly the finest position in the United Kingdom. I should not mind spending a winter there. It is well sheltered, and they tell me there are hounds at Middleton close by. The pack was boycotted last winter while O'Brien was in prison, but Lane said, 'Your coming to hunt with them would set all right.' I have asked him to look out for a farm in the neighbourhood, as I have an idea of making a branch in Ireland of the stud.

"Gave a lecture in the evening to the Young Ireland Society. I had not prepared it properly, and am conscious of having made a dull speech. I find it more difficult to speak to an Irish than an English audience, especially about Irish things; I always feel they must be laughing a little in their sleeves at an English speaker—and they do.

"*May 8.*—Back to Dublin, and with Dr. Kenny to see John Dillon, whose trial is to-morrow. Kenny tells me Dillon could not stand three months of ordinary prison life. It is his digestion which is chronically wrong—almost like consumption. Dillon is worried out of his life by the stress of work, and now there is this Papal Rescript and the trial. His aunt, Mrs. Deane, is very anxious.

"*May 9.*—To Drogheda with John Dillon, Harrington, and other lawyers. Travelling in the train we read Parnell's speech at the Eighty Club, and I watched Dillon's face to see whether his leader's repudiation moved him. He showed, however, no sign, remarking only that Parnell's account of his relation to the Plan of Campaign was fairly correct. Harrington and the others laughed at the idea of

An Unworthy Incident

Parnell having ever had any alternative plan on the land question, and Harrington noticed that he had omitted to say that a veto had been placed upon speeches by the Secretary of the League. It is clear to me, all the same, that Parnell has thrown them over, and it must be not the least bitter drop in Dillon's chalice."

Parnell's half repudiation of the Plan of Campaign at the Eighty Club dinner was, I think, an unworthy incident of his political career. The impression he gave to his hearers was that he had abstained from participation in the Plan through disapproval of its methods, whereas he had in fact neither approved nor disapproved, being at the time entirely engrossed in his own private affairs to the extent that he had ceased to lead his party, even to advise it. It is not realized how gravely Parnell had neglected his duties for the last two years, and how entirely the Irish Party were left by him in 1887 as sheep without a shepherd. In that year and the following I can bear witness that Parnell's name was one little mentioned in Ireland, and when mentioned spoken of with scanty respect. The secret of his infatuation for Mrs. O'Shea, though seldom mentioned, was well known to the leaders of the party, and reprov'd by the Catholic hierarchy to my knowledge long before it was guessed in England. It was not merely on moral grounds that he was blamed, but far more for the neglect of his political duties it entailed on him. As to the Eighty Club dinner, I had been asked to speak at it, but had declined because the date made it impossible I should be present, without failing Dillon at his trial. Lady Anne went to the dinner without me. As to this see later *May 25*, in which it is implicitly recorded that Parnell, notwithstanding his public speech, said privately

Dillon is sentenced

to her—and she was sitting next to him at dinner—that so far from disapproving of the Plan of Campaign, he considered it had been “the saving of the Irish People.”

“At Drogheda the streets were decorated with green, and we were driven with music in procession through the town and on to Mell, where a cordon of soldiers barred the road, marking the frontier of the suppressed barony. The Court House, where the trial took place, was smaller than the library at Crabbet, and it was with difficulty we gained admittance. The proceedings were most wearisome. Hamilton, the chief magistrate, is an Orangeman of Cromwellian type, and we are prepared for the heaviest possible sentence. Dillon has left himself no loophole of escape.

“The trial is over, Dillon receiving the heavy sentence of six months, but as there is an appeal, he has been released on bail, and we returned to Dublin.

“*May* 10.—I have resolved to go back home to-night, as I can do more in London than here now, and perhaps go on to Rome. This is in consequence of a talk I have had with Dr. Croke, with whom I breakfasted. It appears there was a meeting of the bishops yesterday, at which Dillon’s attitude towards the Papal Rescript was disapproved, and I found Dr. Croke in a far less confident humour than when I had seen him at Tipperary. He told me he had had difficulty in preventing a censure being passed on Dillon, that he had gone too far in denying the Pope’s right to advise in politics, and he, Croke, had had to suffer in consequence, for it was well known that Dillon had consulted him. He was very anxious the Irish members should not at their meeting on Thursday put forward any resolution against Papal interference, and should restrict themselves to

Dr. Croke Disturbed about the Rescript

refuting the facts on which the Rescript is based; otherwise, he said, the bishops would be obliged to disavow him. All, however, depended on what the policy at Rome really was, and he thought I might do well to go there and ascertain the truth.

“Poor man, he is much distressed, and he admitted to me that the Herbertstown case, which is in his diocese, is a bad one. Indeed, he used just the same language as Father Higgins did, and he told me, moreover, that at the Conference Dr. O’Dwyer had brought the case forward, and that, as I suspected, it had been brought forward also at Rome. I talked the matter over afterwards with Dr. Kenny, who, on the contrary, maintains that there is no real flaw at Herbertstown, and that every case under the Plan of Campaign can stand examination. It is arranged that I should see Cardinal Manning and ask his opinion, and Kenny gave me a draft of the resolution they propose to bring forward. This is in substance as follows:

“‘While renewing the expression of our allegiance to the Holy See, to which our ancestors have afforded such signal proofs of devotion, we are equally determined to assert our independence in political affairs, and not to permit interference therewith from any foreign source whatever.’

“This would certainly give great offence at Rome, and would oblige the bishops here to repudiate the action of the Parliamentary party. I went on to Mrs. Deane and talked the matter over with her, and pointed out the danger of a quarrel with the bishops. She said John was firm, but not obstinate, and she would repeat all I had said to him when he came home, for he is away again at Mell. She tells me he is very much out of health, sitting up all night and working all day notwithstanding.

Gladstone talks bitterly of the Pope

“To London by the night train. Father Reddy has written to ask me on the part of the Bishop of Ardagh (one of the six doubtful ones, Ardagh, Ossory, Limerick, Kildare, Elphin, and Dr. Healy) to stand for a division of Longford about to be vacant. I have replied that I cannot even discuss it until the proposal comes from Parnell.

“*May 11.*—I arrived in London and went straight to Pembridge Crescent, where I was expected. After breakfast, went first to Cardinal Manning’s, who proposed that I should fetch O’Brien and come back at twelve to talk the matter of the Papal Rescript over with him. But O’Brien had just left London, and I had to return alone. In the meantime, however, I called on Mr. Gladstone in James Street, and gave him the latest Irish news. He talked bitterly enough of the Pope, or rather of the Vatican. ‘The Pope,’ he said, ‘has been made a tool of,’ and he told me he intended to speak in that sense. I begged him, however, not to do this, as it would throw the Pope definitely into Lord Salisbury’s camp and aggravate the difficulties of the Irish hierarchy, and he promised me he would say nothing, at least till the Irish Catholic M.P.s had made their pronouncement. He talked, too, about Dillon and the Plan of Campaign, not sympathetically, but in his hard, political way, which reminds one of the way Napoleon used to talk about his generals when they had served their purpose and been killed in his campaigns. About the Plan he trotted out his new casuistical formula, that it was Lord Salisbury, not John Dillon, who invented it; and drew the conclusion that it could therefore be repudiated. Indeed, he seems quite ready to throw it and Dillon and all of them overboard to lighten his parliamentary ship. He insisted that there were only two estates left

Cardinal Manning on Persico's Report

where the Plan was in active work—a rank absurdity. The one thing he asked after eagerly was the election prospect in the St. Stephen's Green division at Dublin.

“Mr. Gladstone's manner to-day was not agreeable—not that he intended to be less than amiable, but that it revealed the mind of a calculator more than the honest man he generally seems. It is difficult to have complete confidence in him.

“On returning to the Cardinal's I found myself in a far more sympathetic atmosphere. We discussed the whole position as to the Rescript fully, and he told me, first, that it had been issued not only without consulting him, but without his knowledge; that he was wholly unprepared for it, and that he had not yet received any communication from Rome regarding it. What is still more astonishing is that Dr. Walsh (the Archbishop of Dublin) was kept in the same ignorance, and even Monsignore Persico himself. As regarded the latter, the Cardinal assured me that to his knowledge the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign was not a consequence of Persico's report—indeed, I understood him to imply that the report was in a contrary sense—and that Persico knew absolutely nothing about it. This makes the thing all the more extraordinary, and I asked the Cardinal to write down what he should wish repeated regarding it. This he did in the form of a short letter to me, which I might send to Dillon and O'Brien. He insisted strongly against any pronouncement being made by the Irish Parliamentary Party contrary to the Pope's right to interfere in politics, which he argued by chapter and verse was theologically untenable. He, like Dr. Croke, was for their refuting the facts of Cardinal Monaco's letter, and leaving the general question untouched. He

Persico Not Responsible

told me he had already many times explained to the Pope by letter the lack of liberty in Irish contracts between landlord and tenant. But he insisted that he should not be quoted as having in any way advised—"for," he said, "it would be spiking their own gun to mix me up with it, seeing that the Pope would consider it improper in my position of his Privy Councillor, and he would put my letters for the future into his waste paper basket." So I promised not to betray him."

As the question of Monsignore Persico's responsibility for the Rescript of 1888 has been constantly affirmed I think it important to print the text of the note to me from Cardinal Manning:

"Confidential. May 11, 1888.

"Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.

"MY DEAR WILFRID,

"I hope Mr. O'Brien and the Catholic members will wait before they enunciate any irrevocable matter; and I may add my belief that Monsignore Persico has had no part in this late event. I do not say this lightly. Believe me always yours affectionately,

"HENRY E. CARD, Archbishop."

In the same envelope with it I find the following memorandum in my own handwriting, which is apparently an amendment to Dr. Kenny's proposed resolution (of which there is also a draft) dictated to me by the Cardinal:

"Written at the Cardinal's.

"While loyally acknowledging the authority of the Holy See to which our ancestors have been ever

Manning's Draft Resolution

faithful, as also its sole competence to determine the limit of morals, we reserve to ourselves as Parliamentary Representatives of the Irish people the right to speak with certainty on Irish facts, and to pursue such a policy in regard to them as shall within just limits meet the necessities of our social case and further the high political ends we have in view."

With this there is in the Cardinal's own handwriting:

"While fully admitting that the breach of a legal contract is an illegal and therefore a censurable act, we affirm that the contracts in question were not freely made by reason of the helpless poverty of the tenants, and were essentially unjust by reason of their exorbitance: which has been already proved by the legal reductions in 100,000 cases. Nevertheless the payment of such exorbitant rents and arrears is being enforced, and the Land Courts can afford no protection by reason of the inevitable delays in the process of appeal."

"I next saw Lady Gregory, just back from Rome, who tells me Lord Selborne was the chief negotiator of the arrangement with the Pope. The whole thing is very curious, and is probably an intrigue of the English and Irish Catholic aristocracy with certain Roman cardinals, and they have bamboozled poor old Leo XIII.

"To an evening party at the Ripons', where I met most of the people I wanted to see, including John Morley. I urged on him to avoid insulting the Pope, and to do something for Dillon, and he promised both.

At Malwood

“ *May 12.*—Breakfasted with Lefevre, who will take up Dillon’s case and get the London associations to join in a demonstration.

“ At Crabbet till *May 20, Whit-Monday.*—Took train to Havant, and thence by road to Southampton, passing through Fareham, a lovely road. We brought our own carriage with us, with Halfa and Shiraz, being invited by Loulou Harcourt¹ to take part in the by-election there. The drive was delightful, along the line of Downs overlooking Hayling Island and Portsmouth, Downs which I remember as a little child looking at and wondering about, with the chalk on the face of them. Now, after forty-three years, I at last travel along those hills, and there I find the chalk pit, just where I remembered it.

“ *May 24.*—At Malwood. Contrary to all prophecies and probabilities, we have won the election at Southampton, and are now at Malwood with Sir William Harcourt. We did what we could in the way of helping at the polls, but I don’t know that it was much. The result was due to accident—a variety of local reasons—the chief being that the candidate was away, and that his wife, who represented him, knew absolutely nothing of politics. She was a little nervous woman, who had never in her life said ‘bo!’ to a goose, and they put her up and made her make speeches about her dear husband, which she did in a pathetic voice, and a certain grace of manner, and real tears in her eyes. This carried all before it. I fear the Irish question had very little to do with it. But, for all that, it will be a knock-down blow for Balfour, and save John Dillon’s life. . . . Now old Sir William, who had

¹ The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., now Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Sir William Harcourt

kept himself during the battle in his tent at Malwood, has rushed down to share the plunder, and here we are for a day and a night to enjoy the divine weather.

“Malwood is a delicious place in the middle of the Forest, the site of an ancient camp, but overgrown with trees. It lies therefore high, and is at the same time sheltered, with only one view, looking south-east over a dozen miles of woodland to the Isle of Wight.

“Sir William and his family came home in the course of the afternoon, and we have spent a pleasant evening. Sir William is a genial soul, easy going, almost lax in his political ideas, and fond of ease and the good things of life. His talk is pleasant, and he has a fund of good stories. Lady Harcourt, his second wife, is an American, and an old friend of Anne. The attractive one, above all, of the family is Loulou, the eldest son, a really charming fellow, who has been working the election in his character of Secretary to the Home Counties Union, a position out of which he manages to get a deal of amusement, as well as political education. He is tall, slight, and more distinguished than his father, and I have taken to him immensely. With them is Herbert Gardner,¹ a young M.P., *bon enfant* and sociable. The family is altogether very light in hand.

“Chamberlain and Morley have just been here, but, as far as I can learn, without political result. ‘Chamberlain,’ Sir William said, ‘counts on our despair, and he won’t like what has happened at Southampton.’ This was confirmed by a letter received from Miss Chamberlain later, which said, ‘It would be disingenuous to say we are pleased.’ Our

¹ Now Lord Burghclere.

Parnell praises the Plan of Campaign

dinner was laid on the celebrated 'round table' of the 'Round Table Conference.'

"*May 25.*—Drove to Winchester, stopping at Romsey to see the abbey.

"Anne tells me that, after the dinner of the Eighty Club, she had a talk with Parnell, and told him she was disappointed that he had not said more in favour of the Plan of Campaign in his speech. On which he broke into praise of it, saying it had been the saving of the Irish people, and when she again spoke of his having said so much against it in his speech, he said: 'Oh, don't tell me that; you will make me feel so bothered.' About Dillon, he said: 'They will make him a first-class misdemeanant, and then I shall make a row about the other members who have been treated as ordinary prisoners.' He also spoke to Anne in a complimentary way about me. But, as a matter of fact, he has not so much as sent me a message all through the affair, and I know that he has done as little for O'Brien."¹

"*June 8.*—At Crabbet in idleness. Lefevre came here for a couple of nights for the Derby, and we have had a visit from the Siamese Ambassadors. Various members of the Pollen family have been here. Otherwise I have done nothing but idle about with Judith, write a sonnet or two, and answer letters about John Dillon. I am in the lowest possible spirits, having come to the extremest end of my political tether, quarrelled with most of my old friends, and got little comfort from the new. To-day the news came of Nubar's dismissal at Cairo and Riaz's succession. Nothing has brought it home to me more how my interest in politics has slipped away, and my power to deal with them.

¹ This is a most important entry, the one referred to on p. 431.

Rosebery and Boulanger

“*June 11.*—To London in an unhappy mood. I am determined to clear my soul of its political baggage; but I cannot leave the Irish battle just where it is, with Dillon under sentence of death. I went first to Westminster Palace Hotel, and found Dillon and O'Brien at breakfast, and arranged to go with Dillon to Dublin when he leaves for his trial. Dillon looks ill. They will certainly, we think, make him a first-class misdemeanant. But he wants none of it as an act of grace. Lunched with Stuart Rendel. He has been travelling in Italy with Rosebery, whom he looks upon as future Premier. ‘He is clever,’ he said, ‘but cynical,’ as a man should be who has married a Rothschild. But he has a talent for popularity, and would know how to keep the party together. I like Rendel in spite of his rather exaggeratedly humble manner. He is a good fellow, and has made a position for himself as head of the Welsh Party purely by hard work. He surprised me by saying he had no great opinion of Parnell.

“Afterwards to tea with Lady C., who has been at Paris and has seen Boulanger. Her description of him reminded me not a little of Napoleon III, very amiable, but rather dull, not at all like a soldier, and with a hand the most disagreeable to touch of any she remembered. She could not explain in what the repulsion consisted. But, nevertheless, she seemed impressed with him. He is floated financially, she told me, by Mrs. Mackay, the American millionairess, and, if war comes, he may yet achieve fortune.

“*June 14.*—This morning Dillon telegraphed to say he was going by early train to-morrow to Dublin (for his trial), so we went to London, dining and sleeping there.

“*June 15.*—Dillon, after all, did not meet us, so

Parnell and O'Brien

we have travelled alone, Anne and I, to Dublin. I am depressed in mind, unreasonably, selfishly. My journey to Ireland is an old obligation. I have to see Dillon through, yet I have a feeling that, after all, I am doing him no good.

"We arrived in time for dinner at Mrs. Kenny's. I saw O'Brien for a few moments in his bedroom, all littered with papers. He had a plate in one hand eating his dinner, and was writing notes of a lecture he was to give to-night with the other. In his life he is never at rest. He is a generous fellow. Parnell has treated him abominably, letting him sacrifice himself in silence and now turning on the Plan of Campaign. Yet O'Brien has no word but in praise of him, though he feels it acutely.

"*June 16.*—By the early train to Boyle and then on to Keadue, just as two years ago. King Harman was buried last week, but 'never a frieze coat followed the bier.' He 'died of annoyance at being thrown over by the Government in the matter of his salary and of heart disease.' The last day of his life he was angry at seeing a stranger fishing in his lake, and his last order was to cut down a tree. Altogether, with his only son's death, a sad life!

"At Keadue Father Reddy has shown me his correspondence with Parnell as to my proposed candidature for Longford, which is ungracious to me and insincere. He says, writing through O'Kelly, M.P.: 'It is doubtless desirable that Mr. Blunt should be in Parliament, but there are several English seats which will be at his disposal shortly, and Mr. Parnell is opposed to any but Irishmen sitting for Irish constituencies. It might otherwise happen that the National cause should pass into the control of Englishmen, for the precedent would be irresistible in other cases where English M.P.s, who have lost

Mrs. Persse at Galway

their seats through adherence to Home Rule, would require "compensation for disturbance." This, though sound in principle, is, I say, ungracious to me, and Parnell knows well that there is not the remotest chance of my being provided with an English seat. It is annoying that Father Reddy should have started the question, as it puts me in a false position.

"*June 17, Sunday.*—Drove with Father Reddy to Drumshambo and called at the convent, where I found the Abbess, *née* Grattan, an old convent school friend of my sister Alice. She talked about her in a way that brought tears to my eyes. Alas, alas! How few things can I look back to in life without grief!

"*June 18.*—To Galway—a heavenly day, and I love Galway as a saint loves the instrument of his martyrdom. I shall always carry about with me an image of Galway gaol, as Santa Rufina does her tower.

"We dined with the Waithmans at Merlin Park. Lady Philippa is nice, and, strangely, I have many friends among the Galway landlords.

"*June 19.*—Captain Mason, my prison governor, has been dismissed, the pretext being a charge of embezzling prison funds; he had not accounted for the rent of a field belonging to the gaol. In reality I fancy it was in connection with me. Grant, the head warder, has gone—transferred to Mountjoy—and a new staff has been ordered from top to bottom. The wife of the warder Coleman tells me they expect O'Brien here and are preparing a special cell for him. We made other visits too, among them one on Mrs. Persse, Lady Gregory's mother, a fine old lady who talked to us of Jesuit intrigues and Popery generally. [N.B.—Mrs. Persse was a typical Irish Protestant of the old school. Lady Gregory

Dillon Imprisoned

had had some difficulty in persuading her to receive our visit; she had never had a Papist under her roof before.]

“Back to Dublin.

“*June* 20.—The day of John Dillon’s trial. We all went down together by train, Dillon, O’Brien, Harrington, Lefevre, Schwann, Stuart, and ourselves, with Mrs. Byles and Miss Mander, to Dundalk—a very different journey from that to Mell last month. Then all was black as night; the Rescript had just been published, and Parnell’s speech at the Eighty Club dinner was in the morning papers repudiating the Plan of Campaign. Now the Southampton and Ayr elections have been won, and the ‘Dublin Express’ announces Balfour’s coming resignation. This put us in good spirits, in spite of the certainty that John Dillon would be sentenced.

“The manner of the judge and the Court, too, was changed. At Mell the magistrates were brutal to us all, and showed not a semblance of fair dealing to the prisoner; at the least shuffle of feet spectators were turned out. Now, Judge Kisber was respectful and polite, and the Court had an air of impartiality. Dillon made his own defence. His speech was the most powerful I ever heard made in a Court, closely reasoned, exhaustive of every point, and most dignified. It seemed inconceivable that any jury should decide against the speaker. The judge’s decision was halting and feeble after it, and the confirmation of the sentence, when it came, was received with a groan. We all look upon it, if carried out, as a sentence of death; and I never saw a face so deathlike as Dillon’s was while the judge was speaking.¹ We slept at Greenore.

¹ The sentence, though carried out in form, was not so in reality, as Dillon received honourable treatment while in prison,

My Connection with Ireland ends

“*June 21.*—Lefevre and I went over the Masarene estate. Coming back to Drogheda the mayor entrusted me with a letter giving the latest news from Dundalk gaol. John Dillon is taken into hospital, has all he wants to eat, and has been given a good bed. I went to Mrs. Deane with the good news.

“*June 22.*—Again to Mrs. Deane to say good-bye. Our talk has consoled me, for she assured me my coming to Ireland had been a great comfort to her nephew, and that both he and O’Brien considered that what I had done in regard to Balfour had saved their lives. They, on their side, had done all they could to get me into their political party, but Parnell had refused. I told them I intended to retire from public life, but promised, if ever they needed me again, to return; otherwise I should wait till the opening of the Home Rule Parliament. And so I intend it. I shall stand aside and wait. The world has other things for me to do, and time is short.”

My diary of the rest of the year 1888 contains almost nothing of importance regarding Ireland. Most of my friends there were in prison, where I could no longer help them, and beyond attending a gigantic open-air anti-Coercion meeting on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, where I was a speaker, I was too little in touch with English politics to waste my time on what seemed to me the hopeless task of educating electoral England to Home Rule. I was not a Liberal, and my words carried little weight, so I turned to other things. I went abroad in the early autumn and spent my winters for many years to

with good care in hospital, so that he left it in better health than he had entered. Mr. Balfour had abandoned his policy of extreme severity, nor was it afterwards renewed.

William O'Brien's Wedding

come in Egypt, to which I devoted what was left me of my political energies. Of Dillon, O'Brien, Davitt, and the rest, though I continued in occasional touch with them, and though my relations with all those with whom I had worked in Ireland have ever since remained of a most cordial kind, I saw comparatively little. My life had drifted apart from theirs, and it was not for many years that I was able to render them any further service. I hold it to have been a personal good fortune for me that I had retired altogether from Home Rule politics before the great trouble in the Irish ranks occurred, so that I was never called upon to take a side by any public pronouncement with either of the two factions into which the party was so fatally cleft asunder in 1891. The members of both remained my friends.

The last occasion on which I was with them all as a united party at any social gathering was that of William O'Brien's wedding, which took place in London in the summer of 1890, a few months only before the great crash came. I had met O'Brien at Paris, where he had introduced me to his *fiancée*, Mlle. Raffalowich, a week or two before, and we and Mr. T. P. Gill had travelled together to London and had talked of the possibility of trouble which was already beginning to cast its shadow over the Irish fortunes, though at that time all hoped and believed that it would pass over without an actual storm. Speaking about the divorce case which had been already filed, O'Brien had told me that Parnell had written to him to say that "if it came on, which was doubtful, nothing would appear injurious to his character." This," he said, "from Parnell is saying a great deal, but he is so strange a man that it is impossible to know what there may be." He trusted, however, in his "great luck, which had hitherto got

In Praise of the Irish Members

him out of every difficulty." The account of the wedding is as follows:

"June 11, 1890.—To London to attend O'Brien's wedding. This was a really wonderful event, and has lifted me once more to a higher level. It is all very well to scoff at the wickedness of the age in which we live, but the Catholic Irish are a standing miracle of God's grace. I should say there has never been—certainly not in the last hundred years—a political party so pure in its purposes, so saintly in the lives of its leaders. I do not speak of Parnell, who is a dark horse in his private life, and of whom I do not feel the same absolute confidence politically—for he is before all things a parliamentarian, that is to say, a man of shifts and expedients—nor of half a dozen other doubtful ones, A, B, C, D, and perhaps E. But take the others from Dillon and O'Brien downwards, and you will have an almost complete army of virtuous and pious men, including three or four real saints, the Irish members. Along with them, from Dr. Croke to Dr. Duggan, you have a second army, of high ecclesiastics, and no doubtful man among them for honesty and virtue. To-day's wedding was the apotheosis of this high-mindedness. Dr. Croke, in giving the pastoral benediction, said to William O'Brien: 'I have no advice to give you, for you need none.' The truth is he has led an absolutely virtuous and unselfish life from boyhood up, allowing himself no pleasure, and almost no rest. He (O'Brien) alluded to this very simply and pathetically in his speech returning thanks afterwards at the wedding breakfast. It was in his best and most subdued manner, and made many a man there shed tears. I saw Dillon weeping fairly, and T. P. Gill, and even two or three battered old Radical M.P.'s had a kind of moisture in their eyes.

Parnell's Affectionate Speech

There were very few Englishmen, however, there, and no reporters.

“Parnell made an excellent speech, dignified and graceful, and delivered in the best parliamentary manner. It raised my opinion of him immensely, for hitherto I have rather underrated his intellectual qualities. Dillon's was less good, rough-hewn and in part awkward, like the speech of one ‘unaccustomed to public speaking.’ By far the best, however, was Dr. Croke's. This was astonishingly outspoken and full of wit and tenderness. ‘I only like to be praised,’ he said, ‘for one thing, and this is for being a good Irishman. Every Irishman is born with four mothers: his natural mother, his Church, his college, and his country. Now that my natural mother is no longer on earth, the mother I love best of the remaining three is my country.’ He paid compliments to Parnell, who, he said, had made him a Land Leaguer. He spoke of William O'Brien as the best of men and the dearest of his friends. He told the story of his conversation with the Pope in 1882, and professed generally his determination to go on fighting for Ireland, all laws, human and divine, notwithstanding.

“Parnell's speech, every one said, was the best they ever heard him make, as it showed some heart, which is generally absent from his speeches. Certainly all he said about O'Brien was graceful and even affectionate, besides being extremely well delivered. I sat between Mrs. Maurice Healy and Mrs. Valentine Dillon.

“Altogether this wedding festivity has done me good, and put me back once more on the higher lines of thought a noble cause inspires. Truly it is the greatest good fortune a man can have in life to have been born in a noble period of his country's

A Last Pleasant Note

history. Irishmen have this privilege, and it has made heroes of even commonplace men. In England I find nothing noble. We are too rich and strong and prosperous to have any cause left us worth dying for. What a sad mountebank even old Gladstone is compared with the least of these poor Irish members!"

On this pleasant note I am glad to close my Irish memories. The crash came not six months later.

CHAPTER XII

THE PARNELL TRAGEDY. A POSTSCRIPT

ALTHOUGH it does not come rightly within the chronological limits of the present volume, I feel that this section of my memoirs would be incomplete without a short reference to the great tragedy which overtook the Irish Parliamentary party, and with it the Irish nation, so soon after my retirement from active connection with their affairs. Though absent in Egypt at the time of the first trouble, I of course learned what was going on, and my friendship with those who were playing a prominent part in the internecine war which broke out in Ireland at the beginning of 1891 gave me occasional glimpses later of the feelings which were swaying both factions, so that I am able to speak of things with knowledge, and at the same time impartially. I was not called upon to take a side, nor did I express an opinion in any public way, or privately except in favour of conciliation and compromise.

For Parnell's personality, though I knew him less well than the rest, I had a strong sympathy and admiration. In my few talks with him I had found him altogether charming—courteous, frank, kind, and essentially well bred. He had, indeed, a singular distinction of manner and a certain aristocratic bearing, which, with his tall figure and manly good looks, marked him out as one naturally superior to his fellows. I found nothing in him of the coldness of manner generally attributed to him, or of that hardness and insensibility with which he has been reproached. On the contrary he seemed pleasantly

My First Interview with Parnell

accessible, a man of the world, with whom it would be easy to make friends. I will reprint here, from my "Gordon at Khartoum," my first impression of him as I saw him in 1884. It is but a few words, but the sketch agrees with all I afterwards felt when I found myself in personal contact with him. The occasion of my making his acquaintance was this. It was at the time when there was intense excitement in England connected with Gordon's mission to Khartoum, and I had brought over from Paris a distinguished Egyptian friend, Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, to confer with some of our political people, and with that object had taken him to the House of Commons, and on the terrace overlooking the river we found the Irish leader. This is how I record the meeting in my journal of 22nd July, 1884:

"Parnell was walking up and down at the far end in solitary gloom, and I got George Howard to introduce us. He was really charming, having a sympathetic manner, at least to us as fellow rebels; wanted Abdu to come and see him and give him information. Parnell's manner of gloom and reserve seems unnatural to him, and every now and then there was a twinkle in his eye and a smile which seemed to show the real man better. I should say he was a good fellow and I am sure I could get on well with him. At parting his manner was *empresé*, and he made us a little speech, saying that he had had much honour in making the acquaintance of the Egyptian patriot and with emphasis much *pleasure* in making my own. He promised to write and propose a day for seeing the Sheykh. In appearance Parnell is tall, good-looking, pale, and with the least little touch of weakness about the mouth, such as one often sees in Irishmen, enough to show he is more Irish than English, and enough to add a certain

Parnell's Character

charm to his countenance. Altogether I was much taken with him."

I think this description, which is confirmed in later entries, reveals something not noticed by his biographers, the "little touch of weakness" it records. I find it difficult to accept as accurate the character usually given him of unbending strength, or to reconcile my recollections with the stern impassivity of pride of which his biographers speak. That he was a proud man we cannot doubt, and one of invincible courage, but that is not the same thing quite as strength. His courage was that of a born fighter, of a soldier ready in the battle to face all odds, whom the presence of an enemy rouses naturally to action and who will not easily admit that he is beaten. But a moral weakness, not incompatible with courage, I am sure there was which impaired these high qualities and led him into errors of political judgement and derelictions of his duty as leader of his people otherwise quite unaccountable.

I do not mean by this that Parnell was a man easily led into ways of folly. There was nothing in his relations with the lady who caused his misadventure calling, as things went in the society in which he was bred, for special reprobation. He was on the contrary, and compared with most young men, austere. It was not a case of his having perverted innocence or destroyed the happiness of a home hitherto inviolate, or led a life of depravity. The lady was as old as, if not older than, he; she had been married fourteen years, and her husband was, there is every reason to believe, a consenting party who had profited by the connection. More than one of our prominent men in English public life had liaisons at the time at least as reprehensible as his; nor must we forget that Parnell repaired as far as he could

The O'Sheas

the illegality by his eventual marriage with the divorced lady. Nor yet can there be a doubt that the outcry raised against him in England was largely manufactured, as it was certainly exaggerated by the press, and that the use made of the scandal for political purposes was in its methods nothing less than atrocious. Parnell in all this deserves pity more than blame. Yet it seems to me that he cannot be acquitted of almost incredible weakness in his manner of meeting his misfortune, and that, subjected to influences stronger than he could master, he, when the choice was put before him, sacrificed his country's interests deliberately to the lady's pride and his own. It was not a first weakness but the culmination of many years yielding to her will. Any one with a knowledge of life will understand how this had come about, and what a domination this first serious passion of his life, begun at the age of thirty-five, had come to exercise over him. If it engrossed him to the prejudice of his public duties and the disturbance of his political judgement, it was no uncommon instance; his absorption in it had become a subject of anxiety to the few who were aware of it for at least five years before the open scandal came.

I knew something of the O'Sheas. With William O'Shea, the husband, I had been at school and had disliked him, and I had met him again, after his marriage, and made acquaintance with his wife. It was, if I remember rightly, at Biarritz somewhere in the early seventies that I met them. They were living then mostly abroad, he having a connection with Madrid, where a branch of the O'Shea family were bankers and had become partly Spanish. The head of the establishment at Madrid, a namesake of the other, William O'Shea, or as he was generally called Don Guillermo Osea, had married into a

Reasons of the Attraction

Spanish family of rank, and according to Spanish custom had assumed his wife's title and was known as the Duque de San Lucar. I had seen much of this one, ten years before, when I was attaché at Madrid. Don Guillermo had had misfortunes, his bank had stopped payment through the roguery of a cashier, he had been reduced to poverty and his aristocratic wife had deserted him, but being a careless pleasant fellow he had retained his gaiety and was still popular in Madrid society. Later he had left Spain to live at Biarritz where his agreeable social qualities got him a livelihood as master of ceremonies at the public entertainments of the place. His cousin, the other O'Shea who had been my school companion, was now a retired army captain, pretentious, affecting English ways, and altogether inferior to my friend. Of his English wife, a pretty woman, I have but an indistinct recollection. I did not like her husband any better than I had done at school, and though I afterwards met him from time to time in London and elsewhere I pursued the acquaintance no farther; nor did I, I think, ever visit them when they came to live in England.

This, of course, was long before Parnell had been brought into contact with either of them. I have been told that he met Mrs. O'Shea some time after the 1880 elections at a small social gathering of the party—for O'Shea was now in Parliament, nominally a Home Ruler though more of a Whig—at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley Square, his actual presentation to her being made by Mr. Justin McCarthy. The attraction between them seems to have been mutual from the first. Parnell was a man to attract any woman's attention, and it is unnecessary to suppose, as some have pretended, that there was a design to capture the Irish leader for a political purpose. It is far more

Parnell's Early Patriotism

likely that the capture had a simpler explanation, the mingled motives of vanity and interest, in both senses of the word, taken by a woman of experience in one singularly well favoured and who had moreover an already famous name. Captured, however, Parnell doubtless was, and all the more securely through his comparative inexperience of that type of womankind. It is safe to say that, if he had been a more immoral man, he would probably have escaped the snare or at least that he would have avoided the worst consequences of his subjection; he would not have allowed it to influence as it did his public life.

In my view of the case, nearly all Parnell's political mistakes may be traced to this unfortunate connection. Parnell, when he first entered Parliament and until the time of his connection with the O'Sheas, was a man of rigid patriotic integrity, who spared himself no pains and refused no sacrifice, either of principle or in practice, for Ireland's sake. He was a genuine hater of England through his double parentage, Irish and American, regarding her as the hereditary foe, and he also hated Englishmen, resenting their airs of superiority and the constant mockery of Irish ways then universal in the London press. It was his rebellion against all this in the House of Commons and his success in meeting pride with pride that gave him his first title to his fellow countrymen's regard. He was so manifest a gentleman of birth and breeding that no man in the House could pretend to look down on him, and he met the English scorn with a superior scorn. His fellow members of the Irish party, for this reason, soon came to recognize in him precisely the heaven-born leader they required to raise Ireland from the dust and give her self-confidence in her own superiority. Under his inspiration they refused to be any longer

Parnell's Limitations

suppliants but became intimidators; they made no further pact with the enemy, but extorted by fear an admission of their rights. This had been Parnell's attitude till the day of his falling under the new influence; it had caused him to be trusted by Parliamentarian and Fenian alike, by Irishmen at home and Irishmen in America; and he deserved all the gratitude he so abundantly received.

At the same time it must not be supposed that, excepting in regard to the party's general attitude, Parnell was the framer in detail of the Irish Parliamentary policy. According to everything I heard about it at the time, this was not so. Though ready enough to acknowledge him as Ireland's uncrowned king it was not as an absolute monarch that his followers regarded him, nor did Parnell affect to be such. Parnell was conscious of his own intellectual limitations. He was neither highly educated nor had he any great special talent, natural or acquired, apart from that which made of him a born leader of men. He was an unready speaker and a rather slow thinker, with no desire of display for display's sake. He was always ready to leave to others the initiative both in private counsel and in public debate. The meetings of the party were held on strict constitutional lines, and the decisions come to by vote of the majority. His little eagerness to assert himself as chairman in small matters was one of the reasons of his popularity and secured to him his followers' loyalty. Thus, though the initiative of the land war of 1878 had been Davitt's and Dillon's, and though as a landlord he was little inclined naturally to encourage a no rent attitude, he threw himself into the agrarian movement with a full share of zeal, becoming president of the Land League and sacrificing his own fortune cheerfully in the cause and eventually even

The Kilmainham Treaty

his liberty. It was rarely that he insisted on a line of policy, and then not always with the happiest results.

The first trace of the new influence which is recognizable in his conduct as party leader is, I think, that of the "Kilmainham treaty." This was a new departure, which, without consultation with his most trusted followers, he decided on through the instrumentality of the O'Sheas with Gladstone. These had obtained for him through Chamberlain a short leave of absence from Kilmainham gaol, where he and Dillon and Harrington, with most of the prominent Land Leaguers, had been confined for four months as suspects. As these prisoners had not been tried they had been accorded comparative liberty while in gaol, and were able to be together in the daytime, and so had opportunity of consultation, yet Parnell told none of them that he had in his thoughts a change of policy which was practically an entire reversal of that they had hitherto pursued. It was nothing less than an agreement for his and their release from prison at the price of a promise that the land agitation should be "slowed down" and peace made with the Liberal party. Whatever may be thought of the political expediency of the compact—and its merits were never really tested, for the Phoenix Park murders which immediately followed led to an abandonment of the conciliatory part of the plan, and the passing of a new Coercion Act by the Government—it is difficult not to recognize in it a personal motive on Parnell's part, that of regaining his liberty, and with it the power of being once more with the lady of his thoughts. The lady had herself managed the affair with the Prime Minister, who had twice paid her the compliment of a visit in order to arrange matters with her without

Mrs. O'Shea's Ill-Influence

the need of writing. It was the beginning of a long intrigue with successive Governments, and of a secret mistrust of their leader on the part of his followers, for it had been done behind their backs, and they had come to learn the cause. It is not a little significant that, when the murders so soon after happened, Parnell took it as a blow to his personal honour and wrote to Gladstone, also unbeknown to his followers, offering, if he thought it would help matters, to resign the Irish Chairmanship. The offer stands in strange contrast with his refusal, eight years later, also on a personal issue, to resign.

This, I repeat, was the beginning of what it is impossible not to recognize as a new influence in Parnell's life, and one certainly inimical to his patriotic singlemindedness and efficiency as national leader. Mrs. O'Shea was an Englishwoman with English prejudices; her husband was an Irishman of the least patriotic type, distrusted, and rightly distrusted, by the true Home Rulers in Parliament as a spy and traitor in their camp. Parnell's new mode of life estranged him necessarily from them. Till then, he had been on pleasantly familiar terms with all; now he became aloof from them. It was impossible they should feel at their ease at Eltham in an atmosphere so politically doubtful; they did not go there, and he no longer came to them except on business. His attendance in the House during the Parliamentary session became more and more irregular. During the recess he was less and less in Ireland. He preferred Eltham even to Avondale. How should there not have been estrangement? I remember well the sneering tone in which O'Shea more than once spoke to me of the Parnellite following in the House as the "Bhoys." It was evidently

A "Roi Fainéant"

the tone at Eltham. The episode of the Galway election brought the germ of the discontent to Ireland, and already in the spring of 1886, when I made my first tour there, there was secret talk of the cause of it; Parnell was beginning to be regarded with less than full confidence. It is necessary to recall these early indications if we are to understand the anger which assailed him later. His entire abstention from the Land war of the two following years, and his inexplicable disavowal of the "Plan of Campaign" at the very moment when its leaders were being imprisoned, accentuated the secret distrust. His long absence from Ireland had transferred his popularity to those who had borne the heat of the battle there. He was looked upon in agricultural Ireland as a *roi fainéant* whom they had learned to do without. The only wonder is that the loyalty to him should have survived for so many years their chief's neglect. It was only the sense that he was away converting England to Home Rule, as he had already converted Gladstone, that restrained their tongues, joined to the fact that he had command of the chief organs of the Irish press. I was constantly surprised at the reserve with which these delicate affairs were treated, at the readiness to make excuses for him in the clergy, and the loyalty of their talk of him in his Parliamentary followers. It is easy to see a justification for the Irish revolt against him.

At the same time I am certain that if, when the scandal was first announced, Parnell had taken any attitude but that of absolute defiance, his fault would have been readily condoned. It is a mistaken idea that the Catholic Irish clergy, though they look on what are called "sins of the flesh" more severely than most clerics, are specially censorious or unwill-

The Position of the Clergy

ing to forgive the sinner. On the contrary the knowledge they have of human frailty through the confessional makes them indulgent; they are always ready to accept excuse and take it for granted if they can that the sinner is repentant. Especially in the case of one not of their own faith—and Parnell was a Protestant—they would not have considered it their business to inquire too closely what his position in the matter actually was. They would have given him the benefit of the doubt and accepted it without proof that he was sorry for the scandal given. He was not under their jurisdiction, and the moral law imposed on Protestants was perhaps less strictly regarded than their own; it was not their affair. I am sure, at any rate, that this would have been the attitude of Dr. Croke, and his would have meant the attitude of the majority of the Home Rule clergy. But Parnell unfortunately gave them no chance of this charitable treatment. He stood forth at once before the world as a defier of all its morality, careless of what his Catholic countrymen thought, and without the smallest consideration of the ecclesiastical position. Even then, I think, if he had kept absolute silence, and refrained from answering Gladstone's unfortunately worded letter with a counterblast of political accusation, they would have clung to him. But his defiant reply put them into a dilemma out of which there was no issue possible but to take the course they did. What was the position? Parnell ever since 1886—that is to say for five years—had been persuading them to believe in Gladstone as an honourable man who had become their friend and would not betray them; he had excused his own defection from the agrarian fight and his public condemnation of the Plan of Campaign on the plea that it was injuring the

Parnell's sudden change of Front

Home Rule cause in England, and that it was necessary to strengthen Gladstone's hand. The Plan of Campaign, it must be remembered, was dear to Catholic Ireland, and especially dear to Dr. Croke and the large majority of the agricultural Irish priests who had fought its battle not only against Dublin Castle but against the Vatican, and they felt that Parnell's sudden change on a personal issue was almost an insult. They had been taught by Parnell to sacrifice the agrarian interest, which was their own, for the Home Rule Gladstone was to give; and now, without any apparent cause, except his own personal fault which he was too proud to explain, the teaching was reversed; they were to look on Gladstone no more as a friend, but as a rogue, and Parnell, who had deserted them, was to be their only safeguard. Dr. Croke was no child in affairs to be misled by this sudden change of front, and even old Dr. Duggan, good Fenian as he was, remained unconvinced.

It is at any rate impossible for us at the present day, looking back at things, to take Parnell's charges against Gladstone seriously. I had little faith in the Home Rule professions of the Liberal party at the time, and not much in Gladstone, but I cannot believe that the Old Man, whose whole reputation was at issue in this the last Parliamentary battle of his life, was less than determined to carry it through. What was Parnell's calculation in making it? One can only say it was a gambler's throw, on which he staked his country's interest in the hope of retaining the national leadership. And why did he decide on so desperate a venture? I have too high an opinion of Parnell to think the decision rested wholly with himself. I see again in it the fatal influence of another will stronger than his own.

History of the Divorce Case

We know now that, when the divorce action was first filed, Parnell had a clear counter case as co-respondent against O'Shea. He could have proved the Captain's knowledge and condoning of his wife's infidelity, and the profit he had made out of the affair. It is almost certain that there was a political intrigue mixed up in the bringing of the case into court after the lapse of so many years. Mrs. O'Shea, however, had forbidden Parnell to proceed with his counter charges; they would have been a bar to her divorce, and she meditated marriage with him as soon as she should be free. For this reason the case went undefended, with the result that the prosecuting counsel were able to bring against him what evidence they pleased without risk of cross-examination or reply. They managed to make the case far more damaging to the co-respondent than the facts justified, even ridiculous, and Parnell's pride was hurt. On this, we may well believe, the lady worked. If she had little sympathy with his patriotism, she had, doubtless, much with his ambition; he had been called the uncrowned king of Ireland, and she would not consent to see him thus ignominiously dethroned. I find in my later diaries an entry bearing upon this. It is of a conversation I had with Mr. T. P. Gill not long after Parnell's death. Gill had seen much of him immediately before and immediately after the divorce case, and had also been connected with the negotiations carried on for a reconciliation by William O'Brien and John Dillon when these were at Boulogne and Parnell at Brighton. Gill had come to see me at my country house in Egypt while he was spending the winter there of 1895-1896. This is my record of what he told me:

"Gill was very interesting in his account of

Parnell's End

Parnell's last days. He saw much of him in all the time both before the divorce trial and during the party split that followed. It was he who carried on the negotiations with Dillon and O'Brien when they were at Paris [? Boulogne], and he left the party when these failed. He tells me that Parnell had a complete case in defence against O'Shea, O'Shea having connived throughout and profited in a money way. The house at Eltham was really Parnell's, and O'Shea went there to blackmail him. He showed his whole defence to Gill before the trial. But Mrs. O'Shea would not allow him to defend himself, as she wanted a divorce so as to marry him. She was a woman quite unworthy of him, who had had other affairs before that with Parnell, and who neither sympathized with his politics, nor at all appreciated the height of his position. Later, again, when Parnell would have agreed to retire for a while from the party, and was quite willing to make peace, she always stood in the way of it, and he used to come back from Brighton changed and uncompromising. Lastly, his devotion to her and the worry of his public life were too much for him, and she really hastened his end by her exigences. I asked him whether he committed suicide, but he was emphatic that it was not so. 'Parnell,' he said, 'was the last man in the world to do it. He was a fighter to the last, and would not give in. It was the worry and strain of fighting, and Mrs. O'Shea, that ended him.'"

Thus explained, Parnell's attitude of obstinacy is quite understandable. At the outset it had much to excuse it; his retention of the leadership had been voted unanimously at a great public meeting in Dublin, and had been pressed on him privately by most of his followers at Westminster, and he may

He cannot sacrifice his Pride

well have considered his moral delinquency condoned. Where he went wrong was when, in order to secure his re-election to the chairmanship at the party meeting on 25th November 1890 (see Morley's "Life of Gladstone"), he suppressed Gladstone's letter, and still more when, that letter having been published, he answered it by a counter attack on Gladstone on public grounds which he must have known to be utterly untrue. It is difficult to defend either of these acts as honourable or in any respect politically opportune; they were a poor manœuvre, and all that can be said in excuse of them is that for the moment Parnell's judgement was obscured and his will enfeebled by the woman's influence under which he lay. Later, when the compromise was attempted by O'Brien and Dillon at Boulogne, it was already too late to save the situation except at the sacrifice of his pride, which the lady who controlled him would not allow him to submit to. His obstinacy profited neither himself nor his country; it accentuated his error and was regarded as a direct challenge by those in Ireland whom his previous neglect had alienated. It made a quarrel unavoidable.

Nevertheless, while fully admitting that the fault of the rupture at Boulogne was wholly Parnell's, and attaching no blame whatever in the matter to those who tried to bring about the compromise, I agree with such as are of opinion that the party would have acted with more judgement if, seeing the wounded pride of the man and knowing the secret influence at work on him, it had treated the case from the beginning as one akin to the mental malady which in truth it was. I think I should have yielded the point of his continued official chairmanship without any stipulation at all, had I been called upon to give an opinion. It would have been a concession

Parnell a Sick Man

of little more than the form, for Parnell was in no physical condition to force on a fight if he could have saved what he had come to consider his honour without it. Neither, I am sure, would Gladstone have been unappeasable; he was no such rigid moralist as to have insisted, and was far too good a parliamentarian to have withdrawn from the Liberal leadership or to have eliminated Home Rule from the Liberal programme. The result at the English elections would certainly not have been worse for Ireland than it proved, and the internecine struggle of so many bitter years would have been avoided. I should, I repeat, have been in favour of conceding the whole point to Parnell as to a sick man. The person who would have lost most by the concession would have been himself.

As it was, without knowing the full particulars—for I was in Egypt—I wrote at the end of the year 1890 to William O'Brien when I heard that he had returned from America and was at Paris on a peace-making errand. I felt that there was no chance of seeing Home Rule won at all unless the quarrel was healed. This is the answer I received from him.

“ Paris, 15th January 1891.

“ There is not a shadow of difference between your view of the situation and my own. Dillon and myself are engaged in a last effort to re-unite the party and save the country from internecine war, and to do so on terms that will preserve the Liberal alliance, and reassure the English people as to our goodwill. Need I tell you what terrific difficulties surround the peacemaker in such a conflict? I am not at all sanguine as to results. What I do know is that, if we fail, I can see nothing before us except ruinous strife in Ireland, and destruction at

God Save Ireland

the General Election. It is a most tragic drama, worthy of Ireland's most unhappy hour."

The attempt failed as we all know, and presently both parties, Parnell's friends and the others, were on the warpath. It was fortunate for Parnell that he died when he did, a fighter to the last, though in a civil war, for his courage re-established his name with his own people. It was fortunate, too, for Ireland, for it has given the Irish race the right to regard him as the great dead hero of their nation, and nations have a grievous need of heroes, dead almost more than living. Ireland does well to honour him; his pride was their salvation in the first days of his leadership, and if that same pride proved for a while their overthrow, it has been long forgiven. To-day the cause he first taught them how to win is once more near to attainment, and under the re-united leadership of those who took his side and those who opposed him in the great quarrel, is marching on to victory, and with it in the national thought, assuredly Parnell's soul. As for us, English lovers of liberty, we can say with a good conscience, "God save Ireland, and bring her to her wish, under whosoever leadership and by whatsoever road!"

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE CANON OF AUGHRIM

I

You ask me of English honour, whether your Nation is just?
Justice for us is a word divine, a name we revere—
Alas, no more than a name, a thing laid by in the dust.
The world shall know it again, but not in this month or year.

II

Honour? Oh no, you profane it. Justice? What words! What
deeds!
Look at the suppliant Earth with its living burden of men.
Here and to Hindostan the nations and kings and creeds
Praise your name as a god's, the god of their children slain.

III

Which of us doubts your justice? It is not here in the West,
After six hundred years of pitiless legal war,
The sons of our soil are in doubt. They know, who have borne
it, best.
The world is famished for justice. You give us a stone, your law.

IV

These are its fruits. Yet, think you, the Ireland where men weep
Once was a jubilant land and dear to the Saints of God.
All you have made it to-day is a hell to conquer and keep,
Yours by the right of the strongest hand, the right of the rod.

V

History tells the story in signs deep writ on the soil,
Plain and clear in indelible type both for fools and wise.
Here is no need of books, of any expositor's coil.
He who runs may read, and he may weep who has eyes.

VI

This is the plain of Aughrim, renowned in our Irish story
Because of the blood that was shed, the last in arms by our
sons,
A fight in battle array, with more of grief than of glory,
Where as a Nation we died to dirge of your English guns.

Appendix A

VII

So the Chroniclers tell us, and turn in silence their page,
Ending the fighting here. I tell you the Chroniclers lie.
Spite of the hush of the dead, the battle from age to age
Flames on still through the land, and still at men's hands men
die.

VIII

Look! I will show you the footsteps of those who have died at
your hand,
Done to death by your law, alas, and not by the sword,
Only their work remaining, a nation's track in the sand,
Ridge and furrow of ancient fields half hid in the sward.

IX

Step by step they retreated. You fenced them out with your Pale,
Back from township and city and cornland fair by the sea.
Waterford, Youghal and Wexford you took, and the Golden Vale.
Tears were their portion assigned—for you their demesnes in fee.

X

Back to the forest and bog. They shouldered their spades like men,
Fought with the wolf and the rock and the hunger which holds
the hill.
Still new homesteads arose where fever lurked in the fen,
Still your law was a sword that hunted and dogged them still.

XI

Magistrate, landlord, bailiff, process-server and spy,
These were the dogs of your pack, which scented the land's
increase.
Vainly, like hares, they lay in the forms they had fashioned to die.
Justice hunted them forth by the hand of the Justice of Peace.

XII

Look at it closer, thus, and shading your eyes with your hand,
Far as a bird could reach, to the utmost edge of the plain.
What do you see but grass! and what do you understand?
Cattle that graze on the grass.—Alas, you have looked in vain.

XIII

See with my eyes. They are older than yours, but more keen in
their love.
See what I saw as a boy in the fields, as a priest by the ways.
See what I saw in anger with angels watching above
Hiding their faces for shame in the day of the terrible days.

The Canon of Aughrim

XIV

Horsemen and footmen and guns. They were here. I have seen
them, though some
Say that two hundred years have passed since the battle was
stilled.
Ay, and the cry of the wounded, drowned by the beat of the drum,
Did I not hear with my ears how it rose like the wail of a child?

XV

I was a student then, a boy, in the days now forgotten,
When for our school-house the chapel must serve, for our
master the priest;
Many a Latin theme have I scrawled on the altar rails rotten,
Thinking no more of the house of God than the house of the
least.

XVI

Yet we were saints in Aughrim. An Eden the plain then stood,
Covered with gardens round, a happy and holy place,
Rich in the generations of those who had shed their blood,
Bound to their faith by the martyr's bond and the power of
grace.

XVII

They do us wrong who affirm the Irish people are sad.
Sad we are in the lands afar, but not in our home.
Oh, if you knew the gladness with which our people are glad,
Well might you grieve for your own, the poor in your towns of
doom.

XVIII

Here, God knows it, we hunger. But hunger, a little, is well;
Man with full stomach is proud, his heart is shut to the poor.
Well, too, is persecution, since thus through its sting we rebel,
Clinging yet more to our love and our hate in the homes we
adore.

XIX

Mine is a mission of peace, to save men's souls in the world,
Not to make converts to Hell, for Ireland's sake even, you say.
Why should I preach of rebellion, and hatred, words impotent
hurled
Each like a spear from the lips to strike whom it lists in the
fray?

Appendix A

XX

Hark. You shall hear it. This parish was mine. I remember it all
Tilled in squares, like a chess-board, each house and holding
apart.
Down where the nettles grow you may mark the line of the wall
Bounding the chapel field where our dead lie heart on heart.

XXI

It was not the famine killed them. God knows in that evil year
He pressed us a little hard, but he spared us our lives and joy.
Only the old and weak were taken. The rest stood clear,
Quit of their debt to Death. God struck, but not to destroy.

XXII

The wolves of the world are fiercer. The wolves of the world to-day
Go in sheep's clothing all, with names that the world applauds.
Nobody now draws sword or spear with intent to slay.
Death is done with a sigh, and mercy tightens the cords.

XXIII

It was a woman did it. Her father, the lawyer Blake,
Purchased the land for a song,—some say, or less, for a debt
Owed by the former lord, a broken spendthrift and rake—
And left it hers when he died with all he could grip or get.

XXIV

Timothy Blake was not loved. He had too much in his heart
Of the law of tenures, for love. No word men spoke in his
praise.
Yet, in his lawyer's way, and deeds and titles apart,
All were allowed to live who paid their rent in his days.

XXV

Little Miss Blake was his daughter. A pink-faced schoolgirl she
came
First from Dublin city to live in her father's house,
She and her dogs and horses, unconscious of shame or blame.
Who would have guessed her cruel with manners meek as a
mouse?

XXVI

Nothing in truth was farther, or farther seemed from her heart,
Set as it was on pleasure and undisturbed with pain,—
So she might ride with the hounds when winter brought round its
sport,
Or angle a trout from the river—than war with her fellow men.

The Canon of Aughrim

XXVII

She was fastidious, too, with her English education,
And pained at want and squalor, things hard she should understand.
The sight of poverty touched the sense of what was due to her station,
And still in her earlier years she gave with an open hand.

XXVIII

The village was poor to look at, a row of houses, no more,
With just four walls and the thatch in holes where the fowls passed through.
A shame to us all, she averred, and her, so near to her door.
She sent us for slates to the quarry and bade us build them anew.

XXIX

The chapel, too, was unsightly. A Protestant she, and yet
Decency needs must be in a house of prayer, she said.
Perched on a rising ground in sight of her windows set,
Its shapeless walls were her grief. She built it a new façade.

XXX

What was it changed her heart? God knows. I know not. Some say
She set her fancy on one above her in rank and pride.
Young Lord Clair at the Castle had danced with her. Then one day
Dancing and she were at odds. He had taken an English bride.

XXXI

This, or it may be less—a foolish word from a friend—
A jest repeated to ears already wounded and sore,
A pang of jealousy roused for the sake of some private end,
Or only the greed of gain, of more begotten of more.

XXXII

These were the days of plenty, of prices rising, men thought
Still to rise for ever, and all were eager to buy.
Landlord with landlord vied, and tenant with tenant bought.
Riches make selfish souls, and gain has an evil eye.

XXXIII

Oh! the economist fraud, with wealth of nations for text,
How has it robbed the poor of their one poor right to live!
Only the fields grow fat. The men that delve them are vexed,
Scourged with the horse-leech cry of the daughter of hunger,
“give.”

Appendix A

XXXIV

Why should I blame this woman? She practised what all men
preach,
Duty to man a little, but much to herself and land.
She made two blades of grass to grow in the place of each;
She took two guineas for one. What more would your laws
demand?

XXXV

If in her way men died, Economy's rules are stern,
Stern as the floods and droughts, the tempests and fires and seas.
Men but cumber the land whose labour is weak to earn
More than their board and bed; much cattle were worthy these.

XXXVI

So those argued who served her. What wonder if she, too, grew
Hard in her dealings around, and grudged their lands to the
poor?
Cary, her agent, died. The day she engaged the new,
Grief stepped into the village, and Death sat down at the door.

XXXVII

Rent—who speaks of the rent? We Irish, who till the soil,
Are ever ready to pay the tribute your laws impose;
You, the conquering race, have portioned to each his toil,
We, the conquered, bring the ransom due to our woes.

XXXVIII

Here is no case of justice, of just debts made or unjust;
Contracts 'twixt freemen are, not here, where but one is free.
No man argues of right, who pays the toll that he must;
Life is dear to all, and rent is the leave to be.

XXXIX

No. None argued of rent. Each paid, or he could not pay,
Much as the seasons willed, in fatness or hungry years.
Blake's old rental was high. She raised it, and none said nay;
Then she raised it again, and made a claim for arrears.

XL

Joyce was her agent now. The rules of Charity bind
Somewhat my tongue in speech, for even truths wrongs
endured;
All I will say is this, in Joyce you might see combined
Three worst things, a lawyer, moneylender, and steward.

The Canon of Aughrim

XL I

His was the triple method to harass by legal plan,
Ruin by note of hand, and serve with the Crown's decree;
One by one in his snare he trapped the poor to a man,
Left them bare in the street, and turned in their doors the key.

XL II

How many Christian hearts have I seen thus flouted with scorn,
Turned adrift on the world in the prime of life and their pride!
How many lips have I heard curse out the day they were born
Souls absolved in their anger to die on the bare hill-side!

XL III

All for Miss Blake and the law, and Joyce's profit on fees;
All for Imperial order to see the Queen's writ run;
All for the honour of England, mistress of half of the seas;
All for English justice, the purest under the sun.

XL IV

Pitiful God of justice! You speak of order and law—
Order! the law of blood which sets the stoat on the track;
Law! the order of death which has glutted the soldier's maw,
When Hell lies drunk in a city the morning after a sack.

XL V

Order and law and justice! All noble things, but defiled,
Made to stink in men's nostrils, a carrion refuse of good,
Till God himself is debased in the work of his hands beguiled,
And good and bad are as one in the mind of the multitude.

XL VI

All in vain we argue who preach submission to Heaven.
Even to us who know it, such mercy is hard to find.
How then submission to man by whom no quarter is given?
Vainly and thrice in vain. That nut has too hard a rind.

XL VII

Then men rise in their anger. Another justice they seek.
Maxims of right prevail traced down from a pagan age;
These take the place of the gospel your laws have robbed from
the weak.
Who shall convince them of wrong, or turn the worm from his
rage?

Appendix A

XLVIII

Which are the first fruits of freedom? Truth, Courage, Com-
passion. A man,
Nursed from his childhood in right and guarded close by the law,
Why should he trifle with virtue or doubt to do what he can
Fearless in sight of the world, his life without failure or flaw?

XLIX

All things come to the strong: power, riches, fair living, repute—
Conscience of worth and of virtue—plain speaking and dealing
as plain.
Oh, fair words are easy to speak when the world spreads its pearls
at your foot,
Free is humanity's fetter with pleasure gilding the chain.

L

The Englishman's word, who shall doubt it? The poor Celt,
truly, he lies.
Fie on his houghing of cattle, his blunderbuss fired from the
hedge!
Witness swears falsely to murder; you throw up your innocent eyes,
Rightly, for murder and lying set honest teeth upon edge.

LI

Yet, mark how circumstance alters. You plant your English man
down
Strange on the banks of the Nile or Niger to shift with new life.
All things are stronger than he. He fears men's fanatic frown,
Straightway fawns at their knees, his fingers clutching the knife.

LII

He is kindly. Yet, think you he spares them, the servant, the
cattle, the child,
The wife he has wedded in falsehood, the Prince who clothed
him in gold?
Out on such womanly scruples! He boasts the friends he beguiled,
The poisoned wells on his track, the poor slaves starved on the
wold.

LIII

This is necessity's law—Ay, truly. Necessity teaches
Sternly the Devil's truth, and he that hath ears may hear.
Only the grace of God interprets the wrong Hell preaches.
Only the patience of perfect love can cast out fear.

The Canon of Aughrim

LIV

Joyce was found on his doorstep, stone dead, one Sunday morning,

Shot by an unknown hand, a charge of slugs in his chest.
The blow had fallen unheard, without either sign or warning,
Save for the notice-to-quit found pinned to the dead man's breast.

LV

Oh, that terrible morning of grief to angels and men!

I who knew, none better, the truth that until that day
Sin in its larger sense was hardly within the ken

Of those poor peasant souls, what dared I devise or say?

LVI

A deed of terror? Yes.—A murder? Yes.—A foul crime?

True, but a signal of battle, the first blood spilt in a war.
Who could foresee the sequence of wrong to the end of time?
Who would listen to peace with the red flag waving afar?

LVII

War, war, war, was the issue in all men's minds as they stood

Watching the constable force paraded that afternoon,
War of the ancient sort when men lay wait in a wood
Spying the Norman camps, low-crouched in a waning moon.

LVIII

Group with group they whispered. Their eyes looked strangely
and new,

Lit with the guilty knowledge as thoughts of the dead would pass.
It was a pitiful sight to mark how the anger grew
In souls that had prayed as children that very morn at Mass.

LIX

The answer to Joyce's murder was swift. Two strokes of the pen,

Set by Miss Blake's fair hand on parchment white as her face
Gave what remained of the parish, lands, tenements, chapel, and
mill,

All to a Scotch stock farmer to hold on a single lease.

LX

Here stands the story written. The parchment itself could show

Hardly more of their death than this great desolate plain.

The poor potato trenches they dug, how greenly they grow,

Grass, all grass for ever, the graves of our women and men!

Appendix A

LXXV

Logic and counter-logic. You talk of cowardice rarely!
Dynamite under your ships might make even your cheek white.
Traacherous! Oh, you are jesting. The natural law works fairly,
He that has cunning shall live, and he that has poison bite.

LXXVI

Only I dare not believe it. I hold the justice of Heaven
Larger than all the science, and welled from a purer fount;
God as greater than Nature, His law than the wonders seven,
Darwin's sermon on Man redeemed by that on the Mount.

LXXVII

Thus spoke the Canon of Aughtim, and raised in silence his hand,
Seeming to bless the battle his eyes had seen on the plain.
Order and law, he murmured, a Nation's track in the sand,
Ridge and furrow of grass, the graves of our women and men.

APPENDIX B

MR. BLUNT TO MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

(*Private*) Skibbereen, County Cork, *May* 18, 1886.

MY DEAR MORLEY,

I have just been spending a couple of days with Dr. Croke, the Archbishop of Cashel, who as you know is the great representative of the Catholic Church Militant in Ireland, and I think it may interest you to know my impression of him and his views. He is a very powerful man personally and by position, and his word is law to all the clergy of the south, so that everything he says is of importance, especially at the present moment. I have conversed with him on very intimate terms for nearly the whole of these two days, and I think there has been hardly a point of the Irish Question we did not argue.

He wrote, you will remember, a letter lately to Mr. Gladstone congratulating him and thanking him for the Home Rule Bill, and I am quite sure from all he has told me that in doing this he has been absolutely sincere. It is very remarkable how entirely the distrust of English intentions has disappeared during the last few weeks, and how cordially the clergy, especially, accept everything that is being done for Ireland as the best that could be done. They quite understand the difficulties of the Parliamentary position, and so long as the principle of real Home Rule is not departed from will, I am sure, do their best to urge patience on the people. To my mind the fact of the clergy being such strong Nationalists is the best possible guarantee of an orderly solution, and in Dr. Croke you have a man not only willing, but able to make his will obeyed. He has travelled all over the world, has a large experience, is afraid of nothing, would fight with his own hands if necessary, and is perfectly convinced now that with patience everything will come right in Ireland, because it has been taken up at last by a man who is in earnest. This seems to me most important, for as he thinks all in the South of Ireland, the most extreme section, will think.

So, too, about loyalty to the Crown and the preservation of the Union with England, Dr. Croke, I am certain, entertains no idea contrary to either. He knows, as everybody knows, that the Queen is hostile to Irish ideas, but he is probably at heart as loyal to Her Majesty as you and I are, and he told me that, if the Prince of Wales, whom they think more favourable to them, were

Appendix B

to come to Ireland now, he would find a very cordial reception. H.R.H. only has to put a bit of green in his buttonhole and travel without police, and he would be a popular hero with the Nationalists from one end of Ireland to the other. It is a pity he can't do it. About the idea of separation from England, Dr. Croke spoke very strongly. "There are three reasons," he said, "why it need not be talked about: First, because it is impossible. Secondly, because, if possible, it would only be done by the help of France or America, neither of which countries we trust as so favourable to liberty as England; and thirdly, on account of our material interests." Indeed, I can say distinctly that I have not in the whole of my Irish travels heard a word in favour of separation.

I am sure you will find in Dr. Croke at any rate one of your most valuable and reliable allies. With regard to other matters, I am glad to find that the evictions have decidedly slackened since I was in Ireland last. Father Reddy writes to me that Lord Kingston's agent met his tenants at the rent office the other day, and spoke more kindly than ever before; he would not press for the May rent; Lord Kingston would meet them again in a fortnight, and he would not say an abatement would not be granted, etc., etc. So that the row we made last month seems to have been productive of some practical good. If only the Home Rule Bill passes the second reading, I think the evictions will die a natural death, and a better state of things between landlord and tenant be arrived at. But I shall know more of this when I have seen Kerry, where I go to-morrow to sift the moonlighting business.

Just now I am looking to the fisheries started here a few years ago by Lady B. Coutts, and which might easily be developed all along the coast. The Bishop here, Dr. FitzGerald, is going to London, and is anxious to see you, and I have no doubt you will receive him if you can possibly find time. He wishes also to see Mr. Gladstone, but that will probably be more difficult. Sir Robert Hamilton gave me three hours at Dublin, much to my profit. I will write again.

Yours very truly,

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

APPENDIX C

MR. BLUNT TO THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

April 7, 1887.

DEAR LORD SALISBURY,

In accordance with your wish, I put on paper the principal points connected with Egyptian affairs on which I desired to speak to you.

I was, as you know, some weeks in Egypt lately, living almost entirely in native society, and on terms of intimacy with men of all classes, and, although I was careful to avoid taking an active part in local politics, matters connected with the political situation were constantly pressed upon my attention. Among other things I learned the existence of certain rogueries in official quarters which seem subsequently to have come in part to light, and, in the last days of my stay I was urgently begged by persons of position and integrity to lay the general facts of the situation before you on my return to England. As a friend of the Moham-medans these desired me to express the universal discontent which exists at the anti-Mohammedan character of the present administration. I trust, therefore, that in doing this now on my return, you will not consider that I have overstepped any engagement I have made, while I am sure you will understand that I ask your attention to the matter with the sole motive of throwing light on a very dark question which all are interested in seeing rightly answered.

What has struck me most on my return to Egypt after four, or I may say, five years' absence, has been the great social as well as political demoralization of the people. In the purely country districts, where the evil is less marked than in the towns, this is sufficiently apparent; not, indeed, in the better class of the peasantry, which has been able to retain its lands, for these are still fairly prosperous, but in the largely increased class of landless men living from hand to mouth in the villages on the chance of casual employment. Among these vice with poverty has been alarmingly increased, and especially by the growth of intemperance, a new and imported evil. Intemperance in the country districts has nothing to do directly with the English army of occupation, but is rather the result of a general hopelessness and moral discouragement subsequent on the war, and of the decay of religion under an administration actively irreligious. This is a point of view which, I think, escapes most European observers, who do not

Appendix C

understand that in Mohammedan communities political self-respect is closely connected with moral practice, and that where the former has been broken by conquest, social vices necessarily spring up. The larger villages of the Delta are now each possessed of its grog shop, and it is becoming no longer, I am afraid, a disgrace for the poorer Mohammedans to be seen in them drinking. This fact was, I understand, reported officially so long as two years ago to the English Residency, but no steps have been taken to deal with the evil. In the towns, of course, still worse results are visible, and Mr. Caine's account, published in the "Pall Mall Gazette" some months ago, does not seem to me exaggerated. Drinking-shops, brothels, and gambling-houses have largely increased in Cairo since the commencement of the British occupation, and are doing infinite harm. I do not, however, agree with Mr. Caine in attributing the evil wholly to our soldiers, nor am I of opinion that the remedy lies in an abolition of the capitulations and the taxing of drink. We see in India that the taxing of drink has gone steadily hand in hand with the growth of intemperance, and nothing is more certain than that, under present financial conditions, to raise a revenue from liquor would lead to a still further encouragement of its sale. The true cause lies rather in the indifference of the present Government to such matters, and in the crushing police *régime* which prevents any manifestation of popular opinion against vice, on the pretext that such would be fanatical. Mohammedan public opinion, were it allowed its wholesome natural action, would speedily put an end to the worst of these evils, and no capitulations, however stringent, would protect the foreign traders in their ungodly pursuits. This was very evident in 1881 and 1882, when native public opinion having asserted itself, the grog shops, as if by magic, disappeared. The present state of Mohammedan Cairo is that of a decent man tied hand and foot who has become covered with vermin and prison sores. There is only one remedy for this; freedom and renewed self-respect under a respectable native government.

We come, therefore, to the second point which I would press upon your Lordship's attention, namely, the character of the actual Administration. There is a proverb in Egypt which says that "the dead fish stinks at the head," and nothing is more true in Oriental societies than that the tone of the masses is regulated by those in authority. If the chief of the state is respected and respects the law, those beneath him in authority will imitate his example, and so gradually the whole mass will be regenerated, whereas a corrupt ruler will as certainly corrupt them. It was the misfortune of Egypt that she was for seventeen years under the rule of a corrupt and lawless Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, and to him,

To the Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.

in the first place, her demoralization was due. But in the years that have followed under European supervision she has had little better fortune, and she still remains without any authority respected by the people or worthy of respect. I have no wish to say anything about past history in regard to the actual Khedive. But it is a notorious fact that at the present moment Tewfik Pasha has no moral authority. He is, to give the best view of his character, weak and irresolute, and he has been so long and so publicly made use of as the passive instrument of a foreign policy that he has ceased to be regarded, for good or evil, by the natives as a factor in Egyptian politics. He certainly has shown himself unable to protect the Mohammedans, even to the extent of protesting when they have suffered wrong. This of itself is a sufficient stumbling-block in the way of improvement, but it would be of less importance if the Ministers under him were men who could be trusted. A weak prince may rule through a strong minister, and a foolish prince through a wise one. But the present Administration of Egypt has even less in it to inspire respect than the chief of the state. I wonder whether your Lordship has ever considered what the real composition of the so-called Egyptian Ministry is? Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, is an Armenian from Smyrna, an Oriental Christian educated in Europe, and having no more natural connection with Egypt than that which he acquired with an immense fortune. The heads of the departments of Public Instruction and Justice, offices inseparably connected in Mohammedan ideas with a knowledge of their religious law, are the one Nubar Pasha's Armenian son-in-law, the other, Boutros Pasha, a Christian Copt. The Ministries of the Interior and of Public Works are, or were, when I was lately in Egypt, held by Mohammedans, but neither of them Egyptians, the first being of Syrian, the second of Maltese origin. They seem to have been singled out for previous bad character and proved corruption. The Ministry of Finance is held by an Algerian, a respectable dummy concealing the personality of Mr. Edgar Vincent; the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs by a third Armenian acting for Sir Evelyn Baring. Not a single Mohammedan Egyptian is to be found in this list, nor a single man of the smallest repute with Mohammedans.

It is, therefore, no unreasonable feeling which prompts native society at Cairo to resentment and alarm, nor are they unjustified by practical results. I am doubtful whether your Lordship knows the full particulars of the recent deposition of the Sheykh el Islam for no other fault than that he appealed to the Khedive against a gross infringement of their social custom and religious law introduced by the Coptic Minister, an innovation according to which

Appendix C

Mohammedan women are to be liable henceforth to forced appearance in Courts of Justice as witnesses in criminal cases. This to Europeans may seem a light matter, but to Mohammedans it is one insulting and outrageous. Yet it is forced upon them by Nubar Pasha's Government under which we compel them to live. Again, under pretence of economy, the religious foundations are being tampered with, and the salaries of the University professors cut down, while education in every shape has been discouraged among Mohammedans, and every projected reform regarding it checked. Moreover, the Administration in a Mohammedan country is cleared of Mohammedans, and their places given to Syrian Christians, Armenians, and Copts. If I am accurately informed, the Mohammedan students in the Polytechnic schools have fallen since the war to less than a quarter of their previous number. Contrasting this state of things with what I remember in 1881 and 1882 I cannot but testify to an immense moral and intellectual decadence.

Nor from a political point of view is this less remarkable. There is now at Cairo no semblance of an independent native press, no semblance, however remote, of popular institutions, no right of public meeting, no freedom of speech, comment or criticism on public affairs. The secret police, re-organized by General Valentine Baker, holds the community in domestic terror, the native quarters are honeycombed with spies, and it is not an exaggeration to say that there is less political liberty now at Cairo than in the most tyrannical days of Ismail Pasha. The order we have established in Egypt is of the kind which was once said to reign at Warsaw. The worst of all this is that after our five years' authority in Egypt we have not even succeeded in establishing a *régime* of common honesty. Your Lordship, I fancy, has already been informed of the huge peculations which have taken place in connection with the sale of State lands. In this Nubar Pasha, his son-in-law Tigrane, and the two Mohammedan Ministers, Ab-elrahman Rushdi and Abdul Kader Pashas are certainly concerned, while I have heard the names of certain high English officials also mentioned in connection with them. I do not conceive it to be any part of my present duty to do more than acquaint Your Lordship with the fact that these rogueries are and have long been matters of common notoriety in native circles, while they have been attributed, until quite lately, by our officials to foreign, and especially French, malevolence. This talk of French jealousy at Cairo is a convenient excuse to cover scandals, but as far as I have been able to judge, the French Government has throughout followed far behind instead of leading popular opinion. The truth is, all European as well as all native opinion at Cairo condemns

To the Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.

us, and our bitterest European enemies there, because they are the best informed, are just those very Italians whose Government is politically our friend. Such is the nature of the communication I was asked to make to you. All I ask Your Lordship to do in the matter is to consider carefully what I have written here, and to make inquiry through other than the ordinary official channels into these scandals of policy and administration. They are, I assure your Lordship, disgracing us in the eyes of all the Eastern world, and are arousing against us a just and very bitter anger. Also I would beg you to consider that these circumstances, which I have put forward, have long been known at Constantinople, and that if the Sultan, knowing them, has refused to help us in our task of overthrowing the religion and corrupting the morals of his Egyptian subjects, he has been acting strictly within the limits of his rights and duties. It is a strange, and I think Your Lordship will admit, a discreditable comment upon our intervention in Egypt that, whereas Egypt after five years has visibly sunk lower in the mire of corruption and vice, Syria, so close to it, under the Sultan's rule, has made progress, not very rapid progress perhaps, but still progress of a quite discernible kind. There must be something wrong about all this, policy as well as administration, and I earnestly entreat you to pay it your personal and close attention.

Yours very faithfully,
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

APPENDIX D

MR. BLUNT TO MR. EVELYN, M.P.

Galway Gaol, *January 20, 1888.*

DEAR EVELYN,

I have been so closely watched that it is only to-day I have ascertained that Balfour denies what I told the Visiting Justices. This is exactly what occurred in the autumn:

I was at Clouds shooting with Percy Wyndham the first week of September last. It was a family party, and had nothing political. On the Saturday, however, Arthur Balfour came down to spend the Sunday, and stayed till Monday. The first word I heard him speak about Ireland was, I think, at luncheon on Sunday, and I had some discussion with him on the character of the Irish leaders, but the conversation changed to other matters. In the afternoon we played lawn tennis, George Wyndham and I against Balfour and Guy Wyndham, and I am glad to think we won our sets of him. We then went in to tea, and the conversation was renewed by himself. Alluding to the Ennis meeting, which was to take place that day, Balfour said: "I suppose it is all over one way or the other by this time," and some discussion followed whether there would be bloodshed there or not. Balfour evidently expected that there would be, but he had given orders that he should not be disturbed with telegrams about it. I do not blame him for this, as he was much in want of a rest; but such is the fact. I then said: "I do not understand clearly how you expect your policy to succeed in Ireland. You cannot hope to convert the Irish, and it is absolutely certain that sooner or later the Liberal party will come into office and then Home Rule will be given." He said I was mistaken about the Irish, that the Home Rule agitation depended on half a dozen men, and that if these were got out of the way the whole thing would collapse. He named me the men whom alone he considered of any importance. Parnell, Dillon, O'Brien, Davitt, and I think Healy and Harrington. These could be got in prison under the Crimes Act. I said they would be very ready to go. He said: "I don't think so. We are not going to have any nonsense such as there was in Forster's time. They will be given six months hard labour, and it takes a strong man to live through it. I am sorry for Dillon," he said, "as he has some good points, if he was not such a liar; he will have six months in gaol, and he has bad health; he will certainly

Mr. Blunt to Mr. Evelyn, M.P.

die there." I am sure of these words. With regard to the prospects of Home Rule in Parliament, he said that that was a more serious difficulty. But they had many chances before them. There could be no general election for a long while. Mr. Gladstone might die, the Liberals would quarrel among themselves about the kind of Home Rule. At worst it would take several Parliaments to make it an accomplished fact. "But it will come at last," I said. "If it does," Balfour said, "I hope it will be a thorough one, complete separation, and that we shall have Home Rule for England too." "Yes," I said, "and get rid of Scotch Ministers." These were our last words.

I am quite ready to swear to the substantial accuracy of this account. I am sure it does Balfour no injustice. It impressed me strongly at the time, and to the extent that when I heard a few days afterwards at Naworth of the bloodshed at Mitchelstown, I decided to go over at once to Ireland and warn my friends. I am certain that at that time Balfour intended the extremest measures against them. I do not trust him now. But he will find it difficult to get the prisons officials to go with him. Here I feel quite safe, in spite of daily small annoyances *ordered* from Dublin. I dare not write more.

Good-bye, and thanks to all friends.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

APPENDIX E

MR. BLUNT TO MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

June 13, 1888.

MY DEAR MORLEY,

I hear from Rendel that you would like to have from me certain facts connected with my imprisonment in Ireland. I have therefore drawn up the enclosed memorandum, which I hope you may find sufficient. Before, however, using them in any public way, I should be glad to talk the matter over with you, as it would be worse than useless to bring them forward unless it was intended to push them home. The warders who are still in the prison service might suffer, and I confess that I am far from inclined to fight another battle with the Government unsupported either in the press or in Parliament.

Yours very truly,

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

MEMORANDUM ENCLOSED TO MR. JOHN MORLEY JUNE 13, 1888

On my release from Kilmainham last March I made a public statement to the effect that I owed my comparative immunity from ill results in prison to the humanity of the prisons officials, warders and others, who at considerable risk to their professional prospects had refused to carry out the Government orders. A question was thereupon asked in the House of Commons by Sir Charles Lewes, to which Mr. Balfour, through Colonel King Harman, answered with the usual denial.

The facts on which I based and base my statement are these:

1. Very shortly after my arrival in Galway Gaol, and on various occasions afterwards, I learned from the prisons officers that a general order had been issued from Dublin (apparently in connection with Mr. O'Brien's removal to Tullamore) enjoining a rigorous application of the prisons rules to political prisoners. Mr. Featherstonehaugh, I was told, the Governor of Tullamore, had been reprovved for his leniency; and for that reason special orders had been issued in Galway Gaol concerning me. Captain Mason, the Governor of Galway, naturally an easy-going man, but fearing a like reprovval, chose the warder *Denby*, a Protestant, and one unconnected with Home Rule opinions, to take special charge of me; and his instructions were to treat me as he would the worst character in the gaol. This would certainly have en-

To Mr. John Morley

tailed on me very severe suffering; but Denby at the time expostulated on the ground that he could not reduce a gentleman to such a level. Nor did he in fact carry out his orders, treating me on the contrary with much consideration. Denby has since been dismissed the service on a charge, nominally, of drunkenness.

2. The head warder *Grant* received instructions of a like kind, but in spite of them showed me much kindness. He was sent with me to Dublin when I was removed there for the civil trial; and on a charge of some technical irregularity in his duty, was degraded in rank and reduced in pay.

3. *Captain Mason*, while giving orders to those under him for my rigorous treatment, was himself suspected of leniency, and in fact relaxed the rules constantly in my regard. He repeatedly excused himself to me for acts of rigour on the ground that he was acting under orders from Dublin. He has been since required to retire from the service.

4. At Kilmainham, the head warder, *Power*, who had never in his career had a complaint made against him, has been reprimanded, fined, and cautioned on account of me.

5. The warder, *Foley*, my special attendant there, was likewise reprimanded, fined, and cautioned.

All these officers in their various degrees stood between me and the extreme severities intended by the Government, and all have since suffered.

I therefore repeat what I have throughout affirmed, that, but for their humanity, I should have suffered seriously, and perhaps have succumbed to my ill-treatment. It was universally admitted in the prisons that an unbending interpretation of the ordinary prison rules would imply considerable danger to the lives and the minds of prisoners.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

Crabbet Park,
June 13, 1888.

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