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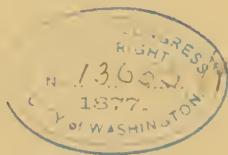
NEW IRELAND.

1878
BY
A. M. SULLIVAN,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR LOUTH.

1878

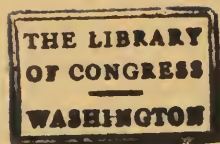
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NEW YORK:
PETER F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER,
38 PARK PLACE.

1878.

[1877]



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New York : J. J. Little & Co., Printers,
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PREFATORY.

WITHIN considerably less than half a century, changes, social and political, accomplishing a veritable revolution, have taken place in Ireland. In the following pages I have undertaken, not so much to picture them in all their phases, or to write a formal history of the period, as to supply, chiefly from personal observation, a series of sketches or narratives which may perhaps assist in the readier and more correct appreciation of visible results.

I have, indeed, been mindful of the fact that this work would be published, and, if I may say it, be read, in England; yet I decided not to write it either “for” or “at” the English people, but to tell my story in my own way, and from my own point of view. I do not pretend to be dispassionate. I have borne—as will be seen in what follows—an active part in some of the stormiest scenes of Irish public life for at least a quarter of a century; and I wish to hold my place as a man of decided views and strong convictions. I trust, however, it may be found that I have taken thought of the responsibilities which devolve upon one who attempts a contribution, no matter how humble, to the history of his time, not to the controversies of politics or polemics.

I avow, perhaps, too bold an ambition in expressing the

hope that these chapters may assist in promoting that better understanding and kindlier feeling between the New England and the New Ireland which patriot hearts on either shore must assuredly desire. No lighter consideration, no hope less high, has led me to undertake them.

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.

LONDON, September 25, 1877.

NOTE TO THE NEW YORK EDITION.

THIS edition has an indispensable something, especially prepared for it, and not found in any other, namely—a carefully prepared and *Complete Table of Contents*. We are sure the learned reader will not fail to appreciate such an addition to a volume in every other respect so admirable.

NEW YORK, December, 1877.

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NEW IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING BACK.

THE years that reach from the fifth to the eighth decade of this century cover an eventful time in general history. They have brought great changes on every hand for nations and peoples. Even where no clash of arms has sounded, other forces have effected revolutions ; other causes have been at work to destroy the Old and set up the New. Ancient landmarks have been overthrown ; long-treasured customs, habits, and traditions swept away ; and in instances not a few the whole face of society has been altered, for better or for worse. In Ireland this period has witnessed some startling transformations. It may, indeed, be said that the Old Ireland—the Ireland of forty years ago—can now be seen no more.

Revisiting recently the scenes of my early life, I realized more vividly than ever the changes which thirty years had effected. I sailed once more over the blue waters of the bay on which I was, so to say, cradled ; climbed the hills and trod the rugged defiles of Glengariffe and Beara, by paths and passes learned in childhood and remembered still. The material scene in all its wild beauty and savage grandeur was unchanged ; but it was plain that a new order of things had arisen. New faces were around me—new manners, habits,

and social usages. The Gaelic salutations were few ; it was in the English tongue that "A fine day, sir," took the place of "God save you" in the Irish. "My foot" was indeed "on my native heath," yet I felt in a sense a stranger. Not there, but in Boston and Milwaukee and San Francisco, could be found the survivors of the hardy fishermen and simple mountaineers among whom I grew to boyhood. Yet, natural regrets apart, I owned that all the change was not disaster. Much indeed had been lost, but much had been gained.

Was all that I saw, all that I missed, a reflection or figure in miniature of what had taken place throughout the island ? Unquestionably this district and its people had long played a typical part, so to speak, in the vicissitudes of our national life. The extreme southwest of Ireland, the Atlantic angle formed by West Cork and Kerry, long has had a peculiar interest for the student of Irish history, social and political. Mr. Froude gives it unusual prominence as the scene of what he considers characteristic incidents in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the last formidable struggle of the Gaelic princes for native sovereignty, this region performed in the south very much the part which Donegal played in the north ; the three men under whom the final campaign of 1595-1599 was fought being Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, and Donal O'Sullivan, Chieftain of Beara.

In that struggle Spain was the ally of the Irish Chiefs, and the proximity of the Carbery and Beara headlands to the Iberian peninsula—the facilities offered by their deep bays and ready harbors for the landing of expeditions, envoys, arms, and subsidies—gave to the district that importance which it retained down to 1796, when it was the scene of the attempted or rather intended French invasion under Hoche. Declared forfeit in 1607, on the conclusion of the campaign above referred to, confiscated again in 1641, and a third time in 1691, Beara at length passed totally from the O'Sullivans. The last notable member of the disinherited

family* entered the service of France with the Irish army under Sarsfield, on the capitulation of Limerick.

The clansmen scowled on the new landlords, who, indeed, for very long after never ventured upon even a visit to the place. From 1700 to 1770, as Mr. Froude has very graphically described, Bantry and the surrounding bays were the great outlets through which, in defiance of the utmost power and vigilance of the Government, shiploads of recruits for the Irish Brigade (called "wild geese" in the bills of lading) and cargoes of wool (at the time forbidden to be exported) were dispatched to France, Spain, and the Low Countries.

In the smuggling or exportation of contraband fleeces, and importation of silk, brandy, and tobacco, the population pushed a lucrative and exciting trade down very nearly to the close of the last century, when it may be said to have totally disappeared. Henceforward they devoted themselves exclusively and energetically to a combination of fishing and petty agriculture; their characters, manners, habits, and traditions, their virtues and their vices, more or less impressed by the antecedent history which I have endeavored thus briefly to sketch.

It is among this class, the rural population, that the most striking changes have been wrought all over Ireland within the present generation. The Irish peasant of forty years ago—his home, his habits, manners, dress, his wit and humor, his tender feeling, his angry passions, his inveterate prejudices—all these have been portrayed with more or less of exaggeration a hundred times. Caricature has done its worst with the subject; but justice has sometimes touched the theme. One of the changes most pleasing in our time is the fact that in England the clumsy "stage Irishman" of former days is no longer rapturously declared to be the very acme of truthful delineation. The Irish are keenly sensitive to ridicule or

* His sister was wife of Colonel MacMahon, of the same service, direct ancestor of Marshal Patrick MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, President of the French Republic.

derision ; and to see the national character travestied in miserable novel or brutal farce—the Irish peasant pictured as a compound of idiot and buffoon—for the merriment of the master race, was an exasperation more fruitful of hatred between the peoples than the fiercest invective of those “agitators” whom it has been the fashion to credit with the exclusive manufacture of Irish sedition.

Banim and Griffin, Mrs. Hall and Carleton, have left pictures of Irish life and character which on the whole cannot be surpassed for fidelity and effectiveness. The only class which none of them have photographed for us are the cottier fishermen communities that thirty years ago crowded the coasts of Connaught and Munster. These have almost entirely vanished. The Irish Fishery Commissioners year by year bewail their disappearance ; the royal and mercantile navy miss the hardy and fearless seamen so easily picked up along these harbors, trained from childhood to combat wave and wind. Deep-sea fishing properly so called was hardly attempted, the boats and gear to be found around the western coast being quite inadequate for the purpose. Kinsale and Cape Clear boasted some fine “hookers” engaged in the ling and cod fishery ; but six-oared herring-seine boats were the craft most generally in use. The crews tilled small farms or rocky patches of potato-ground when the moonlight was too bright for fishing ; and on the potatoes thus raised, and a reserve of the fish for home use, they altogether depended for subsistence. Between Cape Clear and Dursey Island a little piloting was sometimes done ; albeit very little knowledge of the compass or quadrant existed among the “pilots.” One of them told me how nearly he missed a “splendid job”—five pounds’ worth—because he could not “box the compass” for the captain of a West Indiaman homeward bound. “Not box the compass !” exclaimed the captain. “You a pilot !”

“Oh, sir, I mean, sir, I cannot do it *in English*. You, see, sir, we all speak Irish in our village on shore, barrin’ a

little English that me and the boys picks up, ye see, from being after the ships."

"Well," said the captain, after a pause, "let me hear you do it in Irish." He, correctly enough, reflected that in almost any language one could detect whether the words would follow with such similarity of sound as north, north-and-by-east, north-north-east, north-east-by-north, and so on. But old Jack Downing was just as sharp as the captain was keen. Often and often at Mrs. Crowley's public-house on shore he had heard sailors "box the compass;" and though he could not attempt the task, he knew how it sounded to the ear.

"Yes, to be sure, sir; I'll do it for you in Irish." And he forthwith began in homely Gaelic to recite, "My grandfather—my grandmother—my grandfather's grandmother—my grandmother's grandfather—my great-great-grandfather—my——"

"Stop, stop," shouted the captain, perfectly convinced. "I see, my poor fellow, I had wronged you: *take charge of the ship.*"

Few sights could be more picturesque than the ceremony by which, in our bay, the fishing-season was formally opened. Selecting an auspicious day, unusually calm and fine, the boats, from every creek and inlet for miles around, rendezvoused at a given point, and then, in solemn procession, rowed out to sea, the leading boat carrying the priest of the district. Arrived at the distant fishing-ground, the clergyman vested himself, an altar was improvised on the stern-sheets, the attendant fleet drew around, and every head was bared and bowed while the mass was said. I have seen this "mass on the ocean" when not a breeze stirred, and the tinkle of the little bell or the murmur of the priest's voice was the only sound that reached the ear, the blue hills of Bantry faint on the horizon behind us, and nothing nearer beyond than the American shore!

Where are all these now? The "mass on the ocean" is a

thing of the past, heard of and seen no more ; one of the old customs gone apparently forever. The fishermen,—the fine big-framed fellows, of tarry hands and storm-stained faces ? The workhouse or the grave holds all who are not dockside men on the Thames or the Mersey, on the Hudson or the Mississippi. The boats ? I saw nearly all that remains of them when I last visited the little cove that in my early days scarce sufficed to hold the fleet,—at low water, skeleton ribs protruding here and there from the sand, or shattered hulks helplessly moldering under the trees that drooped into the tide when at the full.

Off the western coast of Ireland are several islands the inhabitants of which, previous to the present generation, never quitted, never cared to quit, their prison homes. The mainland—Ireland—was to them a vast continent, where astounding marvels were, it was said, to be seen. Torry Island (“Innis-Torragh”—Isle of Towers), off Donegal, retains at the present day, to a large degree, this isolation. It is still governed by a fisherman king, elected by the community of three or four hundred souls. Quite recently, I believe, a police barrack, as well as a coast-guard station, has been placed there ; but the “king” is, after all, the authority most referred to. Strange to say, the present potentate of Torry is a Protestant, and the only professor of that creed (outside the police barrack and the coast-guard lodge) on the island.

Technically, or theoretically, Torry belonged to some barony on the neighboring mainland ; but until a couple of years ago no one dreamed of asserting this legal fact by calling on the Torrymen to pay baronial cess for making roads in the country on the other side of “the sound.” They made their own roads, they used none other, and for none other would they pay. So spake the “king.” The cess collector proceeded to gather a flotilla for an invasion, with purpose as resolute as that of the Norman William assembling his galleys in the roadstead of St. Valéry. Happily the

authorities, anxious to avoid a conflict with a community so peculiar and so largely recommended to kindly sympathies, devised some compromise which averted hostilities.

Serious crime was, and I believe is, almost unknown among these islanders. In Torry the first illegitimate birth known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant occurred about twenty years ago, and caused much commotion and dismay. A Torry girl had been to farm-service on the mainland, and returned home to import the first moral stain of such a nature ever affixed on the character of her native island. The whole community met, under the presidency of the "king," and with one voice decreed *banishment to Ireland* for the hapless offender. When strong enough to bear removal, she and the infant were rowed across the sound. The neighbors gave her gifts and presents to help her in the future ; but she was to return to Torry no more.

The present Bishop of Kerry, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, told me he was making a visitation of his diocese, in the neighborhood of the Blasket Islands, in 1856. The opportunity was seized by a young islander, who was desirous of getting married, to cross to the mainland and obtain a dispensation from his lordship, rendered necessary by some circumstance in the case. He had never crossed before, and he was all wonderment at what he saw. The bishop thought it right to assure himself as to the knowledge on the islander's part of, at all events, the cardinal points of the Christian doctrine.

"How many gods are there, my good boy?" his lordship asked, in Irish.

"Well, great and holy priest," replied the islander, "in Blasketmore we have but *one* ; but 'tis very likely there may be more than that in this great big world here." Father Casey was directed to give the Blasketmore man a few days' catechetical instruction, and then admit him to the matrimonial bond.

This class—the Atlantic coast and island men, from Cape

Clear to Malin Head—suffered severely, were almost swept away, by the famine of 1847 ; a brave and hardy race, favorably distinguished in many respects from the peasantry of the midland counties. Their isolation saved them from the conflicts that disorganized the agrarian system in other portions of the kingdom. Their hard lot, their humble life, offered little temptation to envy or cupidity. The ocean was their principal “farm,” and on this no landlord could raise a rent. The war of class and race and creed, that betimes raged elsewhere in Ireland, never touched these communities. Every man was their neighbor, and every stranger was a friend. Even at the present day, though greatly weakened by the ordeal of the past thirty years, they present an interesting study, as perhaps the truest relics we now possess of the Celtic peasantry in the Ireland of old times.

Looking back upon those scenes, recalling such memories, I am not Stoic enough to contemplate unmoved the picture presented to my view. Yet it is needful to remember that in these retrospects justice is not always done to the present ; a true value is rarely placed on the advance which, amidst combat and striving that often appear fruitless, and suffering and sacrifice that seem beyond compensation, is nevertheless being well established throughout the world, all along the line of civilization.

CHAPTER II.

“THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.”

FIFTY years ago the schoolmaster was not abroad in Ireland. Indeed, in the previous century he had better not have been, if he wished to avoid conviction for felony under the 8th of Anne, cap. iii. sec. 16. In most of the rural parishes of Ireland not half a century ago, the man who could read a newspaper or write a letter was a distinguished individual, a useful and important functionary. He was the philosopher of the district. He wrote the letters for all the parish, and he read the replies for the neighbors who received them. After mass on Sunday, if haply the parish priest was rich enough to take a newspaper, the same public benefactor read from Father Tom's last-but-one weekly or bi-weekly broadsheet the news of what was going on in the world. If the weather was fine, seated on the green sodded fence,—on rainy days perched on the anvil in the neighboring smithy,—he gave forth to the eager and wondering crowd the latest speech of O'Connell or Sheil, Peel or Stanley. Occasionally the parochial letter-writer and public reader was, as in Italy even at the present day, a sort of professional, charging a fee for his services. Some of these practitioners had set forms for letters of a certain classification, whence perhaps arose the idea of the “Complete Letter-Writer” as a publication.*

* One of my colleagues in the *Nation* office showed me not long since a letter which came from a youthful correspondent in Clare, who wanted “Mr. Editor” to recommend to him “A Complete Letter-Writer on Love or Business;” adding, by way of postscript, “N. B. Love preferred at present.”

In these performances lengthy words, or those strange and new in sound, were highly valued. A word of four syllables was supposed to be twice as powerful as one of two. A parochial letter-writer in Bearhaven who used to boast that he had “broken”—i. e., procured the dismissal of—three gaugers and removed two sub-inspectors was once retained to indite a complaint against a policeman. He read out to his awestruck clients as the finish of a sentence, “he being supereminently obnoxious to the people.” “Do you hear that?” said he, laying down the pen for a moment, and looking around with an air of pride and triumph: “supereminently! That one word alone is enough to take the jacket off him!”

That a few of these learned letter-writers survive here and there in Ireland I have had evidence from time to time in the course of my editorial experiences in Dublin. Out of quite a store of such curiosities I quote two communications sent for publication to one of my journals. The first deals with “Sunday-closing:”

“SIR,—It is an indubitable fact, absolutely impervious to the ratiocination of any syllogistic political economist, that the solicitude of British representatives for the auriferous progress of the excise divests them of every sentiment of philanthropy, of all consideration for the social misery, the moral derogation, and the domestic indigence of the infatuated frequenters of public-houses on Sundays. But to deviate from general principles to facts in particular, I think that a moiety of Irish publicans seem to have but little scrupulous regard to the dictates of conscience in deriving benefits from the ruination of their customers. That the publican’s till is the receptacle of a large amount of the wealth of the country is clearly demonstrated by the fact of their wives being a vivid panorama of *bon ton*, and actually living to all appearances in perpetual anticipation of the various vicissitudes of fashion. Indeed some alcoholic venders rather disingenuously carry on a magnetic system of lucrative appropriation through the medium of an exquisite barmaid, whose commercial smile of inexpressible blandiloquence is invariably calculated to stimulate the extravagant propensities of the young and industrious artisan.—Respectfully yours,

SATURN.”

Of another, from the same correspondent, devoted to the vexed question of "Connemara Proselytism," I quote the opening portion :

"CONG, April 12, 1874.

"SIR,—I sincerely trust I will not be considered an animated definition of the mediocral abilities existing between the sublime and the ridiculous when I say that a Catholic Irishman whose solicitude for the annihilation of the various considerations appertaining to sectarian animosities may have induced him to entertain a profound repugnance to all kinds of religious discussions, can have no earthly objection to class amongst the most ostensible of Ireland's grievances the odious prevalence in the isolated districts of an accumulation of stipendiary bible-readers, whose terrestrial ideas of the sanctimonious are orthodoxly proved to be by no means diametrical to the dictates of a pecuniary inspiration by their indefatigable efforts to propagate the grand tenet that the celestial felicity of a defunct Papist can only be achieved through the medium of sundry scriptural quotations, and the quondam system of immeasurable doses of infallible broth. Having fortuitously encountered one of these sublunary gentlemen, I, being unable to surmount the difficulties of an analytical excavation of the Scriptures, felt myself under the sternly imperative necessity of having recourse to a perfunctory subterfuge that precipitated his biblical interpolations into a chaotic state of chimerical amalgamation."

These erudite contributions were, alas ! not given to the public eye ; but my colleague, who withheld them from print, was careful to hand them to me for a place in my portfolio of literary treasures.

It was illiteracy, not ignorance in a degrading sense, that prevailed forty years ago in Ireland. The Irish peasant was naturally intelligent, was not deficient in knowledge of things necessary for his avocations, and above all he was, in a simple rustic way, courteous and polite. The great butt of taunt and sarcasm throughout the parish was an "ignoramus,"—one who was clumsy, ill-mannered, or stupid.*

* One of the changes most noticeable in the Irish peasant who has been to America and has returned home, is a disregard of and contempt for little courtesies that he has come to believe were servilities. In a land of liberty and republican equality he learned to reflect with

It was a calamity, the evil effects of which will long outlive even the best efforts to retrieve them, that at the period when in other countries, and especially in England and Scotland, popular education was being developed and extended into a public system, in Ireland the legislature of the day was passing statute after statute to prohibit and punish any acceptable education whatsoever—university, intermediate, or primary—for nine-tenths of the population. That is to say, the bulk of the population being Catholic, penal laws against Catholic schools—laws which made it felony for a Catholic to act as teacher, usher, or monitor, and civil death for a Catholic child to be taught by any such masters—were virtually a prohibition of education to the mass of the people. No useful purpose can be served by a dismal parade in these pages of the enactments that throughout nearly the whole of the last century effected that dreadful proscription. Statute after statute, penalty after penalty, was rained upon the people.

“Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously, to learn !”

The man who thoughtlessly, or unaware of the facts, points blame or scorn at the Irish for their “ignorance” little knows what he is about. In whatever else they may be amenable to reproach or censure, in the matter of education the Irish are not culprits but victims.

shame how he touched his hat to a social superior at home. 'Twas a slavish custom, he thinks, and he throws it off, assuming instead what he means to be an assertive independence and equality, that too often is merely rudeness. No doubt in Ireland there was to be seen downright and painful servility ; cringing, cowering slaves standing on the roadside with bared heads, in falling rain or sleet, while some squireen lashed them with his tongue. But between this and the genuine politeness of the Irish peasant of the better type the difference was wide and plain.

As early as 1783 the legislature commenced repealing the severest of these enactments against Catholic teaching in Ireland; by 1830 they had nearly all been swept away; and in the year following, the late Lord Derby, at that time Mr. Stanley, Irish Chief Secretary, proposed and established the present State-school system. By this a Government board of commissioners was established in Dublin to superintend and administer primary education throughout Ireland. No Government schools were set up or newly established; but local patrons or managers of primary schools were invited to attach themselves to the Board and obtain a yearly grant of funds by conforming to the rules of the new system. To schools so placed under or in connection with their authority the commissioners granted school requisites at reduced price, and a contribution toward the teachers' salaries. On the other hand, such schools were subject to visitation and report on the part of Government inspectors, and any infringement of the fundamental regulations forfeited the grant.

There had not been wanting efforts enough previously to supply Ireland with public schools; but there were seminaries which the Catholic Irish could not be induced to enter. There were the Royal Free Schools in 1608, Erasmus Smith's Schools in 1733, the London Hibernian Society Schools in 1811, besides quite a number of others. They all aimed more or less energetically at “weaning the Irish youth from Popery;” and the Irish youth, still more energetically refusing to be so weaned, stopped away *en masse*. In the sad choice between loss of school education on the one hand and sacrifice of religious convictions on the other, Irish parents preferred the former for their children. It was not that they cared little for education; they passionately worshipped it,—yearned for it, as the blind may long to see the wonders of the earth and skies which they hear of but cannot realize. They dared the penalties of the 7 Will. III. cap. iv. sec. 1,—which made it civil death for a Popish child to be sent to a school in foreign parts. Contraband scholars

often were the return cargoes of the smuggling craft that nightly ran silk and brandies into Irish creeks and bays in the early part of the last century. The Irish valued education much, but they loved religion more.

Over the Irish national-school system established by Mr. Stanley in 1831 a fierce controversy has raged for some years. In one respect at all events, and indeed in many more respects than one, it has been a marvelous success, despite circumstances which have greatly marred and circumscribed its operations. That is to say, although that scheme rather painfully balked the Irish of that which after such severe suffering and sacrifice they had some reason to expect,—namely, a system of public education as much in accordance with their religious convictions as the Scottish and English systems were with those of the Scotch and English peoples,—they nevertheless “attorned” to it; and for the first time in Anglo-Irish annals, Irish children in thousands flocked into the Government schools.

Mr. Stanley stands in history as the author of the scheme; but, as a matter of fact, Lord Cloncurry it was who devised and suggested it, the Irish Secretary coming slowly to espouse the project. When he did undertake the question, however, he dealt with it firmly, and not only went as far toward a complete solution as he might dare at the moment, but even exceeded in boldness what others in his place would probably have proposed. He doubtless reflected that he was doing the best that was practicable at the time, and that in any event his scheme would be welcomed as a blessed boon compared with the pre-existing state of things in Ireland. On the one hand, all previous experiments aimed more or less directly at converting the Irish from Catholicism; on the other hand, the Irish demanded a public-school system at least as denominational as the English or Scottish system. His proposal was to forbid proselytism, but to exclude all denominationalism: “combined literary and separate religious instruction.” At a fixed or particular hour Scripture

lessons, catechism exercises, or other religious instruction might be given by the teacher, or any one else authorized by the parent so to do; but throughout the rest of the day, during school-hours proper, nothing in the nature of religious instruction was allowed. In the early years of the system (hardly in consonance with the strict letter of its rules) an attempt was made to go some way toward what would be called the teaching of “common Christianity.” A scriptural “General Lesson” was framed by order of the commissioners, hung up in every school, and ordered to be read aloud by teacher and pupils every day. In the early manuals portions of Bible history were given; and the Most Rev. Dr. Whately, Protestant archbishop of Dublin (one of the commissioners), compiled a book of religious instruction, called “Lessons on the Truths of Christianity,” which the Board made a class-book in the schools. But soon this ticklish experiment broke down; the common religious teaching was abandoned, and the system was contracted more and more within its strictly non-religious basis. Secular schools were utterly repugnant to the “denominational” principles of the Catholics. Still, the system was so great a boon, compared with any previous plan or proposal, that the Catholic prelates, with but few exceptions,* decided that to reject it would be wrong, and might, moreover, seem like an obstruction of education on their part. The scheme, no doubt, was not theirs; the State was acting on its own view, for State reasons and with State funds. They would accept that system under reserve, make the most of it, and hope eventually to have it developed into something nearer to their own convictions.

Lord Derby’s experiment had to bear the disadvantages incidental to compromises. Protestant society, and this included very nearly the whole of the landed proprietary, felt

* The Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, from the outset resolutely refused to approve or accept the new system.

indignant. To give education to these Catholic millions, unless an education that would help to lead them from spiritual slavery and superstition, could have but an evil ending, if it was not indeed a sin. No aid would *they* give, by local subscriptions, to such an apostasy from Bible principles. The Catholics, on the other hand, as we have seen, had *their* grievance. "The Government tell us," they said, "that this is what we must have; it is their choice, not ours. Well, let them pay for it." Between these two complaints the Irish national-education system has been left almost entirely dependent on the State grant for means of support; local effort, local aid, being of hardly appreciable extent. The unfortunate school-teachers have been great sufferers by this state of things. On twenty-five or thirty pounds a year, a young woman of fair education, exemplary character, and respectable position was expected to clothe and support herself, and teach from day to day in a school to and from which, in the country districts, she had to walk three or four miles in summer's sun and winter's rain. At the present day—and the salaries have been greatly improved within the past ten years—the emoluments of Irish national school-teachers do not average fifty pounds a year.

It was a gigantic enterprise to establish and bring to its present dimensions and comparative efficiency the Irish national-school organization. Those who are engaged in school-board work in England find how arduous is the task of constructing a new system even in wealthy cities and towns, where schools of some sort already exist. But all over three-fourths of Ireland everything had to be undertaken *ab initio* and under the most formidable disadvantages and discouragements. Where were school-houses to be found? Where were teachers to be obtained? Above all, where were the funds to come from? The Government grant, slender enough at best, was to be given to "aid" an "established" school. How were the schools to be established?

Happily one now sees when traveling through Ireland many neat and tidy little school-houses, with slated roofs and boarded floors. But the first "national schools" were woful make-shifts, —thatched cabins with earthen floors, miserable and cheerless in winter, deathly in their effects on the health of teacher and pupil. To set up even one of these in a considerable district was at first a great achievement. I have myself seen children of from six to sixteen years of age trudging (barefooted, of course) over bog and moor, crag and pathway, to such a school distant four or five miles—in some instances seven miles—from their homes!

The Education Commissioners, by more adequate parliamentary grants placed at their disposal, have been able to do a great deal in helping the erection of better school-houses; but the improvement now noticeable is almost entirely due to the toilsome and unwearied exertions of the clergy, who are, as a general rule, the local patrons or managers under the Board. The instances are also increasing every year where the landed proprietor of the district has largely or wholly at his own cost erected suitable national school-houses on the estate. Perhaps the most notable improvement, however, is that for which the Irish schools are indebted to the generosity of one man,—Mr. Vere Foster. In one of those numerous pedestrian tours through Ireland which Mr. Foster has for a quarter of a century been accustomed to take, on some benevolent or philanthropic purpose bent, he was struck with the fact which I have above alluded to,—the wretched discomfort and unhealthiness of the damp earthen floor in schools frequented by barefooted children. Keeping for the while his purpose to himself, he quietly noted down the dimensions of each such school throughout the country, and, when his tour was completed, had a boarded floor supplied at his own cost to every one of them.*

* The author of this generous act is one of the most remarkable men in Ireland. He may be encountered betimes, simply attired in Irish

During the first dozen years of its existence, the Irish national-school system, although supposed to be, as we have seen, quite undenominational, was, in practice, denominational. In few of the schools was the attendance "mixed." In Ulster, Protestant managers established schools in which a Catholic child was never seen; in the other provinces, Catholic managers (generally the parish priests) established schools in which a Protestant pupil never entered. In fact in numberless parishes there were no Protestant youth to enter or to abstain. It soon became too patent an absurdity that out of respect for the conscience of the theoretic or imaginary but non-existent child of a different persuasion—this "legal fiction" for which the parish had never a realization—the whole school should be conducted from year's end to year's end as if he was in the flesh and verily present. After a while, teachers and managers disregarded the theory; and for a long time, despite the letter of the Board rules, wherever the schools were exclusively Protestant or exclusively Catholic in attendance, they were actually conducted as denominational schools. In Ulster, the Bible was freely read at all hours; in the south, the Catholic catechism mingled in the whole day's exercises. It is not unlikely, indeed, that the commissioners rather winked at all this, and thought it wise to let the system be accepted,—to let it take root and grow anyhow. Once it was firmly established they could tighten up both rule and practice.

I witnessed on one occasion, some years after the tightening-up process had gone into play, a curious illustration of the working of the system.

In King's Inn Street, Dublin, in the midst of a very poor and wretched Catholic population, some of the zealous proselytizing Protestant societies established a school "under the

home-spun gray, with knapsack strapped on his back, and a stout black-thorn in his hand, walking by easy stages through some remote county, silently devising or effecting some scheme worthy of "Howard the Good."

Board,” and duly received a Board grant. They kept within the Board rules as to the hours for religious instruction, yet were able to bring the ragged little Papists under scriptural class teaching all the same ; for a breakfast or lunch was given along with it. In fact, when I visited the school, the soup-boilers were down-stairs in the basement in full performance.

The Catholic clergy soon heard of these operations carried on under the ægis of the national Board system. They remonstrated, but the Board could do nothing : its rules were not violated. It was, however, pointed out to the reverend complainants that they too could set up a Board school in the district ; which indeed they did, by taking *the opposite house in the street*, so that within a perch of one another there were two “national schools” arrayed in denominational duel. I heard of all this, and decided to see it for myself. When I visited “No. 2,” or the Catholic school, which was taught by nuns, it was the rule hour for “religious instruction.” I was astonished to see a beautiful little oratory at the end of the room, wreathed with flowers, and lighted up with tapers, while the children were singing in chorus a Catholic hymn. “How on earth do the Board allow you to have this oratory ?” I asked of the sister in charge. “It is forbidden to have any religious picture, symbol, or sign, and the practice of silently bowing the head in mental prayer, at the stroke of the clock, has been declared against the rules : yet here you have outstripped all these.”

“Oh, not at all,” replied the nun ; “just wait a while till the rule hour for resumption of school strikes, and you shall see.”

Sure enough, at stroke of the clock a transformation that rather surprised me took place. Folding doors that I had not noticed were at once closed in on the oratory ; a top fell over it, steps were drawn out in front, and, lo ! nothing appeared but *a teacher’s rostrum* !

I hardly knew what to say,—what feelings were upper-

most at the first moment ; but a very little reflection satisfied me that it could hardly have a good moral effect on children to see the “secular” and “religious” lines drawn so sharply as that.

I crossed the street to the Protestant school and entered into conversation with the teacher there. He grievously complained of the opposition establishment over the way, and spoke feelingly of the reduction which it had effected in his daily attendance.

“The worst of it is, sir, we discovered that the young rascals used to come here to us in the morning and take our breakfast, and then make off across the street to the nuns.”

“Did you then strike them off the roll ?”

“We daren’t, but we tried to identify the individual pupils who so acted, and stopped their breakfast on them. However, we have come upon a plan now which baffles them completely.”

“What is that ?”

“Why, sir, we don’t give *the breakfast* till school and Scripture class are over, at *three o’clock* !”

For many years the Protestant clergy and laity held entirely aloof from the national schools. They would not countenance a system of popular education that was not religious and scriptural. At all events a school without an open Bible—one in which the Bible would be padlocked and unpadlocked at certain hours—they would not have. If with some of them the objection partook of regret that opportunity for effecting conversions among the Catholics would be so far given up, there can be no question but that on the other hand with the bulk of the Protestant clergy and laity it proceeded from an upright conscientious principle, and had reference solely or mainly to consideration for the youth of their own communion. Many overtures were made, many negotiations tried, for a long time in vain, to secure their adhesion. One great stumbling-block for them was a rule which forbade the teacher to allow a pupil while at school to be

present at religious instruction different from the creed in which he was entered on the school register, unless the pupil was so present with his parents' ascertained permission. The Protestant clergyman, otherwise disposed to work with the national Board, stopped invincibly at this point. “My ordination vows,” he said, “and my own sense of duty forbid me to take any one by the shoulder and remove him, lest he should hear me preach the gospel. I am quite ready to say that I will not *compel* any pupil in my school, if under the Board, to be so present, let him absent himself if he will; but if he be present I shall certainly not turn him off.”

The Education Board on its part pleaded that it was upon the faith that their children ran no risk or chance whatever of being present at religious teachings not their own, within the school, that the masses of the Irish people had been induced to come into the system. From 1844 to 1847 this controversy went on, the correspondence on behalf of the Protestant clergy being most ably conducted by the late Archdeacon Stopford, of Meath, and in September, 1847, the following compromise was eventually arranged between him and the Board :

Thenceforth no teacher need prevent a child from being present at religious instruction contrary to his registered creed; but whenever a pupil was for the first time so present, the teacher was to send to the parent a filled-up printed ticket notifying that fact. On this new rule—popularly known as “the Stopford Rule”—a large section of the episcopalian Protestant clergy and nearly all of the Presbyterians came in; but at exactly the same point, and on the same ground, there burst forth that complaint of broken faith and demand for denominational capitation grants which the Catholics have ever since been pressing so vehemently.

Such was in brief the early history, such the rise and progress, of the national education system in Ireland.

It was not till ten or twelve years after the actual date of its establishment that even the first faint signs of its work

became noticeable outside the school-door threshold. But those who moved among the people, or narrowly watched the phases of their life, began as early as 1845 to note by a thousand symptoms that "the schoolmaster was abroad." From 1845 to the present day the national schools have been turning out a yearly crop of thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of youth. The average standard of proficiency attained, especially in rural districts, is even still very low, owing to the short and broken periods for which children are allowed to attend school rather than help to earn for home by work in the fields. But, slight as the actual achievement may be in a strictly educational point of view, socially and politically considered, nothing short of a revolution has been effected. There is now scarcely a farm-house or working-man's home in all the land in which the boy or girl of fifteen, or the young man or woman of twenty-five, cannot read the newspaper for "the old people," and transact their correspondence. Our amusing friend the parish letter-writer has almost disappeared. His occupation is gone. For public news the peasant no longer relies on the Sunday gossip after mass. For political views he is no longer absolutely dependent on the advice and guidance of Father Tom. He may never find counselor more devoted and faithful; the political course he may now follow may be more rash or more profitable, more wise or more wrong; but for good or ill it will be his own. He will still, indeed, trust largely to those whom he judges worthy of his confidence, and largely follow their lead; but not in the same way as of yore.

Not all at once will one perceive how many and how vast are the changes which flow from these altered circumstances. It is, I repeat, nothing less than a revolution that the humble little thatch-roofed national school—or, let me more accurately say, the national school supplemented by a cheap popular literature—has effected in Ireland. Political leadership, in the sense in which it prevailed in our fathers' time, is gone forever,—would be simply impossible now. And with the

old-time leadership of one magnificent genius, or one well-trusted class, there have also disappeared many of the old-time modes and habits of political life and action. It is utterly astonishing how few persons seem to realize or to have noticed these changes so palpably though so silently wrought under their very eyes during the last thirty years. Every day we hear some one whose memory dwells ardently on the period of Reform or Emancipation or Repeal, telling us what should be done now, and how done, because it was done, and so done, then. As well might he tell us of the times of Brian Boru. Be it for better or be it for worse, a new Ireland has arisen since then.

CHAPTER III.

O'CONNELL AND REPEAL.

THE prominent figure, the leading character, in Irish life five-and-thirty years ago was Daniel O'Connell. As we look back upon that period we see his great form flung upon the Irish sky like that of some Titan towering above the race of men.

In Ireland he is fondly styled "the Liberator;" in England known as the "Irish Agitator." In Rome his memory is held in benediction as that of a "champion of the Church." Hardly yet, long as he has lain in the national mausoleum at Glasnevin, have prejudice and passion ceased to struggle over his bier and allowed him to be dispassionately contemplated as an historical character.

No man can be named who at any time in Irish affairs attained to such popularity as that which was O'Connell's in 1844, when he may be said to have reached the zenith of his power. Like other master characters in history, he carved out his own career, and attained to eminence by virtue of his own strong will, by the force of commanding genius. He inherited no lordly title; he succeeded to no great territorial influence. He belonged to an ancient and honored Celtic family in West Kerry, and was expectant heir to an uncle—"Old Hunting-Cap"—who would have left him considerable means had the future tribune not married for love and displeased the wealthy old squire. He entered the Irish bar. It is a singular fact that the only men who within the last hundred years became really great popular leaders in Ireland were barristers, who first won popular confidence

and popular influence by their forensic abilities ; namely, Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt. The bar, in any country possessing such an institution, must always to a great extent contribute "leaders of public opinion." From its ranks are most likely to come, unless abnormal influences prevail, the men most able to plead and press a public cause. In Ireland, however, there have been greater and exceptional reasons to bring the advocate into the forefront as the political leader. The man who could "run a coach-and-four through any act of Parliament," as O'Connell boasted he could do, who could put down the Attorney-General and baffle the Crown, who was ready to take the brief of the weak against the strong, to compel justice for the poor, was inevitably marked out for popularity among a people like the Irish. His skill, his learning, his eloquence, his ingenuity, were all tested, exhibited, and proved before their eyes. Moreover, in no generation has Ireland been without the exciting spectacle of State trials or political prosecutions. The accused stepped from the dock to the scaffold, from the cell to the convict-ship, bequeathing names and memories destined to immortality in rustic ballad or fireside story, and the advocate who defended them, especially if supposed to sympathize with them, became a hero.

When one speaks of O'Connell's popularity, however, a qualification or distinction needs to be noted. It was almost exclusively confined to one section of the nation, though no doubt, counting heads, that was the overwhelming preponderance of the nation. Not only was O'Connell *unpopular* with the Irish Protestants, he was absolutely a terror to them. Many other Irish national leaders before his time, in his time, and since, might be named whose following was somewhat distributed through the various sections, creeds, and classes of Irishmen ; notably Henry Grattan, John Martin, and Isaac Butt. But to the Protestants of his day O'Connell seemed a combination of Guy Fawkes, the Pretender, and the Pope of Rome. While his trial was proceeding, or

rather concluding, in 1844, an old gentleman named Ffolliott—a good type of the stanch old Tory gentleman of that day in Ireland—lay dying in a southern county.

“Do you rest all your hopes on the merits of your Saviour, Mr. Ffolliott?” said the rector, who stood by his bedside.

“Yes, I do, all,” murmured the dying man.

“And are you directing all your thoughts at this moment to the heavenly Jerusalem, Mr. Ffolliott?”

“And nowhere else.”

“Above all, I trust you forgive every one, and feel at peace with all men?”

“With all mankind,” responded the genial old fox-hunter.

There was a solemn pause.

“Mr. Halliday,” he half whispered, “is the Dublin mail in yet?”

“Yes, sir, about an hour ago.”

The dying man roused himself instantly, and with sharp eagerness asked, “How about the trials? Is O’Connell convicted?”

“Found guilty, sir.”

“Thanks be to God!” was the last pious ejaculation of the worthy old squire.

All this love and confidence, all this fear and hatred, had been earned by O’Connell in his “Emancipation” career, which extended from 1810, when he may be said to have entered public life, to 1829, when he vanquished utterly and completely the hostile power of the Peel-Wellington Government. From 1830 to 1840 he was engaged in the scarcely less important struggles which ensued on the Tithe question and Municipal Reform,—corollaries, so to speak, of Catholic Emancipation.

On the subject of Repeal O’Connell’s first public speech was delivered; and this question, not Catholic Emancipation, attracted his earliest sympathies. To many ears the statement will sound strange and startling, but it is historical

fact, that at that time the ultra-Protestant and Tory party in Ireland were the great agitators for Repeal of the Union. The anti-Union resolutions of the Orange lodges would fill pages of print. The Protestant bankers and merchants of Dublin vied with the Protestant nobility and gentry of the provinces in denouncing the Union. Never for a moment did its effectuation cause an altered view of the transaction. As there was no disguise made of the heavy sums paid for the votes requisite to secure a ministerial majority, the people viewed the transaction very much as New York citizens regarded a "presentment" of Tweed's grand jury, thirteen of whom he kept in his pay—a bold and successful fraud in the guise of law. The Catholics at this time could hardly be said to be participants in general political affairs; still, although their bishops * were more than suspected of Unionist sentiments, the feelings of the general body were enthusiastically with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The movement for Repeal of the Union was really begun in 1810 by a requisition from the Grand Jurors of Dublin to the High Sheriffs, Sir Edward Stanley and Sir James Riddall, calling upon them to convene a public meeting of "the freemen and freeholders of Dublin" for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to repeal the hateful and injurious act. At this meeting, held on the 18th of September, 1810, the ultra-Protestant and Tory merchants and gentry of Dublin launched the movement which O'Connell, thirty years after, made his own.

How then, it may be asked, did the question happen to lose its strongly Protestant character? How did young O'Connell and his co-religionists come to devote themselves first to Emancipation rather than Repeal?

O'Connell often subsequently expressed his regret that he and they had not, in 1810, thrown themselves to the side of

* Pitt had promised them that Catholic Emancipation should be one of the first acts passed in the Imperial Parliament; but of course the promise was not fulfilled.

the Protestant Repealers, and looked for Emancipation to an Irish rather than to an imperial legislature. "Restore the penal laws, if you will ; but repeal the Union," was his vehement exclamation in after years. But in 1810 the Irish Catholics had abundant offers of assistance for Emancipation from a powerful party in the imperial Parliament ; while in that assembly no party would help either Protestant or Catholic Irishmen with Repeal. The consideration was strongly attractive to strive first for what was nearest at hand or was most practicable of attainment. The English Liberal party persuaded the Irish Catholic leaders to go for Emancipation, which was "already half carried," and in which they could aid them. "First gain equality as citizens," said persuasive counselors, "and then, if you will, use your powers as free men to co-operate with your Protestant fellow-countrymen in their efforts for Repeal." In this view O'Connell acquiesced. He little thought that amidst the fierce fires of the struggle for religious equality the Protestant movement for Repeal was to disappear ! When Emancipation was won, when the Tithe grievance was moderated, and the Protestant rector no more went forth with armed men to seize "every tenth sheaf" from the Catholic peasants' haggard, when the municipal corporations of the country were, like Parliament itself, opened to Catholics, and citizenship was at length secured, O'Connell felt that the time had come for a still greater question than any of these,—one upon which he fondly, but erroneously, imagined he could unite Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. He looked around for the Repeal Protestants ; but they were gone.

There was no avoiding the determination which he then adopted—to take into his own hands the banner which the Protestant chiefs had flung down. Although a study of all the circumstances, by the light of subsequent experience, shows us that the leader who won Catholic Emancipation could not have been the man to carry Repeal, no other course was honorably open to O'Connell and the Irish Catholics.

Had they adopted as their motto, "Rest and be thankful," having won religious rights, had they stopped there, the Protestants would be able forever to taunt them with having belied the solemn declarations of 1810, which pledged them to consecrate their first efforts as free men to the non-sectarian question of a national legislature. "These Catholics," it would be said, "think only of their Church. Having freed their Church, they are satisfied, and leave their country to shift for itself."

When he launched his Repeal agitation, O'Connell strove hard to propitiate Irish Protestantism; but he strove in vain. He saw but too well that in the new struggle there must be a blending of creeds; but the movement must be national not sectional, or it would fail. But it became plain that the very circumstances that gave to him his unrivaled power with the masses fatally disqualified him here. The time was all too near a struggle so desperate and bitter as that in which he and his despised "Popish bog-trotters" had vanquished the haughty Protestant aristocracy of the island. When they saw the man who had stormed and carried the strongholds of exclusive Protestant power coming forward at last to claim the restoration of the Irish parliament (though a claim which they themselves had been most vehemently raising previously), they went frantic with alarm. "He now," they cried, "wants a Popish parliament, to doom us all to the gibbet and stake!" And so, for the first time in their history, they became Unionists, through fear of "Dan O'Connell and the Pope."

O'Connell soon found how great a change thirty or forty years had made in the attitude of parties and the bearing of public questions. In 1805 or 1810, or even in 1820, it was but a comparatively short and easy step to revert to the familiar institution, so recently overthrown, of King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. "Repeal" meant simply the repeal of an act of Parliament a few years' old,—a proceeding which would replace things as they stood, as it were, but

yesterday. No new machinery would be needed. It was merely that once more, as before, the Viceroy would proceed in state from Dublin Castle to the Parliament House in College Green, and read the royal speech to the peers and commoners of Ireland. A few years of illegal interregnum would be forgotten in the general joy. Everything would go on as it did previously. There would be the same franchises, the same representation, the same forms, the same domestic and international relations.

But after forty years had passed, it was found this could not be said. Things had happened in the interval which rendered a return to the old arrangements, pure and simple, an impossibility. The very reforms which O'Connell had been throughout those forty years laboring to accomplish forbade a restoration of the old forms and institutions. Catholic Emancipation enabled Catholics to sit in Parliament; whereas in the Irish legislature none but Protestants could have a place. The Reform Bill of 1832 revolutionized the old franchise and representative systems; and elections to an Irish parliament on any but the new ones would be out of the question. It was clear that new arrangements would have to be made; that a mere repeal of the Union Act, throwing things back upon their old forms of existence, would be absurd, if not impracticable.

O'Connell's demand, therefore, meant a great deal more than Repeal; for he claimed not merely to annul the Act of Union, but to supplant or supplement the ancient forms and franchises, checks and counterchecks, by the important changes which an imperial legislature had in the interval decreed and effected. This gave the Government a clever advantage in argument. "In an exclusively Protestant Irish parliament," they said, "England, as a Protestant country, had a certain amount of security for the connection; but under a new arrangement, to allow the pre-Union powers to an Irish parliament predominantly Catholic would afford no such guarantee." In any case the Government

party would have resisted the demand for Repeal ; but this demand for Repeal *and something more* they were sure to combat with all the greater determination.

O'Connell felt the difficulty, and vainly sought to parry it by declaring he would be satisfied that Catholic Emancipation should be undone if it stood in the way ; but this was not to be seriously entertained. One can hardly credit that the Catholics would submit to it. He had only to push on with his agitation as best he could, laying absurd stress on what he called "the golden link of the crown," and claiming that the two parliaments (Irish and British) would soon come to an amicable arrangement on all points of common interest. Perhaps they might ; perhaps they might not. The imperialists, however, were not likely to commit themselves to the hazard of what a predominantly Catholic Irish parliament might or might not do with powers as wide or vague as those possessed by the Protestant Irish parliament of 1782.

There can be no doubt that had O'Connell adopted the course taken by the Home Rulers of 1870, and proposed those international arrangements, compromises, adjustments, and guarantees explicitly beforehand, he would have considerably allayed the apprehensions and disarmed the hostility which so invincibly encountered his movement. At one time he intimated his intention of doing so ; but the popular feeling in favor of the old name and the old form of the national demand seemed too strong. He feared to let the people think he meant to abate a jot of his claim for "Repeal," *i.e.*, Repeal *plus* Catholic Emancipation and Electoral and Corporate Reform ; but from that hour he must have felt that he was fighting on the wrong line and at fatal disadvantage.

The affection and gratitude of the Irish people for "the Liberator"—and well he earned both at their hands—will not allow much freedom in criticising his plans or his policy, his conduct or his character. In that character there were

some features and elements that would not command admiration in these later days, but which nevertheless went to make up his qualifications for the task he undertook. He was the man for his age and time, the man for the special work and mission which he was assigned to fulfill. In many respects he would be sadly out of place in the public life of 1877; but no man of 1877 could accomplish the herculean labors of his career. True greatness of soul and courage indomitable alone could have carried him through the difficulties which he cheerfully faced and triumphantly encountered. Forlorn indeed were the fortunes of the Irish Catholics when, surrendering brilliant professional prospects and sacrificing every other ambition, he devoted his life to the formidable enterprise of effecting their redemption. When he entered public affairs, and for a long time afterward, he was the object of dislike and hostility on the part of many of the Catholic prelates and most of the Catholic gentry in Ireland. They denounced him as a "demagogue." Again and again our "upper class" Catholics assured the Government of the day and the people of England that the "extreme ideas" of violent agitators about Emancipation were to them, as moderate men and loyal citizens, positively distressing. A hundred years and more of the Penal Code had done its work with these men. They trembled lest new commotions might wrest from them the comparative tolerance they now enjoyed. "Your Grace will, I hope, not deem me accountable for the foolishness of those who address me as 'My Lord,'" wrote a Catholic archbishop of O'Connell's time to the Duke of Wellington. Leave to live seemed a great deal to men whose youth had seen the "discoverer" and the "priest-hunter" at work.*

* "Discoverers" were men who prowled through the country seeking out grounds for the filing of "bills of discovery," as they were called, against Papists holding property, or against Protestants who held lands in secret trust for Papist neighbors. It is said the ancestral estates of the Bryans of Jenkinstown, a prominent and wealthy

O'Connell, whose eloquence was massive and rugged, sometimes coarse, and rarely classical, answered back the Catholic aristocracy with vituperation and scorn for their slavishness and cowardice. The bishops he studiously passed by. He had at his back a few of the Catholic gentry, nearly all the Catholic mercantile and middle classes, many of the secular or parochial clergy, and the religious orders to a man. As for his humbler classes, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every man, woman, and child was ready to die for him.

Some of his most distinguished colleagues of the Emancipation campaign (notably Richard Lalor Sheil) refused to fol-

Catholic family, were preserved from confiscation throughout the whole of the eighteenth century by the chivalrous honor and fidelity of the Marquises of Ormonde, who were Protestants. These held the title-deeds in their own names from father to son through a hundred years, secretly handing over the rents, until the Bryans at last were free by law openly to hold and enjoy their broad domains. It was in this way, by the noble conduct of individual Protestants in an age of dreadful edicts, that nearly every acre of ancient Catholic estates, of any that survive to our time, was saved to the "Popish" proprietors.

"Priest-hunters" were a class who made a livelihood by earning the rewards for hunting up concealed priests. The western and northern counties of Ireland abounded thirty years ago with the traditions of these priest-hunts. In my own native district every tourist to Glengariffe is shown the Priest's Leap Mountain, or "Leam-a-thagart." Here, according to local tradition, which had no more pious and awe-struck believer than myself, a great miracle was wrought. A holy priest, who had long eluded the search of those who sought his blood, was riding along a lonely bridle-path which still exists, when he was suddenly confronted by the "Shanna soggarth." "Aha! your reverence, I have you at last," laughed the pursuer. But the priest, taking out his breviary, read three words in Latin, and struck spurs into the horse, which sprang through the air and never came down till he reached Donemark Wood, six miles distant, where the mark of his knees and of the priest's thumb and four fingers are still to be seen in the rock on which he alighted. Many a time and oft I have seen these proofs of the story, and I do not greatly rejoice in the day when I realized that the rain-drip from an aged oak had worn those marks in the stone.

low him into the Repeal movement. Others, largely from personal devotion as well as political conviction, kept their places by his side. It was tame work, however, some of them protested, compared with the "old times," when after every banquet or public meeting there was generally, somehow, an invitation to "meet" some one in "the Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less." O'Connell, after the fatal encounter in which he shot D'Esterre, made and kept a solemn vow never more to send or accept a challenge,—a circumstance which had a powerful influence in banishing political dueling from Ireland. This non-combatant style of agitation was viewed with great disgust by such men as the O'Gorman Mahon, who had been "out" no less than thirteen times. O'Connell one day, at the Repeal Association, delivered a speech in reply to a political attack designed to bring about a "message," in which he reaffirmed his resolution to accept no challenge during the rest of his life; making at the same time some exceedingly pious observations on the sinfulness of the practice he had relinquished. "Mr. Chairman," said the O'Gorman Mahon, when O'Connell had sat down, "I think it may be useful to state that *I* have made no such resolution: God forbid!" *

* About three years ago we were startled in Ireland by the reappearance of this typical veteran of the Emancipation and Repeal times. For a quarter of a century no one had seen or heard of him; when lo! his tall, soldierly figure, broad-shouldered and erect as an uplifted lance,—with snow-white hair copiously flowing over his shoulders,—appeared like a vision in our midst, at the Home Rule Conference of 1873. On that occasion he was one of a dozen guests dining with a leading Home Rule member of Parliament,—two Catholic clergymen being of the number. Our conversation turned on those strange times when a man was liable any day to be called to meet death for some fancied ground of challenge in a political speech, and especially the number of occasions on which our friend Colonel the O'Gorman Mahon had to face such an ordeal. To do him justice, he himself was rigidly reticent; seemed not to relish these references to his dueling experiences at all. One of the clergymen thought the colonel's feelings

In the course of O'Connell's career there first appeared in the Irish political arena a figure, an element of force, which more than any other has excited the English imagination,—“the Irish priest in politics.” That figure, as we beheld it some thirty years ago, will henceforth be seen no more. Not one of all the wondrous changes which time has wrought marks more strongly the difference between the old Ireland and the new than the altered attitude, position, and attributes of the priest in politics. He has not quitted the arena. No hostile action, no subsidence of confidence, has affected him. But he stands in new—utterly and completely new—relations, politically speaking, toward the people. Those who have looked at this historical character from a distance have strangely misread it. To Englishmen the despotic power wielded by the Irish priest in politics—the implicit way in which the people obeyed and followed him—could but seem a woeful spectacle of clerical tyranny on the one hand and slavish subserviency on the other. But that power and that obedience arose out of the peculiar circumstances of the time; and as out of and with them they arose, so with them they have passed away.

might have been wounded by our strong censures of dueling, and he proceeded to soothe matters a little :

“I can well understand, however,” said he, “how, in a time when society enforced such a shocking code, a man might feel, as it were, compelled—left no choice—when subjected to a challenge. Refusal meant disgrace, social ostracism. In fact, the blame attaching to a man who, not sending but *receiving* a challenge, went out under this sense of compulsion, was, to say the least——”

The colonel could stand this no longer. “Gentlemen,” said he, rising to his feet, “I feel bound to declare on my honor as a gentleman that though, unfortunately as I may say, I have been many times a principal in a hostile meeting, never once did I receive a challenge. *I always was the challenger!*” A roar of laughter at the discomfiture of the reverend friend, who was, as he thought, suggesting a charitable exculpation of the colonel, hailed the resentful disclaimer of the old campaigner.

When O'Connell, the young, daring, duel-fighting, eloquent, and fearless lawyer, took up the cause of the Catholic serfs, timidity or selfishness on the part of the few better-class co-religionists had left the people, so to speak, derelict. The abstract justice of their cause, the cruel weight of their fetters, had indeed won for them the sympathies of great and noble men in a legislature exclusively Protestant; but they were talked of and pleaded for very much as the negroes were talked of and pleaded for by Wilberforce or Horace Greeley. Whether they really were or were not men and brothers was a great part of the question. What ought to be done, or might be done, *for* them was constantly debated. The man and brother arising in his chains and stalking into the political arena to do something *for himself* startled every one like a portentous apparition.

What happened then was exactly what would have happened had the Irish been Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, or episcopalian Protestants in the same plight, instead of Catholics. Usually, even in a country where education and political rights are widely diffused, the middle and upper classes become the political leaders of the people around them whose national and religious sympathies are more or less their own. In such a state of things, the appearance of the clergyman as a political leader in a special and prominent way would, very naturally, be a cause for wonder. But this was not the case with the Catholic masses in Ireland forty years ago. No identity of feeling, political or religious, linked them and the gentry class in a community of interest. They were unlettered, unenfranchised, bereft of the natural leaders of a people. In every parish, however, there was one man (and in many *only* one man) of their own way of thinking who had education and ability, was independent of Government, and was devoted to them, —nay, recommended to their confidence by a thousand considerations. He was not only clergyman and pastor; he was local law-giver and arbitrator, monitor and judge, coun-

selor and adviser,—the one advocate and protector whose every energy they well knew would readily be devoted to their weal. If haply in one parish out of ten there were to be found a Catholic or two of the gentleman class, when the novel idea of the people moving in political affairs was propounded, these propertied few cowered in alarm, and trembled lest the Government should be angry. *The priest* was the one man whom the simple and unschooled but resolute peasant felt he might endow with an unrestricted proxy. Experience soon came to tell him that by implicitly trusting and obeying this political proxy-holder, rights were won and disabilities swept away in the devious and difficult ways of public conflict. The priests themselves, who at first very reluctantly (and most often despite the displeasure of their pusillanimous bishops) assumed these new functions and responsibilities, began to grow more bold and confident under the incitements and encouragement of O'Connell. At length they became the agency through which he organized and moved the whole kingdom. They thought for their flocks; acted and spoke for them; told them what to do, and it was done; how to vote, and so they voted; who in the big world outside was their foe, and him they hated; who their friend, and him they blessed.

Enormous was the power thus thrown into the hands of the Irish priests. The result certainly was not all unmixed good. Abuses inevitably came. In some cases, few indeed, the possession of such authority led to arrogance and despotism. In others its exercise was so mingled with what was of spiritual character, that evils of no small magnitude arose to the view of thoughtful politicians looking on. Yet must impartial judgment declare that never in political affairs was influence so great, on the whole, so unselfishly and so faithfully used in the interests of those for whom it was possessed. It was a prerogative that could only have arisen under abnormal conditions of society; a power that could not be coexistent with widely-diffused education and

self-reliant political action on the part of the people. Necessity called it forth ; with necessity it disappeared.

Under such circumstances, sustained by such allies, O'Connell, the object of popular worship and aristocratic aversion, pushed on his agitation. The movement, as he shaped and guided it, must inevitably have fallen with his own life, so large a part of it was he. His policy was to maintain in Ireland a state of things which was neither peace nor war ; that balked the commander-in-chief and harassed the prime minister. Strange to say, though rousing the people to the utmost pitch of excitement, the dominant anxiety of his soul was to keep them out of the meshes of the law,—to avert collision, so that he, their leader, might fight the law within the law. By such tactics he had won Emancipation ; by a repetition of them he hoped to carry Repeal. But the strain was too great on the energies of a nation to keep up a tension so severe as that which this policy involved. It was politics at high pressure, an excitement difficult to be maintained. Irishmen had not yet learned how much superior to the exertion of enthusiasm is the less demonstrative but more telling strength of patient plodding perseverance.

O'Connell again and again promised his followers success—absolute and infallible success—on the sole condition of obeying his directions, and, in an hour of weakness or rashness, he announced that “within six months” Repeal would be won. In that moment it was all over with O'Connell and Repeal. The Government needed but to tide over a year or two, and the great tribune was discredited, the spell of his influence broken. But they did more. They boldly assumed the offensive, resorting to some steps which would hardly be tolerated by public opinion in our time. On the threshold of the movement the Lord Lieutenant of the day announced that no Repealer would be appointed to Government situations. 'Twas a keen thrust this, but not mortal : it had no very appreciable effect. Later on, however, came the extreme course of summarily dismissing from the commission of the

peace every county magistrate who identified himself in any way with Repeal politics. To parry this blow, O'Connell set up popular arbitration courts all over the kingdom, leaving the petty sessions bench "high and dry." The Government announced that they were determined to put down Repeal; O'Connell answered by defying them. He called a monster meeting to petition the Queen on the plains of Clontarf, memorable as the site of the great battle in which Ard-Ri Brian I. overthrew the Danish power in 1014. The Government, in the dusk of the evening preceding the appointed day, issued a proclamation forbidding the assemblage, and the hour of meeting found the city occupied by horse, foot, and artillery. By strenuous exertions the Repeal leader and his friends were able, during the night and morning, to intercept the tens of thousands of people from the surrounding counties marching to the spot, where, had they arrived, a collision was inevitable. O'Connell charged the executive with designing a Peterloo on a monster scale, and threatened to impeach Peel, Wellington, and Earl de Grey. They retorted by dealing him a still heavier blow. They arrested him and some of his principal associates—his son, John O'Connell; Charles Gavan Duffy, of the *Nation*; Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman*; Tom Steele; T. M. Ray; R. Barrett, of the *Pilot*; the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, and the Rev. Mr. Tierney—on a charge of seditious conspiracy. Eighteen hundred and forty-four—the "Repeal year," as O'Connell, six months before, boastfully said it should be called—found the great tribune a prisoner in Richmond jail.

In selecting the jury at his trial, it was discovered that several leaves or slips of the long panel list had been *lost*, the Crown lawyers said; *stolen*, the traversers declared. The Attorney-General contended that it made no great matter; there were names enough to go on with. The court agreed with him: the trial proceeded, the accused were found guilty and sentenced to various fines and terms of imprisonment. A writ of error was carried to the House of Lords mainly

on the point as to the lost or stolen slips of the jury list. What the Irish judges solemnly decided to be trivial and immaterial the law-lords at Westminster declared to be all-important and of the vital essence of trial by jury. "Were such things to be allowed," Lord Denman said, "trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The conviction was quashed, and O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners were borne from prison in a triumphal procession eclipsing any public demonstration ever previously seen in Ireland.

So much merely epitomizes the history of that eventful time. Behind and alongside of all this, however, there were causes and influences at work which of themselves were certain to eventuate in important political changes. By 1846 a transition period had dawned in Irish politics. Already the schools and the newspapers were beginning to make themselves felt. O'Connell became aware that there was growing up around him a new generation, who chafed under the benevolent despotism of his leadership, and who objected to his canon of "implicit obedience," unless they had first reasoned out matters. He was now an old man, no longer the dashing, high-spirited young Kerryman of Emancipation days; he trembled for the possible indiscretions of these fiery orators and seditiously patriotic poets who were rapidly infusing their bold spirit into the multitude. In his own hot youth he could praise Tell and Hofer, and erstwhile glow with admiration for the three hundred at Thermopylæ. But, sore wounded by the failure of his promises, the defeat of his policy, and oppressed with gloomy misgivings as to the possibility of averting much longer a collision between the people and the Government, he could not endure these things now. He called the young orators and poets the "war party," but he did them wrong. Not one of them, at that date, dreamt of war or a resort to physical force. Solicitous for the legal safety of the Repeal Association, he drew up test resolutions, which impliedly, if not expressly, con-

demned as wrongful any and every effort, in any age or time, clime or country, to redress political wrongs by armed resort. These resolutions were aimed at the men already known as the "Young Ireland" party, intellectually the flower of the Repeal movement,—men whose genius adorned, and whose labors elevated and refined, Irish politics. They offered readily to subscribe such resolutions as applied to their own aims and purposes; but they refused, they said, to stigmatize the men of other times and other struggles. With this O'Connell would not be content, and an expulsion or secession, destined to have enduring effects on Irish politics, rent the Repeal Association in twain.

To the superficial view of most English politicians all this was merely an "Irish row," a political squabble. In like events occurring in Belgium or Italy or France the philosophy of politics would be studied. The supreme advantages which sometimes indubitably attend the concentration of political power and authority in the hands of one man are purchased by heavy hazards and penalties. When age has weakened the master-mind, dissidence becomes more and more intolerable, adulation more and more pleasing in his ears. Obsequiousness is called fidelity; honest independence is suspected as disloyalty. The grand old tribune of the Irish people, failing physically and mentally, became the sport of whispered jealousies and suspicions. Accustomed to wield unquestioned authority and to receive implicit obedience, he could see, under the inspirations then swaying him, in the disciples of the new school of thought merely so many plotting aspirants envious of his throne.

But apart from all this a calamity was now at hand beneath which everything was to go down. The famine of 1846-47 swept the land like a storm of destruction. At such a moment political agitation or political organization would be as much out of place as among the terrified occupants of a raft or the victims in a house on fire. The wild scramble for life, for mere existence, overmastered every

other purpose. It seemed as if society would be resolved into its first elements. Aghast, appalled, O'Connell gazed on the ruin of the cause,—the destruction of the people he had given his life to serve. In the agony of his soul he flung himself into the one supreme effort to save them. No more he thundered defiance. He wept, he prayed, he cried aloud, "O God! thy faithful people perish!" The struggle was too much. The great heart and the grand brain gave way. Mournfully, despairingly the old man sank into the tomb. He had lived too long; he had seen the wreck of all he loved. To Rome, to Rome he would bend his way; he would see the successor of St. Peter and visit the shrines of the apostles before he might die. Not so God willed that it should be. At "Genoa the Superb" he halted on the way; "to rest a little," he said. The attendants saw that his great rest was at hand. On the 15th of May, 1847, all was over: the "Irish Liberator" was no more.

Gloomy ending to a great career! Concurrence of fatalities! One now can see that even before the first shadow of famine fell upon the scene a catastrophe was inevitable. The great organization that so largely embodied the national hopes and purposes was virtually at an end. After the Young Ireland secession the Government had need no more to concern itself with its once formidable foe. O'Connell's power in the future was broken. But nothing could take from his brow the laurels of the past. He had played his part; he had nobly done his allotted work. "I ought to have fallen at Waterloo," said Napoleon, regretfully, at St. Helena. O'Connell ought to have died in "Twenty-nine," or perhaps on the great day of Tara, in eighteen hundred and forty-three.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RIBBON CONFEDERACY.

THROUGHOUT the half-century extending from 1820 to 1870, a secret oath-bound agrarian confederacy, known as the "Ribbon Society" was the constant affliction and recurring terror of the landed classes of Ireland. The Vehmgericht itself was not more dreaded. The Maffia did not more mysteriously baffle and defy suppression. The lord in his castle, the peasant in his hut, were alike made to feel the existence of its hateful power.

I think it can be shown that for more than a hundred years—ever since the commencement of the last century—secret agrarian confederacies of one sort or another have existed in Ireland, all having their source and origin in the miseries and feuds incidental to a vicious land system. Few of them, however, attained to the dimensions of the Ribbon Conspiracy; none of them lived so long.

It is assuredly strange—indeed, almost incredible—that although the existence of this organization was, in a general way, as well and as widely known as the fact that Queen Victoria reigned, or that Daniel O'Connell was once a living man, although the story of its crimes has thrilled judge and jury, and parliamentary committees have filled ponderous blue books with evidence of its proceedings, there is to this hour the widest conflict of assertion and conclusion as to what exactly were its real aims, its origin, structure, character, and purpose.

The most prevalent idea is that it related solely or mainly to transactions in land, and was "non-political," that is, had

no design against the Government ; but this impression can be the result of no very special knowledge or investigation of the subject. Whatever Ribbonism developed into subsequently, it is the fact that at an early stage it was held out to be "political" in the sense above referred to. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that in some parts of Ireland, or at some period of its existence, it professed to be an organization of that character ; for I long ago satisfied myself that the Ribbonism of one period was not the Ribbonism of another,—that the version of its aims and character prevalent among its own members in one county or district differed widely from that existing elsewhere. In Ulster it professed to be a defensive or retaliatory league against Orangeism. In Munster it was at first a combination against tithe-proctors. In Connaught it was an organization against rack-renting and evictions. In Leinster it often was mere trade-unionism, dictating by its mandates and enforcing by its vengeance the employment or dismissal of workmen, stewards, and even domestics. This latter phase generally preceded the disappearance of the system in a particular locality, and was evidently the lowest and basest form to which it sank or rotted in decay. Everywhere and at all times Ribbonism had, no doubt, certain general forms or features in common. Some of these were very remarkable. In the first place, although at one time, and in some localities, it affected to be a political organization for national designs, there cannot be found in the records of its proceedings evidence or trace of participation in them by any person of social position or education above a very humble grade ; and I need hardly remark that at no period of Irish history could this be said of really political conspiracies. The Ribbon Society seems to have been wholly confined to small farmers, cottiers, laborers, and, in the towns, petty shop-keepers, in whose houses the "lodges" were held. Its documents, correspondence, rules, passwords, and addresses betray in most instances the grossest illiteracy ; although the construc-

tion and management of the organization exhibited much cleverness, activity, vigilance, and resource. The next singular fact is that although from the inception, or first appearance, of Ribbonism the Catholic clergy waged a determined war upon it,—denouncing it from the altar, and going so far as to refuse the sacrament to its adherents,—the society was exclusively Catholic. Under no circumstances would a Protestant be admitted to membership; nay, any person nearly related to, or connected with, a Protestant was disqualified. This is about the only feature which seems to have been universally prevalent and invincibly retained in the hundred forms of Irish Ribbonism. The fact has, however, led to some utterly erroneous ideas as to the alleged sanguinary sectarian designs of the organization, and has encouraged the concoction of some rather stupidly forged “Ribbon oaths.” One of these was cited by Mr. Monk, in the House of Commons, on the 18th of March, 1871, and ran as follows:

“By virtue of the oath I have taken I will aid and assist with all my mind and strength, when called upon, to massacre Protestants and cut away heretics, burn British churches, and abolish Protestant kings and princes, and all others except the Church of Rome and this system. . . . And I also feel bound to believe that there is no absolution to be had from the Pope of Rome or any other authority belonging to that Church, or that which is to come, from any breach of this test.”

The spuriousness of this production was instantly perceived and pointed out in Ireland. The person who composed it was not only not a Catholic (as a Ribbonman would necessarily have been), but he was ignorant of the way in which Catholics invariably refer to topics touched on in the alleged oath. They never speak or write of their own Church as “that” Church; and the “Pope of Rome” is a Protestant, not a Catholic, phrase in Ireland. An Irish peasant would scarcely know what was meant by a “British church.” Indeed, the Irish Chief Secretary (Lord Harting-

ton) admitted that though the police had found a copy of such an oath in a house near Mullingar, its authenticity was not accepted in Dublin Castle.

Of genuine Ribbon oaths—those the use of which in the lodges was actually deposed to—there is a confusing plenty ; and a contrast of these will amply corroborate my statement that the real origin, character, and aims of the combination have baffled discovery, or that there were various Ribbon systems, radically differing one from another. Between 1820 and 1870 there have been put in evidence, or sworn to in “informations” more than a score of irreconcilable Ribbon oaths. Some, for instance, set out by pledging the most devoted fealty to the Queen ; others by swearing allegiance to “Daniel O’Connell, real King of Ireland, and his eldest son, Maurice O’Connell, our Chief Commander.” Of these two oaths, or classes of oaths, various versions have been given, not merely by “approvers” in the witness-box, but from written documents seized at lodge-meetings. The explanation of all this very probably is that the local officials of the society in many places added some words of their own. The general features of the oath seemed to be to keep the secrets of the society ; implicit obedience to its officers ; readiness to assemble and execute commands “at two hours’ notice ;” pledge to assist any fellow-member being beaten or ill treated. In several versions the oath contained a clause binding the members “never to drink to excess so as to endanger the divulging of secrets.”

Not long since I was shown a printed report (now, I believe, very rare) of the trial in Dublin in 1840 of Richard Jones, the first high officer—indeed, I believe, the first member—of the Ribbon Society whom the Government were able to convict, after nearly twenty years of fruitless endeavors to grapple with the system. In this publication frequent reference is made to a book found on the prisoner, in which he had copied in short-hand characters most of his secret correspondence with the lodge and lodge-officers, as well as the

signs, passwords, rules, and regulations of the society. The Government did not divulge on the trial all that the book contained ; but they caused to be executed for their private information a full copy of its contents, probably the most complete and authentic revelation they were able to obtain, before or since, of the character, designs, and transactions of the Ribbon Society. Government documents are not always carefully kept. That identical manuscript translation of Jones's secret book is this moment in my possession.*

Jones was clerk to a sales-master in Smithfield Market, Dublin, and filled the office of general secretary for Ireland in the Ribbon system. In truth he appears to have been the ruling spirit of the society. A perusal of this correspondence certainly shows that Ribbonism was then being established with political aims or pretensions. Jones, who, though a man of humble education, certainly possessed considerable ability and force of character, appears on the face of these communications to have been nothing of the vulgar and venal villain which most Ribbon organizers are assumed to have been. From first to last he is energetically repressing discords, counseling union, and directing the expulsion of bad and doubtful characters. I find no trace of selfish gain or profit to himself—quite the contrary—in the whole story ; while as to the aims of the confederacy, though on this point there is wondrous vagueness and confusion, these letters are full of allusions essentially political in their character. To “free Ireland,”—to “liberate our country,”—to “unite all Roman Catholics,” are again and again mentioned, incidentally, as the great objects of the society. On the 24th of April, 1838, Jones, writing to an official of the society in England, says, “Send us word immediately what is the determination of the friends belonging to the Hibernians in Liverpool. If they act for the welfare of their

* I believe that documents of even a much more startling character have been dispersed through the waste-paper shops of Dublin since the death of a well-known Castle official a few years ago.

native land they will join with those persons whose wish it is to see their native land free. The motto of every honest Irishman should be, 'Unite and free your native land.' Nay, strange to say, I find in one of Jones's letters *not* read on the trial an observation which sounds curiously at the present moment. "The hour of England's difficulty is at hand;" he tells them: "the Russian bear is drawing near to her in India." Again, on the 21st of May, 1838, Andrew Dardis and Richard Jones, the grand master and grand secretary, write to a lodge-master in the country, "We are happy to hear that the men of your county that were heretofore opposed to the interests of our native land are to meet you on the 27th for the purpose of causing unity of feeling." In fine, it is abundantly clear that, in some hazy general way, the Ribbonmen of this period were induced to believe that the organization was a political conspiracy against the Government, and not the mere agrarian combination which it subsequently proved to be.

The name "Ribbon" Society was not attached to it until about 1826. It was previously known as "Liberty Men;" the "Religious Liberty System;" the "United Sons of Irish Freedom;" "Sons of the Shamrock;" and by other names. From an early period there were rival Ribbon organizations bitterly opposing one another; and Jones's great concern seems to have been to put down this contention and effect a fusion.

The Government were fairly perplexed by the conflicting accounts sent in from time to time by the magistrates and police as to the society. Most of all were they bewildered by the stories supplied by their paid agents or "informers" in the ranks of the organization. These latter were numerous enough, and their information, estimated as to quantity, was well worth the pay given for it; but the Government declared that in scarcely a single case or a single particular were they able to place any reliance on these stories. The informants seem to have known very little that could be

made evidence, but to have invented a great deal. Mr. Barnes, a stipendiary magistrate greatly trusted by the Government, writes as follows to the Chief Secretary as to one of these informants, whose stories the Lord Lieutenant wished him to probe :

“This man has been known to me since the month of October last; and from my knowledge of him I have no hesitation in designating him one of the most consummate and specious villains in all Ireland. He was formerly a policeman and discharged for misconduct ; a Protestant, and turned to mass for the purpose, as he stated to me, of becoming a Ribbonman and betraying their secrets ; was in my employment between four and five months as a secret agent to get me information ; received in that time upward of fifteen pounds from me, and ended our connection by stating, and offering to swear to his statement, that he himself was one of the party who murdered Morrison [Lord Lorton’s bailiff], tendering himself to me as an approver, and claiming the ‘reward and pardon’ offered by the proclamation. Knowing this statement to be false, I determined to have nothing more to do with the fellow, and accordingly ceased all communication with him.”

Other magistrates were not quite so strait-laced as Mr. Barnes, and this “consummate and specious villain” found ready employment elsewhere as a police agent for the “detection” of Ribbonism. In this process there is but too much reason to conclude that he pursued a course unfortunately not rare in connection with secret associations in Ireland,—namely, that he enrolled members and organized or perpetrated outrages himself, then “divulged” to the authorities, and swore to conviction against his dupes and accomplices.*

* Mr. Faucett, Provost of Sligo, writes to the Lord Lieutenant of one of these informants whom he was asked to report upon privately, “He is a doubtful sort of person, on whose uncorroborated testimony no reliance should be placed ; and it appears to me his object is to get or earn money by his information.” Mr. Brownrigg, provincial inspector of constabulary, reporting another of them says, “He is a man of very bad character.” Of yet another, “I have been informed by persons on whom reliance can be placed that he is a man of the very

A Mr. Hill Rowan, stipendiary magistrate, who seems to have made the discovery of Ribbonism his special labor, supplied the most copious information on the subject. In many respects he was, clearly, over-credulous. Even the Government considered him given to exaggeration ; yet his revelations no doubt contained a great deal of truth. According to him, the society was the "Society of Confidential Ribbonmen." He gravely narrates how one of his informants—no doubt belonging to the class above referred to—testified that it was first formed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1798 ; that "its present objects were to dethrone the Queen ; to place Daniel O'Connell, the member of Parliament for Dublin, as Catholic king of Ireland in her stead ; to put down and destroy the Protestant religion in Ireland ; and to restore the forfeited estates that were usurped by Oliver Cromwell, a list of which is kept by the Catholic priests, to their owners." The society extended all over Ireland, and was governed by a body called the "Grand Ribband Lodge of Ireland," this body being composed of representatives of the different county organizations. Quarterly returns of the number of members were made by every parish. Over each parish there was a "Parochial Committee" of twelve, including the "Parish Master." A delegate from each such committee in a barony formed the "Baronial Lodge." All orders of the society were to be obeyed under penalty of death. The members in each county were known to each other by signs and passwords, which were issued by the grand lodge every month, but changed as often as the existing or current passes ("goods" they were called) might be discovered by the police. There were salutation phrases and "quarrelling words ;" that is, words which two men engaged in strife

worst character." Of another the stipendiary magistrate (Mr. O'Brien) says, "Mr. Jones admitted there could not be any use made of his evidence. Mr. Brownrigg and I came to the conclusion that he was not telling one word of truth, but that his object was to get money." Numerous such cases might be cited.

might use to ascertain whether they were not "brethren," and so bound to desist. Some of these grips and passwords ran as follows :

(For October.)

Observation. The winter is approaching.

Reply. It is time to expect it.

O. Our foe is found out.

R. Our guardians are watchful.

(At night.)

O. The night is sharp.

R. It is time to expect it.

(Quarreling.)

O. You make a mistake.

R. I am sorry for it.

(Sign.)

The right hand to the right knee.

The left thumb in the breeches-pocket.

It will be noted that the opening observation is always of a harmless commonplace nature, which if addressed to a stranger could occasion no suspicion. "The winter is approaching" is a remark not out of course in October. If the immediate response is, "It is time to expect it," the first speaker has reason to think he is talking to a brother Ribbonman. To make sure, he proceeds with a remark not likely to be understood unless by a fellow-member : "Our foe is found out." A reply declaring that "Our guardians are watchful" establishes brotherhood between the parties. The "quarreling words" are similarly explained. Here are other forms :

O. The days are getting long.

R. The life of man is getting short.

O. Have you got any news ?

R. They are doing well in Canada.*

* The Canadian rebellion of M. Papineau was proceeding at the time.

(Quarreling.)

O. Don't be fond of quarreling.*R.* By no means.

Even at that time, forty years ago, Russia figured so largely in public politics as to find a place in these passwords :

O. What is your opinion of the times?*R.* I think the markets are on a rise.*O.* Foreign war is the cause of it.*R.* It's the Russians' wish to tyrannize.

May the sons of Erin wherever they be

Continue ever in loyalty.

(Night-word.)

Q. What is the age of the moon?*A.* Really I don't know.

(Sign.)

Right hand rubbed across the forehead. To be answered by the left hand down the pocket.

The opening observation was, as I have pointed out, invariably harmless, and skillfully referred to some passing topic. Thus the troubles of the Melbourne ministry are brought in :

O. What do you think of the Government?*R.* They are much divided.*O.* May Patrick's sons all persevere*R.* To gain the rights of Granu Aile.*

Down to quite a recent period it was not unusual for persons in a rank of life far above the Ribbonmen to be indebted to some friendly member for protection and assistance by "loan" of the sign or password. The late Sir John Gray told me that when contesting Monaghan County in 1852 he found that his opponents in a particular district had purchased the support of the Ribbonmen as an election mob, and that

* One of the figurative names of Ireland ; actually the Gaelic for Grace O'Malley.

passage through the town to the place of meeting would be denied him. He realized fully the dangers of appearing in the midst of these men ; but in his last moments of despair a friend in need turned up. He was waited upon by a mysterious personage, who told him it would be “ a disgrace to Ireland if the patriotic editor of the *Freeman's Journal* was bludgeoned in the street, or compelled to hide in his hotel.” He thereupon confided to Sir John the current Ribbon signs, the first of which happened to be simply the drawing of the fingers of the right hand across the mouth. Sir John hesitated for an instant. Was this a trap to lure him into the midst of his enemies ? He quickly dismissed the thought, and boldly sallied forth, his companions in the hotel, ignorant of the ægis confided to him, vainly endeavoring to dissuade him. A yell burst from the mob around the door when he emerged into the street, and hundreds of sticks rose in the air. He quietly lifted his hand to his mouth and gave the sign. “For barely a second,” said he, telling me the story, “there flashed through my mind a horrible uncertainty ; but by a supreme effort I maintained myself, and betrayed no symptom of alarm. Suddenly every voice was hushed, every weapon was lowered, and a passage was opened out for me in the crowd, amidst which I quietly walked to the court-house, where the meeting was proceeding.”

I myself have known instances in the course of what I call the rot of the system where the support or opposition of the Ribbonmen during an election was quite a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Mr. Richard Swift, who was returned member of Parliament for Sligo County in 1852,—one of the most faithful and worthy Englishmen who ever espoused the public service of Ireland,—lost his re-election in 1857 notoriously because he refused to give a sum of money privately demanded as black-mail by the lodges. In other cases, I feel bound to admit, the Ribbonmen adopted a less venal course. They scorned to fight for pay.

But alas ! when one comes to review the actual results of

the Ribbon system in Ireland,—to survey its bloody work throughout those fifty years,—how frightful is the prospect ! It has been said, and probably with some truth, that it has been too much the habit to attribute erroneously to the Ribbon organization every atrocity committed in the country, every deed of blood apparently arising out of agrarian combination or conspiracy. An emphatic denial, and challenge to proofs, have been given to stories of midnight trials and sentences of death at lodge-meetings. Very possibly the records of lodge-meetings afford no such proof, though there is abundant evidence that at such assemblages threatening notices and warnings were ordered to be served, and domiciliary visits for terrorizing purposes were decreed. But vain is all pretense that the Ribbon Society did not become, whatever the original design or intentions of its members may have been, a hideous organization of outrage and murder. It is one of the inherent evils of oath-bound secret societies of this kind, where implicit obedience to secret superiors is sworn, that they may very easily and quickly drop to the lowest level of demoralization and become associations for the wreaking of mere personal vengeance. Men who set themselves to the work of assassination, on any pretense, speedily become so depraved that life-taking ceases to have enormity in their eyes. There was a period when Ribbon outrages had, at all events, conceivable provocation ; but there came a time when they sickened the public conscience by their wantonness. The vengeance of the society was ruthless and terrible. Some forty years ago the Catholic peasantry of Longford County were panic-stricken by the commencement of what looked like a settled design for their extermination in order that a Protestant “plantation” might be established in their stead. Lord Lorton was accountable in the largest degree for this alarm, and the lamentable consequences which resulted. He commenced considerable evictions of his Catholic tenantry under circumstances of great hardship ; handing over the farms thus cleared, in several

consecutive instances, to Protestant new-comers. Popular panic no doubt exaggerated much as to what had been done and was intended ; but enough was patent on the face of his proceedings to account for the wild excitement which arose. That excitement culminated in one of the most astonishing chapters of savage vengeance of which there is record in Ireland. Defending himself and explaining his course of action subsequently, Lord Lorton told the fate of nine Protestant tenants—Brock, Diamond, Moorehead, Cole, Cathcart, Rollins, (another) Diamond, (another) Moorehead, and Morrison—whom he had planted on the evicted farms :

“What became of Brock ?”

“He was murdered a very short time after he had taken possession, close by his house, about six o’clock in the evening.”

“What became of Diamond ?”

“Diamond was attacked and very much injured. He is now in a disabled state.”

“What became of Alexander Moorehead ?”

“He had all his cattle destroyed in January.”

“What became of Cole ?”

“On his way to purchase stock he was stabbed and beaten in a most savage manner. His life was despaired of.”

“What became of Cathcart ?”

“On four different occasions he was fired at, and ultimately was shot dead near his own dwelling.”

“What became of Rollins ?”

“Rollins and the second Diamond lived together. Their stock was taken away, and was found killed, skinned, and buried in bog-holes.”

“What became of Hugh Moorehead ?”

“He was murdered while sitting round the fire in the evening with his little family.”

“What became of William Morrison ?”

“He was murdered. An armed party attacked and murdered him in a house in Drumlish.”

This terrible recapitulation enables one to realize the bloody work of agrarian combinations. To me it certainly is peculiarly revolting because of the religious element which mingles in the story. Yet there is another side of the picture to be looked at. The guilt of one party is not lessened by the culpability of the other ; but each has to be viewed. I have given in the words of that nobleman himself Lord Lorton's thrilling recital of the assassins' vengeance. Were I to set forth the accounts of his lordship's proceedings from the lips of the Ballinamuck tenantry, it would be a record of great barbarity. The relations between him and these people seem to have become, in that evil time, those of deadly and implacable war. A document under his own hand, issued a year before the razing of Ballinamuck (referred to below), and relied upon as a "justification" of that ruthless and shocking proceeding, gives some idea of Lord Lorton's temper :

"When murders and other barbarous acts of violence are committed upon any part of the property, and convictions do not take place at the ensuing assizes, the occupiers of the lands on the leases expiring will be ejected."

That is to say, wholesale eviction—which meant ruin and death for the wretched people—was to follow, unless "at the *ensuing* assizes" the Crown prosecuted and convicted for murder or other outrage. The edicts of William Rufus were more considerate than this. Lord Lorton was as good as his threat. Publicly and sincerely he afterward expressed his sorrow for the vengeance he wreaked in a moment of passion ; but it was too late : he had done that which no repentance could undo. He ordered the whole population of Ballinamuck to be swept away, and the entire village to be razed to the ground. It was done. That scene will never be forgotten in Longford.

A Protestant landlord and magistrate in Sligo County—one who was himself, many years ago, "posted" for assassination by the Ribbon authorities—assured me that the

frightful severity of the law, as administered at the time,—the excessive penalties, and the vengeful spirit in which they were inflicted,—had much to do in driving the rural population into this lawless and savage state. “I have known,” said he, “a man to be executed for breaking the hasp of a door and rescuing a mule belonging to himself that had been seized and impounded.” This was what was called salutary vigor. He added that in more instances than one within his own knowledge the crimes of the Ribbonmen, abominable as they were, had been preceded by heartless provocations. The way, as my friend described it to me, in which the body of a man murdered in that neighborhood was discovered was truly remarkable. This man, Madden by name,—a sullen, daring, reckless fellow,—united nearly every avocation that could render him odious to the people. He had been a tithe-proctor, brutal and unfeeling in his razzias. He was rent-warner and bailiff. He knew the surrounding population hated him, and he defiantly displayed his hate of them. It was decided at some midnight council that Madden should be put to death. Parties of two or three lay in wait for him on several occasions, but he happened not to pass by the way which they expected. At length no less than thirty-six men, divided into four separate parties of nine each, were told off and posted at every possible path by which he could reach his house, returning from the market-town. One of these bands encountered the wretched man, and murdered him, not many perches from his own door. While the body was yet warm,—nay, horrible to relate, while life yet throbbed in it,—they buried it in a corner of a freshly-plowed field close at hand, leaving not a trace of their bloody deed visible to tell the tale. Madden was missed. The hue and cry was raised. The police scoured the whole country-side, searched every house, examined every bush and fence, all in vain. No clue could be found. It seemed as if the deed was to be forever shrouded in impenetrable mystery. One day the

daughter of the murdered man was passing from one field to another, and mounted an old dry-built stone wall. It gave way beneath her, and she fell heavily forward. To save herself, as she came with a shock to the ground, she put out her hand. As it sunk in the soft soil it touched and grasped—the hand of her father's buried corpse! The unfortunate man seems to have struggled in his bloody grave after the murderers had quitted the scene. He had thrust one of his hands upward to within a few inches of the surface!

From 1835 to 1855 the Ribbon organization was at its greatest strength. For the last fifteen or twenty years it has been gradually disappearing from the greater part of Ireland, yet, strange to say, betimes intensifying, in a baser and more malignant form than ever, in one or two localities. With the emigration of the laboring classes it was carried abroad, to England and to America. At one time the most formidable lodges were in Lancashire, whither, it is said, the headquarters were removed for safety. It manifestly adapted itself to the necessities or requirements of the class whence its ranks were recruited; for while at home in Ireland it affected to right the wrongs of tenants and farm-laborers against landlords and bailiffs, in England it offered to its members the advantages of a league offensive and defensive in a species of trades-union terrorism. Likely enough some sort of combination was found to be almost a necessity by the laboring Irish at one stage of their existence in England, when the effect of their appearance in the labor market drew upon them the fierce hostility of the lower classes around them. But all this has passed away; and the few traces of demoralized Ribbonism that may yet be found lingering are, in nearly every case, miserable leagues for the lowest and worst of purposes, in which Irishman slays Irishman, and leave to live or to obtain employment in a particular district is regulated by the secret tribunal. Ribbonism has been killed off—has found existence impossible—accord-

ing as a healthier public opinion has grown among the masses. Here, again, the school and the newspaper have proved powerful agencies of moral and political regeneration. This curse of Ireland is doomed to disappear before the onward march of intelligence and patriotism.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER MATHEW.

“Two suns,” we are told, “do not shine in the one firmament;” yet the same period of Irish history beheld side by side with Daniel O’Connell, at the zenith of his fame, his great countryman and contemporary, Theobald Mathew, “the Apostle of Temperance.”

In widely-different characters, however, these two men won eminence and praise. One was a political leader; the other was a moral reformer. The one commanded the allegiance of a party in the State; the other received the homage of all. There is scarcely a country in the civilized world in which the memory of Father Mathew is not revered. Wherever good men are laboring for the elevation of humanity, the story of his career is an incentive to brave endeavor; and how far his work has perished with or survived him is a question which excites solicitude.

Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown House, near Cashel, in Tipperary, at that time the seat of George Mathew, Earl of Llandaff. The Mathews, or Mathew, family, of Welsh origin, appear to have been settled in Tipperary ever since the civil war of 1641. In 1650 one of its members, Captain George Mathews, then recently married to Lady Cahir, held Cahir Castle for the king, but after a brave resistance capitulated to the forces of Cromwell,—the Protector, in a letter under his own hand, bearing testimony to the gallantry of the defense.

At an early age young Theobald was sent to Maynooth to be educated for the Catholic priesthood; but an infraction

of discipline—the entertainment of some fellow-students in his rooms at forbidden hours, I believe—led to his retirement from the college. He completed his ecclesiastical training, however, at the Capuchin College, Kilkenny, and was ordained in 1814. After a few years of clerical labor in the city of St. Canice, he was moved by his superiors to the Cork friary of the order, where he devoted himself with more than ordinary zeal to the duties of his position.

In the burst of success which hailed Father Mathew's crusade against intoxicating drink, people came to regard him as the originator or parent of the temperance movement. Yet this was not so. He was a recruit, brought slowly to espouse the cause which but for his adhesion might have perished in Ireland. As early at all events as 1836 there was in Cork a little band of men who had embraced the doctrine of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. They were chiefly Protestants, some of the most active among them belonging to a religious denomination the members of which have been leaders in nearly every social and moral reform, and every humane or philanthropic effort, within my memory in Ireland,—the Society of Friends.

When it was whispered around that men not yet in a lunatic-asylum had taken up the notion that human life was possible without alcoholic drink, the wits of Cork laughed heartily at the craze. The believers in it were popularly regarded very much as the Shaker community seem to be in this year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-seven. They were verily the "peculiar people" of that date. After a while, undeterred by the derision which they knew awaited them, they ventured upon public addresses, usually in some little school-room or meeting-house hid away in the back lanes. Hither came stray listeners to hear what it was all like, and to see with their own eyes the fanatics and fools who thought men could do without Beamish and Crawford's porter or Wyse's whisky. Many "came to scoff," but few indeed "remained to pray." There is, perhaps, not a city

in the empire so dominated by sarcasms as Cork. Every well-known character has a soubriquet fastened on him by some one of the local wits. Every incident is viewed from its comic side. In the Momonian capital, to be laughed at is to be suppressed ; and this cold-water business was overwhelmed by ridicule.

Toiling laboriously amidst the squalor and poverty of the poorest quarter of Cork city, the young Capuchin was at this time laying the foundation for that marvelous personal influence which afterward formed so great a part of his power. He was not content with discharging the ordinary duties of his sacred calling, although these were in themselves severe and trying. He pushed entirely outside the strictly spiritual sphere. He set up schools,—infant and adult, Sunday and weekday ; rented a loft here and a third-floor there, wherein he established industrial teaching, the girls being taught various knitting and needle-work occupations, the boys such trades as seemed most suitable. Then there was not a dispensary or a hospital, not an alms society or room-keepers' aid fund, in Cork, that he was not in the thick of the work, pushing on every good endeavor, and constantly devising some new experiment in the same direction. Before long the name of the young friar was a household word ; his untiring activity, his noble unselfishness, his ardent anxiety for upraising the moral and social condition of the wretched masses, were the theme of every tongue. These labors inevitably brought him into association with good and philanthropic men of every creed and every grade ; and the charm of his manner, his bright, genial, kindly nature, his unaffected simplicity and single-mindedness, soon rendered him as great a favorite with Protestants as with his own co-religionists.

Among the former were some of the total-abstinence advocates, notably the leading "fanatic" of the movement, a man whose name is still warmly remembered by his fellow-merchants and fellow-citizens of Cork,—William Martin.

Long had this sturdy "Quaker" and his gallant band preached the new evangel of abstinence from alcohol ; but they felt that, though the Catholic masses around them respected them greatly and viewed them kindly, no one but a Catholic of influence and popularity could really give the movement headway among the people. One day while honest "Bill Martin" and Father Mathew were making their morning visitation of a hospital, the constantly-suggested theme of the miseries which drink brought on the people came uppermost. Mr. Martin, in a burst of passionate grief or invective, suddenly stopped and turned to his companion, exclaiming, "Oh, Theobald Mathew, Theobald Mathew, what *thou* couldst do if thou wouldst only take up this work of banishing the fiend that desolates the houses of thy people so !"

The young Capuchin seemed as if struck by some mysterious power. He remained silent, walked moodily on till he parted from his Quaker companion, then went home, pondering words which all that day and all through the night seemed still to ring in his ears : "Oh, Theobald Mathew, what *thou* couldst do if thou wouldst but take up this work !"

If there was one man in Cork city who pre-eminently had tried every other way of rescuing and uplifting the people, it was he. What had he not done, what had he not tried ? and yet did not this drink-curse start up at every turn to baffle and defeat his every endeavor ?

But was not William Martin's scheme a mad and impracticable idea ? Was it not already consigned to failure by the good-humored laughter of the city ? Could *he* indeed do what his friend believed ?

For some days Father Mathew considered the whole subject seriously. One morning, as he rose from his knees in his little oratory, he exclaimed aloud, "Here goes, in the name of God." *

* This incident is rather differently narrated by the late Mr. Maguire, M.P., in his charming volume "Father Mathew : a Biography." I have preferred to give it as told to myself in early boyhood.

An hour afterward he was in the office of William Martin. "Friend William," said he, "I have come to tell you a piece of news. I mean to join your temperance society to-night."

The honest-souled Quaker rushed over, flung his arms round the neck of that young Popish friar, kissed him like a child, and cried out, "Thank God ! thank God !"

Thus entered Father Mathew on that work with which his name is so memorably associated ; thus began that wonderful moral revolution which was soon to startle the kingdom.

The news that the popular young Capuchin had taken up with "the teetotal men" soon spread in Cork. All at once it set people thinking, for Father Mathew had always been especially practical, not visionary, in his schemes and efforts for social improvement and moral reform. Crowds came to hear what he might have to say on the subject. Before many weeks the enrollment of adherents attained considerable volume, and the direction of the work passed gradually into his own hands. Indeed he early decided, after consultation with the first friends of the movement, to establish an organization, or rather an enrollment, under his own presidency, which he did on the 10th of April, 1838.

The fame of his labors and of his success filled the city. Every street, every lane and alley, every large workshop, had its story of the marvelous change from misery and want to comfort and happiness wrought in some particular case by "joining Father Mathew." Every locality had its illustration ; every one knew some wretched drunkard's home that had been converted, as if by the wand of a magician, into a scene of humble contentment and smiling plenty. The working classes seemed quite staggered by the indubitable proofs that not only could men live and move and have their being without John Barleycorn's aid, but that health, happiness, and prosperity seemed to be within the easy reach of all who shunned him. The crowds who had found these blessings under the temperance banner were imbued with a

grateful enthusiasm. They shouted far and wide the story of their redemption. They hurried to every sufferer with the tidings of hope and joy. Each convert became a fiery apostle in his own way, and before the second anniversary of Father Mathew's lifting of the standard had come round, he found himself at the head of a movement evidently destined to a great future.

There can be no question that the temperance reformation of Father Mathew's time in Ireland was largely the outcome of an enthusiasm which could not altogether last. Its novelty was a great attraction. That is to say, men saw around them the rich fruits of a widely-embraced reform that had been preached and accepted among them for the first time. Not yet had reaction or reverse warned them that there was any but a bright side to the picture. Not yet had the terrible lesson been learned that "taking the pledge" did not settle the question for aye. As yet the vow retained its pristine force and solemnity. As yet the dispiriting and demoralizing spectacle of thousands relapsing again and again had not overthrown popular confidence in the efficacy of the movement.

The period between 1839 and 1845 beheld, however, its unchecked and unbroken triumph. The wonders that had been accomplished in Cork, of course, were noised throughout the neighboring counties; invitations were pressed on Father Mathew by the local clergy, soliciting his presence so that the blessing which his work was diffusing might be shared by their people.

It may be asked, Why should not these clergymen have themselves administered the total-abstinence pledge, as they might have done? Why were Father Mathew's actual presence and personal advocacy so essential? If pious and eloquent exhortation could prevail on men to join in a movement the good results of which were so startlingly demonstrated, were there not hundreds of priests and laymen, eloquent and earnest, ready to spread the crusade?

The truth is that much of Father Mathew's success was owing to his marvelous personal influence—the almost magical effect of his personal exhortations. Furthermore, the prestige of his name, and the éclat with which he was welcomed in each locality, gave impression to his missionary appearance and vastly increased his power. He was not what would be called a great orator; it was not what we know as eloquence that enabled him to bend to his will the multitudes that thronged around him. I was little more than twelve years of age when I first heard Father Mathew, and I can still remember the impressions then created. They were, I am confident, similar to the emotions experienced by most of those whose good fortune it was to have listened at any time to the “Apostle of Temperance.” I was moved not so much by his words as by some indescribable influence or charm which he seemed to exercise over his audience. His voice was exceedingly sweet and musical, and capable of great inflections. His features were pleasing and handsome, and when he smiled, sunshine diffused itself around. There was an air of dignity and tenderness indescribable about him, and the earnestness with which he spoke, the intense feeling he displayed, were irresistible. When such a man preached among a people so susceptible as the Celtic Irish a cause so just and holy,—preached it out of the fullness of a heart abounding with love for them, with compassion for their sorrows and solicitude for their happiness—who can wonder that the whole nation rose at his words as Christendom answered to the call of Peter the Hermit?

It was indeed a “crusade” Father Mathew preached. Whenever he visited a town or city, the population for a score of miles all round turned out *en masse*. At Limerick so vast was the assemblage that a troop of dragoons passing along the quay got “jammed” in the crowd, and were literally pushed into the river by the surging of the multitude. Railways were at the time scarcely known in Ireland, and Father Mathew traveled by the mail-coach, out of which

circumstance a formidable State grievance arose. If the inhabitants of a town or village happened to hear that the famous Capuchin was a passenger, they waylaid the vehicle—"stopped her Majesty's mail," in fact—and refused to let it proceed till he had administered the pledge to them.

It was a time when political feeling ran high and strong in Ireland. It was the period of O'Connell's Repeal agitation and of all the accompanying excitement of that movement. Yet, strange to say, Orange and Green alike waved a greeting to Father Mathew; Whig, Tory, and Repealer sounded his praise; and nowhere in all Ireland could he have received a welcome more cordial and enthusiastic than that which was extended to him, "Popish friar" as he was, by the Protestants of Ulster. He had been warned not to carry out his purpose of visiting that province; the Orangemen, it was declared, could not stand the sight of a Catholic priest received with public festive display in their midst. What really happened was that the dreaded Orangemen came out in grand procession to join in the ovation. When Father Mathew saw their flags hung out at Cootehill on church and kirk, he rightly appreciated the spirit of the display, and called for "three cheers" for them! A Catholic clergyman calling for a cordial salutation of the Orange banner, and a Catholic assemblage heartily responding, was something almost inconceivable. It had never occurred before in Ireland; I am afraid it has never occurred since.

In 1843 he visited England, landing at Liverpool, and proceeding by way of Manchester, Huddersfield, Leeds, and York to London. At each of these places he remained a day or two, administering the pledge to tens of thousands. In London he was fated to encounter the only attempt ever made to offer him insult and violence. The publicans of the great metropolis were wroth with the audacity of this endeavor to bring the temperance movement to their doors. They determined to put Father Mathew down; but they were too skillful to expose their real motive of opposition by

openly raising the cry of "trade interests in danger." For weeks the tap-room loungers and beery roughs of the metropolis were harangued over the counter about the "Popish Irish priest" who was coming to overthrow their liberties. The result was that, at more than one place in the city, on Father Mathew's appearance an infuriate rabble assailed the platform, compelling him to desist or else to administer the pledge under protection of the police. At Bermondsey the publicans' mob hooted and pelted him, and some of them were detected in an attempt secretly to cut the ropes of the platform-scaffolding. It was at the same place and on the same occasion, I believe, that they marched to interrupt him in a procession singularly, let me rather say disgracefully, equipped. The cohort of tap-room roughs were wreathed from head to foot in hop-leaves : each one bore a can of beer in one hand and a stave in the other. In this fashion they invaded the temperance meeting, whereupon, as might be expected, a violent conflict ensued, terminated only by the timely arrival of a strong body of police.

Despite all such opposition, Father Mathew pursued his labors in London. He had the satisfaction, before leaving, of knowing that he had laid broad and deep the foundations of a great reformation among, at all events, his own fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in the great city. During his stay the most flattering attentions were poured upon him by the best and greatest men of England. The Protestant Bishop of Norwich invited him to visit that town and accept the hospitalities of the palace. Lord Stanhope pressed a like welcome to Chevening ; and at Lord Lansdowne's the "Irish Popish friar" received the cordial greetings of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, and many other notabilities. He did not relish this "lionizing," but he accepted these demonstrations as a valuable moral aid and encouragement to his work. Mr. Maguire tells a story I had not heard before, which is quite characteristic of Father Mathew's simplicity. He was being taken in to dinner by

some noble host in London, when he recognized in one of the attendant servants a man whom he had formerly known as a humble but devoted member of the temperance society in Cork city. Father Mathew rushed over to him, shook him heartily by the hand, and earnestly inquired after his welfare, above all whether he still was faithful to his "pledge." The honored guest of the evening claiming acquaintance in this way with one of the domestics must have sadly astonished some of the company. But Father Mathew saw only in poor James or Thomas "a man and a brother" in the ranks of the great cause.

It may be estimated that in 1845 the temperance movement had attained to its topmost height in Ireland. What had it to show for itself? What were its visible fruits by this time? It is no exaggeration to say it had effected an astonishing transformation. It could not bring to Ireland that prosperity and wealth which flow from increased production or multiplied resources. The condition of the bulk of the population was at best, as the world soon afterward came to know, terribly precarious. But, subject to this reservation, it may be said that never had a people made within the same space of time such strides from hardship to comparative comfort, from improvidence to thrift, from the crimes of inebriate passion to the ordered habits of sobriety and industry. I speak of what I saw. The temperance movement had not, I repeat, removed the deep-lying political causes of Irish poverty and crime; but it brought to the humblest some amelioration of his lot; it banished from thousands of homes afflictions that politics (as we use the phrase) could neither create nor cure; it visibly diffused the feeling of self-respect and the virtue of self-reliance among the people. We all could note its influence, not only in their personal habits, but in their dress, in their manners, and in the greater neatness and tidiness of their homes. To this purport came testimony from every side. The magistracy and police told of crime greatly diminished. The clergy told of churches better

filled with sincere and earnest worshipers. Traders rejoiced to find how vast was the increase in popular expenditure on articles of food and clothing or of home or personal comfort. There is official evidence in abundance on the point. As early as 1840 the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in a public letter, said, "To the benefit which the temperance pledge has conferred upon Ireland, in the improved habits of the people, and in the diminution of outrage, his Excellency bears grateful testimony." Like declarations might be cited from executive officials throughout the later years up to 1845. The police returns for the period are equally striking; but so many circumstances have to be weighed and calculated when considering the fluctuations in "criminal statistics" in Ireland, that as a general rule I lay little stress on what they show. Still, it is rather convincing to find that the annual committals to prison in the seven years from 1839 to 1845, with a rapidly increasing population, show a steady decrease from twelve thousand to seven thousand; that the capital sentences in each year declined gradually from sixty-six to fourteen; and that the penal convictions sank from nine hundred in 1839 to five hundred in 1845.

Of one interest in the country no doubt the movement made a wreck: the whisky trade was for the time almost annihilated. In this connection two remarkable facts deserve to be especially noted: first, that members of Father Mathew's own family were large distillers, and were among the first to suffer ruin by the success of his labors; secondly, that from first to last no complaint, invective, or opposition ever was directed against Father Mathew by those of his countrymen whose fortunes he thus overwhelmed. Nay, among the warmest eulogies that cheered his career may be found the utterances of Irish manufacturers and venders of alcoholic drink.*

* It is right to say that a like generous and unselfish spirit still exists among the same classes in many parts of Ireland. No men more

But times of gloom and sorrow were now at hand for Father Mathew and for Ireland. Already a canker care was gnawing at that once light and joyous heart. Troubles and embarrassments, beneath which, alas ! he was eventually to sink, were secretly crushing the mind and energies of Father Mathew. Alone—single-handed—he had for seven years conducted a movement, had established, extended, and maintained an organization such as no managing executive in these days could work without enormous pecuniary resources ; and regular revenues for the purpose he had none whatever. He seemed to take little thought of the financial ways and means, but pushed on eagerly with the work, freely incurring all incidental obligations, and raising funds on his own responsibility as best he could.

To each one of the hundreds of thousands to whom he administered the pledge an enrollment card and medal were given : in truth the people seemed to think it no binding vow without this visible token. Each member was supposed to pay a shilling for these symbols of enrollment ; but as a matter of fact not more than half the number so paid. On the contrary, too often so wretched was the plight of the hapless victim of intemperance who knelt before him that Father Mathew's generous hand was outreached not only with a blessing but a dole. In 1845 he was in debt to medal manufacturers and others on behalf of the temperance movement some five thousand pounds. He had long groaned under the burden unknown to the world, unwilling, I believe, to disclose the source on which he relied for sometime liquidating these claims. Lady Elizabeth Mathew, his earliest and most constant friend, had intimated to him her intention of bequeathing him a substantial token of her admiration for his work and esteem for himself. Like many another generous purpose of a similar character, this was doomed to be un-

heartily praise the good effects of the voluntary "Sunday closing" adopted throughout Wexford than the licensed traders themselves, as a general rule, do in that county.

fulfilled. Death called too suddenly on the intending benefactress, and Father Mathew found himself haunted by the tortures that dog the debtor's path.

That the country would have freely come to his relief in this matter, as an obvious act of duty and of gratitude, surely cannot be doubted ; but coincidently with the revelation of his embarrassments came events that paralyzed the public mind. The famine, that stupendous calamity which no one can recall without a shudder, had burst on the hapless land. In the fierce struggle for existence, the desperate effort to save the people, every other public duty was suspended ; and Father Mathew's labors from 1846 to 1850 were one prolonged combat with the terrible scourge that desolated the country. Bravely, uncomplainingly, unfalteringly, he worked on, amidst the wreck of every hope, the overthrow of all he loved and prized. In May, 1847, he was nominated by the clergy of Cork for the then vacant miter of that diocese ; but the choice was not confirmed at Rome, and a new disappointment tried his sinking soul. In the same year the Government, aware of his embarrassed circumstances, bestowed on him a grant of three hundred pounds a year, which he forthwith devoted to paying for an insurance on his life to indemnify his creditors. Mental and physical wear and tear such as he endured proved too much for even his once splendid constitution. In the spring of 1848 he was attacked by paralysis,—an ominous premonition. Although he recovered in a few weeks, and in the following year visited America, where he remained till the close of 1851, he was never again the same man. In February, 1852, paralysis assailed him for the second time, and from that date forward all friends could see that active life for him was over. In October, 1854, he went to Madeira, and tried for a year what balm its breezes might bring. Next year he came home, and found, I verily believe, more solace and relief under the tender care and affectionate attentions of Protestant friends in Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, than amidst the vineyards and

orange groves of the sunny Southern isle. In 1856 he came, or rather was brought, to Queenstown. He himself by this time felt that the end was not afar off, and he fain would die amidst the familiar faces and scenes of home. On the 8th of December, 1856, a wail of sorrow in the crowded streets of Cork city told that one fondly loved, yea, idolized, by the people, was no more. Not Ireland alone, but all Christendom, mourned a true hero in "the Apostle of Temperance."

I have said that the astonishing success of the temperance movement from 1838 to 1845 was largely the product of enthusiasm, and was certain to be followed by a reaction. Even if no unusual misfortune had befallen, some such retrocession would, I am confident, have been suffered, but nothing that would have seriously impaired the reformation which Father Mathew had wrought. Few words are needed to explain how such an event as the famine wrecked this great work, as it did many another noble enterprise, moral and material, at the time. It was as if a great wave submerged the island, burying, obliterating, or sweeping away everything. When that fearful deluge subsided, and the mountain-tops began to reappear, a scene of utter desolation came to view.

The circumstances under which the drink-curse arose anew among the Irish people are painfully reproachful to our law-makers and administrators. There were scores, probably hundreds, of districts in Ireland from which drink-shops had long totally disappeared; and had there been at the time any statutable conservation of this "free-soil" area, three-fourths of Father Mathew's work would have endured to the present hour. But what happened within my own experience and observation was this. When the Government relief works were set on foot all over the kingdom, close by every pay-office or depot there started into operation a meal-store and a whisky-shop; nay, often the pay-clerks and road staff lodged in the latter and made it "headquarters." Only too well the wretched people knew what the fire-water would do for

them ; it would bring them oblivion or excitement, in which the horror and despair around them would be forgotten for a while. In many a tale of shipwreck we read with wonder that at the last dread moment the crew broached the spirit-casks and drank till delirium came. In Ireland the starving people seemed possessed by some similar infatuation when once more the fatal lure was set up before them. In the track of the Government relief staff, and specially "licensed" by law, the drink-shops reappeared, and, to a large extent, reconquered what they had lost. Not wholly, however. There are thousands of men in Ireland to-day who "took the pledge from Father Mathew" and hold by it still. There are cities and towns in which the flag has never been hauled down, and where its adherents are now as numerous as ever. To the movement of Father Mathew is owing, moreover, that public opinion in favor of temperance effort, that parliamentary vote in favor of temperance legislation, which Ireland has so notably and so steadily exhibited. The pure-souled and great-hearted Capuchin has not lived and labored in vain.

CHAPTER VI.

“THE BLACK FORTY-SEVEN.”

THERE is probably no subject on which such painful misunderstanding and bitter recrimination have prevailed between the peoples of England and Ireland as the Irish famine. The enmities and antagonisms arising out of other historical events were, at all events, comprehensible. The havoc and devastation which ensued upon the Royalist-Cromwellian war of 1641-1650, the confiscations and proscriptions which followed the Stuart struggle in 1690, the insurrection of 1798, and the overthrow of the Irish constitution in 1800, were causes of ire, on the one side or the other, as to the reality of which there was at least no controversy. But it was not so in this case. The English people, remembering only the sympathy and compassion which they felt, the splendid contributions which they freely bestowed in that sad time, are shocked and angered beyond endurance when they hear Irishmen refer to the famine as a “slaughter.” In Ireland, on the other hand, the burning memory of horrors which more prompt and competent action on the part of the ruling authorities might have considerably averted seems to overwhelm all other recollection, and the noble generosity of the English people appears to be forgotten in a frenzy of reproach against the English Government of that day.

I know not whether the time has even yet arrived when that theme can be fairly treated, and when a calm and just apportionment of blame and merit may be attempted. To-day, full thirty years after the event, I tremble to contemplate it.

In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,175,124 souls. By 1845 it had probably reached to nearly nine millions. The increase had been fairly continuous for at least a century, and had become rapid between 1820 and 1840. To any one looking beneath the surface the condition of the country was painfully precarious. Nine millions of a population living at best in a light-hearted and hopeful hand-to-mouth contentment, totally dependent on the hazards of one crop, destitute of manufacturing industries, and utterly without reserve or resource to fall back upon in time of reverse,—what did all this mean but a state of things critical and alarming in the extreme? Yet no one seemed conscious of danger. The potato crop had been abundant for four or five years, and respite from dearth and distress was comparative happiness and prosperity. Moreover, the temperance movement had come to make the “good times” still better. Everything looked bright. No one concerned himself to discover how slender and treacherous was the foundation for this general hopefulness and confidence.

Yet signs of the coming storm had been given. Partial famine caused by failing harvests had indeed been intermittent in Ireland, and quite recently warnings that ought not to have been mistaken or neglected had given notice that the esculent which formed the sole dependence of the peasant millions was subject to some mysterious blight. In 1844 it was stricken in America, but in Ireland the yield was healthy and plentiful as ever. The harvest of 1845 promised to be the richest gathered for many years. Suddenly in one short month, in one week it might be said, the withering breath of a simoom seemed to sweep the land, blasting all in its path. I myself saw whole tracts of potato growth changed *in one night* from smiling luxuriance to a shriveled and blackened waste. A shout of alarm arose. But the buoyant nature of the Celtic peasant did not yet give way. The crop was so profuse that it was expected the healthy portion would reach an average result. Winter revealed the alarming fact that

the tubers had rotted in pit and store-house. Nevertheless the farmers, like hapless men who double their stakes to recover losses, made only the more strenuous exertions to till a larger breadth in 1846. Although already feeling the pinch of sore distress, if not actual famine, they worked as if for dear life ; they begged and borrowed on any terms the means whereby to crop the land once more. The pawn-offices were choked with the humble finery that had shone at the village dance or christening-feast ; the banks and local money-lenders were besieged with appeals for credit. Meals were stinted, backs were bared. Anything, anything to tide over the interval to the harvest of “Forty-six.”

Oh, God, it is a dreadful thought that all this effort was but more surely leading them to ruin ! It was this harvest of Forty-six that sealed their doom. Not partially, but completely, utterly, hopelessly, it perished. As in the previous year, all promised brightly up to the close of July. Then, suddenly, in a night, whole areas were blighted ; and this time, alas ! no portion of the crop escaped. A cry of agony and despair went up all over the land. The last desperate stake for life had been played, and all was lost.

The doomed people realized but too well what was before them. Last year’s premonitory sufferings had exhausted them ; and now ?—they must die !

My native district figures largely in the gloomy record of that dreadful time. I saw the horrible phantasmagoria—would God it were but that !—pass before my eyes. Blank stolid dismay, a sort of stupor, fell upon the people, contrasting remarkably with the fierce energy put forth a year before. It was no uncommon sight to see the cottier and his little family seated on the garden-fence gazing all day long in moody silence at the blighted plot that had been their last hope. Nothing could arouse them. You spoke ; they answered not. You tried to cheer them ; they shook their heads. I never saw so sudden and so terrible a transformation.

When first in the autumn of 1845 the partial blight appeared, wise voices were raised in warning to the Government that a frightful catastrophe was at hand ; yet even then began that fatal circumlocution and inaptness which it madens one to think of. It would be utter injustice to deny that the Government made exertions which judged by ordinary emergencies would be prompt and considerable. But judged by the awful magnitude of the evil then at hand or actually befallen, they were fatally tardy and inadequate. When at length the executive did hurry, the blunders of precipitancy outdid the disasters of excessive deliberation.

In truth the Irish famine was one of those stupendous calamities which the rules and formulæ of ordinary constitutional administration were unable to cope with, and which could be efficiently encountered only by the concentration of plenary powers and resources in some competent "despotism" located in the scene of disaster. It was easy to foresee the result of an attempt to deal "at long range" with such an evil,—to manage it from Downing Street, London, according to orthodox routine. Again and again the Government were warned, not by heedless orators or popular leaders, but by men of the highest position and soundest repute in Ireland, that, even with the very best intentions on their part, mistake and failure must abound in any attempt to grapple with the famine by the ordinary machinery of Government. Many efforts, bold and able efforts, were made by the Government and by Parliament eighteen months subsequently : I refer especially to the measures taken in the session of 1847. But, unfortunately, everything seemed to come too late. Delay made all the difference. In October, 1845, the Irish Mansion House Relief Committee implored the Government to call Parliament together and throw open the ports. The Government refused. Again and again the terrible urgency of the case, the magnitude of the disaster at hand, was pressed on the executive. It was the obstinate refusal of Lord John Russell to listen to these remonstrances

and entreaties, and the sad verification subsequently of these apprehensions, that implanted in the Irish mind the bitter memories which still occasionally find vent in passionate accusation of "England."

Not but that the Government had many and weighty arguments in behalf of the course they took. First, they feared exaggeration, and waited for official investigation and report.* Even when official testimony was forthcoming, the Cabinet in London erred, as the Irish peasantry did, in trusting somewhat that the harvest of 1846 would change gloom to joy. When the worst came in 1846-47, much precious time was lost through misunderstanding and re-crimination between the Irish landlords and the executive, —charges of neglect of duties on one hand, and of incapacity on the other, passing freely to and fro. No doubt the Government feared waste, prodigality, and abuse if it placed absolute power and unlimited supplies in the hands of an Irish board; and one must allow that, to a commercial-minded people, the violations of the doctrines of political economy involved in every suggestion and demand shouted across the Channel from Ireland were very alarming. Yet

* The truth is, the fight over the Corn Law question in England at the time was peculiarly unfortunate for Ireland; because the protectionist press and politicians felt it a duty strenuously to deny there was any danger of famine, lest such a circumstance should be made a pretext for Free Trade. Thus, the Duke of Richmond, on the 9th of December, 1845, speaking at the Agricultural Protection Society, said, "With respect to the cry of 'Famine,' he believed that it was perfectly illusory, and no man of respectability could have put it in good faith if he had been acquainted with the facts within the knowledge of their society."

At Warwick, on the 31st of December, Mr. Newdegate carried a resolution testifying against "the fallacy and mischief of the reports of a deficient harvest," and affirming that "there was no reasonable ground for apprehending a scarcity of food."

Like declarations abounded in England up to a late period of the famine, and, no doubt, considerably retarded the prompt action of the Government.

in the end it was found—all too late, unfortunately—that those doctrines were inapplicable in such a case. They had to be flung aside in 1847. Had they been discarded a year or two sooner, a million of lives might have been saved.

The situation bristled with difficulties. “Do not demoralize the people by pauper doles, but give them employment,” said one counselor. “Beware how you interfere with the labor-market,” answered another. “It is no use voting millions to be paid away on relief works while you allow the price of food to be run up four hundred per cent.; set up Government depots for sale of food at reasonable price,” cried many wise and far-seeing men. “Utterly opposed to the teachings of Adam Smith,” responded Lord John Russell.

At first the establishment of public soup-kitchens under local relief committees, subsidized by Government, was relied upon to arrest the famine. I doubt if the world ever saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. All over the country large iron boilers were set up in which what was called “soup” was concocted,—later on, Indian-meal stirabout was boiled. Around these boilers on the roadside there daily moaned and shrieked and fought and scuffled crowds of gaunt, cadaverous creatures that once had been men and women made in the image of God. The feeding of dogs in a kennel was far more decent and orderly. I once thought—ay, and often bitterly said, in public and in private—that never, never would our people recover the shameful humiliation of that brutal public soup-boiler scheme. I frequently stood and watched the scene till tears blinded me and I almost choked with grief and passion. It was heart-breaking, almost maddening, to see; but help for it there was none.

The Irish poor-law system early broke down under the strain which the famine imposed. Until 1846 the work-houses were shunned and detested by the Irish poor. Relief of destitution had always been regarded by the Irish as a

sort of religious duty or fraternal succor. Poverty was a misfortune, not a crime. When, however, relief was offered, on the penal condition of an imprisonment that sundered the family tie, and which, by destroying home, howsoever humble, shut out all hope of future recovery, it was indignantly spurned. Scores of times I have seen some poor widow before the workhouse board clasp her little children tightly to her heart and sob aloud, "No, no, your honor. If they are to be parted from me, I'll not come in. I'll beg the wide world with them."

But soon beneath the devouring pangs of starvation even this holy affection had to give way, and the famishing people poured into the workhouses, which soon choked with the dying and the dead. Such privations had been endured in every case before this hated ordeal was faced, that the people entered the Bastille merely to die. The parting scenes of husband and wife, father and mother and children, at the board-room door would melt a heart of stone. Too well they felt it was to be an eternal severance, and that this loving embrace was to be their last on earth. The warders tore them asunder,—the husband from the wife, the mother from the child,—for "discipline" required that it should be so. But, with the famine-fever in every ward, and the air around them laden with disease and death, they knew their fate, and parted like victims at the foot of the guillotine.

It was not long until the workhouses overflowed and could admit no more. Rapidly as the death-rate made vacancies, the pressure of applicants overpowered all resources. Worse still, bankruptcy came on many a union. In some the poor-rate rose to twenty-two shillings on the pound, and very nearly the entire rural population of several were needing relief. In a few cases, I am sorry to say, the horrible idea seemed to seize the land-owners on the boards that all rates would be ineffectual, and that, as their imposition would result only in ruining "property," it was as well to "let

things take their course." Happily an act of Parliament was passed in 1846 which gave the poor-law commissioners in Dublin power to deal with cases of delay or refusal to make adequate provision for maintenance of the workhouse. All such boards were abolished by sealed order, and paid vice-guardians were appointed in their place. To these, as well as to elected boards willing to face their duty, the commissioners were empowered to advance, by way of loan, secured on the lands within the union, funds sufficient to carry on the poor-law system. Had it not been for this arrangement, the workhouses would have closed altogether in many parts of the country.

The conduct of the Irish landlords throughout the famine-period has been variously described, and has been, I believe, generally condemned. I consider the censure visited on them too sweeping. I hold it to be in some respects cruelly unjust. On many of them no blame too heavy could possibly fall. A large number were permanent absentees; their ranks were swelled by several who early fled the post of duty at home,—cowardly and selfish deserters of a brave and faithful people. Of those who remained, some may have grown callous: it is impossible to contest authentic instances of brutal heartlessness here and there. But, granting all that has to be entered on the dark debtor side, the overwhelming balance is the other way. The bulk of the resident Irish landlords manfully did their best in that dread hour.* If they did too little compared with what the landlord class in England would have done in similar case, it was because little was in their power. The famine found most of the

* No adequate tribute has ever been paid to the memory of those Irish landlords—and they were men of every party and creed—who perished martyrs to duty in that awful time; who did not fly the plague-reeking workhouse or fever-tainted court. Their names would make a goodly roll of honor. The people of Bantry still mourn for Mr. Richard White, of Inchiclogh, cousin of Lord Bantry, who early fell in this way. Mr. Martin, M. P.,—"Dick Martin," Prince of Con-

resident landed gentry of Ireland on the brink of ruin. They were heritors of estates heavily overweighted with the debts of a bygone generation. Broad lands and lordly mansions were held by them on settlements and conditions that allowed small scope for the exercise of individual liberality. To these landowners the failure of one year's rental receipts meant mortgage-foreclosure and hopeless ruin. Yet cases might be named by the score in which such men scorned to avert by pressure on their suffering tenantry the fate they saw impending over them. They "went down with the ship."

In the autumn of 1846 relief works were set on foot, the Government having received parliamentary authority to grant baronial loans for such undertakings. There might have been found many ways of applying these funds in reproductive employment, but the modes decided on were draining and road-making. Of course it was not possible to provide very rapidly the engineering staff requisite for surveying and laying out so many thousands of new roads all over the country; but eventually the scheme was somehow hurried into operation. The result was in every sense deplorable failure. The wretched people were by this time too wasted and emaciated to work. The endeavor to do so under an inclement winter sky only hastened death. They tottered at daybreak to the roll-call, vainly tried to wheel the barrow or ply the pick, but fainted away on the "cutting," or lay down on the wayside to rise no more. As for the "roads" on which so much money was wasted, and on which so many lives were sacrificed, hardly any of them were finished. Miles of grass-grown earthworks throughout the country

nemara,—caught fever while acting as a magistrate, and was swept away. One of the most touching stories I ever heard was that told me by an eye-witness of how Mr. Nolan, of Ballinderry (father of Captain J. P. Nolan, M. P.), braving the deadly typhus in Tuam workhouse, was struck down, amidst the grief of a people who mourn him to this day.

now mark their course and commemorate for posterity one of the gigantic blunders of the famine-time.

The first remarkable sign of the havoc which death was making was the decline and disappearance of funerals. Among the Irish people a funeral was always a great display, and participation in the procession was for all neighbors and friends a sacred duty. A "poor" funeral—that is, one thinly attended—was considered disrespectful to the deceased and reproachful to the living. The humblest peasant was borne to the grave by a parochial cortége. But one could observe in the summer of '46 that, as funerals became more frequent, there was a rapid decline in the number of attendants, until at length persons were stopped on the road and requested to assist in conveying the coffin a little way farther. Soon, alas! neither coffin nor shroud could be supplied. Daily in the street and on the footway some poor creature lay down as if to sleep, and presently was stiff and stark. In our district it was a common occurrence to find on opening the front door in early morning, leaning against it, the corpse of some victim who in the night-time had "rested" in its shelter. We raised a public subscription, and employed two men with horse and cart to go round each day and gather up the dead. One by one they were taken to a great pit at Ardnabrahair Abbey, and dropped through the hinged bottom of a "trap-coffin" into a common grave below. In the remoter rural districts even this rude sepulture was impossible. In the field and by the ditch-side the victims lay as they fell, till some charitable hand was found to cover them with the adjacent soil.

It was the fever which supervened on the famine that wrought the greatest slaughter and spread the greatest terror. For this destroyer when it came spared no class, rich or poor. As long as it was "the hunger" alone that raged, it was no deadly peril to visit the sufferers; but not so now. To come within the reach of this contagion was certain death. Whole families perished unvisited and unassisted. By leveling

above their corpses the sheeling in which they died, the neighbors gave them a grave.*

No pen can trace nor tongue relate the countless deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice which this dreadful visitation called forth on the part, pre-eminently, of two classes in the community,—the Catholic clergy and the dispensary doctors of Ireland. I have named the Catholic clergy, not that those of the Protestant denominations did not furnish many instances of devotion fully as striking,† but because on the former obviously fell the brunt of the trial. For them there was no flinching. A call to administer the last rites of religion to the inmate of a plague-ward or fever-shed *must* be, and is, obeyed by the Catholic priest, though death to himself be the well-known consequence. The fatality among the two classes I have mentioned, clergymen and doctors, was lamentable. Christian heroes, martyrs for humanity, their names are blazoned on no courtly roll; yet shall they shine upon an eternal page, brighter than the stars!

* I myself assisted in such a task, under heart-rending circumstances, in June, 1847.

† The Protestant curate of my native parish in 1847 was the Rev. Alexander Ben Hallowell, subsequently rector of Clonakilty, and now I believe residing somewhere in Lancashire. There were comparatively few of his own flock in a way to suffer from the famine; but he dared death daily in his desperate efforts to save the perishing creatures around him. A poor hunchback named Richard O'Brien lay dying of the plague in a deserted hovel at a place called "the Custom Gap." Mr. Hallowell, passing by, heard the moans, and went in. A shocking sight met his view. On some rotten straw in a dark corner lay poor "Dick," naked, except for a few rags across his body. Mr. Hallowell rushed to the door and saw a young friend on the road. "Run, run with this shilling and buy me some wine," he cried. Then he re-entered the hovel, stripped off his own clothes, and with his own hands put upon the plague-stricken hunchback the flannel vest and drawers and the shirt of which he had just divested himself. I know this to be true. *I* was the "young friend" who went for and brought the wine.

But even this dark cloud of the Irish famine had its silver lining. If it is painful to recall the disastrous errors of irresolution and panic, one can linger gratefully over memories of Samaritan philanthropy, of efficacious generosity, of tenderest sympathy. The people of England behaved nobly ; and assuredly not less munificent were the citizens of the great American Republic, which had already become the home of thousands of the Irish race. From every considerable town in England there poured subscriptions, amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of pounds. From America came a truly touching demonstration of national sympathy. Some citizens of the States contributed two ship-loads of breadstuffs, and the American Government decided to furnish the ships which should bring the offering to the Irish shore. Accordingly, two war-vessels, the "Macedonian" and the "Jamestown" frigates, having had their armaments removed, their "gun-decks" displaced and cargo bulkheads put up, were filled to the gunwale with best American flour and biscuits, and dispatched on their errand of mercy. It happened that just previously the British naval authorities had rather strictly refused the loan of a ship for a like purpose, as being quite opposed to all departmental regulations (which, to be sure, it was), and a good deal of angry feeling was called forth by the refusal. Yet had it a requiting contrast in the dispatch from England, by voluntary associations there, of several deputations or embassies of succor, charged to visit personally the districts in Ireland most severely afflicted, and to distribute with their own hands the benefactions they wrought.

Foremost in this blessed work were the Society of Friends, the English members of that body co-operating with its central committee in Dublin. Among the most active and fearless of their representatives was a young Yorkshire Quaker, whose name, I doubt not, is still warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. He drove from village to village, he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake and climbed the moun-

ain, fought death, as it were, hand to hand, in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labors would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young "Yorkshire Quaker" of 1847 was destined a quarter of a century later to be known to the empire as a minister of the Crown—the Right Hon. N. E. Forster, M.P.

In truth, until the appearance a few years' since of the Rev. Mr. O'Rorke's excellent volume, the "History of the Irish Famine," the only competent record of the events of that time was the "Report of the Society of Friends' Irish Relief Committee." It is a remarkable fact that the traveler who now visits the west and south of Ireland, and seeks to gather from the people reminiscences of the famine-time, will find praise and blame a good deal mingled as to nearly every other relief agency of the period, but naught save grateful recollection of the unostentatious, kindly, prompt, generous, and efficacious action of the Friends' committee. Fondly as the Catholic Irish revere the memory of their own priests who suffered with and died for them in that fearful time, they give a place in their prayers to the "good Quakers, God bless them," Jonathan Pim, Richard Allen, Richard Webb, and William Edward Forster.

The Irish famine of 1847 had results, social and political, that constitute it one of the most important events in Irish history for more than two hundred years. It is impossible for any one who knew the country previous to that period, and who has thoughtfully studied it since, to avoid the conclusion that so much has been destroyed, or so greatly changed, that the Ireland of old times will be seen no more.

The losses will, I would fain hope, be in a great degree repaired, the gains entirely retained. Yet much that was precious was engulfed, I fear, beyond recovery. "Here are twenty miles of country, sir," said a dispensary doctor to me, "and before the famine there was not a padlock from end to end of it." Under the pressure of hunger, ravenous crea-

tures prowled around barn and store-house, stealing corn, potatoes, cabbage, turnips—anything, in a word, that might be eaten. Later on, the fields had to be watched, gun in hand, or the seed was rooted up and devoured raw. This state of things struck a fatal blow at some of the most beautiful traits of Irish rural life. It destroyed the simple confidence that bolted no door; it banished forever a custom which throughout the island was of almost universal obligation—the housing for the night, with cheerful welcome, of any poor wayfarer who claimed hospitality. Fear of “the fever,” even where no apprehension of robbery was entertained, closed every door, and the custom, once killed off, has not revived. A thousand kindly usages and neighborly courtesies were swept away. When *saue qui peut* has resounded throughout a country for three years of alarm and disaster, human nature becomes contracted in its sympathies, and “every one for himself” becomes a maxim of life and conduct long after. The open-handed, open-hearted ways of the rural population have been visibly affected by the “Forty-seven” ordeal. Their ancient sports and pastimes everywhere disappeared, and in many parts of Ireland have never returned. The out-door games, the hurling-match, and the village dance are seen no more.

With the greater seriousness of character which the famine-period has imprinted on the Irish people, some notable changes for the better must be recognized. Providence, forethought, economy, are studied and valued as they never were before. There is more method, strictness, and punctuality in business transactions. There is a graver sense of responsibility on all hands. For the first time the future seems to be earnestly thought of, and its possible vicissitudes kept in view. More steadiness of purpose, more firmness and determination of character, mark the Irish peasantry of the new era. God has willed that in the midst of such awful sufferings some share of blessings should fall on the sorely-shattered nation.

CHAPTER VII.

“YOUNG IRELAND.”

FLETCHER of Saltoun is credited with the saying, “Let me make the ballads, and let whoso will make the laws.” No doubt it was through ballads popular feeling was moved and developed in those days. If Fletcher lived now, he would say, “Let me use the printing-press, and let who pleases be premier.”

Whoever attentively studies the changes in Irish political life—in its modes of thought and action—within the past forty years, must assign an important place among the factors in those changes to that school of politician-littérateurs known as “Young Ireland.” Their name and fate as a party are, unfortunately for them, so generally associated with one disastrous incident of their political career—the insurrectionary attempt of 1848—that an erroneous idea is acquired of their real status, aims, and policy; an unjust estimate is formed of their labors.

“Young Ireland,” so called, was a section or offshoot of O’Connell’s Repeal party, the latter being antithetically designated “Old Ireland.” “Young” and “Old,” however, they were alike Repealers; that is, their great political object, the cardinal doctrine of their creed, was the repossession by Ireland of the native legislature wrenched from her by Pitt in 1800. But many notable circumstances marked the Young Irelanders as a totally new school in Irish politics. They first, within our generation, essayed as a party the task of purifying the political atmosphere, of rendering Irish parliamentary action something better and nobler than

a venal scramble for place, or an abject servitude of faction. They first taught the doctrine that the people should be appealed to in their intelligence rather than impelled through their prejudices. They boldly proclaimed that individual responsibility and self-reliance should take the place of utter dependence on leaders, lay or clerical. They first seized upon the printing-press and the school as the great agencies of popular enfranchisement. The motto on their banner epitomized their creed and indicated the means and end of their policy : "Educate that you may be free."

Forty years ago the typical Irish representative was still in a large degree the swaggering, horse-racing, duel-fighting, hard-drinking, spendthrift style of patriot portrayed by the pen of Charles Lever. The time had not yet come when personal integrity and purity of private life and character were weighed in estimating a man's title to public confidence and esteem. The "popular member" in those days was returned by a combination of patriotic enthusiasm and religious influence, supplemented by the necessary amount of bribery and intimidation. As to these, "the other side began first" of course ; and then the distribution of five-pound notes and whisky *ad libitum* on the one hand, and the breaking of skulls with shillelaghs on the other, completed the popular victory. Moreover, the "patronage" customarily vested in a member of Parliament at the time was extensive in small things. The post-office and the revenue, the army and the navy, were, to a great extent, the spoil of party. The minister flung patronage to his lobby adherents ; and these shared or dispensed it among their hustings' partisans. Political independence, as we understand it, was unknown. The schools had not yet sent forth their youthful battalions ; the newspaper was an expensive luxury. The reading-room and mechanics' institute were not yet born. The lecture was unknown. Yet in all respects it may be said that things were "on the turn," when an event in 1842 ushered in a new era.

The Repeal Association of O'Connell was worked in large part by his "Old Guard" of the Catholic Emancipation campaign,—men who were, more or less, of the old school. But the movement early attracted to it some of the most gifted and brilliant of the young men who were just then emerging from college and university life into the bustle and activity of an exciting time in public affairs. Affinity of tastes, college companionship, community of feeling, brought these youthful Repealers together as a distinct "set" or section in the association. Their minds were fresh from the study of classic models in civic virtue, in love of country, in public heroism. They became inspired with the great ambition of giving a new character, a purer tone, and a bolder direction to the national movement.

Three of these young men—Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis, and John Blake Dillon—were strolling in the Phoenix Park one fine summer evening in 1842. They discussed the prospects of the Repeal cause and the caliber of the men directing it, the newspaper press, such as it was, and O'Connell's relations with that section of it which supported the association. They complained that there was no attempt at the intellectual development or political education of the popular mind, and dwelt upon the fact that in a few years more the public schools would be sending forth some tens of thousands of young people able to read and write. They debated the great question, "What was to be done?" They answered that question by agreeing that the first thing necessary was to start a weekly newspaper as the exponent and policy of a new school of politics. Duffy was already a journalist. Though young in years, he filled an honorable place in public confidence as editor of the *Belfast Vindicator*. He was the man to whom they looked to play the leading part in this ambitious scheme. Seated under a tree in the Phoenix Park, the three friends decided to start the *Nation* newspaper, which issued its first number on the 15th of October, 1842.

The journal thus founded was destined to play an important part in the subsequent political history of Ireland. It was not a newspaper so much as a great popular educator, a counselor and guide. Its office was a sort of bureau of national affairs, political, literary, industrial, and artistic. Its editorial room was the rendezvous of the "youthful enthusiasts," as the old-school politicians called them,—orators, poets, writers, artists. In the pages of the *Nation* fervid prose and thrilling verse, literary essay and historical ballad, were all pressed into the service of Irish nationality. The effect was beyond all anticipation. The country seemed to awaken to a new life; "a soul had come into Erin."

Emboldened by the success of this first overt act, they struck out into other fields of labor, and determined to supply Ireland with a cheap popular literature, at once entertaining and educational. "Duffy's Library of Ireland," a monthly issue of shilling volumes, was the result. Even if they had done no more, this would be no unworthy monument of their zeal for the moral and intellectual as well as the political education of the people.

They were pre-eminently the party of religious tolerance. The leading idea in what may be called their home policy was to break down the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland. In this they were long before their time. The experiment, however, was bravely tried. In many a song and many an essay they preached the union of classes and creeds.

"What matter that at different shrines
 We pray unto one God?
 What matter that at different times
 Our fathers won this sod?
 In fortune and in name we're bound
 By stronger links than steel;
 And neither can be safe or sound
 But in the other's weal.

* * * * *

"And oh, it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined,—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose,
As fill'd by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows."

Thus pleaded Davis in the *Nation*. More boldly still he addressed himself to his fellow-Protestants of Ulster,—the Orangemen of the North :

"Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed,
William and James are turn'd to clay ;
Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed ;
Red was the crop and bitter the pay.
Freedom fled us ;
Knaves misled us ;
Under the feet of the foemen we lay ;
But in their spite
The Irish unite,
For Orange and Green will carry the day."

All in vain. As remote as the millennium seemed the day when Orange and Green would cease to wave over opposing hosts arrayed in deadly hate and fiercest hostility.

Meantime, with a vigor that quite astonished observers, the Young Irelanders addressed themselves to the equally formidable task of reforming certain of the ideas and usages of Irish politics. They execrated place-begging, denied that "good appointments for Catholics" should be considered the showering of blessings on Ireland, and denounced the practice of "popular members" of shady character presenting stained-glass windows and altar-gongs to the Catholic chapels whenever a general election was at hand. Above all, they dared to say that the traffic in tidewaiterships and postmasterships and treasury-clerkships was demoralizing, and should be put down. It was little less than a revolution these men

attempted in the whole system of Irish politics. O'Connell himself they greatly revered : they accepted his policy, were loyal to his authority, were grateful for his services. But they waged unconcealed war with the class of men who, in a great degree, surrounded him, and with the low tone of public morality which then seemed prevalent. The regenerated Ireland of their dreams was not to arise under such influences as these. They preached the need of better men and a bolder policy, and strongly impressed on the people that if they valued national liberty they must cultivate the virtues without which such a blessing would fly their grasp.

“For Freedom comes from God’s right hand,
And needs a godly train :
’Tis *righteous* men can make our land
A Nation once again.”

So sang the bard of the party. So spoke all its orators. Such was Young Ireland in its early career. Of the men who founded or constituted that party more than thirty years ago few now survive. Nearly all have passed away ; and

“Their graves are sever’d far and wide
By mountain, stream, and sea.”

Duffy—now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, of Melbourne—has been Prime Minister of Victoria, and is perhaps the ablest and most statesmanlike man at present in public life at the antipodes. Darcy McGee, foully slain by an assassin’s bullet at Ottawa in 1868, had also won, as a minister of the Crown in the free self-governed Dominion of Canada, a notable recognition of his splendid abilities. Meagher, the silver-tongued orator of Young Ireland, after a career full of vicissitudes, was United States Governor of Montana Territory when he accidentally perished in the rapids of the Missouri. Davis died early, yet not before he had filled Ireland with admiration for his genius and love for his virtues. Dillon died in 1866, member of Parliament for Tipperary County. Martin

and Ronayne are recent losses, having fallen in harness as parliamentary representatives. Mitchel irreconcilable and defiant to the last, returned to Ireland in 1875, and died “in the arms of victory” as “member for Tipperary.” O’Brien, the leader of the party, sleeps in the family mausoleum at Rathronan; but on the most prominent site in the Irish metropolis his countrymen have raised a noble statue to perpetuate his memory. Richard O’Gorman enjoys in New York fame and fortune honorably achieved in the land of his adoption. Kevin Izod O’Doherty is now a prominent member of the Queensland legislature. Michael Doheny, a man of rare gifts as a writer and speaker, died sadly in New York. Richard Dalton Williams, the gentle bard of many an exquisite lay, reposes in a distant Louisiana grave. Denny Lane, poet and politician, happily still thinks and feels for Ireland in his pleasant home by the Lee. Besides these there might be named a goodly company of the less political and more literary type: John O’Hagan, now judge of a county court in Ireland; Samuel Ferguson, now Deputy Keeper of the Rolls; Denis Florence MacCarthy, D. MacNevin, Rev. Charles Meehan, John Edward Pigott, Michael J. Barry, James Clarence Mangan, and John Kells Ingram, LL.D., now a fellow of Trinity College, whose famous lyric, “Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?” is the best known of all the seditious poetry of Young Ireland.

But the roll were incomplete indeed if from it were omitted three women who gave to Irish national poetry of the Young Ireland era its most striking characteristics: “Eva,” “Mary,” and “Speranza.”

Eva Mary Kelly was the daughter of a County Galway gentleman, and could have been little more than a girl when the contributions bearing her pseudonym began to attract attention. A good idea of the Young Ireland poetry—at all events of the Young Ireland poetesses—may be gathered from one of her early contributions,—“The People’s Chief:”

“The storms of enfranchised passions rise as the voice of the eagle
screaming,

And we scatter now to the earth's four winds the memory of our
dreaming !

The clouds but veil the lightning's bolt,—Sibylline murmurs ring
In hollow tones from out the depths : the People seek their King !

“Come forth, come forth, Anointed One ! nor blazon nor honors bear-
ing ;

No ‘ancient line’ be thy seal or sign, the crown of Humanity wear-
ing ;

Spring out, as lucent fountains spring, exulting from the ground—
Arise as Adam rose from God, with strength and knowledge crown'd !

“The leader of the world's wide host guiding our aspirations,
Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth sitting among the nations !

Thy foot is on the empty forms around in shivers cast :

We crush ye with the scorn of scorn, exuviae of the past !

“Come forth, come forth, O Man of men ! to the cry of the gathering
nations ;

We watch on tower, we watch on the hill, pouring our invocations ;
Our souls are sick of sounds and shades that mock our shame and
grief,

We hurl the Dagons from their seats, and call the lawful Chief !

“Come forth, come forth, O Man of men ! to the frenzy of our im-
ploring,

The wing'd despair that no man can bear, up to the heavens soaring ;
Come Faith and Hope, and Love and Trust, upon their center rock,
The wailing millions summon thee, amid the earthquake shock !

“We've kept the weary watch of years, with a wild and heart-wrung
yearning,

But the star of the Advent we sought in vain, calmly and purely
burning ;

False meteors flash'd across the sky, and falsely led us on ;
The parting of the strife is come,—the spell is o'er and gone !

“The future's closéd gates are now on their ponderous hinges jarring,
And there comes a sound as of winds and waves each with the other
warring,

And forward bends the listening world, as to their eager ken
From out that dark and mystic land appears the Man of men !”

Kevin O'Doherty (already mentioned) was at this time a young medical student in Dublin. From admiring "Eva's" poetry, he took to admiring—that is, loving—herself. The outbreak of 1848, however, brought a rude interruption to Kevin's suit. He was writing unmistakably seditious prose while "Eva" was assailing the constituted authorities in rebel verse. Kevin was arrested and brought to trial. Twice the jury disagreed. The day before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon—a merely nominal sentence—if he would plead guilty. He sent for Eva, and told her of the proposition. "It may seem as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you, perhaps forever," said he; "but I don't like this idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?" "Do?" answered the poetess: "why, be a man, and face the worst. I'll wait for you, however long the sentence may be." Next day fortune deserted Kevin. The jury found him guilty. The judge assigned him ten years' transportation. "Eva" was allowed to see him once more in the cell to say adieu. She whispered in his ear, "Be you faithful. *I'll wait.*" And she did. Years fled by, and the young exile was at length allowed once more to tread Irish soil. Two days after he landed at Kingstown "Eva" was his bride.

Less happy was the romance of "Mary's" fate. She was a Munster lady, Miss Ellen Downing by name, and, like "Eva," formed an attachment for one of the Young Ireland writers. In "Forty-eight" he became a fugitive. Alas, in foreign climes he learned to forget home vows. "Mary" sank under the blow. She put by the lyre, and in utter seclusion from the world lingered for a while; but ere long the spring flowers bloomed on her grave.

"Speranza"—then Miss Elgee, now Lady Wilde—was incomparably the most brilliant of the galaxy. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Elgee, Protestant rector of a parish in the county Wexford, and sister of the Hon. Judge Elgee, of New Orleans. Young, beautiful, highly educated, en-

dowed with rarest gifts of intellect, her personal attractions her cultivated mind, her originality and force of character made her the center figure in Dublin society thirty years ago. In 1845 she married Sir William Robert Wilde, by whose death recently Ireland has lost one of its most distinguished archæologists. Down to almost a recent period Lady Wilde continued her contributions to Irish national literature, ever and anon striking a chord in the old strains always singing of hope and courage and truth. One of the last contributions I received from her hand for publication in the *Nation* affords a good illustration of the spirit which animated all "Speranza's" poems. Death had been busy just then striking down some of the most trusted of the Irish national leaders, and many circumstances led me to express one day in writing to her my utter disheartenment as to the outlook in Irish politics. A post or two subsequently brought me from Lady Wilde this address to her countrymen :

" Has the line of the patriots ended,
 The race of the heroes fail'd,
 That the bow of the mighty, unbended,
 Falls slack from the hands of the quail'd ?
 Or do graves lie too thick in the grass
 For the chariot of Progress to pass ?

" Did the men of the past ever falter,—
 The stainless in name and fame ?
 They flung life's best gifts on the altar
 To kindle the sacrifice-flame,
 Till it rose like a pillar of light
 Leading up from Egyptian night.

" O hearts all aflame with the daring
 Of youth leaping forth into life !
 Have ye courage to lift up, unfearing,
 The banner fallen low in the strife,
 From hands faint through life's deepest loss
 And bleeding from nails of the cross ?

“ Can ye work on as they work’d,—unaided,
 When all but honor seem’d lost,—
 And give to your country, as they did,
 All, without counting the cost ?
 For the children have risen since then
 Up to the height of men.

“ Now swear by those pale martyr-faces
 All worn by the furrows of tears,
 By the lost youth no morrow replaces,
 By all their long wasted years,
 By the fires trod out on each hearth,
 When the Exiles were driven forth ;

“ By the young lives so vainly given,
 By the raven hair blanch’d to gray,
 By the strong spirits crush’d and riven,
 By the noble aims faded away,
 By their brows, as the brows of a king,
 Crown’d by the circlet of suffering—

“ To strive as they strove, yet retrieving
 The Cause from all shadow of blame,
 In the Congress of Peoples achieving
 A place for our nation and name ;
 Not by war between brothers in blood,
 But by glory made perfect through good.

“ We are blind, not discerning the promise,
 ’Tis the sword of the Spirit that kills ;
 Give us Light, and the fetters fall from us,
 For the strong soul is free when it wills :
 Not our wrongs but our sins make the cloud
 That darkens the land like a shroud.

“ With this sword like an archangel’s gleaming,
 Go war against Evil and Sin,
 ’Gainst the falsehood and meanness and seeming
 That stifle the true life within.
 Your bonds are the bonds of the soul,
 Strike them off, and you spring to the goal !

“ O men who have pass’d through the furnace,
 Assay’d like the gold, and as pure !
 By your strength can the weakest gain firmness,
 The strongest may learn to endure,
 When once they have chosen their part,
 Though the sword may drive home to each heart.

“ O martyrs ! The scorers may trample
 On broken hearts strew’d in their path !
 But the young race, all flush’d by example,
 Will awake to the duties it hath,
 And rekindle your own torch of Truth
 With the passionate splendors of youth !”

It was not as a poet Lady Wilde first became a contributor to the *Nation*. Some exceedingly able letters having appeared in that journal signed “ John Fanshawe Ellis,” the editor, Mr. Duffy, expressed, in the “ Notices to Correspondents,” a desire to meet “ Mr. Ellis.” By return of post he was informed that he could do so by calling on a certain evening at the house of Dr. W. R. Wilde. Mr. Duffy went, and was received by the doctor, who, having chatted with him for a while, left the room and shortly returned leading by the hand “ Mr. John Fanshawe Ellis” in the person of his wife, formerly Miss Jane Frances Elgee, “ Speranza” of future fame. In truth, Lady Wilde could rouse the soul by thrilling prose as well as by impassioned song. In 1848 she was the Madame Roland of the Irish Gironde. When the struggle was over, and Gavan Duffy was on trial for high treason, among the articles read against him was one from the suppressed number of the *Nation*, entitled “ Jacta Alea Est.” It was without example as a revolutionary appeal. Exquisitely beautiful as a piece of writing, it glowed with fiery incentive. It was in fact a prose poem, a wild war-song, in which Ireland was called upon that day in the face of earth and heaven to invoke the *ultima ratio* of oppressed nations. The Attorney-General read the article amidst breathless silence. At its close there was a murmur of emotion in the densely-crowded court, when suddenly a cry

from the ladies' gallery startled every one. “I am the culprit, if crime it be,” was spoken in a woman's voice. It was the voice of queenly “Speranza.” The article was from her pen.

The recognized leader, at all events the political chief, of the Young Ireland party was William Smith O'Brien. He was a Protestant gentleman of high character and influential position in Clare; his brother, Lord Inchiquin (at that time Sir Lucius O'Brien), being nearest male relative to the Marquis of Thomond. The family is undoubtedly of ancient and illustrious lineage, tracing in authenticated line from King Brian I., monarch of Ireland, whose overthrow of the Danish power at Clontarf was an event of European interest and importance in the eleventh century. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First most of the Irish chieftains who from time to time submitted or “attorned” to the English power undertook to accept English titles, and to give up their children (their next heirs, at all events) to be educated as Government “wards.” The young hostages, for such in truth they were, in every case were brought up Protestants, so that few of the existing representatives of the ancient Milesian chieftainries now profess the Catholic faith.

Early in the seventeenth century an English coronet sat on the brows of the Thomond chieftain. In the civil war of 1641 Morrough O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, espoused Cromwell's side, and was the terror of the Munster royalists. It was he who cannonaded and set fire to the cathedral of Cashel, —magnificent even now in its ruins.

William Smith O'Brien was born in 1803, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He early entered Parliament for one of what may be called the family seats as a staunch Conservative. Though strong Tories, and actively opposing O'Connell in his Emancipation agitation, the Thomond O'Briens were intensely Irish, and were extremely popular in Clare and Limerick. From 1826 to 1843 Smith O'Brien pursued in Parliament the career of an Irish “country-gentleman” Conservative, of rather liberal or

popular inclinations, devoting himself actively to what would be called practical legislation affecting the material interests of Ireland. In 1843 he startled the country by publicly giving in his adhesion to the Repeal movement, stating that fourteen years' patient trial of the London Parliament had brought him conscientiously to this determination. By this step he not alone severed himself forever in public affairs from his lifetime associates and friends, but suffered estrangement in his own family, which he felt most acutely. He was, however, a man of invincible purpose, absolutely destitute of fear or vacillation in what he conceived to be the path of duty. He was the very soul of honor and truth. I doubt that Ireland ever knew a higher type of public virtue and personal integrity than William Smith O'Brien. Yet he lacked many essential qualifications of a great political leader. It was not because of his abilities, but of his virtues and of his commanding social position, that he rose to be the chief of an Irish party. He was proud, almost haughty, dignified and reserved in manner. His conservatism never wholly abandoned him. Early associations left an indelible imprint on his character, opinions, and principles. He had a horror of revolutionary doctrines. No man in all the land seemed less likely to figure subsequently in history as a rebel chief.

His accession to the Repeal movement was the great event of the time. He was hailed as "the second man in Ireland," O'Connell being the first. I doubt that the old "Catholic Emancipation party," O'Connell's immediate following, ever took cordially to him; but he soon became the head of the literary and educational party in the Repeal ranks, whose independence of thought and boldness of speech were daily alarming the Liberator. When at length matters came to a crisis in the association, and the secession described in a previous chapter took place, O'Brien, though greatly regretting the incident, withdrew with "Young Ireland," and thenceforth took his place as the recognized and responsible leader of the party.

I first met William Smith O'Brien in July, 1848, three weeks before the catastrophe which consigned him to a traitor's doom. He was engaged in the tour of the south-western and southern counties, evidently anxious to satisfy himself as to the real state of public feeling, and, I have no doubt, the physical resources of the national party. He was to arrive at Glengariffe on his way, *via* Bantry, to a great parade or review of the Confederate clubs in Cork. The men of our coasts and mountains decided to give him a royal reception and in a style characteristic of an aquatic community. Not only the fishing-fleet of Bantry, but the boats of every seaside hamlet on creek and inlet for miles around, were to accompany him across the bay from Glengariffe to Bantry, a little fore-and-aft-schooner yacht of my father's having the envied honor of conveying the distinguished visitor. With flowing sheet we crossed the open bay, and reached the eastward point of Whiddy Island, that shields from ocean billow and gale the haven of Bantry. The instant we rounded the island there met our view a scene I shall never forget. A flotilla of some hundreds of boats here awaited us. Every crew had gone ashore and pulled green boughs from the trees and fastened them upright on the gunwales, so that each boat was like a floating bower. When the “Independence,” quickly turning the point, shot into sight, there burst from the fleet a deafening shout, the bands struck up, the oarsmen gave way with a will, we pulled our fore-stay-sail aback so as to slow for them, and the whole procession crossed the harbor's wide expanse like Birnam Wood marching on Dunsinane.

When next I met O'Brien—it was in 1857—a sad chapter of Irish history had been added to the national annals. Thenceforth, to the hour of his death, we were closely associated as political and personal friends; but in the Young Ireland period, my only personal intercourse with, or experience of, him was that of the memorable scene I have just described.*

* How warmly he remembered it, even amidst the gloom of a conviction for high treason, was shown by his forwarding to me from his

One of the notable grounds of difference between the two sections of Repealers in O'Connell's association was the complaint of the Young Irelanders that the National movement was being conducted with too much of a religious bias; that is to say, in a way which seemed to assume that every patriotic Irishman must necessarily be a Catholic. O'Connell made the platform of the association ring with denunciations of every measure, prospect, or principle inimical to Catholic feeling. The Catholic Young Irelanders said that in a Catholic association this would be right and proper; but they asserted that in a public organization, explicitly restricted to a purely political purpose, and in which Protestants and Catholics were alike engaged, it was out of place, and quite wrong. The contention over this issue grew very bitter. Out of it arose the imputation of "free-thinking" doctrines which some persons long sought to fasten on the Young Ireland party.

Hard things were said on both sides. The Old Irelanders anathematized the young men as infidels; the Young Irelanders denounced the old as bigots. The point involved was by no means trivial; it was of the first magnitude; it was vital for the future of Ireland: namely, whether combined effort between Protestant and Catholic Irishmen in purely political affairs was to be rendered impracticable. Although some of the "Young" party pushed their arguments in language that partook far too much of latitudinarianism, it is now recognized and confessed that on this occasion they defended a position the loss or surrender of which would have been simply disastrous. The utmost they were able to do at

cell in Richmond jail the music of a favorite song, with this inscription:

"Presented to Alexander M. Sullivan by William S. O'Brien, in remembrance of his excursion by water from Glengariffe to Bantry, on board the yacht 'Independence,' in July, 1848; when this song was sung by a young lady.

"RICHMOND PRISON, March, 1849."

the time was to make a stout fight. Not until many years afterward was the principle they thus contended for proclaimed and adopted as unquestioned and unquestionable in Irish affairs. Had they not fought for it then, a wall of brass might now be dividing into hostile camps Protestant and Catholic Irishmen. But their whole career was one of struggle, unrequited by a single ray of immediate victory. Their break with O'Connell drew down on them long-enduring unpopularity. Their reprehensions of parliamentary corruption caused them to be derided as utopian purists. Their fight for religious tolerance exposed them to charges of infidelity. Their educational propaganda was scoffed at as boyish bubble-blowing. On nearly every point of their programme they seemed to fail. That is to say, they were wrecked as a party before leaf or blossom appeared to indicate that the seed they had planted with so much toil had not perished forever. But we of to-day reap the fruits of their labors. They were the precursors of a better time.

CHAPTER VIII.

“FORTY-EIGHT.”

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-eight has been called, by Lord Normanby I believe, the “Year of Revolutions.” It is certain that history supplies us with no similar spectacle of general and almost simultaneous outbreak in the capitals of Europe. The ideal “principles” of 1789 found at the time admirers and sympathizers in many lands; but so far from the overthrow of the French monarchy immediately calling forth like events elsewhere, Christendom stood aghast at the dread spectacle in Paris of men who

“At Death’s reeking altar like furies caressing
The Young Hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.”

There can be no doubt, however, that from the Place de la Bastille were scattered eventually over Europe ideas and doctrines which, ever since, have been in part the watchwords of human liberty and in part the shibboleths of anarchy and crime.

The French revolution of February, 1848, was no such “bolt from the blue” as some have considered it. There were storm-flashes all around, gloom on every hand, and distant peals by the Adriatic. In November, 1847, Austria commenced to occupy the Italian States, taking possession of Parma, Modena, and Reggio. Early in January, 1848, there was an outbreak at Leghorn. On the 12th Palermo revolted against King Ferdinand, and a “constitution” was conceded. On the 13th the Emperor of Austria announced that he would make “no further concessions,” and two days later Radetzky issued an order of the day commanding his

troops to prepare for an immediate struggle. On the 29th the Constitution of 1812 was proclaimed in Naples, and on the 30th the Duke of Modena fled his capital. On the 8th of February the King of Sardinia followed the example set in Naples, and granted a “constitution.” On the 11th the Grand Duke of Tuscany did the same. On the 22d martial law was proclaimed in Lombardy; and on the same day Messina was bombarded by the Neapolitan troops.

These events, it will be seen, bring us up to the very eve of the day on which Louis Philippe was swept from the French throne; yet it was in the midst of such ominous signs that the “citizen king” and his infatuated ministers were rushing blindly on their fate. On the 26th of December, 1847, the first of the “reform banquets” was held at Rouen, eighteen hundred persons attending. At this as at numerous similar demonstrations the toast of the king’s health was omitted. On the 12th of February M. Guizot declared in the French Chamber against reform or concession. On the 21st the Paris reform banquet was proclaimed. On the 22d the impeachment of M. Guizot was proposed in the Chamber, but the motion was triumphantly defeated,—that “astute and far-seeing minister,” as he was universally considered, laughing outright at the absurd and impotent proceeding. Within forty-eight hours he and his royal master were fugitives, and the monarchy of July was no more!

Scarcely had the astounding news from Paris burst upon us, when all around the European horizon, north, south, east, and west, the flames of revolution leaped to the sky. The crash of falling thrones, the roar of cannon, the shouts of popular victory, filled the air. A fierce contagion seemed to spread all over the Continent. The Holy Alliance was in the dust, and a thousand voices from Milan to Berlin proclaimed that the deliverance of subject peoples was at hand.

Ireland could not escape the fever of the hour. It found her in circumstances that seemed to leave her little choice but to yield to its influence.

Eighteen months previously the severance between "Old" and "Young" Ireland had occurred. There were now two Repeal organizations: one, the original association founded by O'Connell, now feebly conducted by his son; the other, the "Irish Confederation" started by the seceding Young Irishmen, or "Confederates," as they came to be designated at this period. The secession, it will be remembered, although it had more real causes, was ostensibly provoked or produced by O'Connell's attempt to exact from all Repealers a declaration reprehending physical force. Although the Young Irishmen had on that occasion refused to sign a declaration which, as they contended, logically struck at some of the best and bravest men in the world's history, they really were at one with O'Connell as to reliance on moral and political influences alone for the achievement of Irish aims. No doubt they believed in the moral influence of physical resources and inculcated this doctrine with an earnestness that could not fail to alarm the old tribune. Scarcely, however, had the seceders—the party of the Left, so to speak, in the Repeal Association—attempted to carry on an agitation independently as the Irish Confederation, than it became evident there was an "Extreme Left" as well as a "Left Center." Amidst the maddening scenes of Forty-six and Forty-seven a real "physical force party" began to be heard of, chiefly in wild declarations that it were better the people should perish arms in hand than rot away in thousands under a famine régime. No one seriously regarded these passionate exclamations at the time. Toward the close of 1847, however, conflict on the subject became inevitable. Mr. John Mitchel, one of the editors of the *Nation* newspaper, declared the time had come for calling upon the Irish people to face an armed struggle. Such a course was entirely opposed to the principles and policy of the journal to which he was attached, and was utterly condemned by Gavan Duffy and Darcy McGee, Mitchel's editorial colleagues. He retired from the *Nation*, and the controversy was carried into the

council-room of the Confederation. In the light of events that soon after became public history the statement must seem strange, yet true it is, that the most able and vehement opponents of Mitchel's physical force propositions were Smith O'Brien, John B. Dillon, Gavan Duffy, T. F. Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Michael Doheny, Darcy McGee,—the very men who, a few months later, were prisoners in dungeon bound, or fugitives on the hill-side, for participation in an Irish insurrection !

John Mitchel—the first man who, since Robert Emmet perished on the scaffold in 1803, preached an Irish insurrection and the total severance of Ireland from the British Crown—was the son of the Rev. John Mitchel, Unitarian minister of Dungiven, county Derry. He was born in 1815, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Like many another Trinity student, he early became a contributor to the *Nation* newspaper ; and in 1845, on the death of Thomas Davis, he accepted an editorial position on that journal, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and Thomas Darcy McGee. The stern Unitarian Ulsterman soon developed a decided bent in favor of what half a century before would have been called “ French principles.” He was republican and revolutionary. At all events, during the scenes of the famine-period he quite drew away from the policy advocated by his colleagues, and eventually called upon the Irish Confederation to declare for a war of independence. He it was who revived the “ Separatist ” or revolutionary party in Irish politics. From 1803 up to 1845 no such party had any recognized or visible existence. There was, beyond question, disaffection in the country, a constantly-maintained protest against, or passive resistance to, the existing state of things ; but no one dreamed of a political aim beyond Repeal of the Union as a constitutional object to be attained by constitutional means. The era of revolt and rebellion seemed gone forever. John Mitchel, however, thrust utterly aside the doctrines of loyalty and legality. He declared that consti-

tutionalism was demoralizing the country. By "blood and iron" alone could Ireland be saved.

These violent doctrines were abhorrent to Smith O'Brien, and indeed to nearly every one of the Confederation leaders. O'Brien declared that either he or Mitchel must quit the organization. The question was publicly debated for two days at full meetings, and on the 5th of February, 1848, the "war" party were utterly outvoted, and retired from the Confederation. Seven days afterward John Mitchel, as if rendered desperate by this reprehension of his doctrines, started a weekly newspaper called the *United Irishman* to openly preach his policy of insurrection.

He was regarded as a madman. Young Irishmen and Old Irishmen alike laughed in derision or shouted in anger at this proceeding. But events were now near which, all unforeseen as they were by Mitchel and by his opponents, were destined to put the desperate game completely into his hands.

The third number of the new journal had barely appeared when news of the French revolution burst on an astonished world. It set Ireland in a blaze. Each day added to the excitement. Every post brought tidings of some popular rising, invariably crowned with victory. Every bulletin, whether from Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, told the same story, preached, as it were, the same lesson,—barricades in the streets, overthrow of the Government, triumph of the people. It may be doubted if the *United Irishman* would have lived through a third month but for this astounding turn of affairs. Now its every utterance was rapturously hailed by a wildly-excited multitude. What need to trace what may be easily understood?—Ireland was irresistibly swept into the vortex of revolution. The popular leaders, who a month previously had publicly defeated Mitchel's pleadings for war, now caught the prevalent passion. Struck by the events they beheld and the examples set on every side, they verily believed that Ireland had but to "go and do likewise," and

the boon of national liberty would be conceded by England, probably without a blow.

Confederate "clubs" now sprang up all over the country, and arming and drilling were openly carried on. Mitchel's journal week by week labored with fierce energy to hurry the conflict. The editor addressed letters through its pages to Lord Clarendon, the Irish Viceroy, styling him "Her Majesty's Executioner General and General Butcher of Ireland." He published instructions as to street-warfare; noted the "Berlin system," and the "Milanese system," and the "Viennese system;" highly praised molten lead, crockery-ware, broken bottles, and even cold vitriol, as good things for citizens, male or female, to fling from windows and house-tops on hostile troops operating below. Of course Mitchel knew that this could not possibly be tolerated. His calculation was that the Government must indeed seize him, but that before he could be struck down and his paper be suppressed he would have rendered revolution inevitable.

The Confederation leaders had indeed embraced the idea of an armed struggle, yet the divergence of principles between them and the Mitchel party was wide almost as ever. They seemed marching together on the one road, yet it was hardly so. For a long time O'Brien and his friends held to a hope that eventually concession and arrangement between the Government and Ireland would avert collision. Mitchel, on the other hand, feared nothing more than compromise of any kind. They would fain proceed soberly upon the model of Washington and the Colonies; he was for following the example of Louis Blanc and the boulevards of Paris. The ideal struggle of their plans, if struggle there must be, was a well-prepared and carefully-ordered appeal to arms,* and

* A private letter written from his cell in Newgate prison by Gavan Duffy to O'Brien in the week preceding the outbreak, and found in O'Brien's portmanteau after his arrest, brings out very curiously these views :

"I am glad to learn you are about to commence a series of meetings

so they would wait till autumn, when the harvest would be gathered in. "Rose-water revolutionists," Mitchel scornfully called them. "Fools, idiots," exclaimed one of his lieutenants: "they will wait till muskets are showered down to them from heaven, and angels sent to pull the triggers."

Behind all this argument for preparation and delay there undoubtedly existed what may be called the "conservative" ideas and principles, which some of the leading Confederates entertained. O'Brien stormed against "the Reds," as he called the more desperate and impatient men. They, on the other hand, denounced him as an "aristocrat" at heart, and a man whose weakness would be the ruin of the whole enterprise. Speaking with myself years afterward, he referred bitterly to the reproaches cast upon him for his alleged "punctiliousness" and excessive alarm as to anti-social excesses. "I was ready to give my life in a fair fight for a nation's rights," said he; "but I was not willing to head a *Jacquerie*."

But if the whilom Young Irelanders were thus split into two sections, led respectively by O'Brien and Mitchel, there was a third party to be taken into account, the O'Connellite Repealers. These were as hostile to the revolutionists—both "rose-water" and "vitriol"—as were the life-long partisans of imperial rule. On the occasion of a public banquet given to O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchel in the city of Limerick in March, 1848, an O'Connellite mob surrounded

in Munster. There is no half-way house for you; you will be the head of the movement, loyally obeyed; and the revolution will be conducted with order and clemency, or the mere anarchists will prevail with the people, and our revolution will be a bloody chaos. You have at present Lafayette's place as painted by Lamartine, and I believe have fallen into Lafayette's error of not using it to all its effect and in all its resources. I am well aware that you do not desire to lead or influence others; but I believe with Lamartine that that feeling, which is a high civic virtue, is a vice in revolutions."

the hall and dispersed the company in a scene of riot and bloodshed. The immediate cause of this astonishing proceeding was an attack on the memory of O'Connell in Mitchel's paper, the dead tribune having been contumeliously referred to for his "degrading and demoralizing moral-force doctrines."

One important class in Ireland—a class long accustomed to move with or head the people—throughout all this time set themselves invincibly against the contemplated insurrection: the Catholic clergy. They had from the first, as a body, regarded the Young Irelanders with suspicion. They fancied they saw in this movement too much that was akin to the work of the Continental revolutionists, and greatly as they disliked the domination of England they would prefer a thousand times to such "liberty" as the Carbonari would proclaim. At this time, in 1848, the power of the Catholic priests was unbroken, was stronger than ever. The famine-scenes, in which their love for the people was attested by heroism and self-sacrifice such as the world had never seen surpassed, had given them an influence which none could question or withstand. Their antagonism was fatal to the movement,—more surely and infallibly fatal to it than all the power of the British Crown.

Lord Clarendon, though fully aware that the war-policy of the Young Irelanders were comparatively weak in numbers, evidently judged that an outbreak once begun might have an alarming development. He determined to strike quickly and strike hard. On the 21st of March O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchel were arrested, the first two charged with seditious speeches, Mitchel with seditious writings. The prosecutions against O'Brien and Meagher on this indictment failed through disagreement of the juries. As to Mitchel, before his trial by the ordinary course of procedure for sedition could be held, the Government passed through Parliament a new law called the "Treason Felony Act," which gave greater facilities for dealing with such offenses. On

the 22d of May he was arraigned under the new act in Green Street Court-house, Dublin, and on the 26th was found guilty.

The Mitchelite party had determined and avowed that his conviction—any attempt to remove him from Dublin as a convict—should be the signal for a rising; and now the event had befallen. There can be no question that had they carried out their resolution a desperate and bloody conflict would have ensued. Mitchel possessed in a remarkable degree the power of inspiring personal attachment and devotion; and there were thousands of men in Dublin who would have given their lives to rescue him. The Government were aware of this, and occupied themselves in preparations for an outbreak in the metropolis. The Confederation leaders, however, who considered that any resort to arms before the autumn would be disastrous, strained every energy in dissuading the Mitchelites from the contemplated course of action. The whole of the day previous to the conviction was spent in private negotiations, interviews, arguments, and appeals. This labor was prolonged far into the night, and it was only an hour or two before morning dawned on the 27th of May, 1848, that Dublin was saved from the horrors of a sanguinary struggle.

The friends of Mitchel never concealed their displeasure at the countermand thus effected by the O'Brien party, and prophesied that the opportunity for a successful commencement of the national struggle had been blindly and culpably sacrificed. The consent of the Dublin clubs to abandon the rescue or rising on this occasion was obtained, however, only on the solemn undertaking of the Confederation chiefs that in the second week of August the standard of insurrection would absolutely be unfurled.

A rumor that some such dissuasion was being attempted—that Smith O'Brien and his friends were opposed to the intended conflict—spread through Dublin late on the evening of the 26th of May, and painful uncertainty and apprehen-

ion agitated the city next morning. The Government, though well informed through spies of everything that was passing, took measures in preparation for all possible eventualities. Mitchel was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation beyond the seas. The court was densely crowded with his personal and political friends and former fellow-students of Trinity College. He heard the sentence with composure, and then a silence as if of the tomb fell on the throng as it was seen he was about to speak. He addressed the court in defiant tones. “My lords,” said he, “I knew I was setting my life on that cast. The course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one,—for two,—for three,—ay, for hundreds?” As he uttered these closing words he pointed first to John Martin, then to Devin Reilly, next to Thomas Francis Meagher, and so on to the throng of associates whom he saw crowding the galleries. A thundering cry rang through the building, “Promise for me, Mitchel! Promise for me!” and a rush was made to embrace him ere they should see him no more. The officers in wild dismay thought it meant a rescue. Arms were drawn; bugles in the street outside sounded the alarm; troops hurried up. A number of police flung themselves on Mitchel, tore him from the embrace of his excited friends, and hurried him through the wicket that leads from the dock to the cells beneath.

It may be pronounced that in that moment the Irish insurrectionary movement of 1848 was put down.

At an early hour that morning the war-sloop “Shearwater” was drawn close to the north wall jetty at Dublin quay. There she lay, with fires lighted and steam up, waiting the freight that was being prepared for her in Green Street Court-house. Scarcely had Mitchel been removed from the dock than he was heavily manacled, strong chains passing from his wrists to his ankles. Thus fettered, he was

hurried into a police-van waiting outside the gateway, surrounded by dragoons with sabers drawn. At a signal the cavalcade dashed off, and, skillfully making a *détour* of the city so as to avoid the streets wherein hostile crowds might have been assembled or barricades erected, they reached the "Shearwater" at the wharf. Mitchel was carried on board, and had scarcely touched the deck when the paddles were put in motion, the steamer swiftly sped to sea, and in a few hours the hills of Ireland had faded from view.

The news of his conviction and sentence, the astounding intelligence that he was really gone, burst like a thunder-clap on the clubs throughout the provinces. A cry of rage went up, and the Confederation chiefs were fiercely denounced for what was called their fatal cowardice. Confidence in their determination vanished. Unfortunately, from this date forward there was for them no retreating. They now flung themselves into the provinces, traversing the counties from east to west, addressing meetings, inspecting club organizations, inquiring as to armament, and exhorting the people to be ready for the fray. Of course the Government was not either inattentive or inactive. Troops were poured into the country; barracks were improvised, garrisons strengthened, gunboats moved into the rivers, flying camps established; every military disposition was made for encountering the insurrection.

In all their calculations the Confederate leaders had reckoned upon two months for preparation, which would bring them to the middle of August. By no legal process of arrest or prosecution known to them could their conviction be effected in a shorter space of time. Never once did they take into contemplation the possibility (and to men dealing with so terrible a problem it ought to have been an obvious contingency) that the Government would dispense with the slow and tedious forms of ordinary procedure and grasp them quickly with avenging hand. While O'Brien and Dillon and Meagher, O'Gorman and McGee, were scattered through the

country, arranging for the rising, lo ! the news reached Dublin one day in the last week of July that the previous evening the Government had passed through Parliament a bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. That night proclamations were issued for the arrest of the Confederate leaders, and considerable rewards were offered for their apprehension.

This news found O'Brien at Ballinkee, in Wexford County. He moved rapidly from thence through Kilkenny into Tipperary, for the purpose of gathering in the latter county a considerable force with which to march upon Kilkenny city—this having been selected as the spot whence a provisional government was to issue its manifesto calling Ireland to arms. Before any such purpose could be effected, he found himself surrounded by flying detachments of military and police. Between some of these and a body of the peasantry, who had assembled to escort him at the village of Ballingary, a conflict ensued, the result of which showed him the utter hopelessness of the attempted rising, and in fact suppressed it there and then. As the people were gathering in thousands—and they would have assembled in numbers more than sufficient to defeat any force that could then have been brought against him—the Catholic clergy appeared upon the scene. They rushed amidst the multitude, imploring them to desist from such an enterprise, pointing out the unpreparedness of the country, and demonstrating the too palpable fact that the Government were in a position to quench in blood any insurrectionary movement. "Where are your arms ?" they said :—there were no arms. "Where is your commissariat ?"—the multitude were absolutely without food. "Where are your artillery, your cavalry ? Where are your leaders, your generals, your officers ? What is your plan of campaign ? Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon are noble-minded men ; but they are not men of military qualification. Are you not rushing to certain destruction ?" These exhortations, poured forth with a vehemence almost

indescribable, had a profound effect. The gathering thousands melted slowly away, and O'Brien, dismayed, astounded, and sick at heart, found himself at the head, not of fifty thousand stalwart Tipperary men armed and equipped for a national struggle, but of a few hundred half-clad and wholly unarmed peasantry. Scarcely had they set forth when they encountered one of the police detachments. A skirmish took place. The police retreated into a substantially-built farm-house close by, which, situated as it was, they could have held against ten times their own force of military men without artillery. The attempt of the peasantry to storm it was disastrous, as O'Brien forbade imperatively the execution of the only resort which could have compelled its evacuation. Three of his subordinates had brought up loads of hay and straw to fire the building. It was the house of a widow, whose five children were at the moment within. She rushed to the rebel chief, flung herself on her knees, and asked him if he was going to stain his name and cause by an act so barbarous as the destruction of her little ones. O'Brien immediately ordered the combustibles to be thrown aside, although a deadly fusilade from the police force within was at the moment decimating his followers. These, disgusted with a tenderness of feeling which they considered out of place on such an occasion, abandoned the siege of the building, and dispersed homeward. Ere the evening fell, O'Brien, accompanied by two or three faithful adherents, was a fugitive in the defiles of the Kilnamanagh Mountains. No better success awaited his subordinates elsewhere. In May they had prevented a rising; now they found the country would not rise at their call.

Soon after Mitchel's transportation, Duffy was arrested in Dublin, and on the 28th of July armed police broke into the *Nation* office, seized the number of the paper being then printed, smashed up the types, and carried off to the Castle all the documents they could find. Throughout the country arrests and seizures of arms were made on all hands. Every

lay the *Hue and Cry* contained new proclamations and new lists of fugitives personally described. There was no longer any question of resistance. Never was collapse more complete. The fatal war-fever that came in a day vanished almost as rapidly. Suddenly every one appeared astounded at the madness of what had been contemplated; but somehow very few seemed to have perceived it a month before.

Throughout the remaining months of the year Ireland was given over to the gloomy scenes of special commissions, state trials, and death-sentences. Of the leaders or prominent actors in this abortive insurrection, O'Brien, Meagher, MacManus, Martin, and O'Doherty were convicted; Dillon, O'Gorman, and Doheny succeeded in accomplishing their escape to America. O'Brien, Meagher, and MacManus, with one of their devoted companions in danger, Patrick O'Donoghue by name, having been convicted of high treason, were sentenced to death; but, by authority of a specially-passed act of Parliament, the barbarous penalty of hanging, disemboweling, and quartering, to which they were formally adjudged, was commuted into transportation beyond the seas for life. Duffy was thrice brought to trial; but, although the Crown made desperate efforts to effect his conviction, the prosecution each time broke down, baffled by the splendid abilities of the defense conducted by Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C. Eventually the proceedings against him were abandoned. Of less important participators numbers were convicted, and hundreds fled the country never to return. "Forty-eight" cost Ireland dearly,—not alone in the sacrifice of some of her best and noblest sons, led to immolate themselves in such desperate enterprise as revolution, but in the terrible reaction, the prostration, the terrorism, the disorganization that ensued. Through many a long and dreary year the country suffered for the delirium of that time.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER-SCENES.

A SHOT fired from that farm-house fortalice at Ballingary on the 29th of July went very near to diverting, in a remarkable manner, the current of recent Irish history. In the deadly fire which the police directed on the insurgents, a bullet struck a young Kilkenny engineer student (who was acting as aide or lieutenant to O'Brien), badly shattering his leg, and otherwise disabling him. Disregarding his wound, he refused to retire till the utter failure of the attack was evident and the people were in full retreat. Then he was borne from the spot and hurried off to the mountains, where, hidden in a peasant sheeling, he lay till he was so far recovered as to be able to continue his flight. His name was James Stephens. That bullet missed the life of the future leader and chief of the Fenian conspiracy.

He and Michael Doheny linked their fortunes as fugitives ; and of all the narratives of escape that might be told of that unhappy time—stories of painful sufferings, of keen privations, of desperate hazards and almost fatal dangers—theirs unquestionably would be the most astonishing. For two months they were hunted over mountain and moor, through the southern and southwestern seaboard counties, hiding in the heather and the bogside, or sheltered in some peasant's hut, sentineled in their brief and feverish slumbers by the humble owner of the dwelling. Frequently the closeness of pursuit compelled them to double back on the district it had cost them much suffering to get over ; and often, in order to reach a point directly distant but an hour's walk, they had to

make a *détour* of several miles. Their great anxiety was to reach some harbor, whence a boat might put them off to a passing ship. Doheny tells of their endeavors to cross the Knockmoldown Mountains, and how on the southern side of those lofty hills they came on the famous Trappist monastery of Melleray. "It was Sunday; the cold and wet of the previous evening had given way to calm and sunshine, and we made rapid way along the slopes of the Comerahs. The greatest difficulty we experienced was in passing deep ravines. The steep ascent and descent were usually wooded and covered with furze and briers. Far below gurgled a rapid and swollen mountain-stream, which we crossed without undressing, and always experienced the greatest relief from the cold running water. But toiling our upward way through trees and thorny shrubs was excessively fatiguing. About three o'clock in the evening we reached the picturesque grounds of Mount Melleray Abbey. We had then traveled thirty miles of mountain without any food. The well-known hospitality of the brothers was a great temptation to men in our situation, pressed by toil and hunger; but we felt that we possibly might compromise the abbot and brethren, and we determined on not making ourselves known. We entered the beautiful chapel of the abbey and ascended the gallery while vespers were being sung. We found we were alone on the gallery, and had an opportunity of changing our stockings and wiping the blood from our feet. We remained upward of an hour, and then set out but little refreshed."

Skirting Cork city, they passed westward to the wild mountain-regions of Bantry, Glengariffe, and Kenmare. Doheny's literary habits and poetic inspirations were not to be suppressed, if indeed the latter were not rather aroused into greater activity, by the sufferings and perils of an outlaw's life. In the course of this flight he penned several of his most touching ballads, jotting down the words on the back of an old letter or on the margin of a newspaper. In one of these poems, addressed to Ireland and written in a

hut on the Glengariffe Mountains, he bewails the fate of himself and comrades :

* * * * *

“ ’Twas told of thee the world around,
 ’Twas hoped from thee by all,
 That with one gallant sunward bound
 Thou’dst burst long ages’ thrall,
 The moment came, alas ! and those
 Who peril’d all for thee
 Were cursed and branded as thy foes ;
 A cuisla gal ma chree.

* * * * *

“ I’ve run the outlaw’s brief career,
 And borne his load of ill—
 The troubled rest, the ceaseless fear—
 With fix’d sustaining will ;
 And should his last dark chance befall,
 Even that will welcome be :
 In death I’ll love thee most of all,—
 A cuisla gal ma chree.”

In one of his gloomiest and most despondent hours—news had reached him of the lamentable privations endured by Mrs. Doheny in her endeavors to track him through the hills—he wrote “The Outlaw’s Wife,” of which the following is the first stanza :

“ Sadly silent she sits with her head on her hand,
 While she prays in her heart to the Ruler above
 To protect and to guide to some happier land
 The joy of her soul and the spouse of her love ;
 And she marks by her pulses so wild in their play
 The slow progress of time as it straggles along,
 And she lists to the wind as ’tis moaning away,
 And she deems it the chant of some funeral song.”

At Kenmare Doheny and Stephens met the friendly hearts and hands that were eventually to effect their rescue. I believe I name publicly for the first time the family to whom those hapless fugitives were thus indebted,—the kinsmen and

friends of Mr. MacCarthy Downing, now member of Parliament for Cork County. Indeed, I believe that honorable gentleman himself was most directly instrumental in arranging the escape. Stephens was got off to France as a servant accompanying a lady of the family. Doheny went on board the "Sabrina" steamer at Cork quay driving some bullocks which he was to accompany to Bristol. From the latter city he easily made his way to London, and thence to Paris, where not only Stephens, his late companion, but others of the escaped Confederate leaders gave him an enthusiastic welcome.

He proceeded soon after to America, and settled in New York; but fortune did not smile on him, though if a genial nature and a generous heart could have commanded wealth, Doheny should have been a millionaire. He died in 1862. Two little children, boys of three and five years respectively, accompanied much of their mother's wanderings while the father was a fugitive in 1848. Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven found them grown to man's estate, and inmates of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, for complicity in the Fenian conspiracy!

It is a singular fact that none of the numerous insurgent fugitives who were hiding or flying all over the country were betrayed to their pursuers. There was a price upon each head,—a tempting reward for apprehension or information,—and minute personal descriptions of the accused, as given in the *Hue and Cry*, were profusely distributed to assist in identification.* They had perforce to demand shelter

* Some of these descriptions in the Government *Hue and Cry* were certainly remarkable literary efforts. "Thomas D. Wright," one of the Tipperary insurgents, is set down as "very talkative, and thinks himself a great politician; supposed to be at present in the City or Cove of Cork, as he sailed to America from Liverpool on the 13th of August last." "John Sexton," was described as having "two blue eyes and blind of one of them;" but in a subsequent issue this was corrected, and he was pictured as a man "with one blue eye and blind of one eye." "John Lee" is declared to have "brown eyes which

and rest from the poorest of the poor; the famine still lingered in the land; and in no case were the peasants at a loss to guess who these applicants for concealment were. The wretched owners of hovels where some of them were housed for days were utterly destitute. I myself knew one such instance. Dermeen Lynch, of Dromgarriff, beneath whose roof Doheny and Stephens were hidden and fed for two days, was a recipient of out-door relief. Dermeen knew very well he had but to give a signal to the police sergeant in the Glen below, and three hundred pounds—"wealth untold" in his estimation—was within his grasp. But his sorest trouble was lest harm should overtake them while under his roof. I often talked with him and his wife over it all afterward. He was terribly sorry they ever came, and very glad when they went away; but while they were on his floor he would die rather than "sell" them.

It was said that the father of Thomas Francis Meagher—a wealthy Waterford merchant, who greatly deplored "Tom's" rebellious politics—employed four brigantines to cruise off the southern and western coasts to facilitate his escape. But he never got far from the scene of the out-

appears as if he had shaved his whiskers." The following is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the *Hue and Cry* of December 2, 1848: "Description of a woman name unknown who stands charged with having on the 26 Nov. at Ballyhenry in the Barony of Ikerin entered the dwelling-house of Thomas Sweeny and threatened to blow the contents of a pistol through James Hendy who lived in the next house to said Sweeny but who happened to be from home at the time: She is twenty-three years of age five feet nine inches high, stout make, fair complexion, fair hair, grey eyes; wore a felt hat, blue body coat, dark trousers, and striped vest, a native of the county Tipperary."

In 1857, while traveling in America, I found myself a welcome guest in a charming little frame-work villa near Binghamton, at the junction of the Susquehanna and the Chenango Rivers. My host, then a happy and prosperous member of the American bar, was the identical "Thomas D. Wright" who, according to the *Hue and Cry* of August, 1848, was "supposed to be at present in the City or Cove of Cork" because "he sailed to America" three weeks previously.

break in Tipperary. He certainly might have made good his way out of the country had he cared to put forth any great exertion so to do ; but, seeing how completely the attempt he was engaged in had failed, he thought a prompt and decisive acquiescence in that result on the part of the leaders and their adherents would avert much public disturbance and personal suffering. He thought also that such a course on the part of the leaders, like himself, as yet at large, might secure better terms for those who had been captured. Accordingly from his asylum in the mountains he carried on, through an influential Catholic clergyman of the district, a correspondence or negotiation with the Government, offering to surrender, and to advise his friends to a like course, on certain conditions assured for O'Brien. These efforts came to naught. On the night of the 12th of August a police patrol on the road from Cashel to Holycross passed three pedestrians. The usual friendly salutations were exchanged between the parties, and each went its way. Suddenly it occurred to the police officer that there was something beyond the common in the voice and manner of the traveler who had spoken to him. He turned back and overtook the party. He wished to question one of them privately, but the individual thus accosted resented such a course. "Whatever you have to say to me must be said in the hearing of my friends," he exclaimed. "I have to call upon you, then, in the Queen's name to tell me who you are," said the sergeant, adding rather apologetically, "You know these are troubled times, gentlemen, and we are obliged to be particular." "All quite right, my friend," replied the spokesman of the party. "I am Thomas Francis Meagher." "I," said one of his companions, "am Maurice Richard Leyne ;" * "And I," added the other, "am Patrick O'Donoghue."

* Leyne was a fine dashing young fellow, genial, generous, chivalrous. He was a relative of O'Connell, and was the only member of that family who sided with the Young Ireland party against the great

Dillon, after severe sufferings, got on board an emigrant-ship sailing from Galway to New York. He was disguised as a Catholic priest. Some clerical friend fully equipped him in suitable attire, and presented him with a missal, which, by the way, it was remarked he read (or pretended to be reading) a great deal oftener than a veritable clergyman would think of doing. On board the same ship, utterly unknown to him, was a personal friend, another of the fugitives, who was equally ignorant of Dillon's presence,—Mr. Patrick J. Smyth, now member of Parliament for Westmeath. The vessel had been to sea for some days, when Dillon was alarmed by noticing one of the steerage-passengers—a man dressed as a cattle-drover—eying him in a decidedly suspicious manner. “It is a detective,” thought the pseudo-priest: “he recognizes me, and I am lost.” Next day his embarrassment was intensified by finding the

tribune. In July, 1854, he died, I might almost say in my arms, not far from the scene of this arrest. The day after we had buried him in the church-yard of Thurles, two of his brothers and myself strolled to Holycross, distant three miles, to see the ruined abbey of that name. We rested a while and took some refreshment in the neat little wayside inn at the abbey gate. One of my companions, whose resemblance to his brother Maurice was remarkable, entered into conversation with the proprietress as she busied herself in attending to us. After a while she looked earnestly at him. “If you please, sir, are you anything to the gentleman that was buried in town yesterday?” she inquired. “Yes,” he replied; “why do you ask?” Her eyes filled with tears. “Oh, you are so like him, as he sat there, where you are sitting this blessed minute, and asked me for a little bread and milk, the evening before he and Mr. Meagher and the other gentleman were took by the police on the road beyond!” And the poor woman sobbed outright as she gave us several particulars of their movements on that day and night. Two years ago, passing through Thurles, I sought the grave of my friend Leyne. The grass was high in the rank soil; only after long search I found the spot. Above it stood a simple slab, on which some kindly hand had placed his name and an apt quotation: “He whose virtues deserved a temple, now scarce commands a stone.”

countryman ever and anon throwing rather familiar glances and furtive nods and winks at him. Eventually, coming close up to him on one pretext or another, the cattle-drover, in a hoarse under-breath, hurriedly whispered, "All right : *I'm Smyth.*" Dillon started back in utter amazement, exclaiming, "Smyth !" "Hush !" responded the other ; "we may be watched ;" and they separated in the style of priest and peasant, Dillon ostentatiously giving the "countryman" a parting benediction.

But a new trouble fell on "his reverence." Among the emigrants were a youthful pair of lovers, who, much mistrusting what uncertainties might befall in the great land beyond, suddenly conceived the idea of getting married there and then on board, "seeing as how there was a priest in the ship, just ready to hand." They applied to Dillon to perform the ceremony. His dismay was inconceivable. He most piously exhorted them to wait till they landed. No. "With the blessing of God, now was the time." He invented a dozen excuses, all in vain, until he fortunately be-thought him of the plea that he had not "faculties" from his bishop that would avail in such a peculiar case.

An accident divulged his secret. One day the sea ran high and the ship pitched and rolled violently. At dinner his reverence sat on the right hand of the captain, and was being helped to some mutton, when the ship suddenly lurched and flung dish, joint, and gravy full into his bosom. He bounced from his seat with a thundering oath, followed by a string of most unpriestly expletives, quite forgetting himself, till he saw the company staring at him in a strange way. The captain especially, who shouted in laughter, seemed enlightened by the incident. "Ah, my dear sir," said he to Dillon, "I have had my suspicions for some time. I can guess what you are. Be not afraid. You are safe from fear or harm." From that day forth Dillon and Smyth resumed their real character, and were the object of kindest attention from the honest English sailor.

Richard O'Gorman—"Young Richard"—escaped in a ship sailing from Limerick to Constantinople. His father, Richard O'Gorman, senior, was a wealthy Dublin merchant, who took a leading part in the Catholic Emancipation and Repeal movements. The Irish metropolis boasted no man more esteemed for his personal virtues, none who stood higher in commercial or political integrity. The old gentleman seceded along with the Young Irelanders from O'Connell, and was a member of the Irish Confederation. He was not, however, swept off his feet by the revolutionary "tidal wave" in February, and was, I believe, utterly opposed to the course of action into which his friends and associates—keener stroke still, his only son along with them—were rashly hurried. At Constantinople young O'Gorman and his friend John O'Donnell lay concealed until they were able to obtain passports to Algiers. John O'Mahony, a gentleman farmer of Kilbenny, Tipperary, whose high-treason contribution was an attempt to effect a rising during the progress of Smith O'Brien's trial, sailed from Bonmahon to Wales, and thence by way of London to Paris. MacManus was a prosperous forwarding agent in Liverpool when he suddenly quitted the counting-house and rushed across to Ireland to join Smith O'Brien, as whose second in command he figured at Ballin-gary Common. He succeeded in baffling all the vigilance of pursuit and getting on board an emigrant-ship, the "N. D. Chase," bound from Liverpool to America. With joyful heart he saw her put to sea; but unhappily for him some trifling mishap caused the captain to run for Queenstown. A merchant's clerk in Liverpool had, a week previously, robbed his employers, and was supposed to have got off in this ship. She was boarded in Queenstown harbor by the police in quest of the absconding clerk. The passengers were paraded, the clerk was not found, but a Liverpool policeman quickly recognized a much more valuable prize in Terence Bellew MacManus.

There is in many respects a dismal sameness about state

trials for high treason, and yet they seem to have a weird interest for spectator and for reader. Meager and terse as are the reports which we possess of the so-called trials in which the cast of the Tudors rid themselves of supposed or real "traitors," they have a gloomy fascination all their own, and portray for us more faithfully than many more elaborate efforts do the condition of public affairs at that time. It may be truly said that for four weeks, extending from the 23d of September to the 21st of October, the attention of Ireland was riveted on the Tipperary County Court-house in Clonmel, where the insurgent leaders William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, and Terence Bellew MacManus were on trial for their lives. O'Brien was defended by Mr. Whiteside, Q.C. (afterward Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench), Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, Q.C., and Sir Coleman O'Loghlen, Q.C. Meagher was defended by Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., and Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C.; MacManus by the same bar. Of their conviction there could have been little doubt. No skill of advocacy could struggle against the facts of the case. But there was at least one incident of the trials which created an unprecedented sensation. It became known that the defense intended to subpœna Major-General Sir Charles Napier and the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell. What was this for? It was for a purpose the effectuation of which, though subsequently found to be technically forbidden by the rules of evidence, would certainly have thrown a startling light upon the conduct and fate of the men in the dock. General Napier was summoned to give up a letter in his possession proving that men at that moment holding office as ministers of the Crown, Lord John Russell, the First Minister, included, had in 1831-32 secretly devised and arranged for a proceeding precisely similar to that for which these prisoners were now on trial, namely, a resort to arms, a popular rising, in order to compel the Government to yield the popular demands. It was, to be sure, pretty well known that at that period the English Reform leaders were under the im-

pression that the threatened "march of Birmingham on London" might have to be carried out; but that they had gone so far as to arrange details of the revolutionary movement, and had selected the military men on whom they relied to take command of the insurgents, was a story which staggered all belief. Yet so it was. In truth, the course adopted by the Irish Repeal Confederates in 1848 was in many respects almost identical with that adopted by the English Reform Confederates in 1831 and 1832. In the summer of 1831 the Lords threw out the Reform Bill, and the Reform Ministry appealed to the country in a general election. Not alone in this direction was their appeal energetically pushed. It was also decided that failing any other means an armed revolution was to clear the road blocked up by the obstructive House of Peers. Political clubs or "unions" were established all over the country, the "National Political Union" of London being the head center. Every Englishman between twenty-five and forty-five was called on to enroll himself and to learn "how to resist oppression." The great object was to effect what the *Times* of that date called "a national armament for a reform of law." So much was open, public, known to the world. But something of what was passing behind the scenes is revealed in the following "secret and confidential" letter of Lord Melbourne's private secretary, Mr. Thomas Young, to General C. J. Napier, written from the Home Office ("H. O.") on the date which it bears:

"H. O., June 25, '32.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—

"Sir H. Bunbury told me of your wise determination not to become 'a Parliament man,' at least for the present. The offer was very tempting, and you have the more merit in declining. I refrained from writing to you while the matter was undecided, for I did not wish to obtrude my opinion; but I felt that reason was against your acceptance, as your health, your purse, and your comfort would all have suffered by your attendance in the House of Commons. The History must have been laid aside. You could not, moreover, have been a calm and silent member, but would have been exerting yourself to push onward the movement

aster than it probably will march, or than, perhaps, all things considered, it is desirable that it should march.

“Let us go back a moment.

“The display of energy, and a readiness to act, on the part of the people when the Duke of W—— was on the eve of coming in was greater far than I expected. I speak not of the Cockneys, but of the men in the north,—Glasgow, Newcastle, Birmingham. Are you aware that in the event of a fight you were to be invited to take the command at Birmingham? Parkes got a frank from me for you with that view, but had no occasion to send it. Had he written, I should have fired a dispatch at you with my friendly and anxious counsel and entreaty to keep you quiet and not to stir from Freshford. It is not well to enter *early* into revolutions: the first fall victims. What do you think would have happened? The Reformers—Place, etc.—talked big to me, and felt assured of success. The run upon the banks, and the barricading of the populous country towns, would have brought matters to a crisis; a week they, the Reformers, thought would finish the business. They meant so to agitate here that no soldiers could have been spared from London; and the army is too small elsewhere to have put down the rebels. In Scotland I believe the most effectual blow would have been struck; and it seems difficult to have resisted the popular movement. The Tories, however, say the Duke would have succeeded. No doubt the discipline under which soldiers live might have proved a stronger element than the public enthusiasm, *i. e.*, unless the latter was universal or extensive, and then it would have carried all before it. The task would have been to bring back society to its former quiet state. Thank God we have been spared the trial; but as a matter of speculation, tell me what you think would have been the result? Am I right in my conjecture that you would have refused the Birmingham invite and kept your sword in its scabbard?—Yours ever truly,

“T. Y.

“Thanks for your first volume. Jones has come back better.”

This was very much the plan O’Brien, Meagher, and Dillon seemed to have in view. By keeping the metropolis in a state of excitement, menace, and alarm, the chief portion of the troops would be detained therein, while the “barricading of the populous towns” would have brought matters to a crisis in the provinces. They too thought it would be “difficult to have resisted the popular movement,” and that “public enthusiasm” “would have carried all before it.”

None of them, however, could now exclaim, "Thank God we have been spared the trial." They were not spared it, and the result to them was ruin.

As to "my dear Napier," the Reform Confederates in the "H. O." mistook their man. Sir Charles was much of a Radical, but he was more of a soldier. He had very stern ideas of discipline and loyalty, and he quite fired up on receipt of "T. Y.'s" astounding communication, in which he was so cleverly "felt" as to whether he would not have drawn his sword as an insurgent commander. He replied in terms of strong indignation. He called the proposition an insult to his honor as a soldier and his loyalty as a subject. As to the communication being "confidential," he repelled any obligation of confidence between him and "conspirators." He would, however, he said, make no public use of the letter unless in one event, namely, if ever any of the men who were concerned in this 1831 business attempted to prosecute others for similar designs, he would hold himself at liberty to hand over the letter as a punishment on its authors and a warning to all whom it might concern.

This event exactly had arisen, and Sir Charles at once gave "T. Y.'s" letter to the public.

It was not allowed to be put in evidence at Clonmel. Two wrongs do not make a right. In the eye of the law it could be no excuse for William Smith O'Brien that Lord Melbourne or Mr. Attwood, or Lord John Russell or Mr. Young, had intended if necessary to do in 1831 what he conspired to attempt in 1848. So O'Brien and Meagher, and MacManus and O'Donohue, having been found guilty of high treason, were sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, disemboweled, and quartered.

The revelations of the "T. Y." letter had, however, one striking result: they rendered impossible the execution of this death-sentence. Although in Spain the successful rebel of Monday who is the prime minister of Tuesday orders the unsuccessful conspirator of Wednesday to be shot on Thurs-

ay, it was felt that for "T. Y.'s" friends to advise the Queen's signature to O'Brien's death-warrant would be too much for public opinion. There was a legal difficulty in the way of avoiding such a terrible event ; but *ex post facto* legislation is quite common and very convenient in Irish affairs. A special act was passed whereby the capital sentences were commuted in each case to penal servitude beyond the seas for life ; and on the 29th of July, 1849, the first anniversary of the abortive rising, the war-brig "Swiftsure" sailed from Kingstown harbor, bearing O'Brien, Meagher, MacManus, and O'Donohue to the convict settlements of Australia.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRIMSON STAIN.

AT eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, 1st of March, 1848, three murderers were led out to die in front of Clonmel jail. Around the scaffold were assembled a dense throng of people, townsmen and peasants, men and women, every eye strained on the three gibbets and the three looped cords that swayed in the morning breeze. In all the crowd no voice denied that these men deserved their doom. The crime was black ; the evidence clear ; the conviction just. And yet even before the dismal procession of the condemned came into view, pitying exclamations might be heard bewailing that they should perish thus "so young." Close by the scaffold glittered the bayonets of two companies of the 47th, and on the flank the drawn sabers of the 4th Light Dragoons. It was plain that the authorities did not choose to trust merely to the strong party of police which occupied the other side to guard against eventualities.

A murmur from the crowd directed attention to a figure which appeared on the scaffold. It was the hangman. He coolly examined the ropes, and looked to the noose of each to see whether it ran smoothly. He tried the drops or traps, and shot the bolts to ascertain whether they were clear and free. So far the people gazed silently, as these performances were gone through ; but when they saw him pull out of his pocket a piece of soap or grease and apply it to the ropes, a yell of indignation arose, and he disappeared through the doorway into the jail amidst a storm of execration.

Soon the prison-bell began to toll, and, as the death-knell

unded, the crowd fell on their knees. Through the doorway leading to the scaffold there emerged the tall figure of Father John Power (the present Catholic Bishop of Waterford), in surplice and soutane; his voice reciting the Office for the Dying, reaching to the farthest bound of the hushed multitude. Then came the prisoners,—three young men, two of them brothers; and foul as was their crime, one now could understand the compassion of the women in the crowd. They were really fine-looking young peasants; the eldest could hardly have been twenty-three. The brothers, Henry and Philip Cody, were to be executed for the murder of Laurence Madden, nine months before; and John Lonergan—"the widow's son," as he was designated by the witnesses at the trial—for shooting Mr. William Rae, J.P., at Rockwell. The executioner first put the rope around the neck of Lonergan, who asked the people all to pray for him. Henry Cody, who stood at the narrow doorway, saw the process which was so soon to be gone through with himself. As if in answer to Lonergan's appeal, he cried aloud, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on us! Lord, have mercy on him! Lord, have mercy on us!" Then the hangman approached the younger Cody, and, having put the cap on his face, began to place the noose on his neck. In so doing, it is thought, he made some observation which reached Henry's ear. At the sound of the voice he started as if pierced by an arrow. He ceased praying, and was observed to tremble from head to foot. The fact is, it was currently reported, though I believe quite groundlessly, that the man who acted as executioner was the identical Crown witness who had, as the people expressed it, "sworn away the lives" of the hapless brothers. That he marvelously resembled him is, at all events, indubitable; and whether the elder Cody had heard the rumor, or recognized, as he fancied, the voice of the "approver," there is now no knowing; but, plainly, he believed this was the man. He sprang at the hangman, and, with his bound and manacled hands, smote him again and again. Then

he seized him, dragged him to the front, and by main force tried to fling him over the railing of the scaffold. It was awful, a horrible sight ! Murderer and hangman gripped in deadly struggle, the latter screaming aloud for mercy and for help. Beyond doubt, Cody, even with arms strapped and pinioned, would have succeeded in his deadly purpose had not some of the warders rushed over. The younger brother heard the struggle, and knew something unusual had happened ; but, having the cap over his face, he could not see. Father Power, fearful lest he might know what it was, kept resolutely at his side, fervently pouring prayers and exhortations into his ear. At last Philip heard Henry's voice in the struggle, and, despite all the priest could do, he managed to tear the covering from his face, when, lo ! he saw his brother and the hangman in frightful encounter. He tried to rush to Henry's aid, but Father Power flung his arms around him. " Oh, my child, my child ! for the sake of that Jesus, your God who gave Himself to His executioners, do not, do not ! Oh, think of the Son of God ! oh, think you are going to meet your Creator and Judge ! " And the good priest, fairly overcome, sobbed aloud. Then the unhappy young man let his head fall on Father Power's shoulder, and he too cried like a child : " Oh, Henry ! Henry ! My brother ! My brother ! Oh, God ! Oh, God ! "

Eye-witnesses of that scene speak of it to-day only with a shudder. The idea of launching into the presence of God men with souls aflame with passion of deadliest hate and vengeance was something dreadful to contemplate ; and Father Power appealed to the sheriff to postpone for a while the execution. That gentleman himself, utterly shocked and indeed overcome, would willingly have complied, but there was a legal compulsion then and there to carry out the law ; and the brothers, who for a moment had been taken to the rear of the scaffold, were again brought forward. The people, who throughout had given way to the deepest emotion,—women crying and wailing, others praying aloud, and

several fainting,—thought, for a moment, the execution could be put off. When they saw the condemned led out again, a roar of grief and anger rose from the crowd, but at a gesture from Father Power they suddenly hushed, and once more sank on their knees. The three men were held in the traps; the bolts were drawn, and justice was vindicated, under circumstances such as I hope may never be paralleled in our land.

This was but one day's work out of several of a similar character in that spring of 1848. The assizes that year were heavy, and Tipperary, unfortunately, had contributed a gloomy calendar. The peasantry of that county, physically one of the finest people in the world, have strong characteristics, strangely-mixed vices and virtues. They are hot and passionate; brave and high-spirited; deadly in their vengeance; generous, hospitable; ready to repay kindness with kindness, hate with hate, violence with violence. When not under the influence of passion, "more fearful than the storm that sweeps their hills," they are one of the most peaceable, orderly, and moral populations in the empire. There seems to be hardly any middle character in Tipperary assizes. The calendar is either a blank as to serious offenses, or is black with crimes that tell how lightly human life is valued where revenge reduces men to savagery. Many of the most serious of these outbursts in that county had their origin in provocation in which technical law and actual justice were wofully antagonized; and the facts that most deeply shock one in contemplating the subject—the cowardly selfishness or guilty connivance of eye-witnesses of murder, or the sympathy and shelter extended to the assassin—are the evil and accursed fruit of a system which had made the people look upon "law" as an enemy, not a protector.

It is now some twenty years since, on the occasion of an execution for murder in Tipperary which agitated all Ireland,—the hanging of the brothers Cormack for the murder of Mr. Ellis, of Templemore—I decided to go down specially

to visit the scene of the crime, being anxious to satisfy myself as to the controversy then raging in reference to the innocence or guilt of the executed men. During my stay I was the guest of a gentleman whose friendship was a passport to the intimate confidence of the peasantry. I spent some time in driving and riding with him through the county; and not only did I ascertain the real history of the particular case I came to investigate, but I gathered from sources accessible to few a goodly store of information on the whole subject of the land-feud in Tipperary. It was very evident that nothing less than a state of war, sullenly smoldering or fiercely bursting into flame, had prevailed for half a century between class and class in that county. The later troubles commenced with nocturnal raids for arms. Long before they took the shape of personal violence or direct attempt on life, the disturbances in Tipperary seemed to have entirely for their object the possession of such guns, pistols, or blunderbusses as could be obtained by attacking the houses of the gentry. Every night the country was scoured by parties of men demanding arms, and taking them by force where refused. As might have been easily foreseen, this very speedily and inevitably led to life-taking on both sides; and then, blood once spilt, a dreadful state of things ensued. The audacity and daring of the peasantry in some of these attacks were truly marvelous. They publicly erected a barricade across the mail-coach road in the parish of Boherlahan, near Clonoulty, in order to rob, *not* the mail-bag or its contents, but the arms of the mail-guard. The fact that the coach was known to have a dragoon escort, so far from deterring them, only offered a greater inducement to the enterprise; for the dragoons carried sabers and carbines. Two of the peasantry, a man named Lahy, and another named Ryan, were told off the night before to encounter the dragoons while two others attacked the coach. At the first volley one of the dragoons fell dead. The other fled. The coach-guards made more resolute defense. For five minutes a deadly fire was main-

ained between them and the assailants ; but eventually the
ster prevailed, and all the guns and pistols in the coach,
even stand of arms, were handed over. Strange to say, none
the attacking party were seriously wounded, though beside
e dragoon who was killed some of the guards and two of
e passengers suffered more or less severely. Listening to
ese narratives from eye-witnesses, and in some instances, I
ore than suspect, participators, what most perplexed and
nfounded me was the way in which, in the midst of some
isode of lawlessness and sanguinary violence, some trait of
delity or act of generosity would appear "like a fly in
n-ber." The "servant-boy," who would go out at night
in turn" to rob other houses, would quite resolutely defend
s own master's residence against his companions, on the
ground that it was "not fair" to approach a door intrusted
his care. The house of a Mr. Fawcett, a Protestant gen-
leman farmer near Cashel, was attacked, of all days in the
ear, on a Christmas-day. The gentleman himself was away
n Dublin ; and the place was in charge of his son, aged
venty, and a servant-boy named Gorman. A servant-girl
w a party of men coming up the lawn, and, guessing their
rand, she rushed in and gave the alarm. Gorman recog-
ized them well enough ; he had been "out" with them
many a night on similar work ; but now he was in charge of
the master's" property, and he would defend it. He and
oung Fawcett barricaded the hall door and windows. Some
f the assailants got in through the rear of the house, but a
ross-door in the hall barred their way to where the guns
hich they wanted were kept. This they sought to force,
orman expostulating and threatening to fire. They seem
ot to have credited this, and persisted, when, finding the
oor likely to yield, he aimed through a small fan-light at
he top and mortally wounded the chief assailant, a young
an named Buckley. The party fled, carrying their dis-
bled leader ; but eventually they found that escape was
mpossible with a wounded man, streaming with blood, in

their arms. What were they to do? They hid him in some brushwood near a running stream, telling him on no account to make a noise, and promising that they would return for him at night. He endured great agony from thirst, and, his resolution giving way, he cried aloud for water. Some women coming from mass heard the moans, and discovering where he lay, brought him some water in his hat. This done, he implored them to "pass on, and say nothing." They knew what was meant and silently went their way. When night fell, his companions returned with a door on which to bring him home; but as they were fording the Suir at Ballycamus they discovered that it was a corpse they were bearing. He was dead! Deciding not to shock his poor mother by bringing the body to the door, they concealed it in a brake, setting watches to guard it day and night till they could give it suitable interment. By this time, of course, tidings of the attack on Mr. Fawcett's house had reached the authorities, and Mr. Wilcox, R.M., and Captain Long, J.P., of Longfield, with a strong party of police, commenced to search from house to house for a wounded man, so as to get a clue to his companions. Gorman, who had shot Buckley, and who knew him well, declared that all the assailants were utter strangers! Buckley's companions made a levy on the associates throughout the barony, and raised fifty pounds for his mother, to whom they broke the news of his fate. When the magistrates asked her where her son was, she said he had gone to seek work near Cahir. Buckley had a grand midnight funeral; but some one "peached;" Captain Long got word of the burial, and next night, at the head of a party of police, came to disinter the body and examine it. Some one, however, peached on the police too, for an hour before they arrived at the graveyard the coffin had been dug up by Buckley's comrades and carried off to the mountains. It is a positive fact that for two months this chase after the corpse went on: four or five times it was buried, and as often hurriedly disinterred. At

length the search had to be given up, and one night Buckley was borne back to his father's grave at Ballyshehan, where he has since lain. The dismal sequel to this strange story is that Captain Long, for having exerted himself so actively in the endeavor to discover Buckley's associates, was shot dead in his own house some few months subsequently.

"Cut" Quinlan is a name that will long be remembered in Tipperary. Two brothers Quinlan, Michael and "Cut,"—the latter a soubriquet—lived in the parish of Anacarthy, not far from the Limerick Junction railway-station. They held a small farm from a Mr. Black. On the same estate lived four brothers, named Hennessy, one of whom filled the dangerous office of "rent-warner" to Mr. Black. The Quinlans were evicted, and they suspected the Hennessys had led Mr. Black to the act,—a suspicion strengthened to conviction when the land from which they had been dispossessed was given to the Hennessys. In that hour a frightful purpose took possession of "Cut." It was nothing less than a resolve to pursue to death every one of the Hennessys. The rent-warner, Dennis, was shot about three months after the eviction of the Quinlans. Tom Hennessy was waylaid and murdered on the public road from Anacarthy to Graffon. No evidence could be found to connect "Cut" with either crime, though no one doubted his guilt. Davy Hennessy, seeing that destruction awaited the family, emigrated to America. Here, however, he was encountered and shot dead by the younger Quinlan. What became of the fourth Hennessy I never heard. "Cut" Quinlan now gave himself up to a career of desperation, constituting himself a sort of general avenger against bailiffs, agents, landlords, and all other "oppressors" in the county. A peasant widow in considerable distress had her scanty household goods and farm-stock seized for poor-rate. Three keepers who were in charge of the seizure were spending the night in the parlor of the house, when suddenly about midnight the window was dashed

in and the blood-thirsty "Cut" sprang into the room. The bailiffs knew they had no mercy to expect, and tried to make for the door. He shot one dead. Another in his terror attempted to escape up the chimney. The murderer pulled him down by the feet and blew out his brains with a pistol shot. The third by this time had jumped through the window and got out. Quinlan followed, overtook, and shot him. No one survived to tell the bloody tale to judge or jury, and the assassin walked abroad unpunished.

At length "Cut" began to find that popular feeling had been decidedly revolted by his career, and things were getting uncomfortable for him. He disappeared, no one for some time knew whither. Eventually letters reached Anacarthy to say that "Cut" had enlisted in the service of the Queen, and was now in India. Years flew by. Sobraon, Aliwal, and Chillianwallah had stirred the heart of England, and the glory-crowned troops of Great Britain came home to receive a nation's welcome. In their ranks returned "Cut" Quinlan. He had fought through the Sutlej campaign, had distinguished himself as the most daring and courageous, and, incredible as it sounds, one of the best-conducted men in the regiment! He took his discharge from the army, and came back to Tipperary, where it soon became notorious that he was once more the leader in every outrage. One day Father Mullaly, parish priest of Anacarthy, was riding home from a sick call, when he overtook "Cut." "Quinlan," said he, "I heard you conducted yourself well in India. I wish to God you had stayed there, for your own sake and every one else's!"

"Shure, yer reverence, where should one come to but his native place?"

"Ah, Quinlan, the place for one to come to is where he will not revolt God and man with crime."

"Crime! yer reverence! Crime! is it me——"

"Silence, sir! don't attempt this trifling with me. You know well, Quinlan, the life you've been leading. You have

escaped the law for want of evidence, but you won't escape God. *His* justice will not be balked. Wretched man, you have been in the thick of battle in India. While bullets rained around you, God spared you, perhaps to give you yet another chance of repentance. I had hoped when you came home that I should see you a reformed man. I am your pastor ; God will require of me an account of your soul, will ask what efforts I have made to bring you to the paths of virtue. Oh, wretched man ! I implore of you, by the merciful God whose forbearance you are outraging, give up your course of crime. Come to the tribunal of penance, and by hearty sorrow and honest life endeavor to repair the scandal you have given."

During the delivery of this appeal "Cut" looked on every side to see if he could escape by a run ; but he knew Father Mullaly well ; and furthermore he knew Father Mullaly's Jacob could take fence and dike like a greyhound. He could not fly, and had to listen.

"Well, Quinlan, will you make up your mind to come to confession, in the name of God ?"

"Well, yer reverence, shure 'tis you that can spake hard to a boy, only I know you mane it for good."

"But will you come ? Answer me, sir."

"Oh ! will I, is it ? Well, do ye see, sir—of course 'tis right I should go to my duty."

"But will you promise ?"

There was a long pause.

"I will, yer reverence."

"But when ? next Saturday ?"

"Ah, now, Father Mullaly, you're coming too hard on me entirely. There are raysons why I can't go."

"Reasons why you can't become reconciled with Almighty God, by repenting your past crimes and resolving to amend in the future ?"

"Well, now, yer reverence, the fact of it is there's a thief of a Scotchman beyant there that I——"

“What, sir—what? You don’t mean to tell me to my face that you meditate more crime——”

“Oh, no, yer reverence : I only mane I’m not able yet to say I forgive these infernal Scotchmen who come over here taking ten or twenty farms from honest people ; begor, taking a whole country-side for a sheep-walk, and the people turned out to die. No, Father Mullaly, I won’t go to confession, for I can’t say ’tis a sin I’d be sorry for to shoot a Scotchman.”

The parish priest, undaunted, returned to the attack, and pressed “Cut” so hard that at length he promised faithfully he would come to confession and “make his peace with God” on Saturday.

On that day Father Mullaly, sitting in his confessional, saw “Cut” enter the chapel and kneel on the floor in a secluded spot. The priest waited and waited, till two hours flew by. He could see Quinlan in fervent prayer, beating his breast, and actually wetting the floor with his tears. But he made no sign toward approaching the confessional. At length Father Mullaly had to come away, leaving Quinlan still bowed on the floor. A fortnight later they met once more, and the parish priest was beginning to reproach “Cut,” when the latter exclaimed, “Say nothing to me to-day, yer reverence. I’m going on Monday.” Monday came, and the former scene was repeated with like result. Quinlan prayed for hours, but avoided the confession. Nearly two months elapsed before his reverence was able to catch sight of “Cut,” who, in fact, was avoiding him. At last they accidentally encountered. “Cut,” said the priest, “I ask you no more. Go now your path of crime. I have done my best, and I leave you to God. You are a coward and a liar.”

Quinlan jumped with a spasm of passion, and his eyes flashed fire. Curbing himself, however, he said, “No, no, Father Mullaly ; no. You never were more wrong in your life. I am neither a coward nor a liar, but I know that I’d be bound in confession to give up shooting bad landlords, and that I never will : so good-by.”

Father Mullaly saw "Cut" no more. But as long as the box runs he is trapped at last. Quinlan was caught almost red-handed in a murderous attack, and was tried for it at Clonmel assizes. He wrote to Chatham, where his former regiment was now stationed, and told a piteous tale of innocence to his captain, beseeching him by the memory of certain past services to come over to Clonmel and "speak for him" in court. According to my informants, who were, I believe, present on the occasion when the trial came on, "Cut" paid little attention to the proceedings, but from time to time swept the audience with anxious eye. As the case was concluding, Quinlan's former captain hurriedly entered and took a seat in the grand jury box. "My lord," said the prisoner, "I have one witness. Hear his story, and say am I likely to be the man whom these other people think they can identify as a murderer." The officer was sworn, and told of "Cut" what I have already mentioned,—his exemplary conduct, his steadiness, his undaunted bravery. "Most of the time he was my own servant," he continued, "and a truer soldier never lived. My lord, I owe my life to his fidelity and heroism. On the day of Sobraon, when shot and shell flew like hail, I fell amidst a heap of our brave fellows torn by the enemy's fire. When no man of ordinary courage would face that storm of death, this faithful fellow rushed in, careless of his life, found me where I lay, and bore me in his arms from the field. Thank God I am here to-day, I hope to save his life. He would be incapable of the crime laid to his charge."

Alas for the inconsistencies of human nature,—of Tipperary human nature, at all events! The jury knew "Cut" better and longer than the captain did. The evidence satisfied them of his guilt, and they were otherwise aware of his desperate career. They found him guilty of manslaughter, and he was transported for life beyond the seas.

Here, surely, was a strange amalgam. Up to the day of his eviction this man had lived the ordinary uneventful life of

a peasant. From that hour forth he seemed, like the character in Sue's story, "to see blood." He would dare almost inevitable death to save his English master. He would refuse every entreaty of his religious pastor and lifetime friend imploring him to turn from a course of merciless vengeance and revolting crime.

It must be said that thirty or forty years ago the administration of justice in these cases partook very often of the rough-and-ready style. The evil idea of "striking terror," and the practice of relying too largely on the evidence of "aprovers,"—often perjured villains who had been themselves the real criminals,—led betimes to the worst results. One cannot spend a night amidst the fireside group in a Tipperary farm-house, as I have frequently done, without hearing stories of men hanged for offenses of which they were wholly innocent, the identification being stupidly wrong; the peasantry will tell you it was willfully false. I was inclined to think there might be some proclivity to such an impression on the part of the population; but I am bound to say evidence irrefragable convinced me that justice blundered sadly in some of those displays of precipitancy and passion, miscalled salutary vigor.

Agrarian crime has not totally disappeared. Evils so deep-rooted are not soon or easily expelled. Ever and anon even still we are startled and horrified by some incident reminding us of gloomy days we had fondly hoped were gone forever. But a thousand signs proclaim that though in Ireland, as in England and in every country, crime in various shapes will last, in some degree, as long as human passion, yet agrarian outrages as we used to know them formerly—ghastly campaigns in a sort of civil war—will soon belong entirely to the past of Irish history. How the system which produced them received its death-blow is a story that will come in its proper place. But it is the sad fact that thirty years ago Ireland passed through some of the most terrible episodes of that dismal struggle.

Two things astonish most persons who, from a distance, contemplate agrarian crime in Ireland. The first is the negative or positive sympathy on the part of the rural population that appears to surround the criminals ; or, at all events, the absence of any co-operation with the law in its pursuit of them. The second is a fact I have glanced at in the case of Tipperary, namely, that a district the scene of such violence is at other intervals and in other respects peaceable, orderly, and law-abiding. In the course of many years' observation, I satisfied myself those outrages—I do not speak of isolated acts of agrarian crime, but of those tempests that, for a time, raged in particular districts—had a sort of class history; certain features or characteristics ; certain originating causes that might be discerned more or less in all of them. Not in every particular case, certainly, but in most of them, study reveals something like this movement in a vicious circle.

A district formerly disturbed has been peaceable for some time. Landlord and tenant have got along very fairly in a sort of truce, armed or unarmed, negatively hostile or positively friendly. After a while some agent less considerate than those around him conceives an "improvement," an increase of rent, a few new "rules of the estate," a batch of evictions on the title. In the general quietude the thing may be done without much noise or resistance, and he succeeds. His example is followed and extended. Other agents or landlords go on pushing to its utmost limits technical legal right as opposed to actual equity. Some one, more reckless than all the rest, leads the way. He intimates that *he* knows how to deal with these people. "Firmness," he says, will do it all, and he ostentatiously carries revolvers in his coat-pocket. A sullen, gloomy calm, which every one accustomed to Irish life well knows to be the herald of a storm, seems to assure him of immunity. He is fired at, but happily escapes. Now he "must make an example." He will not be cowed by would-be assassins. Out the threatened tenants must go.

One day the news flashes through the country that this gentleman has been shot dead under circumstances of great brutality. A shudder of horror goes through one section of the community. A shout of joy or a muttered exclamation of approval* is sent forth by another. One portion of the press devotes itself to invectives against the murderers and their sympathizers; another to denunciations of the conduct on the victim's part out of which this tragedy arose. Every threatened tenant in the locality and throughout the country sees in the assassin an avenger. The blow he has struck is a deterrent that will save hundreds. The police are refused all assistance in efforts to capture him; and sheltered by the people, he escapes.

It is at this point all the harm, all the woful moral rot and social disruption, commence. It is just here all the mischief which arises from an antithesis of law and justice sets in. Emboldened by the escape of this assassin, or encouraged by the sympathy manifested for his guilty deed, some wretch with far less cause of complaint than he had, and who but for this example of murder would have shrunk from such an act, now strikes at some other life. Another and another follow, on slighter and slighter provocation, as the moral atmosphere becomes more and more tainted by what has gone before, until, eventually, every cowardly miscreant who has a personal grudge to satiate swells the list of atrocities, and crimes are multiplied which disgust and affright even those

*A near relative of a young friend of mine owns a shop for the sale of general merchandise in a large town in the county Mayo. One market-day the shop was unusually full of country people, when suddenly some strange stir was noticed among them. Every man in the throng was observed, one by one, to lift his hat, and heard to ejaculate in a low voice, quite reverentially, "Glory be to God!" "What has happened? what are you all praying for?" said the proprietress to one of them. "Oh! glory be to God, ma'am, did you not hear the news?" he replied: "the greatest tyrant in the county Mayo was shot this morning!"

who hailed the first shot with a fatal approval. At length the hangman's work is found to be in accord with the popular conscience. The landlords and agents have fought the fight of their class unflinchingly; but they heartily wish the storm had never been raised. The farmers contend that the first case was one of frightful provocation, but agree that the thing has led to bad work all around. Both sides now have had enough of it. The shootings and the hangings die out, and for another period of years there is peace and tranquillity in the district.

I have seen all this, again and again, pass before my eyes. Of course the programme was not, in every particular, the same in every case; occasionally a murder for which the human mind could conceive no palliation began the accursed business; but in what may be called the more serious outbursts of agrarian violence the general course of the dismal story was very much as I have described it. As a rule, the first tragedy was one which had some terrible provocation behind it. As a rule, the latter outrages were the very wantonness of ruffianism and crime.

I know of no Irish topic on which candid, truthful, and independent writing and speaking are more rare than this of agrarian crime. The outrages in many cases were so fearful that no one durst speak a word as to their having had some cause, without exposing himself to a charge of palliating or sympathizing with them. On the other hand, the provocation often was so monstrous that if one execrated the crime as it deserved to be, he was supposed to be callously indifferent to the avidity, the greed, the heartlessness that led up to it. Thus, thirty years ago, nay twenty years ago, or less, the creation of a healthy public opinion on the subject was impossible. We stood arrayed, one and all of us, in one or other of two hostile camps: that of the landlords, in apparent approval of merciless evictions; or that of the tenants, in apparent sympathy with red-handed murder. Yet occasionally on both sides there must have been many a good

man, many a true patriot, who in his secret heart bewailed the terrible state of things that thus convulsed and affrighted society, and who yearned for the day when the page of Ireland's story would be blotted no more by this crimson stain.

CHAPTER XI.

“LOCHABER NO MORE !”

A HIGHLAND friend, whose people were swept away by the great “Sutherland Clearances,” describing to me some of the scenes in that great dispersion, often dwelt with emotion on the spectacle of the evicted clansmen marching through the glens on their way to exile, their pipers playing, as a last farewell, “Lochaber no more !”

“Lochaber no more ! Lochaber no more !

We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more !”

I sympathized with his story ; I shared all his feelings. I had seen my own countrymen march in like sorrowful procession on their way to the emigrant-ship. Not alone in one district, however, but all over the island, were such scenes to be witnessed in Ireland from 1847 to 1857. Within that decade of years nearly a million of people were “cleared” off the island by eviction and emigration.

A bitter memory is held in Ireland of the “Famine Clearances,” as they are called. There was much in them that was heartless and deplorable, much also that was unfortunately unavoidable. Three years of dreadful privation had annihilated the resources of the agricultural population. In 1848, throughout whole districts, the tenant-farmers—the weak and wasted few who survived hunger and plague—were without means to till the soil. The exhaustion of the tenant class involved, in numerous cases, the ruin of the landlords. A tenantry unable to crop the land were of course unable to pay a rent. Many of them, so far from being in a position

to pay, rather required the landlord's assistance to enable them to live.

Apart from all question as to the disposition of the Irish landlords to yield such aid, it is the indubitable fact that, as a class, they were utterly unable to afford it. Some of them nearly extinguished their own interests in their estates by borrowing money in 1848, 1849, and 1850, to pull the tenants through.

Too many of the Irish landlords acted differently ; and for the course they adopted they were not the only persons to blame. The English press at this juncture embraced the idea that the Irish Famine, if properly availed of, would prove a great blessing. Providence, it was declared, had sent this valuable opportunity for settling the vexed question of Irish misery and discontent. Nothing could have been done with the wretched population that had hitherto squatted on the land. They were too poor to expend any capital in developing the resources of the soil. They were too ignorant to farm it scientifically. Besides, they were too numerous. Why incur ruinous expense to save or continue a class of landholders so undesirable and injurious ? Rather behold in what has happened an indication of the design of Providence. Ireland needs to be colonized with thrifty Scotch and scientific English farmers ; men with means ; men with modern ideas.

Thus pleaded and urged a thousand voices on the English shore ; and to impecunious Irish landlords the suggestion seemed a heavenly revelation. English tenants paid higher rents than Irish, and paid them punctually. English "colonists" would so farm the land as to increase its worth four-fold. English farmers had a proper idea of land-tenure, and would quit their holdings on demand. No more worry with half-pauperized and discontented fellows always behind with their rent, always wanting a reduction, and never willing to pay an increase ! No more annoyance from tenant-right agitators and seditious newspapers ; no more dread of

Ribbonite mandates and Rockite warnings ! Blessed hour ! El Dorado was in sight !

To men circumstanced as the Irish landlords were in 1848, these allurements were sure to prove irresistible. They formed the theme and substance of essay, speech, and lecture in England at the time. Some writers put the matter a little kindly for the Irish, and regretted that the regeneration of the country had to be accomplished at a price so painful. Others, unhappily, made no secret of their joy and exultation. Here was the opportunity to make an end of the Irish difficulty. The famine had providentially cleared the way for a great and grand work, if England was but equal to the occasion. Now was the time to plant Ireland with a British population.

One now can afford to doubt that the men who spoke and wrote in this way ever weighed the effect and consequences of such language on a people like the Irish. I recall it in a purely historical spirit, to identify it as the first visible origin and cause of a state of things which disagreeably challenges English attention,—the desperate bitterness, the deadly hatred of England, which the emigrant thousands carried with them from Ireland to America. To many an Englishman that hostile spirit must seem almost inexplicable. “If Irishmen have had to emigrate,” they say, “it was for their own good and advantage : why should they hate England for that ? Englishmen also emigrate in thousands every day.” There is no need to dwell upon the painful circumstances that distinguish the Irish exodus from the adventurous emigration of Germans or Swedes or Englishmen. The Irishman who comes to tell the story of these famine-evictions, and the emigration-panic which followed, finds himself, in truth, face to face with the origin of Irish-American Fenianism.

It may be that, even if the tempting idea of “colonization” had never affected their minds, a certain section of the Irish landlords would have had to pursue, in a greater or less

degree, the course they followed. What were they to do? Penniless lords of penniless tenants, it seemed a miserable necessity that they should sacrifice the latter; as one drowning man drives another from a plank insufficient to support them both. Be this as it may, in the track of the Irish Famine came such wholesale "clearances" as never had been known in the history of land-tenure. Of course no rents had been paid—because none could be paid—by a great part of the Irish tenantry during the famine-years, and the holdings were technically forfeited to the landlords for "non-payment of rent." At a later stage, even in cases where no rent was due, evictions were carried out all the same, to "clear" the land and change the farms to sheep-walks and bullock-ranges. The quarter-sessions courts now presented a strange spectacle. The business of these tribunals swelled to enormous dimensions, from two classes of cases, actions against farmers for meal, seed-corn, and cash lent, and ejectment processes. I have seen the latter literally in piles or sheaves on the desk before the clerk, and listened for hours to the dull monotony of "calling" and "marking" the cases. No defenses were attempted; none could be maintained.

Then came the really painful stage of the proceedings,—the evictions.

With the English farmer, as a rule, the termination of his tenancy is, I believe, little more inconvenient or distressing than the ordinary "Michaelmas flitting" of a town resident from one house to another. He has hired the use of a farm with all its appurtenances, fixtures, and conveniences, furnished in good order by the landlord, just as one might engage a fishing-boat by the week or by the day, or rent a shooting, with cosy box or mountain-lodge, for a season. Very far different is the case with the Irish tenant. As a rule, his farm has been to him and his forefathers for generations a fixed and cherished home. Every bush and brake, every shrub and tree, every meadow-path or grassy knoll, has some association for him which is, as it were, a part of his

existence. Whatever there is on or above the surface of the earth in the shape of house or office or steading, of fence or road, or gate or stile, has been created by the tenant's hand. Under this humble thatch roof he first drew breath, and has grown to manhood. Hither he brought the fair young girl he won as wife. Here have his little children been born. This farm-plot is his whole dominion, his world, his all : he is verily a part of it, like the ash or the oak that has sprung from its soil. Removal in his case is a tearing up by the roots, where transplantation is death. The attachment of the Irish peasant to his farm is something almost impossible to be comprehended by those who have not spent their lives among the class and seen from day to day the depth and force and intensity of these home feelings.

An Irish eviction, therefore, it may well be supposed, is a scene to try the sternest nature. I know sheriffs and sub-sheriffs who have protested to me that odious and distressing as were the duties they had to perform at an execution on the public scaffold, far more painful to their feelings were those which fell to their lot in carrying out an eviction, where, as in the case of these “clearances,” the houses had to be leveled. The anger of the elements affords no warrant for respite or reprieve. In hail or thunder, rain or snow, out the inmate must go. The bedridden grandsire, the infant in the cradle, the sick, the aged, and the dying, must alike be thrust forth, though other roof or home the world has naught for them, and the stormy sky must be their canopy during the night at hand. This is no fancy picture. It is but a brief and simple outline sketch of realities witnessed all over Ireland in the ten years that followed the famine. I recall the words of an eye-witness, describing one of these scenes: “Seven hundred human beings,” says the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Catholic Bishop of Meath, “were driven from their homes on this one day. There was not a shilling of rent due on the estate at the time, except by one man. The sheriffs’ assistants employed on the occasion to extinguish the hearths and demolish

the homes of those honest, industrious men worked away with a will at their awful calling until evening fell. At length an incident occurred that varied the monotony of the grim and ghastly ruin which they were spreading all around. They stopped suddenly and recoiled, panic-stricken with terror, from two dwellings which they were directed to destroy with the rest. They had just learned that typhus fever held these houses in its grasp, and had already brought death to some of their inmates. They therefore supplicated the agent to spare these houses a little longer ; but he was inexorable, and insisted that they should come down. He ordered a large winnowing-sheet to be secured over the beds in which the fever-victims lay,—fortunately they happened to be delirious at the time,—and then directed the houses to be unroofed cautiously and slowly. I administered the last sacrament of the Church to four of these fever-victims next day, and, save the above-mentioned winnowing-sheet, there was not then a roof nearer to me than the canopy of heaven. The scene of that eviction-day I must remember all my life long. The wailing of women, the screams, the terror, the consternation of children, the speechless agony of men, wrung tears of grief from all who saw them. I saw the officers and men of a large police force who were obliged to attend on the occasion cry like children. The heavy rains that usually attend the autumnal equinoxes descended in cold copious torrents throughout the night, and at once revealed to the houseless sufferers the awful realities of their condition. I visited them next morning, and rode from place to place administering to them all the comfort and consolation I could. The landed proprietors in a circle all round, and for many miles in every direction, warned their tenantry against admitting them to even a single night's shelter. Many of these poor people were unable to emigrate. After battling in vain with privation and pestilence, they at last graduated from the work-house to the tomb, and in little more than three years nearly a fourth of them lay quietly in their graves."

To such an extent was this demolition of houses carried,* that a certain kind of skill was acquired in the work; and gangs of men accustomed so to wield pick and crowbar became a special feature for the time in the labor market. After a while the whole posse—sheriff, sub-sheriff, agent, bailiffs, and attendant policemen—came to be designated the "Crowbar Brigade," a name of evil memory, at mention of which to this day many a peasant's heart will chill in Ireland.

Soon, indeed, hand-labor became too slow in the work of house-leveling, and accordingly scientific improvement and mechanical ingenuity were called in. To Mr. Scully, a Catholic landlord in Tipperary, belongs the credit of inventing a machine for the cheaper and more expeditious unroofing and demolishing of tenants' homes. I never saw it myself, but friends who watched the invention in operation described it to me. It consisted of massive iron levers, hooks, and chains, to which horses were yoked. By deftly fixing the hooks and levers at the proper points of the rafters, at one crack of the whip and pull of the horses the roof was brought away. By some similarly skillful gripping of coigne-stones, the house-walls were torn to pieces. It was found that two of these machines enabled a sheriff to evict ten times as many peasant families in a day as could be got through by a crowbar brigade of fifty men. Mr. Scully took no special advantage of his invention. He neither registered it nor patented it, but gave it freely for the general good of his fellow-landlords. I am told that not a dozen years ago it was seen in full swing in a southern county.

But even in ruin and desolation, "home"—the home that was—seemed to have a fascination for the evicted people. They lingered long about the spot, until driven away by

* On the 22d of March, 1848, Mr. Poulett Scrope, M.P., in the House of Commons, called attention to the grossly illegal way in which this wholesale leveling of tenants' houses was being carried out in Ireland,—the evictions being, he stated, "mostly at nightfall."

force, or compelled by sheer starvation to wander off into the "wide, wide world." They threw up rude tents or "sheelings" by the roadside,—branches of trees or bits of plank snatched from the débris of the leveled houses being laid against the hedge or fence, and covered with pieces of old sheets or with fern-leaves and grass sods. In such poor shelter the children and the women crouched; the men slept under the sky. A friend told me that driving through Clare County in '49 he passed several encampments of evicted tenants thus established on the roadside. He said there must have been hundreds of men, women, and children in all, and that they seemed to have been in these huts for some time. In the county Mayo these wayside camps were nearly as numerous as in Clare; but in the former county, in a few instances at least, neighboring properties eventually afforded a foothold to the poor outcasts and saved them from the workhouse. It is only just to mention that harsh and heartless as the fact mentioned by Dr. Nulty must sound (the mandate of the surrounding landlords forbidding their tenants to house or shelter the evicted ones), it had, if not in that particular case, in others, this explanation behind it,—viz., that where holdings were already small enough there was no room for subdividing; and no landlord wished to have the ruined and pauperized population of other townlands fastened as a possible poor-law burden on his own.

The instances were not numerous in which any such asylum was allowed, and the vast multitude—for such they were in the aggregate—gradually separated into two classes. All who were able to emigrate—that is to say, all who either possessed, or were able to borrow or beg, the necessary means—found their way to Australia, America, or Great Britain. Those who could not command even the few pounds that the passage to England would cost, made for the nearest town, where for a while they eked out a miserable existence as day-laborers, soon sunk to mendicancy, and eventually disappeared into the workhouse, never to lift their heads or own a home again.

The departure of an emigrant cavalcade was a saddening sight. English travelers on Irish railways have sometimes been startled as the train entered a provincial station to hear a loud wail burst from a dense throng on the platform. While the porters with desperate haste are trundling into the luggage-van numerous painted deal boxes, a wild scene of leave-taking is proceeding. It is an emigrant farewell. The emigrants, weeping bitterly, kiss, over and over, every neighbor and friend, man, woman, and child, who has come to see them for the last time. But the keen pang is where some member of the family is departing, leaving the rest to be sent for by him or her out of the first earnings in exile. The husband goes, trusting the wife and little ones to some relative or friend till he can pay their passage out from the other side. Or it is a son or daughter who parts from the old father and mother, and tells them they shall not long be left behind. A deafening wail resounds as the station-bell gives the signal of starting. I have seen gray-haired peasants so clutch and cling to the departing child at this last moment that only the utmost force of three or four friends could tear them asunder. The porters have to use some violence before the train moves off, the crowd so presses against door and window. When at length it moves away, amidst a scene of passionate grief, hundreds run along the fields beside the line to catch yet another glimpse of the friends they shall see no more.*

Besides or between the landlords who at every sacrifice

* At Cahirmore, some six miles west of Castletown Bearhaven, one day in June, 1847, I was walking along the fields that reach the cliff on the Atlantic shore, when I saw, running along the path that skirts the edge, a young peasant sobbing, and waving his cap to a ship in full sail a mile off the land. For a while I was utterly at a loss to understand what it meant; but on inquiry I found this was an emigrant ship that had just sailed from Castletown, and his sister was on board. The breeze was light, and the vessel made little way; and the poor fellow had run along the shore for miles to wave a farewell, on chance that his sister might be gazing toward home!

sustained and retained their tenantry, and those who, by choice or necessity, abandoned them to their fate or flung them on the world, there was a third class, who adopted a middle course. They did not help the tenantry to weather the storm and live on in the old places, but they assisted them in going away,—gave them enough money to pay the passage-fare to the American or English shore. The character and merits of this transaction were very mixed. In some cases it was generous conduct; in others it was a hard bargain, struck in the hour of the tenant's helplessness. Which feeling preponderated? Whether the landlord blessed his good fortune when, for so small a price, he got rid of ruined tenants and probable poor-rate burden on his estate, and had free possession of cleared farms besides, or whether he was a man who honestly and sincerely felt that he was doing the best for them and for himself,—that they could never pull through at home, and might do well in Australia or America,—is a question I have never yet been able to determine to my own satisfaction. Some landlords, no doubt, were swayed by one class of consideration, some by the other. But with every desire to take the brightest view of this “assisted emigration” proceeding, and to presume the best as to motives, I could see that hardly any of these landlords enabled the pauperized fugitives to do more than reach the foreign shore. Not one of them seemed to consider for a moment how the English people would like to have tens of thousands of rude, unsophisticated, unskilled, unlettered Irish peasants flung penniless on the quays of Liverpool or the docksides of London. Not one of them seemed to care what might be the result if the hundreds of thousands who streamed across the Atlantic should fail to find employment the day they landed at Boston or New York. Hundreds of these Irish emigrants crossed the Atlantic with barely the tattered clothes on their back, and without a shilling to purchase even one day's food on landing. I know of my own knowledge that several borrowed the seven shillings and six-

pence that took them as deck-passengers across the Channel to England, trusting to the hazard of getting something to do the day, nay, the hour, they landed at Bristol, London, or Liverpool, if they were not to go without bed or food their first night on English soil.

“Thanks be to God, they have fired in the air!” says the Cork waiter to the English visitor in one of Lever’s stories. Two Irish gentlemen having quarreled in the hotel coffee-room, a duel with pistols was arranged to come off on the spot there and then. To the delight of their friends, however, and of the assembled waiters, napkin on arm, they “fired in the air,” that is, through the ceiling, and nearly shot the Englishman in “No. 10” overhead. Very like this “firing in the air” was the conduct of the Irish landlords who sent off their pauperized tenantry and cottiers to England and America. “Thanks be to God, they are gone!” was, no doubt, the happy reflection of many a benevolent landlord at this time. But gone whither, and to what fate? Gone from possibly burdening or inconveniencing *him*; but what of the possible burden and inconvenience to the social systems into which this mass of strange material was thus flung?

Often as I stood and watched these departing groups I tried to think what it might be that they could do in “the land they were going to.” What were they fit for? Many of them had never seen a town of ten thousand inhabitants; and in a large city, even in their own country, they would be helpless and bewildered as a flock of sheep on a busy highway. What was before them in the midst of London or New York? What impressions would they create in the minds of a strange city people? What species of skill, what branch of industry, did they bring with them, to command employment and insure a welcome? Few of them could read; some of them, accustomed to speak the native Gaelic, knew little of the English tongue. Their rustic manners would expose them to derision, their want of edu-

cation to contempt, on the part of those who would not know, or pause to consider, that in the hapless land they left the schoolmaster had been proscribed by law for two hundred years. Wofully were they handicapped. Nearly everything was against them. Their past ways of life, so far from training them in aught for these new circumstances, in nearly every way unfitted them for the change.

I speak in all this of the peasant or cottier emigrants. Mingling in the vast throng went thousands, no doubt, who, happily for them as it afterward proved, possessed education, skill, and occasionally moderate means for a start in life on the other side,—members of respectable and once prosperous families that had been ruined in the famine-time. Nay, there sailed in the steerage of the emigrant-ships many a fair young girl, going to face a servant's lot in a foreign land, who at home had once had servants to attend her every want; and many a fine young fellow ready to engage as groom, who learned that business, so to speak, as a gentleman's son in the hunting-field. In the cities and towns of Great Britain and America there are to-day hundreds of Irishmen, some having risen to position and fortune, others still toiling on in some humble sphere, who landed on the new shore friendless and forlorn from the wreck of happy and affluent homes.

But as to the vast bulk of uncultured peasants, victims of this wholesale expulsion, their fate was and could but be deplorable. Landing in such masses, everything around them so strange, so new, and sometimes so hostile, they inevitably herded together, making a distinct colony or "quarter" in the city where they settled. Destitute as they were, their necessities drove them to the lowest and most squalid lanes and alleys of the big towns. At home in their native valleys poverty was free from horrors that mingled with it here, namely, contact with debasing city crime. The children of these wretched emigrants grew up amidst terrible contaminations. The police-court records soon began to show an

array of Celtic patronymics. “The low Irish” grew to be a phrase of scorn in the community around them ; and they, repaying scorn with hatred, became, as it were, the Arabs of the place, “their hand against every man’s hand, and every man’s hand against them.”

This dismal picture, painfully true of many a case a quarter of a century ago, is now happily rare. A brighter and better state of things is rapidly making its appearance. But, for my own part, I can never forget the mournful impressions made upon me more than twenty years ago when investigating the condition of the laboring Irish in Staffordshire and in Lancashire, in Boston and in New York. I knew that these poor countrymen of mine were of better and nobler material than the strangers around them imagined ; that they were the victims of circumstances. I saw and I deplored their vices and their failings ; saw that their native Irish virtues, their simple, kindly, generous nature, had almost totally disappeared in the cruel transplantation.

The Irish exodus had one awful concomitant, which in the Irish memory of that time fills nearly as large a space as the famine itself. The people, flying from fever-tainted hovel and workhouse, carried the plague with them on board. Each vessel became a floating charnel-house. Day by day the American public was thrilled by the ghastly tale of ships arriving off the harbors reeking with typhus and cholera, the track they had followed across the ocean strewn with the corpses flung overboard on the way. Speaking in the House of Commons on the 11th of February, 1848, Mr. Labouchere referred to one year’s havoc on board the ships sailing to Canada and New Brunswick alone in the following words :

“Out of 106,000 emigrants who during the last twelve months crossed the Atlantic for Canada and New Brunswick, 6100 perished on the voyage, 4100 on their arrival, 5200 in the hospitals, and 1900 in the towns to which they repaired. The total mortality was no less than 17 per cent.

of the total number emigrating to those places ; the number of deaths being 17,300."

In all the great ports of America and Canada, huge quarantine hospitals had to be hastily erected. Into these every day newly-arriving plague-ships poured what survived of their human freight, for whom room was as rapidly made in those wards by the havoc of death. Whole families disappeared between land and land, as sailors say. Frequently the adults were swept away, the children alone surviving. It was impossible in every case to ascertain the names of the sufferers, and often all clue to identification was lost. The public authorities, or the nobly humane organizations that had established those lazar-houses, found themselves toward the close of their labors in charge of hundreds of orphan children, of whom name and parentage alike were now impossible to be traced. About eight years ago I was waited upon in Dublin by one of these waifs, now a man of considerable wealth and honorable position. He had come across the Atlantic in pursuit of a purpose to which he is devoting years of his life,—an endeavor to obtain some clue to his family, who perished in one of the great shore hospitals in 1849. Piously he treasures a few pieces of a red-painted emigrant-box, which he believes belonged to his father. Eagerly he travels from place to place in Clare and Kerry and Galway, to see if he may dig from the tomb of that terrible past the secret lost to him, I fear, forever !

"From Grosse Island, the great charnel-house of victimized humanity" (says the Official Report of the Montreal Emigrant Society for 1847), "up to Port Sarnia, and all along the borders of our magnificent river ; upon the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie,—wherever the tide of emigration has extended, are to be found the final resting-places of the sons and daughters of Erin ; one unbroken chain of graves, where repose fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, in one commingled heap, without a tear bedewing the soil or a

tone marking the spot. Twenty thousand and upward have thus gone down to their graves.”

I do not know that the history of our time has a parallel for this Irish exodus. The Germans, to be sure, have emigrated in vast numbers, and, like the Irish, seem to form distinct communities where they settle. But many circumstances distinguish the Irish case from any that can be recalled. Other emigrations were, more or less, the gradual and steady overflow of a population cheerfully willing to go. This was the forcible expulsion or panic rush of a stricken people, and was attended by frightful scenes of suffering and death. Irishmen, moreover, feel that their country has not had a chance of fair play, if I may so express it, in a state of things which sent out into the world the one section of the population least qualified to encounter it, and the one section least likely to impress strangers with favorable and high ideas of Ireland and the Irish. At this present hour there are English men and women who think all Irishmen wear “caubeens,” with pipes stuck in the rim, and carrying a reaping-hook under their flannel vest. If only the corresponding class of the English nation, when it had a peasant class, were seen by foreign peoples, as rude a conception might be formed of the typical Englishman.

Yet the first terrible ordeal over, the Irish emigration is beginning to bear some good and useful fruit. Disadvantageous as was their start in the race, the expatriated Celts are decidedly pulling up, and are striding well to the front in many a land. They are acquiring skill, are turning to good account their naturally quick intelligence. In some places, unfortunately, the vices engendered of ignorance and poverty still drag them down and keep them low ; but in most instances they have conquered the respect and secured the kindly regard of their employers, neighbors, and fellow-workmen. The sad circumstances under which the great body of them crossed the seas have indelibly stamped one remarkable characteristic on the Irish emigrants : they are a

distinct people. Like the children of Israel, "by the waters of Babylon they sit down and weep when they remember Sion." In joy or sorrow, in adversity or prosperity, they always have a corner in their hearts for Ireland, a secretly-treasured memory of that railway parting-scene, or of the last fond look they turned on the native valley, the ruined cottage, the lonely hawthorn-tree. Often in their dreams they clasp again the hands they wrung that day, ere they set forth for an eternal exile, to behold "Lochaber no more."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES ACT.

“KINGSTON, Kingston, you black-whiskered, good-natured fellow, I am happy to see you in this friendly country.” Such was the characteristic salutation that broke from George IV. as he stepped on the Irish shore at Howth on the 12th of August, 1821, and recognized among the crowd assembled to greet him the frank, genial, and warm-hearted Earl of Kingston.

The king little thought that day that the “black-whiskered, good-natured” nobleman who stood before him—splendid type of an Irish country gentleman, brave, generous, hospitable, kindly to his tenantry, beloved by his dependants—was fated to be the last of his name and race who would tread in pride the ancestral halls of Mitchelstown. Yet so it was to be. His next heir was to see the ruin of that noble house, the wreck of that princely fortune, once the boast of Southern Ireland.

The traveler from Cork to Dublin, as he nears the Limerick Junction, sees on his right hand, rising boldly from a fertile plain, a chain of lofty mountains. Even when viewed from the railway, one can notice that they are pierced by many a deep gorge and picturesque glen. These are the Galtees, one of the noblest mountain-groups in Ireland,—perhaps in Europe.

The district has an eventful history. Its deep fastnesses, its trackless hills, its winding defiles, made it the refuge of the native Irish when vanquished on the plains. “A natural fortress of liberty,” one of our historians calls it. The Des-

mond Geraldines—*ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*—were its lords throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The crumbling walls of their numerous castle strongholds still form notable features in the landscape for miles around. Early in the seventeenth century the extensive possessions of this branch of the Fitzgeralds passed to the Fentons of Mitchelstown, one of whom married the daughter of “The White Knight,” Fitzgerald of Clongibbon. Very little later on the sole heiress of the Fentons married John King, whose grandfather, Sir John King, had obtained from Charles II. considerable estates in the county Roscommon. He was the ancestor of the “black-whiskered, good-natured” Lord Kingston, and of Captain E. R. King Harman, M.P. for Sligo (1877), to whom these Roscommon estates have descended.

South and west of the Galtees rise the mountains of Knockmeldown. The valley between is one of the loveliest in all Munster. At its head stands Mitchelstown Castle. From my boyhood I had heard of the magnificence of this mountain-palace of the Kingston family, and of the natural beauties surrounding. But when I visited the place in 1860 the events I am about to narrate had befallen, and their princely home knew the Kingstons no more. A writer in the *Daily News*, nearly ten years previously, had drawn a picture of the scene full of feeling and fidelity, some portion of which I shall reproduce in preference to any sketch of my own. “From afar off,” he says, “as soon as the traveler enters the beautiful valley which bears its name, the towers and battlements of Mitchelstown are distinguished, rising above the surrounding woods, and affording an idea of magnificence quite uncommon to this country. With a liberality very uncommon in Great Britain, the gates are at all hours open to the public. It is said that nothing delighted Lord Kingston so much as to see people enjoying themselves in his demesne. In England the passage of a vehicle through a park would be considered by most proprietors an annoying and unwelcome intrusion. At Mitchelstown Lord Kingston

would scarcely permit a carriage to enter without rushing out to greet its occupants and to invite them to make a survey of his castle and its grounds.

“In harmony with the feelings of the noble owner, the drive from the lodge-gates to the entrance-portal of the castle is a short and pleasant one. No long and chilling avenue affords the visitor time for preparation. A lawn and pleasure-ground are passed, and the castle stands before you in all its princely grandeur. It consists of a pile of castellated buildings, extensive and elegantly proportioned, and built of stone of the purest white, quarried from the hills on the estate. Nothing can be more simple in arrangement than the interior of this castle. A noble flight of steps leads from the entrance door into a gallery one hundred and fifty feet in length. At the other end of this gallery a corresponding flight of marble stairs leads to the upper chambers. The gallery is lighted by ranges of oriel and other windows to the north. On the south are fireplaces of Italian marble, with stoves of knightly character and blazon, designed expressly for the castle. Between these fireplaces are doors, which open into the suite of rooms which form the saloons of reception. Overhead are two ranges of bedchambers, sixty principal and twenty inferior bedrooms. On an emergency as many as a hundred persons have, without difficulty, been accommodated with chambers in the mansion. Concealed by a shrubbery, to the south of the building, are the exterior offices. The stables of the Douglas, made famous by Sir Walter Scott, did not boast more ample accommodation. Four-and-twenty steeds may here be kept ready for war or chase. The gardens of Mitchelstown have long been celebrated; the noble earl himself took especial pleasure in them. It is indeed a remarkable sight to see the long range of graperies thrown open. As far as the eye can see, festoons of grapes are pendent; some are of rare sorts. The black Hamburg grape is brought to the utmost perfection here, and there is one vine which, in point of size, both of vine and fruit, is said to rival

the famed produce of the vine at Hampton Court. There is also a lodge expressly devoted for the reception of picnic-parties, who from time immemorial have been permitted the free range of all the grounds and gardens, and inspection of the castle upon application at the door. Many a family fault and failing may be considered amply redeemed by this liberal attention to the stranger. When Englishmen hear of noblemen's seats which there is a difficulty in visiting, they may remember the case of Mitchelstown, where every visitor of whatever station, was provided for, welcomed, and even invited to return."

One day, however, a heavy blow fell on Mitchelstown Castle and its generous-hearted lord. I shall let the same kindly Englishman tell the story, although he was misled, as I shall show, in one or two particulars :

"The present proprietor of the estate was distinguished for his hospitality. It would have been, under other circumstances, a noble trait in his character. Lord Kingston did that which the wealthier noblemen of England are far too slow to do. He invited to Mitchelstown, without distinction of rank or title, all who could derive enjoyment from it. 'If you are a scholar,' said the noble lord, 'you shall be conducted to scenes renowned in history ; if you are a lover of the picturesque, you shall have a room commanding a dozen prospects ; if you are a sportsman, the horse and hound invite you to follow them ; or there are hills abounding with grouse, and streams alive with trout. Bring your gun, your rod, your pencil, or your book, you shall be equally welcome and equally gratified. Come and visit me at Mitchelstown.'

"It was in the midst of one of these hospitable gatherings that the last blow was struck at the descendant of Clongibon. A cruel blow it was, and deservedly execrated will be the man who struck it. It was a Saturday evening ; a hundred guests were preparing for the dinner-table at Mitchelstown, after the sports and enjoyments of the day. At this

moment there rode up to the door an unexpected visitor. He was an attorney of the neighborhood, to whose hands Lord Kingston had confided the direction of some of his affairs. A debt for the costs appertaining to these proceedings had been met by a bond, upon which judgment had been entered up. The bond only awaited execution, but there was no apprehension that the money would be pressed for. When the attorney arrived, he was welcomed by Lord Kingston with his usual hospitality. He accepted an invitation to remain the night, and he partook of the hospitality of the castle and quaffed its wine to the health and happiness of his host.

“On the following morning, when Lord Kingston and his party were about to repair to the adjacent church, the attorney excused himself on the plea of indisposition. During the absence of the guests he was observed admiring the grandeur of the rooms. He examined the furniture, the books, the plate upon the sideboards, the chandeliers pendent from the ceilings. Early in the day he took his departure. Lord Kingston little augured what would follow it.

“A day or two after, Lord Kingston was visited at Mitchelstown by a gentleman well known to him, who requested the favor of a private interview. It was the sheriff of the county. He came, he said, on a most unpleasant duty. An execution had been issued at the suit of the attorney, and he had received notice to put it in immediate force, together with particulars of furniture and other articles within the castle on which levy could be made, and which he was called upon to seize. The sheriff assured Lord Kingston the execution should be put in such a way as would give him least annoyance. The officer, he said, could be treated as a servant, and he trusted that the matter would be so arranged that he would be very speedily withdrawn.

“The sheriff then withdrew to summon the officer, whom, in delicacy to Lord Kingston, he had left without the bounds of the demesne. Whilst he was absent, Lord Kingston

hastily called some of his friends together and consulted with them. Some of the least judicious recommended him to close the doors. The noble lord was ill-advised enough to act on this suggestion. The castle-doors were barred, and the earl and such of the party as remained his guests determined to stand out a siege.

“The sheriff had behaved in the spirit of a gentleman, and even of a friend. It was now his duty to act as administrator of the law. He closely invested the castle and its grounds, directing his officers to obtain possession in any way they could. For nearly a fortnight the siege continued. During that time several councils of war were called within the building. At length the more moderate prevailed: they advised Lord Kingston to surrender at discretion. No succor was at hand, and the present proceedings, they suggested, would only increase the irritation which these proceedings had produced on both sides. It was accordingly determined to admit the officers. Late on the evening of that day Lord Kingston drove away for the last time from the home of his ancestors, and the sheriff’s men were summoned in to take possession of the castle and its property.”

This story, so sympathetically told, was sadly true ; but my information lays the date of its occurrence some few years anterior to the time here indicated. I rather think the seizure thus described took place in 1845 or 1847, at the instance of a Mr. J. W. Sherlock, solicitor, of Fermoy. The final execution was levied in 1849, at the instance of a family group of whom we shall hear more in a subsequent chapter,—the Sadleir-Scully family. The foreclosed mortgage on which the Kingston estates were sold out in 1850 had been made to Thomas Joseph Eyre, William Stourton, James Scully, and James Sadleir. Mr. Eyre appointed his relative, Mr. John Sadleir, afterward M.P. for Carlow, receiver over the estates. Mr. Sadleir organized a land company to purchase the property. The shares in this company later on passed mainly into the hands of two of the directors, of whom Mr.

Nathaniel Buckley, a Lancashire manufacturer, was one. Mr. Buckley bought out, or otherwise arranged with, his colleague, and became lord of the place, appointing as his agent Mr. Patten S. Bridge, who, on the crash of the Sadleir bank in 1856, was manager of the Thurles branch. Deplorable incidents of recent occurrence have given a gloomy notoriety, for the passing moment, to this same Mitchelstown estate, and have brought into distressing prominence the names of Mr. Buckley and Mr. Patten S. Bridge.*

Toward the close of 1847, or early in 1848, it became noised about in Ireland that the Government contemplated a scheme for removing the debt-loaded landlord class in Ireland. The necessity for some such step, its usefulness, its national importance, none could deny, and none more freely admitted than the Irish proprietors themselves. Without touching on the broader and deeper question of the abstract utility of facilitating the transfer of land and its sale in small parcels, there were in Ireland peculiar reasons why such a project must be beneficial. A large section of the landlord class were little better than nominal proprietors. A mountain-load of mortgages or a net-work of settlements rendered them powerless to attempt or carry out any of the numerous reforms and improvements which a really free and independent owner might arrange with his tenantry. Many an Irish gentleman, with a nominal rent-roll of thousands or tens of thousands a year, possessed in reality to his own use scarcely so many hundreds. To not a few of the class the hollowness and unreality of their position had become intolerable. The lord of some ancient mansion or ivied castle, with estates that reached in miles on either hand, often envied the humble merchant of five hundred pounds a year, who had no state to maintain, no retinue to support, no false position in

* Twice within the past two years Mr. Bridge has been murderously waylaid. On the last occasion a regular fusillade was exchanged between his armed escort of police and the assassins. Mr. Bridge escaped, but his coachman was shot dead.

society to uphold. With men so circumstanced, indulgence to their tenantry was almost impossible, and the temptation to cupidity, to rack-renting, and to extortion was strong and ever pressing. It was true statesmanship to afford a cure for evils so serious and so complicated. The Irish Encumbered Estates Act, regarded in this sense, was one of the greatest legislative boons ever conferred on Ireland. In its actual results, good and evil, hurt and service, cause for satisfaction and cause for regret, are considerably mingled. In some very important particulars the expectations and designs of its promoters have been disappointed and contradicted. But when every allowance has been made, there still is to be said that a great and incalculable gain has been achieved, though at somewhat of painful price.

The measure, excellent in itself, was proposed and presented to Ireland at such a time and under such circumstances as to give it a decidedly sinister aspect. To no man, to no class of men, can a sentence of abolition or extinction be welcome at any time. "Life is sweet." But when men feel that special advantage is taken of a special misfortune in order to encompass their destruction, for no matter how great a public good,—if they are "struck when down,"—they regard the proceeding with a peculiar bitterness. Thus felt many an Irish landlord the proposal of the Encumbered Estates Act. It came upon him, he would say, when he needed rather indulgence, consideration, and aid. It caught him in a moment of helplessness and exhaustion. Whatever chance he might have of retrieving his position at any other time, he had none now. Landed property was a drug in the market. On many estates no rents had been paid during the famine. On some the poor-rates had reached twenty shillings in the pound of yearly valuation. To challenge Irish landlords at such a moment with the stern ultimatum of "Pay or quit" was naked destruction. To visit upon them at the close of the famine the penalty for inherited indebtedness and embarrassment was, in many cases, sacrificing

the innocent for the sins of their forefathers,—sacrificing them under circumstances of peculiar hardship and injustice. In fine, the Encumbered Estates Act ought to have been passed long years before,—in some period of tranquility and comparative plenty. Enacted when it was, it could but wear an aspect of harshness or hostility, could accomplish its unquestionably useful aims only at the cost of excessive sacrifice and suffering.

What were those aims? They were stated in one way, had one meaning, in the bill brought into Parliament; they were stated very differently in the leading organs of English public opinion. On the face of the Government measure one could read fairly enough a proposal to enable a court specially constituted to order the sale of estates encumbered by indebtedness, on the petition so praying of any person sufficiently interested as owner or creditor; all statutes, settlements, deeds, or covenants to the contrary notwithstanding; to the end that debts justly due might be paid so far as the property could answer them; that a proprietary emancipated from the injurious restraints of family settlements and the crushing burdens of family debts might be brought to the aid of the Irish land system; and that a concise, simple, and indefeasible form of title might be substituted for the voluminous, confused, and ponderous legal scrolls in which title to landed property was hitherto set forth. So manifestly useful were such proposals, so valuable to any country a tribunal with such powers, that one is at a loss to understand why (as some of the Irish peers and members of Parliament asked at the time) the bill was not applied to England and Scotland, and was to extend to Ireland alone. The comments and glossary of some English newspapers seemed to supply an answer to this very natural interrogatory, but it was one not calculated to recommend the bill in Ireland. We were told to read between the lines of the Government measure a plan for the more sure effectuation of the new plantation. Not alone were the Irish tenantry to be replaced by English and lowland-Scotch

colonists, but the Irish landlords also were to be cleared off, an English proprietary being established in their stead. "English capital" was at long last to flow into Ireland in the purchase of these estates. The dream of Elizabeth and James and Charles was to be accomplished in the reign of Victoria. The island was to be peopled by a new race,—was to be anglicized "from the center to the sea." In truth, between evictions and emigration on the one hand, and the working of the Encumbered Estates Court on the other, so it seemed that it would be. "In a few years more," said the *London Times*, "a Celtic Irishman will be as rare in Conemara as is the Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan."

If the bullock being led to the abattoir could understand and be consoled by remarks upon the excellent sirloin and juicy steak which he was sure to furnish, so ought the Irish landlords and tenants to have taken kindly the able speeches and learned leading articles which declared they were being slaughtered for the public good. But they had not a philosophy equal to this lofty view of things, and they called it hard names.

In the early days of February, 1848, the Irish Encumbered Estates Bill was introduced into the House of Lords. On the 24th of February it was read a second time. Through the months of March and April it lay *perdu*, the Government and the country apparently being engrossed with the more exciting and exigent topics of the period. On the 8th of May, however, the Lords suddenly resumed consideration of the bill, and, making up for lost time, passed it through all remaining stages in two or three days! A week subsequently it was introduced in the Commons, and on the 18th of May was read a second time with less of debate than would now be given to a parish gas-bill. Not an Irish member seems to have opened his lips at this stage on a measure which was designed and calculated to effect the most momentous changes in Ireland! On the 4th of July Sir Lucius O'Brien, afterward Lord Inchiquin, then member for

Clare, raised a rather protracted debate by an amendment proposing to extend the bill to England, — a suggestion strongly opposed and easily defeated by the Government. On the 13th of July the bill went through committee. On the 24th of July, 1848, it passed the third reading, and in a few days more was law.

On the 21st of October, 1849, the first “Petition for Sale” was filed under the new act; and there soon set in a state of things which most people foresaw,—a rush of creditors to the court, an inevitable sacrifice of property. As in a commercial panic, men who at first had never dreamed of selling, beholding the hourly increasing depreciation, rushed wildly in and accelerated the downward tendency of prices. In this storm many a noble fortune was wrecked, many an ancient and honored family went down. Estates that would have been well able to pay twice the encumbrances laid upon them, if property was at all near its ordinary level of value, now failed to realize enough to meet the mortgages, and the proprietors were devoted to ruin.

I have already told or quoted the story of the Kingston estates. The history of the early operations of the new court is full of such episodes. Second only to Lord Kingston’s case in the sympathy which it called forth was that of Lord Gort. Among the names retained in Irish popular memory of the men who stood by “ever-glorious Grattan” in the last days of the Irish parliament, that of Colonel the Right Hon. Charles Vereker, M.P., is honorably placed. Hurriedly called to the field by the alarm of a French landing at Killala, he was put in command of the first troops assembled to resist the eastward march of the Franco-Irish force; and he it was who, at Coloony, near Sligo, first reversed the disgrace of the British flight at Castlebar. For this he was made Viscount Gort, taking his title from the neat little town which adjoined the family demesne at Lough Cooter Castle.*

* The Right Hon. Colonel Vereker of Coloony had the peerage granted to his uncle John Prendergast of Gort, whose heir he was, and

The French were finally defeated by Lord Lake at Ballinamuck, and Colonel Vereker returned from the camp to the senate,—from a fight for his king against Humbert, to a fight for his country against Pitt. His name figures to the last in the division-lists against the Union. In 1850 his son, John P. Vereker, was owner of the castle and estates when the thunderbolt that laid even prouder houses low fell heavily and undeservedly on his.

Lough Cooter Castle, one of the “show places” of the western counties, stands on the edge of the lake from which it takes its name, two miles from the town of Gort, in Galway County. The castle is quite modern, having been erected at a cost of about eighty thousand pounds by the second viscount, from plans by Nash, the renovator and architect of the newly-added portion of Windsor Castle. It is described as built in “the severe Gothic” style. The walls are of massive solidity, and constructed of beautifully-chiseled limestone. The lake covers an area of nearly eight square miles, and is studded with wooded islands. One of these has been for years the home of innumerable herons and cormorants,—perhaps the only instance on record of an island in a fresh-water lake being inhabited by the latter birds. The Gort River flows out of the lake, and, at a romantic glen known as “the Punchbowl,” distant about a mile, falls into a deep rocky abyss, totally disappearing underground till it reaches Cannohoun. Here it rushes out of a rocky cavern, and then flows through Gort, where it turns several mills, and, falling, again makes its way—appearing and sinking several times—through the sands into Kinvarra Bay, six miles from Gort.

The Gort unsettled estates lay under a debt in all of about sixty thousand pounds. In 1842 they were valued, for family arrangement purposes, at one hundred and fifty thousand

whose property he inherited, with special remainder to himself. He accordingly inherited the title on his uncle's death as second viscount. The flight referred to was called “the races of Castlebar,” and as such is still referred to in the neighborhood.

pounds, but were always considered to be worth much more. Eighteen hundred and forty-seven found Lord Gort a resident landlord, bravely doing his duty, refusing to fly, scorning to abandon his tenantry. "His lordship," says one of the Irish newspapers, "was always opposed to the clearance system, which he characterized as merciless and unjustifiable, and endeavored practically to prove that a resident landlord, by availing himself of the opportunities that occurred from time to time, could consolidate the farms on his estates, and introduce every modern improvement, without desolating a single happy homestead or alienating the affections of his tenantry." The famine came; rents could not be paid, and Lord Gort would not resort to heartless means of attempting to extort them. The interest on the mortgage fell in arrear; the mortgagee, taking advantage of a clause in his mortgage-deed, discharged the local land-agent, and appointed in his stead a London attorney, who, I believe, had never seen the place, and never visited it even when acting as receiver over it. A petition for sale of the property was lodged in Chancery, whence the proceedings were transferred to the new court created by the Encumbered Estates Act. One may imagine the feelings of Lord Gort and his family, for they but too well knew what a forced sale of landed property at such a moment meant. Their worst fears were realized. They saw their beautiful home—their castle and lake and lands—swept away, sold at panic prices. An estate that should have left them a handsome income beyond every conceivable claim was unable to free the mortgage! Right well they knew—as indeed subsequently happened—that in a few years these ancestral acres, thus torn from them forever, would be sold again at very nearly double their present price. Thirteen years' purchase was, I believe, the highest given at this sale. Many lots were sold at five. Some portions of the property recently resold have fetched twenty-five and twenty-seven! Lough Cooter Castle, worth from fifty thousand to sixty thousand pounds, was sold for seventeen thousand. The fortunate

purchaser—Mrs. Ball, Superioress of the Religious Order of Mercy, Dublin, who intended converting it into a novitiate house for the order—resold it soon after for twenty-four thousand pounds.

Lot 1, valuation five hundred and sixty pounds a year, realized but three thousand pounds. Lot 2, valuation one hundred and fifty-five pounds, brought six hundred pounds. The Board of Ordnance bought Lord Gort's profit-rent of eighty pounds, out of the Gort cavalry barracks, the valuation being two hundred and eighty-three pounds a year, for one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds. The constabulary barracks and other premises, valued at one hundred and twenty-three pounds, fetched seven hundred pounds. The town-lands, valued at five hundred and seventy-nine pounds a year, were bought by the mortgagee for two thousand eight hundred pounds, or less than five years' purchase. No wonder that sympathy with the Vereker family was wide and general. The day they quitted Lough Cooter, the people surrounded them with every demonstration of attachment and respect, and waved them, along the road, a sorrowful farewell !

I should have hesitated, indeed, to touch on a subject so full of pain as this must ever be to that family, were it not that fortunate circumstances have, happily, since then retrieved those unmerited disasters, and restored, or rather retained, to them, the *status* which for a moment seemed so cruelly overthrown. In East Cowes Castle (adjoining Osborne), the present seat of the Gort family, they must find much to remind them of, and recompense them for, the equally beautiful spot once their home on Lough Cooter ; though I doubt not they would rather see from the castle-windows the island-studded Irish lough than the flashing waters of the Solent. It is a curious coincidence that East Cowes Castle and Lough Cooter Castle were erected from designs by the same hand, the former having been built by Nash for his own residence. At the beginning of the pres-

ent century, the Prince Regent and Lord Gort were on a visit there, when the latter said to the host, "How I wish I could transport this castle to the banks of Lough Cooter!" "Give me fifty thousand pounds and I'll do it for you," replied Nash. The viscount took him at his word; and Nash built the Irish Castle, which, however, eventually cost more than twenty thousand pounds beyond the sum first named. By what a strange revolution of fortune it has come to pass that the family should lose the one and find their home in the other mansion!

The catastrophes incidental to the early operations of the Encumbered Estates Act were sure to prejudice Irish opinion against it, and to obscure from view the merits and advantages of the system it inaugurated. So far from the famine-period being an "opportunity" for such a measure, that was just the time when it ought to have been withheld. Forced into operation under circumstances so abnormal, it worked, during the first five years of its labors, the minimum of benefit with the maximum of suffering and sacrifice. From 1855 to 1875 the functions of the new court have had fairer scope,* and its work has been more justly appreciated; and no one in Ireland would now deny the advantage of a system which so largely frees and simplifies the transfer of land. I subjoin an exhibit of the proceedings from the filing of the first petition, 25th of October, 1849, to 31st of August, 1857, being the concluding day of the seventh "session" of the commission:

1. Number of petitions presented, including those for partition and exchange, as well as for sale	4164
(Of the above, about 800 were supplemental, drawn and dismissed petitions.)	
2. Number of absolute orders for sale	3341

* By a supplementary or extending act—the Irish Landed Estates Act—in 1858 the powers of the court were extended to include properties not encumbered.

3. Number of matters in which owners presented petitions .	1245
(Of the first 100 petitions, six were presented by owners. Of the last 100 petitions, the owners of estates presented fifty-three.)	
4. Number of matters in which owners were bankrupts or insolvents	357
(In very many other cases, the owners of estates became bankrupts or insolvents after the petitions were presented, and the proceedings were subsequently carried on in the name of their assignees.)	
5. Number of conveyances executed by the commissioners .	7283
6. Number of estates or parts of estates sold by provincial auction, subsequently confirmed by the commissioners . . .	338
By private proposal, accepted by the commissioners.	
The remainder of the premises comprised in the above 7283 conveyances were all sold by public auction, in court, before the commissioners.	
7. Number of lots, viz.:	
By public auction, in court	7270
By provincial auction	1436
By private contract	1621
	— 10,327

When the same person became the purchaser of several lots he generally had them included in the same conveyance.

8. Number of boxes containing upward of 250,000 documents and muniments of title, deposited in the Record Office .	2395
9. Number of cases which had been pending in the Court of Chancery before being brought into the Encumbered Estates Court	1267
10. Number of Irish purchasers	7180
11. Number of English, Scotch, and foreign purchasers . .	309
12. Amount of purchase-money paid by English, Scotch, and foreign purchasers	<u>£2,836,225 0 0</u>
13. Gross proceeds of sale to 31st August, 1857 :	
By public auction, in court	£13,941,207 10 0
By provincial auction	2,824,381 0 0
By private contract	<u>3,710,367 18 4</u>
	£20,475,956 8 4

The largest estate sold within that period—the largest ever sold by the court—was that of the Earl of Portarlington

which realized seven hundred thousand pounds. Very nearly the next in extent was that of Lord Mountcashel,—sixty-one thousand seven hundred and eleven acres, with a yearly rental of eighteen thousand five hundred pounds,—which was sold for two hundred and forty thousand pounds. Lord Mountcashel, who considered himself treated with peculiar harshness and injustice by the petitioners, was greatly angered with Mr. Commissioner Hargreave, before whom the sale was consummated. The commissioner, as is well remembered in Dublin, was a very small-sized gentleman, and his office was situate on the bedroom story of the house 14 Henrietta Street, at that time used as the Landed Estates Court. Lord Mountcashel, during the proceedings, was heard to exclaim that it was bad enough to have his estates confiscated, but to be “sold up by a dwarf in a garret” was more than he could endure!

Since 1860 the transactions in the court have considerably changed in character. Adverse petitions by encumbrancers grow fewer, and applications by owners themselves, anxious to simplify title and to disentangle family settlements and arrangements, grow more and more frequent. The tribunal once viewed with such gloomy aversion is now regarded with something akin to national favor.

The anticipations and prophecies about “English capital” have all proved illusory. It will be noticed from the statistics given above that up to August, 1857, out of seven thousand four hundred and eighty-nine purchasers, seven thousand one hundred and eighty were Irish; only three hundred and nine were “English, Scotch, or foreigners.” Out of twenty million four hundred and seventy-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-six pounds realized by the court up to the same date, more than five-sixths of the amount, or seventeen million six hundred and thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-one pounds, was *Irish* capital, invested by Irish purchasers; and, although I am unable to verify the exact figures of the interval since then, I believe the proportion between Irish

and non-Irish purchasers remains very much the same to the present time. English capital has preferred Turkish bonds and Honduras loans.

The tenantry in many instances complain that they have gained little and lost much in the change from the old masters to the new. The latter are chiefly mercantile men who have saved money in trade and invest it for a safe percentage. They import what the country-people depreciatingly call "the ledger and day-book principle" into the management of their purchases, which contrasts unfavorably in their minds with the more elastic system of the old owners. Although not blind to the hardships which often attend this greater strictness, I consider the new system has introduced few more valuable reforms than this which enforces method, punctuality, and precision in the half-yearly settlements between landlord and tenant in Ireland. It is not conducive to a manly independence that the occupier should be permanently "behindhand with his rent;" that is to say, beholden to the favor and sufferance of his lord. Much of the subjection and the slavishness of peasant life in the old Ireland grew out of this habitual arrear; and one must honestly rejoice if it be changed in the new.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TENANT LEAGUE.

IT was not to be expected that the enormous dimensions to which the "Famine clearances" had attained would fail to evoke some protest of public opinion. By 1850 the eviction-scenes had filled the land with uneasiness and alarm. The theory that had for a while lulled the country into a sort of tolerance of them—namely, that clearances and emigration would make things "better for those who went, and for those who remained"—gave place to apprehensions that intensified every day. As early as the spring of 1849, public meetings began to give a voice to the general sentiment, and ere many months the whole island was in moral revolt. Not one province alone—not one geographical section alone, as had hitherto been the case—declared for resistance. The sturdy Presbyterians of Down and Antrim and Derry were as resolute as the quick-blooded Catholic Celts of Cork and Mayo and Tipperary. For the first time in fifty years Ulster held out a hand to Munster in fraternal grasp. The ruin that had desolated the other provinces was beginning its work of destruction in the North.

In studying the Irish land question, one is confronted *in limine* by what is called the "Ulster custom," or the "Ulster tenant-right." To this custom, or right, Ulster is admittedly indebted for the exceptional prosperity and contentment of its agricultural population. To the absence of that custom—the denial of any such right—elsewhere in Ireland may be most largely attributed the dismal contrast which has prevailed in these respects. This Ulster system has

within the past century been somewhat encroached upon, and now varies in different parts of the province, and even on different properties of the same owner. It grew out of the spirit more than the letter of the charters and grants under which Ulster was "planted" in the reign of James I. Substantially it was a right of continuous occupancy by the tenant, at a fair rent,—one not raised by reason of any value added to the soil by the tenant's industry or outlay. This right of occupancy grew to be in the aggregate a vast property, according as the tenants improved the soil and increased the value of their holdings. The tenant-right of many properties exceeded in value the fee-simple purchase. A property, be it supposed, the fair value of which, exclusive of tenant's improvements, was judged to be ten thousand pounds a year, or two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in all, half a century ago, had, by the labor and capital of the tenants expended thereupon, become value for twenty thousand pounds a year, or five hundred thousand pounds. Of this the landlord still owned but his two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the other two hundred and fifty thousand pounds belonged to the tenantry, was recognized to be as fully and legally theirs as the landlord's fee-simple was his. This tenant-right was bought and sold daily; that is, the out-going sold to the incoming tenant his interest in the farm. On a farm of fifty acres an Ulster tenant has often obtained twenty years', sometimes thirty years', purchase of the margin between his rent and the valuation, probably a sum of three thousand pounds. If a landlord wished to evict a tenant, he could do so by buying up from him the tenant-right of the farm. He could, of course, evict for non-payment of rent, or other reasons; but in every such case he was bound to hand over in cash to the evicted tenant any balance remaining out of the marketable value of the tenant-right of the holding after deducting the amount of rent, cost, or damages legally due. Or (very much the same in effect) the landlord might say to the tenant, "You are not paying your rent; you are wast-

ing your farm ; you must quit ; go sell as best you can your tenant-right, pay me my claims, and go."

Under this system—unknown or rather unrecognized by law outside of Ulster—that province bloomed like a garden and became the home of thrift and plenty, of contentment and prosperity, even before the energy of the people, applied to manufacturing industries, had opened for them new paths to wealth.

How was it that this system, so fruitful in good result, was established in one province alone ? Why have the efforts of the tenant class elsewhere to obtain like rights been so steadily and vehemently resisted ?

The answer is neither pleasant to tell nor agreeable to hear. Because Ulster was a "Plantation colony ;" because in Ulster the plantation landlords got their lands on implied or express condition of "planting" them,—rooting a population in the soil ; whereas elsewhere the policy of the time was to unplant, to uproot, to clear away the Popish natives. Even where, in the other provinces, in course of time the uprooting became too odious or too dangerous, there still remained this much of its essence, in strong contrast to "the Ulster custom," namely, the axiom that the tenant had *no* right of continuous occupancy, held only from year to year on the landlord's sufferance, and was not regarded in law as owning a shilling's worth of even his own outlay. If *he* drained or improved, so that bog-land worth two shillings an acre was made corn-land worth as many pounds, the landlord was legally entitled to call that improvement *his*, and to make that tenant pay two pounds an acre for that land.

What could come of such a system as this, the cruel opposite of the "Ulster right," but a state of agriculture and a state of society the reverse of that which smiled on the northern province ? Negligence in place of thrift ; squalor in place of comfort and neatness ; hovels in place of houses ;*

* There can be no doubt that the wretchedness of Irish peasant homes, their grievous disregard of comfort, neatness, or cleanliness, was derived almost entirely from the idea that improvement would

insecurity, mistrust, ill-will, hostility between landlord and tenant ; a hatred of the Government, and a deadly hostility to the law, that drew this line of distinction, this line of oppression and wrong, between the Protestant North and the Popish South. If happily the evils one would have thought inevitable were not everywhere visible, it was in spite of the system, not because of it. If the landlord did not in every case appropriate in the shape of a raised rent the fruits of the tenant's industry, it was because that particular landlord or family was more honest than the law.

In a differently-constituted community—in a country where proprietor and cultivator were of one race and faith, boasted of the same nationality, and were on the whole moved by the same political aims—this system might perhaps work but little evil ; although the empowering of one class to profit by wronging another generally produces social conflict. But in the Celtic Catholic provinces of Ireland, where the soil was, as a rule, given over to be owned by men of one nation and creed, and tilled by men of another race and faith, where lord and peasant represented conqueror and conquered, what was such a code calculated to bring forth ?

Besides, it was not merely that the farmers of Munster, Connaught, and Leinster saw equity made to be the law in the Protestant corner of the island, but that, moreover, this same right of continuous occupaney, at a fair rent or “lord's tribute,” was, in truth, their own ancient Celtic tenure, to which they clung with inveterate tenacity. The subjection of Ireland to the English Crown—the confiscations of six centuries—meant, in their minds, change of masters to whom rent was payable, but never a change which annihilated their right to occupy the land on payment of its rent. In

invoke a rise of rent. When I was a boy I was full of a glowing zeal for “cottage flower-gardens” and removal of threshold dung-heaps ; but my exhortations were all to no purpose. I was extinguished by the remark, “Begor, sir, if we make the place so nate as *that*, the agint will say we are able to pay more rint.”

theory of law, no doubt, the new system came in when the Brehon Code disappeared in 1607; but for two centuries afterward the full nature and extent of the change as to land tenure was not recognized by the agricultural population. The treaty between England and Ireland, concluded on the capitulation of Limerick in 1691, contained many hard terms, though it secured some valuable rights for the latter country, which, though the pact was broken on the other side, never drew hostile sword again for more than a hundred years. Had the masses of the population, however, realized that it was not merely a change of landlords, but a loss of right to live upon the soil, that the revolution brought for them, they would have bathed the island in blood before they submitted. As it was, according as the dreadful reality slowly dawned on them, they resisted it in their isolated, disorganized, and lawless way, by the rude and horrible warfare known in our sad annals as "agrarian outrage." The "Rapparees" and "Tories" of the last century—the "Whitefeet," the "Terryalts," the "Rockites," the "Defenders," the "Ribbonmen"—all these agrarian combinations and conspiracies were merely so many phases in what has been aptly called "a low form of civil war."

But, it may be asked, how should Ulster tenants, blessed with so secure a tenure and with property so well protected, suffer by the ills which led to "clearances" elsewhere in 1849 and 1850? The answer and explanation bring into view a feature or result of the Ulster system which few persons, even in that province itself, seem to have perceived. The Ulster custom was almost exclusively beneficial for the tenant as long as things went well; but if a series of adverse seasons came, and the value of farm-holdings fell, the loss was exclusively his. Before the landlord's interest could be affected to the extent of a shilling, the tenant-right, equal in value to the fee-simple, should first be consumed. The rent was always a first lien on that tenant-right; and as long as at auction it would fetch a penny more than the rent, the

landlord was in no way to suffer by "bad times." Of course there were to be found several Ulster landlords who in '48, '49, and '50 disdained to stand in this way on their undoubted right, and who stepped forward voluntarily to assist their tenantry; but as a matter of fact the whole of the famine-losses came out of the margin of value which, in the form of tenant-right interest, stood between the landlords and any touch of disaster. The occasion, moreover, was seized by some of the northern landlords to buy up in hard bargains of the necessitous tenant, or to encroach upon and cramp and squeeze the ancient rights of which the Ulster farmers were so proud; so that in 1850 the *Derry Standard* and *Banner of Ulster* newspapers were as "seditiously" violent in language as the *Nation*, the *Cork Examiner*, or the *Freeman's Journal*.

Following upon the public meetings came the formation of what was called "Tenant Protection Societies." The first in point of time was established in Callan, county Kilkenny, where two young curates of the Catholic Church—Rev. Thomas O'Shea and Rev. Matthew Keefe—had, by their passionate eloquence and earnest enthusiasm, aroused the whole population. But the North, the men of Ulster, led by the honored veteran of the tenant's cause, William Sharman Crawford, M.P., early took the front. It was not alone in their press and on their platforms the Ulster Presbyterians agitated tenant-right; they imported it into their strictly ecclesiastical assemblages or synods, much to the horror of some of the elders. When the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Comber, moved a resolution in the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster (May, 1850) that a petition be presented to Parliament in favor of tenant-right, Dr. Cooke said it was dreadful. Not that he was less ardent as a tenant-righter than the youngest of them; but he had heard "rank communism" preached by some of the reverend brethren around him. Mr. Potter, of Islandmagee, asked him what he meant; the land question was intimately connected with the moral and religious condi-

tion of their people. Dr. Cooke replied that some of the brethren had committed communism by "attacks on the nobility and aristocracy of the land, thus violating the word of God, which says, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of my people ;' " which he interpreted there and then to mean, not merely the Queen, but all concerned in governing the country. This was rather too much for the synod.

Rev. Mr. ROGERS.—"With regard to the Socialist doctrines alleged to have been taught by tenant-right advocates, I shall just say that for the last two hundred years Socialism has been all on the other side (hear, hear). The entire outlay of the tenant-farmers has gone periodically into the pockets of the landlords. A small minority have swallowed up the property of nine-tenths of the province——"

Dr. COOKE.—"Now, here it is: we have Socialism preached here in the synod!"

Mr. ROGERS.—"I state a fact. It would seem to be forgotten by some members that the poor man has property which should be as fully secured as that of the rich."

Eventually, by a large majority, the synod resolved, "That the synod do petition Parliament that whatever measure they may adopt to adjust the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, such measure shall secure to the tenant-farmers of Ulster, in all its integrity, the prescriptive usage of that province, known by the name of tenant-right."

Then came the adoption of the petition referred to, when ground was for the first time boldly taken by those Presbyterian clergymen on an issue which at the present hour, in 1877, occupies the attention of Parliament,—the extension by law to the rest of Ireland of rights and securities analogous to those of the Ulster custom. Dr. Cooke in grief declared that this was what came of the public sin of Presbyterian ministers being seen on the one political platform with Romish priests. Then—

Mr. ROGERS.—"There has been a serious objection raised against me in reference to my conduct because I have co-

operated with Popish priests. I may have been wrong in so doing; and all I wish to say on the subject is that in doing it I was only following the example of Dr. Cooke."

Dr. COOKE.—"I defy you to show I ever co-operated with one. Where or when was it?"

Mr. ROGERS.—"Precisely in reference to the site of the Queen's College. I was present at a meeting at which Dr. Cooke and Dr. Denvir, Catholic bishop, were both present."

This dreadful imputation, however, the venerable old clergyman was able to disprove; but he could not shake the determination of the synod to pass its approval of the great agitation now proceeding out-of-doors.

The evil which so appalled Dr. Cooke—Presbyterian and Catholic clergymen co-operating on the same platform—was soon to obtain wide dimensions. The necessity for a central authority to take charge of the new movement had become deeply felt; and it was a very obvious advantage to organize in one great association the numerous tenant societies, and like local bodies, so far working independently all over the island. On the 27th of April, 1850, the following announcement appeared in the Irish newspapers:

"A conference is about to be summoned in Dublin in which the tenant societies of the four provinces will have an opportunity of comparing their views and taking measures together. The parties who have united in summoning it belong to all sections of the popular party, and have nothing in common but a desire to bring this question to a satisfactory settlement. Their circular is about being sent to all existing tenant societies, to the popular journalists, and to the most active and influential friends of tenant-right in localities which have not yet been organized."

The circular was signed by three prominent representative men, of as many different creeds,—Dr. (subsequently Sir John) Gray, proprietor and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, Church-of-England Protestant; Samuel McCurdy Greer, barrister-at-law (subsequently member for Derry County), Ulster Presbyterian; and Frederick Lucas, proprietor and

editor of the *Tablet*, Catholic. The proposal was enthusiastically approved throughout the kingdom. In every province and every county there was, during the early summer months, but the one subject of public effort, anxiety, and interest,—the forthcoming Tenant Conference.

On the 6th of August, 1850, a truly remarkable assemblage filled to overflowing the City Assembly House, William Street, Dublin, the use of which was specially voted by the Civic Council. The sharp Scottish accent of Ulster mingled with the broad Doric of Munster. Presbyterian ministers greeted "Popish priests with fraternal fervor." Mr. James Godkin, editor of the stanch Covenanting *Derry Standard* (a gentleman whose signal literary abilities have been consistently devoted to the impartial service of Irish interests), sat side by side with John Francis Maguire of the Ultramontane *Cork Examiner*. Magistrates and landlords were there; while of tenant delegates every province sent up a great array. By general acclaim an Ulster Presbyterian journalist, James McKnight, LL.D.,* editor of the *Banner of Ulster*, was voted to the chair. The Conference sat for four days. Resolutions were adopted declaring that "a fair valuation of rent between landlord and tenant in Ireland" was indispensable; that "the tenant should not be disturbed in his possession so long as he paid such rent;" and that "the tenant should have a right to sell his interest with all its incidents at the highest market value."

Early in its deliberations the Conference was confronted with a subject of some difficulty. During the famine years there had accrued all over the country arrears of rent, which, even where not pressed for and made the excuse for immediate eviction, remained "on the books" against the tenantry, hanging over them like a sword of Damocles. It was felt

* It is but a year since Dr. McKnight closed a long life of honorable labor in the service of his co-religionists and countrymen of Ulster. In learning and ability, as well as in high personal character, he stood among the front rank of Irish press-men.

that a really wise national Government would declare "arrears" which had thus accrued—by a dreadful visitation of Providence, prolonged through three or four years—a public burden to be discharged or commuted by the State. The Conference was clearly of opinion that it would be vain trying to settle the Irish Land question if by reason of these "famine arrears" the whole tenantry might at any moment be overwhelmed. Eventually this resolution was adopted :

"That in any valuation which shall be made before the 31st December, —, the valuers shall, on the demand of either landlord or tenant, inquire into the arrears of rent due by the tenant ; shall estimate the amount which during the famine years would have been due and payable for rent under a valuation, if such had been made, according to the prices and circumstances of same years, and also the amount which during the same period has actually been paid for rent to the landlord ; shall award the balance, if any, to be the arrears then due ; and that the amount so awarded for arrears be payable by instalments at such period as shall be fixed by the valuers, and shall be recoverable in all respects as if it were rent."

On the third day a new organization was established, called "The Irish Tenant League." On the fourth a Council was chosen, consisting of one hundred and twenty gentlemen from the four provinces, and the Conference separated, having contributed to Irish political history within this generation one of its most notable events. Many leading men in England quickly realized the import of what had been done. The Conference had barely closed its sittings when Mr. John Bright drew attention to the subject in the House of Commons :

"The noble lord at the head of the Government had referred to a few bills ; among the rest to the Landlord and Tenant Bill. That subject was now a matter of the first importance, not alone as regarded the people of Ireland, but with regard to what had just taken place (hear, hear). A Conference had been sitting in Dublin of earnest men from all parts of Ireland (hear, hear). Now, sir (continued the honorable gentleman), without agreeing in all that has been said and done by that Conference, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact of its

importance, and that it will be the means of evoking a more formidable agitation than has been witnessed for many years (hear, hear). Instead of the agitation being confined, as heretofore, to the Roman Catholics and their clergy, Protestant and Dissenting clergymen seem to be amalgamated with Roman Catholics at present; indeed there seems an amalgamation of all sects on this question, and I think it time the House should resolutely legislate on it (hear, hear)."

That was August, 1850. John Bright was before his time. Twenty years subsequently—after feelings had been embittered, hopes betrayed, homes wrecked, families scattered, and passions roused to fury—the House of Commons found a minister of the Crown acting on the advice thus tendered by "the member for Rochdale."

Through the summer and autumn of 1850 the country flung itself into the new movement with energy, enthusiasm, and unanimity. But a parliamentary policy requires a parliamentary party to carry it into effect, and the Tenant League had as yet no such party. The Irish representation of that time was but a miserable parody of reality. Elected in the dismal years of famine and insurrection, panic and despair,—when the people recked as little who scrambled on the hustings as how the idle breezes blew,—the Irish members of 1850 represented little more than the personal views and interests of the individuals themselves. The cowering reaction, the political prostration, that followed the fever of 1848, was sadly reflected in their array. It was by accident that the League could reckon on the support of even half a dozen men of genuine earnestness and sincerity among them. The only hope of that organization was that by efficient agitation they might create a public opinion which would at the next opportunity send to Parliament men of ability and integrity devoted to the tenant's cause. The Irish Liberal members, such as they were, regarded the Land League with no great favor. It was plainly calculated to put them in a dilemma. They believed in attaching themselves to the official Liberals of Westminster regions,—to the powers who

dispensed patronage and pay, emoluments, titles, and distinctions. To serve Lord John Russell, to obey his whips, until some day a governorship of the Leeward Islands or an embassy to Timbuctoo might reward his patriotism, was the great aim and purpose of an Irish Liberal member in those days. But these troublesome tenant-right fellows were going on lines which were incompatible with this. The tenant-right demands were not favored by the Government,—were likely to be opposed by Lord John. What was an Irish Liberal to do? Break with the ministry, and lose all chance of a place,—or reject the tenant-right shibboleth, and lose all chance of re-election? The resolution taken by most men of this type was to “trim;” to hold with the tenant-righters as far as was judiciously requisite, but to break with the Treasury bench on no account.

There were men in the ranks of the League who saw all this; who accurately measured and weighed the worth of adhesion on the part of such public representatives; and who rightly judged that the real danger and weakness of the popular movement would begin when they affected to embrace it.

Out of the intense earnestness of the Leaguers—their soul-felt conviction that they were fighting a life-and-death struggle for the Irish race—grew the policy or doctrine known in recent Irish politics as “Independent Opposition.” It declared that so momentous was this issue, all others for the time must give way to it, and that to every ministry who refused or hesitated to settle a question so vital for Ireland, uncompromising opposition should be given by Irish members. This doctrine made its appearance in 1851. It was the teaching of what were called “extreme” tenant-righters, and was not liked at all by the old-school politicians. The idea of Irish Catholic and Liberal members acting with the Tory opposition under any conceivable circumstances was too startling a novelty for them. Dr. Cooke was not more alarmed by the vision of Presbyterian ministers co-operat-

ing with Popish priests. Nevertheless, so thoroughly did the public judgment eventually approve the proposition that it became an article of the national faith.

As in a distant mountain-tarn or valley-stream we find the source of some great river which divides nation from nation, so here we have the first appearance in Anglo-Irish politics of a policy which even at the present day separates the Irish popular representation in Parliament from imperial parties. Hitherto the policy and practice of that body had been to attach themselves to and form a portion of the general "Liberal party" in the House of Commons. The Tories were regarded as the "natural enemies" of Catholic Irishmen, the Whigs their only possible protectors; albeit these patrons exhibited betimes a rather contumelious regard for their Irish auxiliaries. But now *salus populi suprema lex est*; nothing that Whigs or Tories could do, short of saving the people from destruction, was to determine the support or existence of Irish representatives.

While the Presbyterian North and Catholic South were thus clasping hands and marching on side by side, there burst upon Ireland a storm in which they were to be hopelessly sundered. On the 4th of November, 1850, Lord John Russell, the Liberal Premier, issued his celebrated "Durham Letter." The organization of the Catholic Church in England had just been restored to its parochial and diocesan form. The prelates, in place of being "bishops *in partibus infidelium*," were to be bishops of the districts actually under their charge, — Westminster, Nottingham, Liverpool, or Southwark, as the case might be. "Any one can stir up England with the Pope" used to be said in joke. It was now proved to be a fact in good earnest. The idea got abroad that in some way or another this arrangement would derogate from the Queen's authority and overthrow the national liberties. "Brass money and wooden shoes" were to be brought back. The Pope was to be installed at Windsor; and the worst days of "Bloody Mary" would return. This, no doubt,

was the sensitiveness, the exaggerated sensitiveness, of a Protestant nation alarmed by anything that looked like the re-imposition of a spiritual authority it had thrown off. In the panic of the moment Englishmen totally overlooked the fact which subsequently so embarrassed them, that in Ireland this same parochial and diocesan system already prevailed—had never been given up. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, had been addressed by that title in official Government communications, and as such was received at court ; yet no one had ever discovered that Queen Victoria was in danger, or the fabric of British power shaken to its base. When nations and peoples are moved by panic or alarm, there is an end for the time to reasoning. There were men in England—some of its leading statesmen—who realized the absurdity and consequent mischief of this “No Popery” cry, and who foresaw that in a few years their country, ashamed of its foolish fears and undignified passion, would be undoing what it now was rushing to do. There were others who “went with the stream,” who saw that from the palace to the cottage the conviction had spread that this was “papal aggression” and must at all hazards be resisted and punished. The Premier, the leader of the Liberal party, in a letter to the Bishop of Durham, gave the signal for war, and instantly there broke forth all over the land such a storm of religious fury and strife as had not been known since the days of the Lord George Gordon riots. Protestant and Catholic drew apart,—scowled and glowered at each other ; life-long friendships were snapped ; neighbor was arrayed against neighbor ; each side imputed the most desperate designs to the other, and “To your tents, O Israel !” became the cry on all hands.

Here was a fatal trial for the Tenant League,—a cruel blow to the new companionship of Protestant and Catholic Irishmen in effort for the common good.

Parliament opened on the 4th of February, 1851. Two days subsequently, Lord John Russell introduced the Eccle-

siastical Titles Bill, rendering the assumption of territorial titles by the Catholic bishops illegal, and punishable with heavy penalties. On the 14th the Government were unable to command a majority of more than fourteen votes on a hostile motion by Mr. Disraeli,* and a "ministerial crisis" ensued. After no less than five ineffectual attempts to form a new ministry, the Whigs returned to office in the first week of March. In the ensuing session the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passed into law. During the whole of that year it was the one subject which occupied the public mind. When the Parliament came to enact punishment for the new arrangement in England, it was confronted by the awkward fact that such "ecclesiastical titles" had always existed, and had been always recognized, on the western side of St. George's Channel. What was to be done? The Act of Union fused the Irish and English Protestant Churches into one indivisible and indissoluble body,—“The United Church of England and Ireland.” If it was an “aggression” on this Church to have a Catholic bishop of Liverpool, so must it be to have a Catholic bishop of Cork. Yet what had the latter dignitary done that he should now be punished for using his lawful and accustomed designation? What had the Catholics of Ireland done to draw down upon them this penal law? The dilemma was not pleasant for English legislators; but they were not in a mood to stop at trifles: they extended the act to Ireland!

The Catholic leaders in the tenant-right movement saw with grief that an issue had arisen which would surely dominate the Land question and would split North from South; yet throughout all this time they manfully held on to the

* “That the severe distress which continues to exist in the United Kingdom among that important class of her Majesty’s subjects the owners and occupiers of land, and which is justly lamented in her Majesty’s speech, renders it the duty of ministers to introduce without delay such measures as may be most effectual for the relief thereof.” Ayes, 267; noes, 281.

platform on which Protestant and Catholic had vowed to unite. On Friday, the 20th of February, 1852, the Whig ministry were defeated by a majority of eleven on their Militia Bill. Lord Derby took office as head of a Tory administration, and announced that Parliament would be dissolved in the approaching summer.

A shout of exultation arose in Ireland. Here was the opportunity for the League,—the general election for which they had so long prayed and waited ! With a fierce energy the tenant-righters flung themselves into the struggle. Since 1829 no such desperate efforts had been put forth. All the earthly hopes of the Irish people seemed fixed on the return of an honest and independent Irish party to Parliament, so that the work of “the Crowbar Brigade” might be arrested and tenant homesteads be saved from confiscation and ruin. There was no “vote by ballot” then ; and the hapless tenant who went against the landlord’s candidate dared certain doom. As it turned out, a civil war could scarcely have brought heavier penalties on the people than those which followed upon this general election of 1852.

At the close of the polls some fifty tenant-right members—men professing allegiance to the principles of the League, and elected on such professions—were seated for Irish constituencies. In the first flush of popular joy and triumph over this result, no one ventured to sift the so-called gains and speculate how many of these men were sincere and how many had shouted with the people only to betray their confidence. A goodly stride, however, had undoubtedly been taken toward reforming the *personnel* of the Irish popular representation. Among the men who entered Parliament for the first time on this occasion were the two to whose genius and abilities, fidelity and devotion, the League was most largely indebted,—Charles Gavan Duffy and Frederick Lucas. With them there also appeared John Francis Maguire, Patrick M’Mahon, Tristram Kennedy, Richard Swift, John Brady, and others whose names have since become more or less

familiar in Irish politics. A Liberal-Conservative, who had previously sat for Harwich, was returned for the borough of Youghal, and is thus referred to in the *Nation* of the 17th of July, 1852 :

“In Youghal, Isaac Butt, the Irishman, has beaten Fortescue, the son of an English Whip peer. We are delighted that Mr. Butt sits in an Irish seat. Though he be a Conservative, his heart is genuinely Irish, and as a man of noble talents he is an honor to his country.”

All over the island there was rejoicing. Ireland, turning from theories of physical force and insurrection, was now to see what constitutional effort could do. In August, 1852, the tenant-right movement was at the zenith of its power. How it fell, how it was overthrown, can best be told in the story which traces the romantic and tragic career of John Sadleir.

CHAPTER XIV.

“THE BRASS BAND.”

THE destruction of the popular movement of 1850–1852, completing as it did the overthrow of popular confidence in constitutional politics, led to consequences utterly deplorable. Indissolubly associated in the gloomy memories of that time are the names of John Sadleir and William Keogh.

John Sadleir was born in Tipperary some sixty years ago. Among the few Catholic families of position in that county, the Scullys and the Sadleirs held a good place, the first-named especially, and in the last generation the two had been linked by marriage. At an early age young John was apprenticed to a solicitor, and in due time entered upon practice in that branch of the law. He was early distinguished for abilities even beyond those called forth in his profession, and for an ambition that could not fail to lead him eventually to some high position. He decided to make for the great metropolis, where a wide field was open to such talents as he commanded. In London he pursued the special avocation of “parliamentary agent,” and, what with his Irish connection and his masterly skill, he rose rapidly. He soon soared higher and entered the circles of finance; his clear vision had discerned a road to results it would have seemed madness just then to mention. His family—the Sadleirs and Scullys and Keatinges—were moneyed men, and were widely known as such throughout his native county. Seeing what he could do with money in the great world of London, and well knowing that the Irish banking

systems had not yet been brought to the doors of the people so as to tap the humble hoards of the farming-classes, he determined to set up a local bank ; and so the "Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank" was established. It became a great success. Wherever a branch was set up it supplanted that venerable institution the "old stocking" as a receptacle for savings or depository of marriage-portions. From the Shannon to the Suir, "Sadleir's bank" was regarded with as much confidence as "the old lady of Threadneedle Street" commands from her votaries. Yet, from what I could ever learn, it performed only half the functions of a bank. It received all ; it lent little. John, in fact, had other use for the money in London besides lending it to Paddy Ryan to buy cattle, or Tom Dwyer to drain his land. He was rising hand over hand, among the highest and boldest of speculative financiers. The time came for a new step in his ambitious scheme. Public life was to play its part in his designs. The imperial Parliament was to supply him with an arena for distinction. Not only would he enter it, but, determined to become a power therein, he would surround himself with a family band, as the nucleus of a party of which he should be leader. Amidst the gloom of the famine-years he found the opportunity for effecting this portion of his scheme. In the general election of 1847 he was returned for the borough of Carlow ; his cousin Robert Keatinge for Waterford County ; and his cousin Frank Scully for Tipperary. In 1850 he occupied an enviable position. The repute of his wealth, the extent of his influence, above all, the worship of his success, was on every lip. Whatever he took in hand succeeded ; whatever he touched turned to gold. He was, every one said, one of your eminently practical politicians ; no mere agitator, but a man of sagacity and prudence, whose name alone guaranteed the soundness of a scheme or the wisdom of a suggestion. He was a decided Liberal and an ardent Catholic, and very soon made his mark among the Irish members.

Side by side with him, in the same year, there entered Parliament, for the borough of Athlone, a man equally remarkable in his own way,—Mr. William Keogh. Although some mysterious affinity seemed to bring the men together, and linked them in a joint career, they were dissimilar as possible in many respects. Mr. Keogh was a barrister-at-law, but, unlike Sadleir, had been no success at his profession,—though not for want of splendid abilities. The one man was a model of financial punctuality and business exactness ; the other certainly was not. Mr. Sadleir was a man of few words, strict and stern, reserved, and almost sententious ; Mr. Keogh was the life and soul of every circle in which he moved, ever brimming over with animal spirits, full of *bonhomie*, sparkling with wit, and abounding with jovial good nature. He was a most persuasive speaker. His voice was rich, powerful, and capable of every inflection. His manner was intensely earnest. His social qualities, his intellectual gifts, made him a universal favorite. Yet from the very first, despite his emotional patriotism and captivating eloquence, there were people who doubted his political sincerity. His whole position and circumstances, to their minds, too obviously suggested that the prize of public life for him must be some gift from the hand of the Government adequate as the price of such a convert.

The outburst of the “Papal Aggression” storm in England was hailed with very different feelings by the Sadleir group and by the Tenant League leaders. The latter had just built up a platform of united action for Protestant and Catholic Irishmen, and here had this fatal issue come to rend them asunder. The former saw with joy that in this new agitation, which bade fair to extinguish the League, they could get the country completely into their own hands. England went wild with “No Popery” fanaticism ; Ireland was aflame with alarm and passion. Protestant and Catholic were daily becoming more and more hopelessly antagonized. The Catholics in the Tenant League strove manfully to make

head against the current. A proposition to establish a “Catholic Defense Association” was openly opposed by Duffy in the *Nation*. In the flames of religious bigotry, he said, the hopes of Ireland would perish. Knaves and hypocrites, he declared, would rant and rave as tremendous Catholics, and lash the multitude into madness about “Our holy Church,” in order that they might effect the destruction of a popular movement which threatened to sweep away speculative politicians. We shall not serve the Church the more, he prophesied, but we shall lose the Land. He pleaded in vain. Challenged as the Irish Catholics were by the penal legislation of Lord John Russell’s Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, it was not in human nature to lie still and take no measures for defensive warfare. John Sadleir and his party sprang into the front rank of the Catholic defense movement. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was encountered with the most determined opposition. “The Pope’s Brass Band,” the English press called the score of Irish Liberals who fought the bill so vehemently; “the Irish Brigade,” they were proudly and fondly designated at home. Their conduct was the theme of praise by Irish Catholic firesides. Blessings were invoked on those devoted and heroic men, the brave defenders of the Catholic religion; but, above all, benedictions were showered on the most defiant and dauntless, the most able and eloquent of the band,—Mr. William Keogh.

The obnoxious bill was passed. The “Brigade” returned home to receive a nation’s gratitude. A worthless array, verily, were they, for the most part. Some few, unquestionably, were men of high principle and sterling honesty; others were mere political hacks, sordid and selfish; while the Sadleir group, skillful, eloquent, influential, now virtually masters of the situation, were playing a bold and ambitious game.

On Tuesday, 23d of August, 1851, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, to protest against the Titles Bill and to

take measures for Catholic defense. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, at that time Archbishop of Armagh, filled the chair. There was a great array of Catholic bishops and clergy, as well as of Catholic noblemen and members of Parliament. Mr. John Sadleir, M.P., was one of the honorary secretaries to the meeting; his cousin Mr. Vincent Scully was one of the speakers, and Mr. W. Keogh, M.P., was another. The latter gentleman delighted the assemblage by his eloquent denunciation of the Penal Act, which had just received the royal assent. He, for one, would trample on and defy the law. He drew from his pocket a copy of the new statute, and, holding it forth, said, "I now, as one of her Majesty's counsel, holding the act of Parliament in my hand, unhesitatingly give his proper title to the Lord Archbishop of Armagh." He then went on to promise that he and his friends would have the hostile act repealed if the people of Ireland would but send them a few more parliamentary colleagues. "We will have no terms," said he, "with any minister, no matter who he may be, until he repeals that act of Parliament, and every other which places the Roman Catholic on a lower platform than his Protestant fellow-subject."

Despite the marked favor which they had won from the Catholic prelates, clergy, and people, and notwithstanding the violence of their protestations, Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh were the objects of suspicion and mistrust on the part of a few keen observers of passing affairs in Ireland. It was noted that Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Cardwell, and many leading Peelites had resisted the "No Popery" scare in England, and had fought against the Titles Bill in Parliament. Among these statesmen, accurately enough, some persons saw a possible cabinet of the future, and already some idea that the Sadleir group were operating in view of such a contingency was whispered about. A base calumny, a cruel suspicion, an assassin stab, Mr. Keogh proclaimed it to be. The three leading popular

journalists of Ireland—Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman*, and Mr. Lucas, of the *Tablet*—were very plainly imbued with some such conviction, and between them and the Sadleir party a deadly dislike smoldered. The latter, however, were the popular idols of the hour. On the 28th of October, 1851, Mr. Keogh was entertained by his constituents at a public banquet, which partook rather of the character of a national demonstration. No hall in Athlone was large enough to accommodate the gathering, which was held in a huge pavilion, erected, I believe, on the cathedral grounds. The guest of the evening, after an effusive eulogium on Archbishop MacHale, who was present, alluded to the insinuations above referred to. In language the earnestness and solemnity of which touched every heart he repelled them. “Whigs or Tories,” said he, “Peelites or Protectionists, are all the same to me. I will fight for my religion and my country, scorning and defying calumny. I declare, in the most solemn manner, before this august assembly, I shall not regard any party. I know that the road I take does not lead to preferment. I do not belong to the Whigs; I do not belong to the Tories. Here, in the presence of my constituents and my country,—and I hope I am not so base a man as to make an avowal which could be contradicted to-morrow if I was capable of doing that which is insinuated against me,—I solemnly declare if there was a Peelite administration in office to-morrow it would be nothing to me. I will not support any party which does not make it the first ingredient of their political existence to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.” In like solemn manner he pledged his troth that he would oppose, or not support, any party which did not undertake to settle the Land question and abolish the Established Church. Finally, he turned at the Irish landlords, whom he denounced as “a heartless aristocracy,” —“the most heartless, the most thriftless, and the most indefensible landocracy on the face of the earth.”

Those who were present say that no one who heard the

speaker, and looked into his face, as, glowing with indignation, he made these protestations, could have been so unfeeling as to doubt him. Doubted, nay, openly denounced, he and the rest of the Sadleir following nevertheless were in the *Nation* and *Tablet*, Lucas and Duffy having thus early received some private proofs that the Brigade meant to be in the market on the first favorable opportunity. Early in 1852 a vacancy occurred in Cork County, and another of Mr. Sadleir's cousins, Mr. V. Scully, appeared as a candidate. The more honest and keen-sighted of the Tenant League party in the locality did not take very kindly to him, but Mr. Keogh went down specially to campaign for him, and the full strength of the Sadleir party was put forth. There was a public meeting in Cork city on the 8th of March, 1852, to consider the merits of the Liberal candidates, and Mr. McCarthy Downing—whose public influence, in at all events the West Riding, was admitted to be paramount—seeing Mr. Keogh present, boldly “belled the cat” as follows :

“ I will tell the meeting fairly and honestly that I believe the Irish Brigade are not sincere advocates of the tenant-right question. I state that, and I believe it is in the presence of two of them. I attended two great meetings in the Music Hall in Dublin, at the inauguration of the Tenant League, at my own expense, when a deputation waited upon the Brigade to attend the meeting, and I protest I never saw a beast drawn to the slaughter-house by the butcher to receive the knife with more difficulty than there was in bringing to that meeting the members of the Irish Brigade.”

Then up rose Mr. Keogh ; and never, perhaps, were his marvelous gifts more requisite than at this critical moment. The future fate and fortunes of his leader and party hung on the turn affairs might take at this meeting, an open challenge and public charge having been thus flung down against them. There were a few hostile cries when he stood up ; but silence was after a while obtained. With flushed countenance and heaving breast, he burst forth in these words :

“Great God !” he exclaimed, “in this assemblage of Irishmen have you found that those who are most ready to take every pledge have been the most sincere in perseverance to the end, or have you not rather seen that they who, like myself, went into Parliament perfectly unpledged, not supported by the popular voice, but in the face of popular acclaim, when the time for trial comes are not found wanting ? I declared myself in the presence of the bishops of Ireland, and of my colleagues in Parliament, that let the minister of the day be who he may—let him be the Earl of Derby, let him be Sir James Graham, or Lord John Russell—it was all the same to us ; and so help me God, no matter who the minister may be, no matter who the party in power may be, I will support neither that minister nor that party, unless he comes into power prepared to carry the measures which universal popular Ireland demands. I have abandoned my own profession to join in cementing and forming an Irish parliamentary party. That has been my ambition. It may be a base one, I think it an honorable one. I have seconded the proposition of Mr. Sharman Crawford in the House of Commons. I have met the minister upon it to the utmost extent of my limited abilities, at a moment when disunion was not expected. So help me God ! upon that and every other question to which I have given my adhesion, I will be—and I know I may say that every one of my friends is as determined as myself—an unflinching, undeviating, unalterable supporter of it.”

No wonder the assemblage that had listened as if spell-bound while he spoke, sprang to their feet, and with vociferous cheering atoned for the previous doubts of the man whose oath had now sealed his public principles. Alas ! barely nine months later on he went over bodily to the minister of the day, and took office under an administration which neither repealed the Titles Act, abolished the Established Church, nor settled the Land question !

John Sadleir had marked well the power wielded against

him by Duffy, Gray, and Lucas in the metropolitan press. The opposition of the *Nation*, the *Freeman*, and the *Tablet* alone seemed to stand between him and the complete command of Irish popular politics. The Catholic bishops, almost to a man, and the great majority of the priests, believed confidently in him and Mr. Keogh, and regarded the suggested suspicions or open imputations of the *Nation* and *Tablet* as the mischievous hostility of extreme and violent politicians. Still it was highly dangerous for him to go forward with these three fortresses unreduced on his flank. He determined to silence them effectually,—to destroy them. By this time he had become almost a millionaire. Fifty thousand pounds flung boldly into the establishment of opposition journals would soon dispose of the *Nation*, *Tablet*, and *Freeman*. Ere long Dublin rang with the news that a gigantic newspaper scheme was being launched, “regardless of expense,” by Mr. Sadleir. The leader of the Irish Brigade, the Defender of the Church, the man of success, had now decided to break ground in a new direction, and establish a real, genuine, orthodox Catholic press for the million. Commodious premises were taken; powerful machinery and extensive plant were purchased; and an editor, who was given out to be a sort of lay pontiff, Mr. William Bernard McCabe, was brought over from London. The new weekly, called the *Weekly Telegraph*, was first to clear the ground of the *Nation* and *Tablet*, before the new daily tackled the *Freeman*. Perhaps ere that time Dr. Gray, intimidated by the beggary brought on Duffy and Lucas, would knock under to the great power of Sadleirism. If not, he too could be mopped out.

Never was there a more daring and comprehensive design to bring the whole popular opinion and political influence of a country into the grasp of one bold and ambitious man.

The *Telegraph* was issued at half the price of the existing Catholic weeklies,—threepence; and, as money was literally lavished on its production and dissemination, it went broad-

cast through the land. It pandered to the fiercest bigotry. Its “catholicity” was of that bellicose and extravagant character which was deemed best calculated at a time of such wide-spread religious animosities to delight and excite the masses. It swept the island. It penetrated into hamlets and homes where the *Nation* or the *Tablet* had never been seen. The editor, a gentleman of great ability, contrived to make his readers believe that the Pope and John Sadleir were the two great authorities of the Catholic Church : one was its infallible head, the other its invincible defender. But those bad Catholics, Duffy and Lucas, were thwarting the noble efforts of Mr. Sadleir and his devoted colleagues to serve the Church ; as for Gray, of the *Freeman*, he was a heretic, and nothing but evil could emanate from him. The newspaper move of the banker-politician, however, was a little over-reaching. It set a great many persons a thinking, and alarmed not a few. As for the *Nation* and *Tablet*, they bore the shock of attack bravely in spirit, but neither proprietor had a bank at his back, and both journals were almost fatally crippled in the unequal struggle.

In the spring of 1852—on the 2d of April—the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, for a short time previously Archbishop of Armagh, was, by the all but unanimous vote of the clergy, nominated for the archbishopric of Dublin. The nomination was cordially approved at Rome, and there entered on his new sphere of duties a man who has ever since played an important part in Irish affairs. He had spent the greater part of his clerical life in Italy, and for many years had been Rector of the Irish College in Rome. He early gained the special confidence and favor of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, and was very warmly esteemed by Pio Nono himself. His manhood was largely passed, his principles were formed, in an atmosphere quite unlike that of Ireland. In Italy popular politics and national aspirations were made synonymous with principles and designs very naturally abhorrent to him. All the bent of his mind was with authority,

and against resistance to the constituted powers. He had seen the evil work which revolutionism had wrought elsewhere, and there was but the one safe road, he thought, for him to take,—namely, to beware of all who inclined to tumult, violence, or sedition, and to side with those who put the interests of the Catholic religion before and beyond every other. There never entered upon the duties of such an important position as his a man more single-minded, more devoid of personal ambition or thought of self, more wholly wrapped in the one great purpose of advancing the interests of the Church. He was a stern disciplinarian, and it soon became evident that he had been chosen at Rome for a great and far-reaching purpose of disciplinary transformation in Irish Catholic affairs. Self-denying himself, he expected self-denial from all who served the altar; obedient, full of reverence for authority, he considered obedience the first duty of a cleric. He might have been one of the early Fathers, transferred from the fifth to the nineteenth century. His cold exterior, his passionless manner, his severe ideas of authority and discipline, did not fit well the Irish character, customs, and habits. He was more Roman than Irish, and his design of bringing the Irish Church into stricter conformity to the Roman model necessarily invaded many old feelings and incurred for him not a few conflicts among the Irish clergy. “A gloomy fanatic,” “a narrow-minded churchman,” the ultra-Protestant journals early declared him to be; and even his own people, owing to the stern gravity of his manner and the austerity of his piety, regarded him more with respectful awe than warm affection. Yet in all this only one side of his character was read, and justice was not done his inner nature, which was kindly, and often generous. He could unbend betimes, and few could exhibit a readier appreciation for genuine wit or humor.* Yet a certain air of reserve and

* Many stories circulate in Dublin, some of questionable authenticity, as to his adventures in those early reforming days. He resided for some time with the parochial clergy in the presbytery attached to the pro-

monasticism always surrounded him ; and one could see that he looked out on all the world from the stand-point of a churchman.

Dr. Cullen almost inevitably gravitated toward the Sadleir party as the special champions of the Church, and away from those who looked to such a dangerous paper as the *Nation* for guidance. He knew what “Young Italy” meant ; and “Young Ireland” he believed to be an imitation of the Italian party. Nor was he without grounds for such an impression. The writers in the *Nation* at one time warmly wrote up Mazzini and his co-laborers of the Carbonari,—a position, however, soon after publicly and emphatically abandoned by Mr. Duffy and repudiated by his successors. Still, it was not difficult for Mr. Sadleir’s ecclesiastical friends to persuade the new archbishop that the men who

cathedral in Marlborough Street. He soon established a rule that every one not on sick-visitation duty should be within-doors by ten o’clock at night. The ten-o’clock rule was by degrees a little infringed, whenever the curates were spending, as was their wont, an evening with some friendly family in the neighborhood. The archbishop imagined he occasionally heard footsteps creeping cautiously up-stairs long after “ten o’clock,” and one evening, to the consternation of the reverend father whose turn it was to lock up, he announced his intention of performing this duty himself. “Go up to bed, Father John,” said he, in tones of sympathy : “you look a little fatigued. I’ll wait for whoever is out.” In vain Father John declared he was not tired ; in fact, he felt quite fresh, so to speak, and waiting up a little would do him all the good in the world. The archbishop would have his way ; and Father John went off to his room muttering of the catastrophe that awaited two of his friends who were sure not to be in before eleven. It was past this hour when they tapped softly at the big door, which was cautiously opened from within. One of them, putting in his head, inquired in a whisper, “Is Paul in bed ?” “No,” said the archbishop in a similar whisper, “he’s here.” Laughing heartily at their confusion, he let them in, locked the door, and, wishing them good-night, told them to go to bed. To their amazement, the archbishop next morning acted as if the incident had never occurred ; and when at length the story got about, none enjoyed it more mirthfully than he did.

preferred a Tenant League to a Catholic Defense Association, and who advocated a union of Protestants and Catholics in public affairs, were the heterodox party ; while Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh were the friends of order and the defenders of religion. In the events which were now at hand, this attitude of the Catholic archbishop of Dublin was of decisive importance.

Parliament was dissolved on the 1st of July, and the efforts of the past six months culminated on the hustings. There were four parties engaged in the combat : the Tories,—who fought “solid,” as they always do ; the Whigs ; the Tenant Leaguers ; and the Catholic Defenders. In several places the latter two came into open conflict ; and generally it was evident that the Whigs, the Catholic Defense people, and the Brigade men were one and the same party. Nevertheless, when the lists were closed, it was found that the Leaguers had virtually carried the island. No Catholic Defense Whig was able to secure his return without taking the Tenant-Right pledge ; while in nearly every place the League candidates triumphed. Their only important defeat was in Monaghan, where Dr. Gray was narrowly beaten. Frederick Lucas was returned for Meath, Gavan Duffy for New Ross, John Francis Maguire for Dungarvan, and, above all in importance, George Henry Moore, a member of the dissolved Parliament, already marked out as a master of men in the popular ranks, was again elected for Mayo. On the other hand, Mr. Sadleir and his three cousins, Frank and Vincent Scully and Robert Keatinge, were re-elected ; so was Mr. Keogh ; and Mr. Sadleir’s brother James came in for Tipperary ; all finding it requisite to hoist the Tenant-Right colors beside the misused papal banner which they waved in the people’s eyes. It was in the course of this campaign that Mr. Keogh, addressing a mob in Westmeath, in the interest of his friend Captain Magan, delivered a speech containing at least one suggestion which listening Ribbonmen were not likely to forget. “Boys,” said he, “the days are now long

and the nights are short. In winter the days will be short and the nights will be long; and then let every one remember who voted for Sir Richard Levinge." *

But, though Mr. Keogh was the man who figured most before the public, the unseen Von Moltke of the whole scheme was John Sadleir. Already he saw victory at hand. The result of the general elections gave a narrow majority to the Liberal party. The Tories could not hold office. The Russell Whigs, without the Irish vote, were equally powerless. A coalition ministry—embracing the Peelites Conservatives and anti-Ecclesiastical Titles Bill Liberals—was the only possible administration. Already in imagination the banker-politician grasped a coronet as the price of the Irish Brigade!

In Ireland the joy of the people over the return of so large an array of Tenant-Right members was unbounded. It was for Gavan Duffy, especially, a short-lived triumph over his assailants of the revolutionary school. A faithful and independent band of representatives, he declared, would be worth more to Ireland in her existing condition than armies in the tented field. It did seem as if the Irish people had settled down at last to the design of fighting out their political issues with the weapons of the franchise and the forces of public opinion.

On Wednesday, 8th of September, 1852, a general conference of Irish members of Parliament favorable to tenant-right, convened by the League, was held in Dublin. Every Liberal member sitting for an Irish seat, with one or two exceptions, was present; forty in all. The following resolution as the basis of their future parliamentary policy and action was adopted with but one † dissentient voice:

* Mr. Keogh subsequently declared he had no recollection whatever of this; and a special friend of his was adduced who "did not hear it;" but several affidavits or declarations were quoted by Lord Eglintoun from persons who were present and heard the words.

† Mr. Burke Roche, afterward Lord Fermoy.

“Resolved, That in the opinion of this conference it is essential to the proper management of this cause that the members of Parliament who have been returned on tenant-right principles should hold themselves perfectly independent of, and in opposition to, all Governments which do not make it part of their policy, and a Cabinet question, to give to the tenantry of Ireland a measure embodying the principles of Mr. Sharman Crawford’s bill.”

On the 4th of November, 1852, the new Parliament opened. At 4 A.M., Friday, 17th of December, the Derby Government was defeated in the Commons by a majority of nineteen. On the 20th ministers resigned, and Lord Aberdeen was called upon to form a Cabinet.

A shout went up from Ireland. A thrill of the wildest excitement shook the island from the center to the sea. Now joy and triumph, now torturing doubt, now the very agony of suspense, prevailed. What would the Irish party do? Here was the crisis which was to shame their oaths or prove them true. No Liberal or composite administration was possible without them, and their demand was one no minister had ever denied to be just. What would the Irish members do? The fate of the new ministry, the fate of Ireland, was in their hands.

As terrible deeds are said to be sometimes preceded by a mysterious apprehension, so in the last week of that old year a vague gloom chilled every heart. The news from London was panted for, hour by hour. At length the blow fell. Tidings of treason and disaster came. The Brigade was sold to Lord Aberdeen! John Sadleir was Lord of the Treasury! William Keogh was Irish Solicitor-General! Edmond O’Flaherty was Commissioner of Income-Tax! And so on.

The English people, fortunately accustomed for centuries to exercise the functions of political life, may well be unable to comprehend the paralysis which followed this blow in Ireland. The merchant of many ships may bear with composure the wreck of one. But here was an argosy freighted with the

last and most precious hopes of a people already on the verge of ruin and despair, scuttled before their eyes by the men who had called on the Most High God to witness their fidelity. The Irish tenantry had played their last stake, and lost. A despairing stupor like to that of the famine-time shrouded the land. Notices to quit fell "like snow-flakes" all over the counties where the hapless farmers had "refused the landlord" and voted for a Brigadier. But the banker-politician had won. His accustomed success had attended him. He was not as yet a peer; but he was a Treasury Lord. From their seat on the Treasury bench, he and his comrade, "the Solicitor-General," could smile calmly at the accusing countenances of Duffy and Moore and Lucas. The New Year's chimes rang in the triumph of John Sadleir's daring ambition. Did no dismal minor tone, like mournful funeral knell, presage the sequel that was now so near at hand?

CHAPTER XV.

THE SUICIDE BANKER.

SIDE by side with the political movements and events that landed Mr. Sadleir on the Treasury bench, financial schemes of the most ambitious character had occupied his mind. He early noted how fortunes might be made out of the ruin of Irish landed proprietors in the Encumbered Estates Court. He got up a "Land Company" to purchase the properties just then being sold at from seven to thirteen years' rental, with a view to reselling them subsequently at the advance which he knew would take place. His connection with the Tipperary Bank brought him into association with the magnates of Lombard Street; and ere long he was chairman of the London and County Joint-Stock Bank. Higher, still higher, grew his aims, bolder and more daring his schemes and speculations. He was in Italian, American, and Spanish railways. He was deep in iron; and at one time, it is said, he owned every cargo of sugar in port or at sea between England and the Indies.

Amidst the hoarse roar of denunciation which hailed the desertion of the Brigade to Lord Aberdeen's camp, there came the bold assurances of the *Weekly Telegraph* that all was right. Nay, virtuous indignation was manifested at the injustice of condemning those gentlemen before their explanation had been heard. They were in no hurry to offer any; but substantially their story was this: "Lord Aberdeen had not repealed the Titles Act, nor undertaken to do so; but he is the Catholic's friend. He fought against the 'No Popery' penal legislators; he is on terms of respect and regard with

our bishops. He has not passed a tenant-right bill, nor undertaken to do so ; but he wishes the cause well, and will probably deal with the question. To oppose such a man we should act side by side with our deadly enemies, the Tories. His accession to power is the virtual defeat of Lord John Russell, who passed the Titles Bill, and of Lord Derby, who assisted it."

The Tenant League was rent in twain by the Sadleir defection. Not merely the League, the country at large, was split into fiercely-hostile parties, one making the heavens resound with execrations of the forsworn Brigadiers, the other as stormily defending them.

At this point of Irish political history the political influence and authority of the Catholic bishops received a shock which has considerably influenced Irish affairs down to the present day.

Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Keogh had of course to present themselves for re-election in their boroughs of Carlow and Athlone. The Leaguers flung themselves with energy into the work of defeating them. In both places it was found that the Catholic prelates and clergy supported the Brigade leaders. This news created consternation. A deputation, consisting of Frederick Lucas, M.P., George H. Moore, M.P., Rev. T. O'Shea, C.C., and Rev. Dr. Kearney, P.P., on the part of the Tenant League, proceeded to Carlow to oppose Mr. Sadleir. The local clergy denounced them as intruders, and they had to quit the town. It was still worse at Athlone, where every one was overjoyed at Mr. Keogh's good fortune. Stunned, alarmed at the probable effects of this approval of a disregard for public obligations, the League leaders appealed to the Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland to speak out promptly and say was it conducive to public morality that pledges so solemnly and explicitly made to the people should be violated on the first opportunity with the sanction of Catholic ecclesiastics. From the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, came a ready and emphatic response.

Standing as he did at the head of the Irish episcopacy in political weight and influence, it was not unnaturally expected that a pronouncement from "the Lion of the Fold of Judah," as O'Connell had designated him, would have been accepted as decisive. No Catholic prelate in Ireland had filled so large a place as he in Irish affairs for more than a quarter of a century ; none at all approached him in popularity. He had been fondly looked up to by the Irish Catholic millions as an episcopal O'Connell,—a guide who was "always right," a champion whom nothing could dismay. He addressed a public letter to Mr. G. H. Moore, M.P., on the question of the day, "as a clear case of conscience, which, when stripped of all other relations of policy, or expediency or private interest, or prophecies of increased good, or probabilities of qualified evil, with which it is sought to obscure and confound it, is too clear for debate or conflicting decisions." Then he went on to say,—

"On the strict and religious obligation of fidelity to such covenants there can be no controversy,—an obligation the more sacred and binding in proportion to the numbers committed to such engagement, and to the magnitude and sacredness of the interests which they involve. Dissolve the binding power of such contracts, and you loosen the firmest bonds by which society is kept together."

The Catholic bishops of Meath and Killala expressed themselves to a like effect. But at the points of critical importance, in the boroughs where the rejection of the Brigade leaders might have had a telling effect on the controversy, it happened, fortunately for them, that the local bishops indorsed their course. This conflict between ecclesiastical authorities on a grave question of public morality greatly scandalized the people. Every one looked for a declaration from the new Archbishop of Dublin, the Papal Legate. None came. Soon his silence received a dark construction. His uncle, the Rev. James Maher, P.P., was one of Mr. Sadlier's strongest supporters in Carlow ; and it became manifest

that Dr. Cullen's influence, in Ireland and at Rome, was certain to be given, negatively or positively, on the side of Lord Aberdeen. This was partly his own judgment on things as they presented themselves to his view. But there was a whisper at the time of rather curious negotiations privately pushed between London, Vienna, and Rome, as to the claims of the new Premier on "the Catholic vote" in the House of Commons; and these stories, rightly or wrongly, were connected with the attitude which Dr. Cullen assumed in the subsequent events. It seemed for a moment as if almost a schism would ensue in the Irish Catholic Church over the issue thus precipitated. An open war raged between the sections of the clergy and people who ranged themselves under the banners of Dr. MacHale and Dr. Cullen respectively. The latter maintained a severe silence, but he might as well have openly espoused the cause of Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Keogh; for the *Tablet* and *Nation* treated him as the really formidable protector of those gentlemen. No more violent, no more painful, internecine conflict agitated Irish politics in the present century than that which arose out of this clerical and episcopal condonation and reprobation of the Keogh-Sadleir defection from the Tenant League.

Mr. Sadleir was opposed in Carlow by a Tory, Mr. Alexander. The *Freeman*, the *Nation*, and the *Tablet* exhorted the people to vote for Alexander, all Tory as he was, rather than for the new Lord of the Treasury. The *Weekly Telegraph* and the *Evening Post* cried out in horror against this unholy union of Orange Tories and renegade Catholics in opposition to the protégé of the bishop, the favorite of the priests, the champion of the Pope, the bosom friend of Lord Aberdeen. After a severe contest, Mr. Sadleir was rejected by an adverse majority of six votes. In Athlone, however, Mr. Keogh was not only triumphant, but the Catholic bishop, Dr. Browne, ostentatiously identified himself with the laudable advancement of so good a son of the Church. Soon

after a vacancy was found for the Lord of the Treasury in Sligo, where by shameless bribery and terrorism he headed the poll. A parliamentary committee said so it had been; but as Mr. Sadleir was held to have no personal knowledge of those crimes, his seat was secure.

In Ireland, centuries of a cruel penal code had kept Catholics from every post of prominence or distinction in the public administration. The Emancipation Act had, indeed, declared them no longer ineligible for such offices by reason of religious faith; but (as Mr. Peel at the time pointed out to some unnecessarily alarmed Protestants) declaring men not disqualified was one thing, actually appointing them was another. From 1829 to 1849 the Emancipation Act was little more than an abstract declaration, for any substantial change that the people could see in the old régime. "Catholic appointments" came to be regarded as the great test of Government liberality. The placing of Catholics in important public offices, especially as judges on the bench, was looked upon as the practical application of the Emancipation Act; and the ministry who should make the act a reality would be ranked very nearly as highly as those who had enacted it as a theory. In Dublin, at Vienna, and at Rome, Lord Aberdeen, through able and astute Catholic intermediaries, pledged himself to this view; and unquestionably he meant it. What greater proof, it was asked, could he give of his feelings and intentions on this point than the fact of singling out for high positions under his administration the most prominent and demonstrative Irish opponents of the Titles Bill,—the men whose ultra-Catholicism had rendered them most obnoxious to English Protestant prejudices?

This aspect of the transaction unquestionably impressed many of the Irish bishops irresistibly. And they persuaded themselves that, even on the tenant question, Lord Aberdeen's dispositions were likely to go beyond anything otherwise practicable. Moreover, the new political idea or rule

of "independence of and opposition to *all* administrations" was too great and too sudden a change from the traditional alliance of the Irish popular party with the English Liberals. The Irish members had indeed "resolved" it at the conference, but not more than a third of their number really meant it. The wrench was too severe. On its very first application the new rule broke down. The popular mind had not been educated yet beyond the one point of always opposing the Tories, "who never gave Catholics anything."

The League leaders, especially the League journalists' Duffy, Gray, and Lucas, denounced the idea that for the sake of "Catholics in office" the Land question, which involved interests of Protestants and Catholics alike, should be sacrificed. They held up to public odium and eternal reprobation every man—archbishop, bishop, priest, or layman—who directly or indirectly approved or sustained the Brigade treason. The "Sadleirite prelates," as they were offensively termed, struck back with hard and sharp blows. Too-demonstrative priests were removed to remote parishes, and even called upon to "abstain from political strife." Eventually the leading provincial priests (chiefly from the diocese of Meath), accustomed to attend the meetings in Dublin whereat "the Brigade traitors" and their episcopal and other supporters were denounced, found themselves prohibited, by an order from Rome, from further participation in such demonstrations.

All this was set down mainly to Dr. Cullen's account. His voice was known to be all-powerful at the Propaganda. The parochial clergy took alarm. He was suspected of a deep design to overthrow the considerable independence which hitherto they enjoyed. It was said that "provincial statutes" had been forwarded by him for approval to Rome, whereby the platform utterances of a priest should be confined to his own parish. Hitherto in the selection of Catholic prelates the custom had been for the diocesan parish priests to select by ballot three persons,—*dignus, dignior,*

and *dignissimus*, according as they stood on the vote,—whose names were forwarded to Rome, and one of whom almost invariably received the appointment. Dr. Cullen was credited with the purpose of abolishing this ancient custom, and of recommending the Holy See to assert its unquestionable right of nomination independently of the parish priests.* A deep discontent spread throughout the island. At length it was decided to appeal to Rome against his proceedings.

This was a very serious, an almost unprecedented, course for Irish Catholics to take. An appeal to Rome against the Papal Legate! To complain of him that he was curbing with strong hand the political action of clerics! This was unlikely to be deemed an offense by the Vatican authorities. The intricacies of Irish politics, the tangled skein of the League-Brigade dispute, could hardly be unraveled and comprehended by such a tribunal. Nevertheless, well knowing it was one that never yet denied justice to the weakest or the humblest, even against the lofty and the strong, the aggrieved priests of the tenant-right movement drew up a formal Memorial or Complaint for presentation to the Pope.

But who would sign it? Who would present it? Who was in a position to prosecute it,—to proceed to the Eternal City and there attend and await the myriad tedious stages and processes of investigation? After a good deal of time had been consumed by reason of these difficulties and obstructions, the Memorial was at length duly signed, and Mr. Lucas, M.P., editor of the *Tablet*, was chosen to proceed to Rome as the representative of the complainants before the Apostolic Chair. He went on a forlorn hope. He was kindly received. The grave impeachment which he brought was decreed a careful consideration. But the whole proceeding was a

* This change has, as a matter of fact, been ever since in a great measure applied. In several instances the nominations of the parochial clergy have been passed over, and the bishops directly appointed from Rome.

mournful mistake. Months went by. Weary waiting in Rome and despairing news from Ireland told heavily on the spirits and on the health of the loyal-hearted Lucas. He had to return to England, leaving the Memorial to its fate. When we heard that he lay ill at Staines, those who knew the man intimately and had marked the consuming anxiety with which he had fought out this quarrel felt that a great and noble heart had been broken in an unequal combat. The news from Ireland was simply this, that the Irish parliamentary party was a wreck, that the League was fatally shattered, the country utterly disheartened and despairing. The great movement around which the hopes of a nation had centered was irretrievably ruined. The League organization, indeed, refusing to surrender, made gallant effort for some few years further, and a small band of the Irish members, "among the faithless faithful found,"—Gavan Duffy, G. H. Moore, P. M'Mahon, J. A. Blake, J. F. Maguire, Tristram Kennedy, John Brady, and others,—fought bravely on. But it was more to make a stand for honor than with hope of victory. Mr. Sadleir had carried the day.

No sooner did Gavan Duffy realize that the Memorial to Rome was likely to come to naught than he determined to bid Ireland farewell. No man had staked more largely on the success of this movement, none lost more heavily by its overthrow. He, at all events, had cleared his soul; he had done his part. He had given to the service of Ireland the best years of his life, without avail. He would now call upon younger men, who might hope where he could not, to take his place, if they would; while, for himself, he sought a new home, and began life once more, at five-and-thirty, in far Australia.

In 1854 there passed through Parliament the most statesmanlike scheme of British legislation for half a century,—the act whereby the Australian colonies were granted Home Rule. Mr. Duffy took a deep interest and an active part in all the discussions on this important measure. He added to

it some of its wisest provisions, and saved it from faults that might have seriously marred its success. Few imagined at the time that he was destined to be, ere long, engaged in practically applying that scheme as First Minister of the Crown in free, self-governed Victoria !

For a moment it seemed as if he had been too precipitate in meditating self-expatriation. Toward the close of 1853 an ominous event occurred. The first faint sign of a fissure appeared in the edifice of Mr. Sadleir's political and financial fortunes !

In his unsuccessful attempt at re-election for Carlow borough he had used unscrupulously and illegally the resources of his bank (which had a branch in the town), and the mechanism of bills, bonds, debts, executions, and seizures, to influence the result. He usually took care to have a sufficient number of the electors in his power through some such means. On the morning of the election an unfortunate man named Dowling, suspected of an intention to vote for Mr. Alexander, was unlawfully arrested on some judgment which Mr. Sadleir produced against him. Dowling brought an action for false imprisonment in the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, in November, 1853. The revelations in the case were damning against the Lord of the Treasury. He came into the witness-box, however, and, as it was well expressed, "denied everything, and disowned everybody." So bold and desperate was his evidence that the jury had no option but to find against Dowling or declare Mr. Sadleir a perjurer. They disbelieved Mr. Sadleir, and gave Dowling a verdict ! The sensation created in Dublin at the time by this event was considerable ; hardly less serious was the excitement it caused in some of the political and financial circles of London. In a few weeks it became known that after such a verdict the lordship of the Treasury could not be retained. In January, 1854, Mr. Sadleir "resigned."

Resigned ! The tide had turned with the banker-politician and, all unknown to the world, was now bearing him irresistibly to ruin.

In March a sinister rumor crept around that Mr. Sadleir, so far from being a millionaire, was at the moment in financial difficulty. The story, however, was scoffed at, and received what seemed ample refutation in new proofs displayed of his vast financial resources. In June people began to inquire in a cynical way, Where was Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty? Mr. O'Flaherty was the Brigadier who had been made Commissioner of Income-Tax; a peculiarly intimate friend, confidant, and political manager of Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh; another of those "good Catholics" whom it was so beneficial to Ireland to have placed in high office. Where was he, indeed? The authorities at Scotland Yard grew anxious on the point, when it was discovered one morning that the "Commissioner of Income-Tax" had fled to parts unknown, leaving bills in circulation, some of them with forged signatures, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand pounds.

Men stared in wonder, and asked, "Who next?" Mr. O'Flaherty's relations with other of the Brigade politicians suggested painful uncertainty as to further disclosures. He was a special protégé of the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he was on visiting terms. There is little doubt that he was the negotiator of the recent political transaction between his friends and the Aberdeen Government. And now he was a fugitive from justice!

Parliament opened on the 23d of January, 1855. Mr. Roebuck at once gave notice that he would move for a committee to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the Government departments responsible. On hearing this notice read, Lord John Russell withdrew from the ministry, and "upset the coach again." Six days subsequently, the 29th of January, the coalition administration was defeated on Mr. Roebuck's motion by the large majority of one hundred and fifty-seven, in a house of four hundred and fifty-three. On the 1st of February Lord Aberdeen resigned. Between the 2d and 5th Lord John Russell and Lord Derby had each in turn tried

and failed to form a Cabinet. On the 6th Lord Palmerston became Premier, with a reconstruction of the late administration. Mr. Keogh had been Irish Solicitor-General ; Mr. Brewster being Attorney-General. Of course it was concluded that their resignation of office would follow upon that of the Government. Mr. Brewster did so resign, under the belief that his junior colleague was doing the same ; but he found that his act had merely made a vacancy for Mr. Keogh, who quietly held on and stepped into the Attorney-Generalship. There was a story current in the Four Courts at the time that Mr. Keogh had cleverly “ sold ” Mr. Brewster in the proceeding,—had deliberately misled and outwitted him ; but I never believed it, as the latter gentleman would, in any event, have acted on the strict lines of usage, and resigned with his chief.

On the 4th of August, 1855, Mr. Gavan Duffy announced, by a farewell address in the *Nation*, that he was about to throw up his seat in Parliament and leave Ireland forever ! The news chilled the country like a signal of despair. Mr. Duffy’s first idea, I believe, was that the whole staff of the *Nation* should accompany him, and that they should re-establish that journal under happier auspices in the Southern hemisphere. But this project was abandoned. He found a few hearts who would hope and strive on at home, dismal as was the outlook then, in the belief that some day Ireland would come to life and would arise once more. Mr. John Cashel Hoey, a long-time colleague and friend, who had served him with ability and fidelity, and whose brilliant gifts and dauntless courage had been amply tested in years of difficulty and struggle, stepped into Mr. Duffy’s place as editor-in-chief ; I succeeded to the second position ; and Mr. M. Clery, a nobly honest and true-souled young Irishman, undertook the business management of the property.* Mr.

* Mr. Hoey and Mr. Clery retired in 1857, from which date up to 1876 I remained sole proprietor and responsible editor.

Duffy's valedictory address described in moving language the events of the past six years, and the present circumstances of Ireland. A change might come, he said,—and that it might he fondly prayed ; but unless and until the existing conditions altered “there was no more hope for Ireland than for a corpse on the dissecting-table.” Gloomy news came crowding in. On the 22d of October Frederick Lucas died at Staines. On the 6th of November Gavan Duffy sailed for Australia. It seemed the extinction of national politics in Ireland.

I have said that in 1854 the tide had turned with John Sadleir. Alas ! throughout that year, and all the weary days of 1855, unknown to even his nearest and dearest friends, he was suffering tortures indescribable ! Some of his colossal speculations had turned out adversely ; and he had misappropriated the last shilling of the Tipperary Bank. Another venture, he thinks, may recoup all : it only leads to deeper ruin ! He must go on : he cannot turn back now. But where are funds to be reached for further wild endeavors ? All calmly as ever he had trod the lobby of the House of Commons. No eye could detect on that impassive countenance of his that there was aught but the satisfaction of success within. His political associates joked with him over Gavan Duffy's “political funeral.” They effusively felicitated him on the signal overthrow and final dispersion of his adversaries. “Ireland is now all your own, John,” said one of them ; “you have conquered all along the line. You must be as happy as a king !” He smiled his cold sad smile, and said, Yes, to be sure he was. At home in Ireland his own journal, and all the Liberal Government organs, were never tired of sounding his praise and proclaiming his triumph over the dead Lucas and the exiled Duffy.

Nightly, after leaving the House of Commons, John Sadleir sat up late in the private study of his town house, 11 Glo'ster Terrace, Hyde Park. Morning often dawned and found him at his lonely labors. What were they ?

In the stillness and secrecy of those midnight hours John Sadleir, the man of success, the millionaire, the Lord of the Treasury that had been, the peer of the realm that was to be, was occupied in forging deeds, conveyances, and bills for hundreds of thousands of pounds !

Still accumulating disaster overpowered even these resources of fraud. In the second week of February, 1856, some one of his numerous desperate financial expedients happened to miscarry for a day, and the drafts of the Tipperary Bank were dishonored at Glyn's. The news came with a stunning shock on most people ; but quickly, next day, an announcement was issued that it was all a mistake,—the drafts presented anew had been duly met, and the mischance would not again befall. The alarm, however, had reached Ireland, and at several of the branches something akin to a run took place. If only a panic could be averted, and twenty or thirty thousand pounds obtained, all might be saved. So, at least, declared Mr. James Sadleir, M.P., who was in charge of affairs in Ireland, telegraphing to John on the morning of Saturday, 16th of February.* Twenty or thirty thousand pounds. Once it was a bagatelle in his estimation ; but now ! He had lain on no bed the night before. All haggard and excited this message found him. James little knew all when he thus lightly spoke of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, by way of reassuring his hapless brother. The wretched man strove in vain to devise some yet unexhausted means of raising this money. He had already gone so far, so perilously far, that there was no possible quarter in which earnest application might not lead to suspicions that would invoke discovery ! He drove into the city. Mr. Wilkinson, of Nicholas Lane, telling the sad affair subse-

* "Feb. 16, 1856.—Telegram from James Sadleir, 30 Merion Square South, Dublin, to John Sadleir, Esq., M.P., Reform Club, London : All right at all the branches ; only a few small things refused there. If from twenty to thirty thousand over here on Monday morning all is safe."

quently, says, "He came to me on the morning of Saturday, and suggested that I could raise some money with the view of assisting the Tipperary Bank. He showed me some telegraphic messages he had received from Ireland on the subject of their wants. He had several schemes by which he thought I could assist him in raising money ; but after going into them I told him I could not help him, the schemes being such as I could not recommend or adopt. He then became very excited, put his hand to his head, and said, 'Good God ! if the Tipperary Bank should fail the fault will be entirely mine, and I shall have been the ruin of hundreds and thousands.' He walked about the office in a very excited state, and urged me to try and help him, because, he said, he could not live to see the pain and ruin inflicted on others by the cessation of the bank. The interview ended in this, that I was unable to assist him in his plans to raise money."

In this case, what he feared in so many others exactly occurred. Mr. Wilkinson had previously advanced him large sums, for which, to be sure, Mr. Sadleir, on request, had given security,—one of those numerous title-deeds which he had fabricated during the past year. Mr. Wilkinson that same Saturday night dispatched his partner, Mr. Stevens, to Dublin, to look after the matter. On Monday this gentleman found that the deed was a forgery. But by that time a still more dreadful tale was known to all the world.

There is reason to think John Sadleir knew of Mr. Stevens's start for Dublin before ten o'clock that evening. His intimate friend, Mr. Norris, solicitor, of Bedford Row, called on him about half-past ten, and remained half an hour. The fact was discussed between them that the Tipperary Bank must stop payment on Monday morning.

John Sadleir sat him down, all alone, in that study, and callous must be the heart that can contemplate him in that hour and not compassionate his agony. All was over : he must die. He was yet, indeed, in the prime and vigor of

manhood. "Considerably above the middle height," says one who knew him well, "his figure was youthful, but his face,—that was indeed remarkable. Strongly marked, sal-low, eyes and hair intensely black, and the lines of the mouth worn into deep channels." The busy schemes, the lofty ambitions, the daring speculations, were ended now. The poorest cottier on a Tipperary hill-side might look the morrow in the face and cling to life; but for him, the en-vied man of thousands, the morning sun must rise in vain. He seized a pen, and devoted half an hour to letter-writing. Oh, that woeful correspondence of the despairing soul with those whom it loves, and is to lose forever! Then he took a small silver tankard from the sideboard and put it in his breast-pocket, beside a small phial which he had purchased early in that fatal day. As he passed through the hall and took his hat from the stand, he told the butler not to wait up for him. He went out and closed the door behind him with a firm hand. The clocks were striking twelve: 'twas Sunday morning; God's holy day had come. Ah, far away on the Suir side were an aged father and mother, with whom a child he often trod the path to early mass, when Sunday bells were music to his ear! And now!—oh, fatal lure of wealth! oh, damned, mocking fiend!—to this, to this it had come at last! He dare not think of God, or friend, or home ——

Next morning, on a little mound on Hampstead Heath, the passers-by noticed a gentleman stretched as if in sleep. A silver tankard had fallen from his hand and lay upon the ground. It smelt strongly of prussic acid. A crowd soon gathered; the police arrived; they lifted up the body, all stiff and stark. It was the corpse of John Sadleir, the banker.

On Monday the news flashed through the kingdom. There was alarm in London; there was wild panic in Ire-land. The Tipperary Bank closed its doors; the country-

people flocked into the towns. They surrounded and attacked the branches : the poor victims imagined their money must be within, and they got crowbars, picks, and spades to force the walls and "dig it out." The scenes of mad despair which the streets of Thurles and Tipperary saw that day would melt a heart of adamant. Old men went about like maniacs, confused and hysterical ; widows knelt in the street and, aloud, asked God was it true they were beggared forever. Even the poor-law unions, which had kept their accounts in the bank, lost all, and had not a shilling to buy the paupers' dinner the day the branch doors closed.

The letters which the unhappy suicide penned that Saturday night reveal much of the terrible story so long hidden from the world. The following was addressed to his cousin, Robert Keatinge :

"11 Glo'ster Terrace, 16 February, 1856.

"DEAR ROBERT,—To what infamy have I come step by step—heap-
ing crime upon crime—and now I find myself the author of number-
less crimes of a diabolical character and the cause of ruin and misery
and disgrace to thousands—ay, to tens of thousands. Oh, how I feel
for those on whom all this ruin must fall ! I could bear all punish-
ment but I could never bear to witness the sufferings of those on
whom I have brought such ruin. It must be better that I should not
live. No one has been privy to my crimes—they sprung from my own
cursed brain alone. I have swindled and deceived without the knowl-
edge of any one. Stevens and Norris are both innocent and have no
knowledge of the fabrication of deeds and forgeries by me and which
I have sought to go on in the horrid hope of retrieving. It was a sad
day for all when I came to London. I can give but little aid to unravel
accounts and transactions. There are serious questions as to my inter-
est in the Grand Junction and other undertakings. Much will be lost
to the creditors if these cases are not fairly treated. The Grand Junc-
tion, the East Kent, and the Swiss Railways, the Rome line, the Coal
Co. are all liable to be entirely lost now—so far as my assets are con-
cerned. I authorize you to take possession of all my letters, papers,
property, &c., &c., in this house and at Wilkinsons and 18 Cannon
Street. Return my brother his letters to me and all other papers.
The prayers of one so wicked could not avail or I would seek to pray
for those I leave after me and who will have to suffer such agony and

all owing to my criminal acts. Oh that I never quitted Ireland ! Oh that I had resisted the first attempts to launch me into speculations. If I had had less talents of a worthless kind and more firmness I might have remained as I once was honest and truthful—and I would have lived to see my dear Father and Mother in their old age. I weep and weep now, but what can that avail !

“J. SADLEIR.

“ROBERT KEATINGE, Esq., M.P.,
Shamroque Lodge, Clapham.”

Banks, railways, assurance associations, land companies, every undertaking with which he had been connected, were flung into dismay, and for months fresh revelations of fraud, forgery, and robbery came daily and hourly to view. By the month of April the total of such discoveries had reached one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

While the three kingdoms were ringing with this frightful story, and the career of the Sadleir party was being recalled and narrated like some tale of a band of mediæval banditti, a piece of news almost as astounding burst on us all. Mr. Keogh was elevated to the bench, clothed with the ermine, as puisne judge of the Common Pleas ! More than twenty years have passed away, and those feelings still rankle in the Irish breast. Irishmen could sooner forgive a defeat in the field ; they could sooner forget the wounds of a penal code. In the days that were now close at hand, the agents of revolutionary conspiracy found no more irresistible argument in pushing their terrible propaganda among the people than a reference to this transaction, and to the story of “Sadleir’s Brigade.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARBUTHNOT ABDUCTION.

ON Sunday, the 2d of July, 1854, I was standing with some friends outside the ivied gateway of Holy Cross Abbey, county Tipperary. We were examining a curiously sculptured stone of the sixteenth century, built into the wall close by the northern end of the bridge which here spans the Suir, when a cry or shout on the other side of the river, and the noise of a horse in rapid gallop attracted our attention. Looking quickly around, we had barely time to get out of the way when there dashed by us at furious speed a police orderly, his horse all flecked with foam, and mud spattered to the top of his shako. What was it? Not another “rising,” surely? “A landlord shot, as sure as we live,” exclaimed one of our party; and, standing where we did, on Tipperary soil, in the midst of a famous shooting-district, no guess could have been more natural under all the circumstances. After a while we turned into the abbey, and, having spent an hour amidst the ruined aisles of King Donald’s church and the shattered tombs of prince and lord, we forgot for a moment the hurried horseman, and came away. It was only when we returned to Thurles, after a brisk walk of three miles, we had an explanation of the incident at the bridge. “Did you hear the news, sir?—did you hear the news? Carden of Barnane—the country is up in pursuit of him; all the police are out, and the mounted men are giving the alarm, and——”

“But what has he done?”

“Done, sir! Didn’t you hear? Miss Arbuthnot—the young English lady, a sister of Mrs. Gough, that he was mad

in love with, they say—sure he tried to carry her off ; and there was a bloody battle between his men, all armed, and the people defending her, and he was beat ; but an orderly has brought word to our sub-inspector that they say he was took an hour ago, on the road below at Farney.”

Could we credit our ears ? An abduction ! Had the worst days of the last century come back on us once more ? An abduction, and by Mr. Carden of Barnane, one of the magnates of the county, a great landlord, grand juror, magistrate, deputy-lieutenant ! Before nightfall the town was all excitement over the story, which was told in a hundred versions. True it was that an event destined to startle the kingdom from end to end had just befallen within a few miles of where we stood. “For years past,” said the *Times* two days subsequently, “no event of any political cast has created greater excitement than the adventurous attempt of the lord of Barnane to possess himself, by means beyond the pale of the law, of a bride possessed of all the requisites, personal and pecuniary, which were but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament.”

About three miles from Clonmel, the beautifully environed capital of Southern Tipperary, stands Rathronan House. The road to Cashel leads due north for two miles, when, at Rathronan Church, it turns sharply to the left and west. Here it skirts for a mile the southern boundary of Rathronan demesne, after which it turns again northward. On this road is the avenue-entrance to Rathronan House, the gate-lodge being half a mile from the little church already referred to. In 1854 Rathronan was the residence of Captain the Honorable George Gough, eldest son of Field-Marshal Lord Gough, the hero of Sobraon. Captain Gough had married an English lady, daughter of Mr. George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie, Surrey, and at this time two sisters of Mrs. Gough, Laura, the elder, and Eleanor, the younger, resided with her. The fame of these fair Saxons filled the county. They were young, handsome, and accomplished. When I add that they were heir-

esses to considerable fortunes, it will be at once admitted they were fascinating and irresistible. So at least thought all the young gallants of the "upper ten" in Tipperary. Eleanor fairly turned the heads of several of them; yet her heart was obdurate: she was impartially civil and cold to all. Among these suitors was "the lord of Barnane," Mr. John Carden.* He had met her at Marlfield, the charming residence of Mr. Bagwell, long time member for Clonmel, and soon the North Riding squire was the most desperately in love of all. He followed her everywhere. Wherever she appeared—at archery meet or at flower-show, at concert, evening party, or county ball—there was he, like one under a spell, having eyes for nothing and nobody but her. Between him and Captain Gough there existed the friendly and social relations of one county gentleman with another constantly met in the hunting-field and the grand-jury room; but the families were not intimate in their intercourse. At length Mr. Carden formally proposed for the hand of the English maiden. He was refused,—refused under circumstances that not alone wounded his feelings, but caused him to believe that he owed his repulse not so much to any aversion on the part of the young lady as to unfair opposition on the part of her family. Once this idea took possession of him, there was no displacing it. Trifles light as air were viewed as corroboration; a fancied glance as she passed him in the street, a flourish of her whip as she drove by in the pony-phæton, were embraced as so many signals that she really loved him but was under restraint. The plain truth was, she cared not a jot for the lord of Barnane. Very likely she may have been for a while a little pleased with or vain of his attentions; but she did all that a young girl could well do, without being painfully rude, to repress any closer advances once things became serious.

* He was cousin of Sir John Carden, of the Priory, Templemore, and was called "Woodcock Carden," so often had he been fired at when at one period of his life he was carrying out extensive evictions.

The ladies of Rathronan House were in the habit of attending divine service on Wednesdays at Fethard, a town distant northward six or seven miles. On Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1854, from one reason or another Miss Eleanor and Mrs. Gough stayed at home, and the elder Miss Arbuthnot, Laura, and a young lady friend, Miss Linden, were driven to the church at Fethard, by a servant named Hoare. While he was engaged in stabling the horse during the time of service, Hoare was accosted by Mr. John Carden's confidential "man," Rainsberry, who was very inquisitive and asked quite a number of pumping questions about the young ladies. He elicited from Hoare, at all events, the fact that Miss Eleanor was not of the party. Returning home the ladies encountered on the road, at a place called Market Hill, Mr. Carden, who was on horseback, and it was observed that drawn up close by was a carriage. Furthermore, Hoare noticed that soon after the Rathronan phaeton passed a car drove up, containing Rainsberry and four other men, who joined the attendants of the carriage in the by-way. These circumstances, however, seem to have aroused no particular suspicions at the time.

Next day there was the Midsummer Flower-Show at Clonmel, the favored annual rendezvous of the county gentry, or rather of the county ladies. Mr. Carden was early on the ground. He sauntered through the marquees, and strolled along the stands ; but the bloom of June roses had no charm for him. His eyes sought only the flower of Rathronan. In the afternoon she appeared. He accosted her ; asked how her sister was. She bowed, answered that her sister was very well, and passed on. All effort to engage her in conversation was baffled.

On the following Sunday, 2d of July, 1854, Mrs. Gough, Miss Arbuthnot, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and Miss Linden attended divine worship at Rathronan, Captain Gough being all this time absent in Dublin. The party were driven to the church on an Irish "outside" car. As they entered the

church-yard they saw standing behind a tombstone, as if idly waiting the commencement of the service, Mr. Carden of Barnane. Considering the incident of Wednesday, the meeting at the flower-show, and, above all, the fact that Rathronan was not the church which ordinarily he would attend, they must have felt his presence to be only a new demonstration of that "haunting" process of which they had by this time become painfully conscious. As a matter of fact, he attracted general notice, nearly every one understanding that he came to have a look at "Miss Eleanor." During devotions he exhibited not a trace of nervousness, excitement, or anxiety. He withdrew at the close of the regular service; but as this was Sacrament Sunday the Rathronan ladies waited to communicate, and consequently did not leave at the same time.

The morning had been so fine that the ladies had left home, as I have mentioned, on an open vehicle; but scarcely had they entered the church when heavy showers came on. The coachman, James Dwyer, quick in thought, drove back to Rathronan (distant three-quarters of a mile), put up the outside jaunting-car, and returned with what is called a "covered car" in its stead. This is a description of vehicle which is entered at the back, the passengers sitting on each side *vis-à-vis* within. Dwyer little dreamt how much was soon to turn on this change of "traps."

There had meantime drawn up outside the Rathronan demesne gateway a carriage, to which were harnessed a dashing pair of thoroughbreds. Six strange men were observed loitering about close by; and on the road outside the entrance to the church-yard a groom led two saddle-horses. When Mr. Carden quitted the church he mounted one of them, and rode up to where the carriage stood. He spoke a few hurried words, on which the coachman gripped his reins, and the six "guards," or attendants, at once closed in. Mr. Carden got off his horse, and earnestly examined the housings of the two magnificent animals yoked to the carriage.

Every strap and buckle, band and trace, was minutely and carefully scrutinized and tested. The examination concluded, he again mounted and rode back toward the church. He met Captain Gough's covered car returning with the ladies. He at once wheeled round and closely followed it, his horse's head being barely a few feet from the end of the vehicle. Dwyer, the coachman, as he neared the gateway, saw the strange carriage and the attendants, and knew that behind was riding Mr. John Carden of Barnane, the importunate suitor of "the young mistress." Some thought that all was not right flashed like lightning through his mind. He had not time to work the problem out to any very clear conclusion; but as he neared the gate, he, with a sort of instinctive alarm, shook the rein and cried to his horse. Before a touch of his whip could fall, the six men dashed forward, seized and stopped the car. Then first he recognized in their leader Rainsberry, and divined what was up. He sprang from the driving-seat exclaiming, "Rainsberry, you villain, let go my horse; you'll pay dear for this!" A blow on the head from a skull-cracker tumbled Dwyer to the ground. Rainsberry shouted out, "Cut, cut! Knives, knives!" One of the band pulled from beneath his coach a large garden-knife, freshly sharpened, and with one stroke severed the reins of the Rathronan horse; another and another, and the traces hung on the road. This was but the work of a few seconds: years of terror and agony they seemed to the screaming victims in the car. At the instant the vehicle was stopped, Mr. Carden jumped from his horse, rushed over, and grasped at Eleanor Arbuthnot. But the whole chapter of accidents was in her favor that day. She happened to be farthest in: he could touch her only by reaching across Miss Linden, who, sitting on the same seat, was next the door. Had the ladies been on the outside car which bore them to church in the morning, one pull from their assailant would have brought any of them to his feet. But, placed as they now were, they were considerably shel-

tered from attack ; and before Eleanor could be reached the other three had to be pulled out and disposed of. All four showed fight in the most determined manner, fully realizing what was on foot. Mr. Carden succeeded for a moment in gripping Eleanor. With desperate energy he pulled and strained to drag her out. Laura held her back, and Miss Linden, drawing her clenched fist with all the force she could command, struck the undefended face of the deputy-lieutenant a smashing blow. Blood spurted from his nose and streamed down his face, covering his shirt-front and vest. He loosed his hold and turned sharply on his lady assailant. In vain she shrieked and struggled : he tore her furiously from her hold, and flung her on the side of the road. Mrs. Gough, whose condition of health at the time made a scene like this almost certain death for her, sprang as best she could out of the car, and rushed through the avenue toward the house, screaming for help. A young peasant, named McGrath, was the first to arrive on the scene. He saw Captain Gough's herd at some distance, and shouted to him to hurry,—that there was murder going on. Then, with genuine Tipperary vehemence, he dashed into the fray. Had it been a struggle altogether between men, McGrath would doubtless have been perplexed which side to espouse, lest he might by any mischance be striking in behalf of “law and order,”—the police, the magistrates, the landlords, or that concatenation of them all, “the Government.” But he saw women attacked, and he could make no mistake in hitting hard at their assailants.* Mr. Carden returned to the car after hurling Miss Linden aside, and renewed his endeavors to drag Eleanor Arbuthnot from her seat. “Eleanor ! Eleanor !” he exclaimed, “it is you I want. I know I shall hang for this. My life will be the price !” Laura yet remained with her ; and he found he must get rid of the elder

* He is, I believe, still alive, and now in a very respectable position. Miss Arbuthnot presented him with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed ; and Lord Gough obtained for him a situation in the Excise.

sister as he had disposed of Miss Linden. After a long contest he succeeded, and there now remained in the vehicle but the one whose capture was the object of all his efforts. The hapless girl had seen her companions and protectors one by one torn from her side, and now her turn had come. Bravely, nobly, all undaunted, would she fight to the last ! She put her arm through a leather hanging-strap that was fixed beside the window, and held on for dear life. She struggled frantically against the powerful savage, who wildly pulled and tore at her with all his force. Several times had he succeeded but for the interference, at the most critical moment, of some one of her few defenders outside ; for all this time a deadly encounter was proceeding on the road. McGrath, his head literally gashed with wounds, Dwyer the coachman, and Smithwick the herd, also bleeding profusely, were, ever and anon, despite the greater numbers of their foes, able to make a dash at Mr. Carden and drive him from his hold. But, by the testimony of all who saw that scene, not one of them fought so daringly as Miss Linden. Again and again she was flung to the ground by Mr. Carden ; as often did she spring to her feet and clutch him by the throat, tear his hair by the handful, and pound his face till it bled anew !

Gasping, breathless, almost fainting,—he had received a fearful blow of a stone on the temple from McGrath,—Mr. Carden cried to his followers, “Cowards ! cowards ! come on. Why don’t you fire ? why don’t you fire ?” But happily they would not fire, though in the carriage close by fire-arms had been provided. The only one of them who seemed ready to proceed to extremities was Rainsberry. The others, as they subsequently complained, had been told that Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot was to be a consenting party to the abduction. When they saw the turn the affair had taken, they wished to be well out of it. Every moment showed them more clearly that their necks were being run into halters, and every moment also lessened their chance of escape. Help

was now approaching; shouts were heard in the distance. The maddening thought forced itself on Mr. Carden that he had failed, and must fly. Not readily, however, could he be got to realize the astounding fact. His attendants almost forced him into the carriage, and, like arrow from the bended bow, off it flew, two of the finest blood-horses in all Munster straining in the traces.

Clonmel was the first to receive the alarm, and quickly Mr. Goold, the resident magistrate, Mr. Fosberry, the sub-inspector of police, and a strong party of constabulary were in full chase. They rightly guessed that the fugitives would make for Templemore, and they dashed away northward. Meanwhile the Rathronan farm steward had taken horse and galloped to Cashel, where, on receipt of the astounding news which he brought, Mr. M'Cullagh, the sub-inspector, with all the mounted officers of his force, soon took saddle and gave pursuit. About three or four miles north of Holy Cross, and within four or five of Barnane gate, is Farney Bridge, close by Farney Castle, the picturesque residence of Mr. Armstrong. Here, after a ride of ten miles at full gallop, they sighted the carriage going at a desperate pace. But Mr. M'Cullagh's horses were fresh, and the run of twenty miles from Rathronan, over very heavy roads, had told severely on Mr. Carden's. The officers soon overhauled the vehicle and summoned the occupants to pull up and surrender. The answer was a shout of defiance. Instantly springing from the stirrup, Mr. M'Cullagh rushed at the horses, managed to seize them, and by turning them slightly ran the carriage into the ditch. Two attendants jumped from the "dickey" and showed fight, but they were at once overpowered. In fact, Farney police barrack was quite close at hand, and on the first noise of the affray the men turned out, arriving in time to assist in the capture and disarmament of the whole party. Mr. Carden was discovered to be severely wounded about the head and neck. There were found upon him a loaded six-barreled revolver, a loaded double-barreled pistol, a belt

containing three hundred and fifteen pounds in gold and English notes, a memorandum-book, and a lady's lace veil. With the prisoners were taken three "life-preservers," one stained with blood, a large knife, and a pouch of revolver ammunition. In the carriage were a coil of rope, coats, rugs, shawls, quite a variety of clothing, and a black leather bag. On opening the bag it was found to contain two bottles of chloroform, one bottle of mixture, a sponge, a bottle of smelling-salts, a bottle of tincture of valerian, a small goblet, some ladies' gloves, a pair of ladies' slippers, a crochet vest, a wig, some bandages and lint, besides minor articles. One of the chloroform-bottles was marked "a teaspoonful to a cup of water." From the following entry discovered in the memorandum-book it would seem that Mr. Carden meant to drive through his own demesne without stopping, dispatching this written message to some trusted agent there :

"Lock the main gate ; bully and baffle all pursuers ; but don't endanger life. Lead pursuers to suspect that I'm shut up in the tower. Rake the gravel at the house to remove tracks. Give a hint to Johnson to be a friend and mislead the pursuers. Do not forward my letters, but write yourself to St. James's, and protect the men who were with me."

All, however, was over now. His desperate game was played and lost. He was led a prisoner to Cashel jail.*

So incredible did it seem that such an outrage as this could happen in our country in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when the first reports appeared in the Dublin newspapers there were many readers who derided the story as a sensational fiction. It was only when every day and hour subsequently brought irresistible corroboration that men universally accepted as a fact the astounding narrative.† The

* One of the carriage-horses, worth a hundred and fifty guineas, dropped dead on the road, ere they had proceeded more than a mile toward the town.

† The curious influence of example in crimes of a peculiar nature was soon exemplified in this case. Within a week or two abductions sud-

particulars that came later to hand intensified the general excitement. It became known that the measures Mr. Carden had concerted for the abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot had occupied his attention for a long period and had involved a considerable expenditure. He had, it was stated, decided upon conveying her to the shore of Galway Bay (distant some fifty miles), where he had a steamer chartered for the purpose of taking her off to sea, relays of horses being placed along the entire route from Templemore to Galway. The vessel with steam up was lying off the shore, and it was stated to be his intention to sail direct for London. These preparations cost him a sum of about seven thousand pounds.

On Thursday, the 27th of July, 1854, the Tipperary South Riding assizes were opened in Clonmel by the Right Honorable Judge Ball. Hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant was there such a throng of the county families as filled the town upon that day; for the sensational trial of Mr. John Carden was to be the great item of the calendar. The Honorable George O'Callaghan, high sheriff, was in a state bordering on frenzy for several days previously. Ladies, young, old, and neuter, hunted him remorselessly from post to pillar with unappeasable demands for admission-tickets. He piteously explained that a considerable enlargement of the county court-house was impracticable at such short notice, and that he feared the judge would not listen to the idea of conducting the trial on the race-course or in the fair-green. All to no purpose. Every fair persecutor was very sure *she* would take up little room,—“hardly any at all,”—and could easily, “if he pleased,” be provided with a nook whence she could see that poor mad creature Mr. Carden, dear soul, who had, “loved not wisely but too well,” and so forth; and it

denly reappeared in several parts of the country. A few days after the Rathronan attempt a Tipperary policeman carried off a respectable young girl from her friends; and at Cork, John Walsh, a printer, was committed for the abduction of Mary Spillane, a girl under eighteen years of age, who was entitled to a good fortune on attaining her majority.

was nothing but downright ill nature, to be resented to the day of his death, for him, the high sheriff, or Sam Going, his surly "sub," to say the places were already assigned. He fled the town,—was "not at home" to inquirers,—but they pushed their way into his study all the same. Then he took to his bed, and gave out that he was very ill,—a combination of measles and whooping-cough, with a touch of scarlatina the *Chronicle* newspaper said it was ; but the delightful beings would penetrate to the side of his couch, and while he groaned out from under the counterpane that except the dock there was not an inch of space undisposed of, they gave him "bits of their mind" in return, which they assured him he would never be allowed to forget !

It is not to be concluded that the sterner sex were at all less earnest in their persecutions. But it was not Mr. Carden *they* wanted to see. "One glimpse at that lovely, that heroic girl," was begged and scrambled for with wild enthusiasm. "Sure you can see her some other time," expostulated poor Mr. Going. The result of such observations on his part was his exclusion from "society" in the South Riding for several seasons afterward.

Jamque dies infanda aderat. Old Judge Ball, grandly preceded by halberdiers and pikemen and trumpeters, and attended by the truly unhappy sheriff "in state," went down to the court-house. The Honorable Cornwallis Maude, foreman of the grand jury, having listened to his lordship's opening address, retired with his brethren for a while. Soon they returned into court with a "true bill" against their long-time friend and fellow-magistrate, Mr. John Carden, for the forcible abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot of Rathronan. It was known that great legal contention would arise as to whether Mr. Carden could be said in law to have effected the "abduction," as he had not succeeded in removing the young lady from the car. To guard against mishap, the Crown sent up minor indictments for attempted abduction and for aggravated assault. On these also true

bills were returned. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the charge of abduction. Next day he was arraigned for the *attempt* to abduct, and was found guilty. A third time, on the following Monday, he was put on trial for a felonious assault on Smithwick, the Rathronan herd. This was very generally felt to be an overdoing of the business by the prosecution, and sympathy with the prisoner was openly expressed on all sides. When the jury this time handed down a verdict of "not guilty," there was "loud cheering" in the court, "the ladies waving their handkerchiefs." More astonishing was the fact that the crowd assembled outside the building—belonging to a class with whom Mr. Carden, as a landlord, was no great favorite—gave vent to like demonstrations. Before sentence was passed he obtained permission from the judge to make some observations, and he addressed the court with great ability, exhibiting considerable tact, delicacy, and judgment in all he said. He disclaimed earnestly, and I verily believe with perfect truth, the unworthy motives as to personal resentment, malice, or gain that had been imputed to him. He solemnly declared that he had not "the slightest idea or knowledge of the delicate state of Mrs. Gough's health." "If I had been aware of it," he added, "I certainly would have forbidden the making of any such criminal attempt." Lastly, he indignantly repelled the idea that the drugs found in the carriage were intended for the purpose of producing insensibility.

This address was listened to with breathless attention, and beyond all question elicited much feeling for the man against whom but a brief week before every voice was raised. The judge, however, took a justly stern view of the facts, and sentenced Mr. Carden to two years' imprisonment with hard labor in the county jail. On the following day the *Tipperary Free Press* announced that already the unfortunate "lord of Barnane," clothed in prison-garb, had commenced the dreary expiation invoked upon him by a passion which even this ordeal was not to extinguish.

Three years rolled by. Every one seemed to have forgotten the Rathronan episode, when suddenly in the newspapers there appeared the startling heading, "Mr. John Carden again ! Further attempts on Miss Arbuthnot !"

In these sensational announcements he was somewhat wronged ; yet the story was strange enough in its simple truth. Imprisonment, humiliation, mental and physical suffering, public scorn, the relentless hostility of her friends, had failed to shake Mr. Carden's infatuation for Miss Arbuthnot. He followed her unseen. He inquired about her movements, and seemed happy only when, at all events, near the spot of earth which she irradiated. The young lady, on the other hand, suffered the exquisite torture of ever-present apprehension. She knew her tormentor was around. He had managed to reach her presence and speak to her once at least subsequently to his release, having followed her to Elderslie in Surrey. On this occasion his excited manner quite affrighted her. In October, 1858, she was staying with her sister, now Lady Gough, at St. Helen's, near Blackrock, county Dublin, when the woman who kept the gate-lodge one morning reported an alarming story. For two or three days consecutively a well-dressed female had been calling at the lodge, inquiring as to Miss Eleanor's movements,—at what times she went out, and whether she ever walked by herself in the demesne. At length—so the lodge-keeper averred—the mysterious stranger revealed that she came from Mr. Carden, and that a large sum of money would be given if he were assisted to an interview with the young lady in the house or grounds. This was not the only story which reached Miss Arbuthnot. She was told her demented persecutor had declared that when the Gough family went to live at Lough Cooter Castle (recently purchased by them), "which was a lonely place, he could easily carry her off." Things seemed to be getting serious : so on the next visit of Mr. Carden's female ambassador to the gate-lodge she was seized and handed over to the police. Informations were sworn against

Mr. Carden, who was forthwith arrested and called upon to give substantial securities that he would not molest or annoy Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot. Once more we were in the midst of the old excitement. The police court at Kingstown was this time the scene of a protracted trial. It became evident there had been a good deal of panic exaggeration on the part of the lodge-keeper. It was equally clear there had been much crafty duplicity practiced by the female ambassador. She had been formerly a domestic in the employ of Miss Arbuthnot's family, and recently saw her advantage in engaging as housekeeper to Mr. Carden. She knew his weakness, and flattered it. She pretended to have interviews with Miss Eleanor, and brought him cheering messages. In short, the magistrate saw that on this occasion Mr. Carden was very nearly "as much sinned against as sinning." Nevertheless he deemed it prudent to bind him in heavy penalties to be of the peace the space of one year,—a requirement which he resignedly fulfilled. That year flew by, and many more, and still he trod his solitary path through life unshaken in the conviction that Eleanor Arbuthnot loved the man she publicly spurned. The fact that she never married another perhaps strengthened his hallucination. It is said he more than once traveled secretly to Lough Cooter, to catch, unseen, one glimpse of her on the road or in the grounds, and then returned as he went.

Tipperary, the North Riding especially, is full of the most astonishing stories of this remarkable character. At the time of the abduction he was about fifty-four years of age. He was a compactly built, muscular man; about five feet six inches in height; haughty, perhaps it might be said overbearing, with strangers, and not given to forming friendships. Yet he was warmly regarded by his dependants; and, fiercely stern as was his dealing with some of his tenantry, many of them—those who experienced his better qualities—spoke and speak of him in the highest terms. He was educated in England, and on attaining his majority

found his property had been “under the courts,” as the people say,—under a Chancery receiver,—for several years, owing to litigation. The tenants making some pretext out of this state of things, thought to escape paying him the rent. He came home to Barnane, summoned them all to meet him on a given day, and announced to them his ultimatum,—rent or land, pay or quit. They had the repute of being a desperate lot, and they apparently relied on this to intimidate him. The rent they would not pay; the land they would keep; having reasons, they said, to justify the former resolve, and determination to maintain the latter. But they knew not their man. He said nothing more just then, but forthwith proceeded to put Barnane Castle into fortress condition. Blacksmiths and carpenters were set to work to make the doors and window-shutters bullet-proof; and when this was done a goodly stock of provisions was laid in. Local tradition asserts that he had the stairs cut away, and the interior of the castle so arranged that if the first story was forced he could retreat to the next, and, by pulling up a ladder, cut off all communication. He now commenced operations in the law-courts. Ejectment decrees were taken out against the tenants, and the work of eviction began. It was open war between him and them. I am told that when any of “the enemy” surrendered he not only restored them to their land, but treated them liberally as to terms. Those who refused to submit were remorselessly expelled. Of course he was shot at,—again and again; but, with miraculous good fortune, he always escaped. His pluck, his daring, extorted the admiration of friend and foe. One day, as he was riding along the road toward Nenagh, he was fired at by two men in an adjoining field. He faced his horse round, and, although it was truly a stiff jump, cleared the fence at a bound, galloped after his would-be assassins, struck one of them senseless with a blow from his loaded riding-whip, then overtook the other, dismounted, and, after a desperate struggle, captured him. He deliberately took off

the stirrup-leathers, and with them bound his prisoners and marched them into Nenagh jail. They were tried for the crime, convicted on his evidence, and hanged. It was, I believe, during this "war" that the insurgent tenantry in a body marched on the castle, but found him so securely barricaded that he could not be got at. They, however, had prepared to take revenge on him in another way. They had brought with them a number of horses and plows, and now commenced to plow up the beautiful and extensive lawn before the hall-door. Mr. Carden had a swivel-mounted cannon on the top of the castle: he loaded it with grape-shot in view of the plowing-party, and then sang out to them that they had ten minutes to depart. They unyoked in five and galloped off.

In the last few years of his life his eccentricity took a curious turn. He converted the castle into a vast hotel, and erected very extensive and costly Turkish baths. I am not sure that he ever threw the establishment open to the public in the ordinary way, but visitors or tourists passing the way were, I am told, very hospitably received. Some six years ago he was attacked with apoplexy, and never rallied. His death once more recalled his name to public notice; and, with all his failings, the general sentiment was one of compassion and regret for one so strangely compounded of merit and demerit. I know not who succeeded to his estates, or whether the castle and its beautiful grounds are visited as of yore; but for many a generation yet to come the story of his life and adventures—most of all the Rathronan abduction—will thrill listening groups around the firesides at Tipperary.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PHŒNIX CONSPIRACY.

IF the absence of political life and action could be called tranquility, or torpor be deemed repose, Ireland from 1852 to 1858 enjoyed that peaceful rest, that cessation from agitation, which so many authorities declared to be the one thing wanting for her prosperity and happiness. With the overthrow and ruin of the Tenant-Right movement in 1852 there set in a state of things which ought to have gladdened the hearts of all such monitors. Never before, since, in the Emancipation campaign of 1820-1829, the body of the nation entered into the purposes and practices of public life, had Ireland been without some popular organization or movement that gave a voice to the national aspirations. This political activity, which to many eyes seemed so deplorable, at one time occupied itself with Catholic Emancipation, at another with Corporate Reform, at another with the Tithe question ; for a long period with Repeal, for a short one with Land-tenure. But now the temple of Janus was closed. Political action ceased. The last endeavor of the Irish masses to accomplish ameliorations within the lines of the constitution had been baffled and crushed. By skillful exercise of "patronage" the Government had bought off the leaders and exploded the hopes and plans of the Tenant Leaguers. No direct political defeat could have accomplished so decisive a dispersion of the popular organization. It was not merely that the people were driven beaten from the parliamentary field, but that they were routed under circumstances which forbade a rally. Their faith in one another,

their confidence in leaders, their reliance on constitutional effort,—all, all were swept away. To the eye of the superficial observer, Ireland was in 1856 more really and completely “pacified” than at any period since the time of Strongbow. Repeal was buried. Disaffection had disappeared. Nationality was unmentioned. Not a shout was raised. Not even a village tenant-right club survived. The people no longer interested themselves in politics. Who went into or who went out of Parliament concerned them not. The “agitator’s” voice was heard no more. All was silence. Rest and peace, some called it. Sullen indifference and moody despair others judged it to be.

I do not believe that in the darkest days of the eighteenth century a lower level of public spirit, a lower tone of political morality, prevailed in Ireland than at this time. The chill of disappointment, the shock of recent events, drove into retirement the best elements of public society. The fierce violence and unsparing passion with which the controversies and resentments arising out of those events were pursued belonged less to regular political combat than to a savage guerilla warfare. In such a state of circumstances public life was almost wholly abandoned to the self-seeking and adventurous. Good faith, honesty, consistency, sincerity in political affairs, were cynically scoffed at and derided. “Every one for himself and the Castle for us all” was the motto of the hour. The political arena was regarded simply as a mart in which everything went to the highest bidder; and the speculator who netted the most gains was the man most applauded. Such was political Ireland in 1856.

The schism which split the ranks of the Young Ireland or Confederate party in 1848—referred to in a previous chapter—never was really closed. The principles developed on each hand in that controversy were very distinct and strongly marked. The bulk of the national party, though swept into insurrection amidst the fever of ’48, held the views of O’Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Duffy, O’Gorman, and Doheny, expressed

in the Confederation debate of the 4th of February in that year. They never based their policy on revolution. It was regarded as a contingency not to be shrunk from if absolutely forced upon them, but one so remote as to be beyond the range of practical concern. The minority embraced revolution, not merely as a possible contingency, but as the only one to be contemplated and prepared for. They laid the failure of the insurrection upon the "rose-water" policy of Duffy and O'Brien. The wounded pride, the bitter mortification, with which the result of that attempt was attended for them, intensified their feelings. They would not accept what had taken place as any test whatever of their policy, principles, or plans. The loaded gun had miserably missed fire; that was all. When they found Gavan Duffy, on his release from prison, in the revived *Nation*, falling back on a constitutional and parliamentary policy, their anger and scorn were very bitter. They assailed him with taunt and invective; but he carried the country along with him, and O'Brien, Meagher, O'Doherty, and other of the State prisoners indorsed and approved his course. The Separatists, few in number, were put to silence for the time; but they continued to regard with undisguised hostility the line of policy which the *Nation* pursued.

Through all the course of Irish politics from 1848 downward, the divergence and conflict of these two sections of the national party may be traced, and have to be kept in mind. Half the blunders of English politicians, in dealing with the passing incidents of domestic Irish affairs, arise from ignorance of this state of things. A correct appreciation of it supplies a key to many apparently perplexing problems. The Constitutional Nationalists, looking to Henry Grattan as their founder, and the Revolutionary Nationalists, or Separatists, taking Wolfe Tone as theirs, have operated, and still operate, sometimes together, often in conflict, in Irish politics, down to the present day.

Amidst the fervor with which the people embraced the

Tenant-Right agitation of 1850, the separatist and revolutionary principles, momentarily embraced a few years before, seemed almost extinguished in Ireland; but abroad—in America and elsewhere—the refugees of the '48 movement, with one or two important exceptions, invincibly retained the violent determinations of that time. Two of these refugees, Mr. John O'Mahony and Mr. James Stephens, had settled for some time in Paris after their escape from Ireland in 1848. They there fell into the society of men who, during the "year of revolutions," in various parts of Europe, from Vienna to Rome, had played a part much like their own; and soon, in what may be called the central training-school of European revolutionism, they learned that the way to begin was by a secret society. After a residence of a few years in the French capital, O'Mahony proceeded to America. Stephens quietly returned to Ireland, and engaged himself as private tutor to a gentleman residing near Killarney. Before parting, they had both arrived at the conclusion that if ever their principles were to have another opportunity of promulgation in Ireland it should be in accordance with the skillful tactics they had learned in Paris. But they grievously feared that what they execrated as the retrograde movement of the popular party at home, under Duffy's guidance, had rendered any such contingency hopelessly remote.

They little thought how near it was at hand. The overthrow and virtual suppression of the Tenant League, utterly breaking the hope of the people in such political efforts, cleared the field and removed the obstacles which the dreaming conspirators thus deplored. With joy they saw the people abandon public politics, and well knew how, brooding in despair, they would weigh the miseries contested elections had brought on their heads against the worst that could befall them on a more violent course. The "calm" of Irish politics from '52 to '58, that so delighted superficial observers, was in truth the worst symptom in the course of half a

century. Still, the disheartenment was so great, the revulsion of feeling so complete, that although the people had given up constitutional efforts it was by no means clear they would care to try any other. For a long while no opportunity presented itself for launching the revolutionary experiment.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Smith O'Brien—who had previously been liberated from his confinement at Hobart Town, on condition of not returning to Ireland—was allowed to return under an unconditional amnesty. His former status was fully restored in every respect, except a special exclusion from his otherwise rightful rank and title as brother of a peer; his eldest brother having quite recently, on the death of the Marquis of Thomond, become Lord Inchiquin. Almost the only sign of popular interest in politics which could be noted in Ireland at the time was the satisfaction which his return called forth, and the tender to him forthwith of the representation of an Irish constituency in Parliament. He, however, refused to resume any prominent position in active public life, although he by no means disclaimed a deep feeling of interest in Irish questions. He devoted the summer of 1858 to a quiet tour through the country, evidently curious to see what changes the ten eventful years just past had brought about. In several places he was welcomed with manifestations of respect and affection, though he avoided and seemed to deprecate “public demonstrations” of any sort. At Clonmel, the town in which he had been sentenced to execution as a traitor, he was presented with an address, to which he delivered a reply marked by that quiet dignity and that inflexibility of public principle which were with him old characteristics. He referred sadly to the incidents of '48, but proudly affirmed that the convictions and principles for which he was then ready to lay down his life—the right of Ireland to her native constitutional form of government—were firm and unshaken as ever. This avowal called forth a remarkable article in the *Times*,—remarkable read by the

light of events near at hand. The great English journal declared the roar of this toothless lion need disturb no one. Irish disaffection was dead and buried,—would never trouble England more. The tranquility, the contentment, the loyalty of the Irish people showed that the days of agitators and rebels were past, never to return.

While the *Times*, exultant in these assumed facts, was pelting them tauntingly at O'Brien, the Government in Dublin Castle were making preparations to pounce upon a new conspiracy. Within a month we were once more in the midst of proclamations, police razzias, arrests, and State trials.

The outbreak of the Indian mutiny had greatly excited the revolutionary party among Irishmen at home and in America. It looked like the beginning of a protracted and perilous struggle for England; perhaps of her overthrow. On this occasion, as during the Crimean War, Ireland was denuded of troops. Here, they reflected, were two signal opportunities for revolt lost through want of preparation. It was determined forthwith to make a beginning with the long-meditated project of a secret society.

Some young men—mercantile assistants and others—in the town of Skibbereen had, about this time, established a political club or reading-room, called the Phœnix National and Literary Society. It might have gone the way of many a similar institution, and never been heard of beyond the local precincts, but for a visit which Mr. James Stephens paid to that neighborhood in May, 1858. He had been struck by the rather independent and defiant spirit of some observations reported from one of its meetings, and judged that among these men he would find material for the work he had in hand. Foremost in a sort of careless audacity and resolute will was one, already quite popular, or, as “the authorities” in Skibbereen would say, a “ringleader,” with young men of his class,—Jeremiah Donovan. He was not only given to Gaelic studies, but he exhibited a love for his-

torico-genealogical research which was quite alarming to the local gentry. He very shortly resumed the "O" to his name; and, as his people belonged to Ross, he adopted the distinguishing Gaelic affix "Rossa,"* thenceforward signing his name—one now well known in Ireland, England, and Scotland—Jeremiah O'Donovan, Rossa."

One evening in May, 1858, O'Donovan—or "Rossa," as it may be more convenient to call him, although he was not generally known by this affix for some time after—was called upon by a companion who had something important to communicate under the seal of secrecy. A mysterious "stranger" had come to town on a startling mission. The Irishmen in America, he declared, had resolved to aid the men at home in achieving the independence of Ireland, and the aid was to consist of arms and of men. Rossa goes on to tell the rest: "If we had a certain number of men sworn to fight, there would be an equal number of arms in Ireland for these men when enrolled, and an invading force of from five to ten thousand men before the start. The arms were to be in the country before the men would be asked to stir; they would not be given into their hands, but were to be kept in hiding-places until the appointed time, when every Center could take his men to the spot and get the weapons. As soon as we had enrolled the men willing to fight, we were to get military instructors to teach us how to do as soldiers."

Nothing could possibly have been more to the heart of Rossa than this enterprise. He jumped at it, he says, "and next day I inoculated a few others, whom I told to go and do likewise." Before a month had elapsed, out of one hundred young men on the books of the "Literary Society," ninety had been sworn in to this secret organization.

Such was the start of Fenianism. The "mysterious stranger" was Mr. James Stephens.

* Subdivisions of Irish families or clans were sometimes distinguished, one from another, in this way: as "O'Connor, Kerry," "O'Sullivan, Bear (or Beara)," etc.

Mr. Stephens well enough knew that the national party, so far as it was represented by the *Nation* newspaper,—by Smith O'Brien and Gavan Duffy,—would resent this effort; that, in fact, the feud between the two sections was sure to be resuscitated over such a project. Ordinarily it would be impossible to make much headway with a national or popular movement, open or secret, which the *Nation* opposed; but there were reasons for making light of any such difficulty now. The break-down of Mr. Duffy's parliamentary policy, through the Sadleir-Keogh betrayal, was not unnaturally presumed to have weakened the influence of the *Nation*; and I, who had but a short time previously succeeded to Mr. Duffy's position in the *Nation* office, was young, little known, and devoid of his great experience and influence. In the southwestern angle of the island, formed by portions of Cork and Kerry, a very brisk enrollment went on; the "secrecy," however, being absurdly inefficient. In the course of the summer I was made aware that some persons had been freely using the name of Mr. Smith O'Brien, of Mr. John Mitchel, myself, and others, in mysterious whispers about the power of the movement and the approval given to it. Whether such idle stories were worth contradicting was doubtful; yet it seemed a serious moral responsibility to remain silent. I could not tell what Mr. Mitchel's views might be,—he was in America,—but I thought it likely he would favor such a scheme.* The views of the other gentlemen—of Smith O'Brien especially—I well knew to be utterly averse to anything of the kind. Meanwhile a new urgency appeared. The Catholic Bishop of Kerry, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, called upon me one day to say that within the past hour he had heard from a Government official a minute account of the "Phoenix Society" conspiracy in his diocese. "It is no use pooh-poohing such work," said he: "the Government are preparing to treat it seriously, and are in possession of full informa-

* In this I was wrong, as I afterward discovered.

tion. A friendly warning in the *Nation* may disperse the whole danger, and bring these young men back to reason. At all events, you will save others from being involved in the catastrophe." Other newspapers had already been making public references to the subject : still I disliked the rôle of "alarmist." I consulted with Mr. John B. Dillon, Mr. Kevin O'Doherty, and other such friends near at hand, and wrote to Mr. Smith O'Brien, stating the case, and asking him what I ought to do,—whether more harm than good might come of any public intervention. The first-named gentleman deemed disclaiming unnecessary, and doubted the wisdom or efficacy of public interference. The Catholic clergy, however, throughout the whole district affected by the secret organization had determined to intervene at once and severely. Simultaneously from the altars of the Catholic churches the whole business was vehemently denounced, and the people warned to withdraw from and shun it. Mr. O'Brien's answer to my confidential communication was a letter, which he wished to be instantly published, it being his opinion that we were bound to reprehend all attempts to identify the Irish national cause with such an organization. I hesitated no longer ; I not only published Mr. O'Brien's letter, as he desired, but in strong terms appealed to patriotic Irishmen to avoid the hopeless perils and the demoralizing effects of secret societies. I was, in the same sense as the national leaders had ever been, as "seditious" as any of them in my hostility to the imperial scheme of destroying our national autonomy, but I had not studied in vain the history of secret oath-bound associations. I regarded them with horror. I knew all that could be said as to their advantages in revolutionizing a country ; but even in the firmest and best of hands they had a direct tendency to demoralization, and were often, on the whole, more perilous to society than open tyranny. In joining issue on this occasion with the hidden chiefs of the movement, I knew I was setting a great deal on the cast ; yet I did not know all. No action of all my

life bore consequences more full of suffering and sacrifice for me than did this throughout subsequent years. Conducting such a journal as the *Nation*, I had no choice as to silence. An equivocal attitude would have been despicably mean and cowardly. I was called upon to speak and act, under not only the public but the conscientious constraint of duty, and I did so. The result proved that the influence of the *Nation* had been underrated; or, perhaps I should say, its influence in co-operation with the appeals of the Catholic clergy. The enrollment was stopped, and it seemed for a while as if the movement had been relinquished. So great had been the effect of the firm but friendly remonstrances addressed to the people, that I verily believed we should hear no more of the Phoenix Society. Not so, however. The Government having long previously got its hand upon the business, was not willing to forego the sensational performance of crushing a conspiracy against its power. On the 3d of December, 1858, a vice-regal proclamation appeared, declaring that such a public danger existed. In a few days after a simultaneous raid was made upon the Phoenix men in Skibbereen, Bantry, Kenmare, and Killarney. The kingdom was alarmed anew by the spectacle of terrorizing arrests and State prosecutions. This was very generally regarded as "forcing an open gate," and the severities visited upon some of the prisoners—young men of excellent character, and many of them warmly regarded in their native districts—excited considerable public sympathy. The Government, however, seemed determined to treat the affair in a very serious spirit. A special commission was issued for the counties of Kerry and Cork, in each of which some score of prisoners awaited trial. In March, 1859, the whole array of Crown counsel, led by the Attorney-General, Mr. Whiteside, M.P., commenced proceedings at Tralee. The first prisoner arraigned was a national school-teacher named Daniel O'Sullivan.* The trial, which was very pro-

* It was a coincidence that the informer whose evidence was adduced to convict him bore the same name.

tracted, was signalized by the remarkably able defense of the prisoner by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., some ten or eleven years subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and now Baron O'Hagan.* The story disclosed by the Crown was simply that in the districts already mentioned numbers of young men were sworn into a secret society such as *Rossa* describes, and that small parties of them were in the habit of going through military drill, chiefly at night-time, but sometimes in the day. Beyond this stage the business had not progressed, and as far as could be known the organization had not extended elsewhere in Ireland. The leader was a mysterious personage, referred to generally as "the Seavac,"—Gaelic for hawk, and pronounced "Sheuk"—but pretty well known to be none other than Mr. Stephens. The jury disagreed, and the further trials were postponed. At the next Kerry assizes, the prisoner, O'Sullivan, finding the Crown impaneling an exclusively Protestant jury,—ordering every Catholic who came to the book to "stand by,"—declined to proceed with any defense. He said this was not "trial by jury," as supposed in law, and he would not recognize it as such by defense. The proceedings, consequently, were tame and brief. He was at once found guilty and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.†

When, some months later on, the trial of the Cork pris-

* By one act of his legislative career Lord O'Hagan may truly be said to have writ his name large on the page of our modern history. No man of this generation has done more to surround the law and its administration with popular confidence and respect than he by his great measure of Jury Reform. The Irish people were thereby assured for the first time that jury manipulation was not to render a Crown prosecution a game with loaded dice. When Lord O'Hagan's act first went into operation, some jars and hitches occurred, and partisans of the old system called out "failure." But it has long since become the object of universal praise, as a great and statesmanlike piece of legislation.

† Between 1848 and 1858 "transportation beyond the seas" was abolished, and penal servitude took its place as a punishment.

oners approached, their counsel and other friends urged them strongly to plead guilty. In the first place, the funds publicly collected to insure fair legal advocacy for the accused had been consumed by the protracted trial of O'Sullivan at Tralee. In the next place, it was represented to them that in consideration of such a course on their part the Crown would certainly be content to record the conviction and liberate them "to appear when called on," and, moreover, would probably commute the sentence on their comrade O'Sullivan. On an undertaking or promise to this latter effect—very tardily complied with by the Government afterward—the suggestion or compromise was adopted. Rossa and his companions pleaded guilty, and were released. The excitement which the prosecutions occasioned passed away; no more was heard of the Phœnix enrollment. The attempt, such as it was, very evidently was abandoned. We all felicitated ourselves that the curtain fell on no worse results, no wider mischief, no more protracted punishments. Foolish was the best of our wisdom in thinking this was the end. We had seen only the first act in the astonishing drama of Irish Fenianism.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAPAL IRELAND.

OF all Catholic nations or countries in the world—the Tyrol alone excepted—Ireland is perhaps the most Papal, the most “Ultramontane.” In designations bestowed by Roman Pontiffs others hold high rank. The King of France was called “the Eldest Son of the Church ;” the King of Spain is “His Most Catholic Majesty ;” and the Sovereign of England to this day retains a Papal title which declares the bearer to be Defender of the Roman doctrines against Protestantism. But these titles represent little of reality now. In most cases what are called “Catholic nations” are merely countries in which Catholicity continues to be the State religion and is the form of faith professed by the bulk of the population.

In Ireland, on the other hand, religious conviction—what may be called active Catholicism—marks the population,—enters into their daily life and thought and action. The churches are crowded as well by men as by women ; and in every sacrament and ceremony of their religion participation is extensive and earnest. Reverence for the sacerdotal character is so deep and strong as to be called “superstitious” by observers who belong to a different faith ; and devotion to the Pope, attachment to the Roman See, is probably more intense in Ireland than in any other part of the habitable globe, “the Leonine City” itself not excluded.

In 1859 the Irish people found themselves in a strange dilemma, between sympathy with France on the one hand, and apprehensions for the Pope on the other. At the New

Year's receptions in the Tuileries, the Emperor Napoleon, by a remark to Baron Hübner, regretting that the relations between France and Austria were not more satisfactory, set all Europe in a ferment. War—war between France and Italy and Austria—was plainly at hand. England offered her accustomed mediation, which was, of course, accepted by all the parties, not one of whom, however, slackened its preparations or dreamt for a moment of desisting. Three months were given to diplomatic fooling, till the campaign season might be reached, each side trying how to maneuver the other into an appearance of “aggression.” At length, on the 9th of April, fifty thousand men set out from Vienna for Lombardy, and next day sixty thousand more followed. On the 21st an Austrian ultimatum was dispatched to Turin, calling on Piedmont to disarm the menacing forces it had been assembling for some time. To this Victor Emmanuel replied on the 25th by an address to his army, declaring hostilities against Austria. Count Cavour had meanwhile telegraphed to the French emperor, “Help! Help! The Austrians are upon us!” In less than twenty-four hours the French army marched from Paris for Italy. On the same day the Austrians at one point and the Sardinians at another crossed the Ticino. In a brief campaign the Austrians were driven within the Quadrilateral. Montebello was fought on the 20th May, Palestro on the 31st, Magenta on the 4th of June, and Solferino on the 24th. Suddenly, in the midst of victories, Napoleon stopped and proffered peace. The Treaty of Villafranca, on the 11th of July, subsequently ratified at Zurich, closed the Italian war of 1859.

From May to July a curious struggle of sympathies prevailed in Ireland. The Catholic prelates and clergy denounced the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon as utterly perfidious. His Majesty's assurances of safety and protection for the Pope were likened to the embraces of a Judas; for that when Francis Joseph had been crushed, Pio Nono's turn for attack and destruction would come, they emphatically pre-

dicted. Still, popular feeling in Ireland followed the French flag, especially when it was found that a Franco-Irishman, General Patrick MacMahon, was placed in command of a division. The news of the battle of Magenta—that MacMahon had turned the tide of victory, had saved the French Emperor, and had been named Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta for so memorable an achievement—evoked boundless joy in Ireland. Bonfires blazed on the hills of Clare, the ancient home of his ancestors. His name became a popular watchword all over the island. In the *Nation* we published, from searches in the public archives at home and in France, an authentic record of his family, from the capitulation of Limerick to the victory of Magenta.* A proposition that our

* “Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodile, in the county of Limerick, was married to Margaret, daughter of John O’Sullivan, of Bantry, in the county of Cork, of the House of O’Sullivan Beare. Honorably identified with the cause of the last of the Stuarts, he sheathed his sword at the Treaty of Limerick, and retired, with his wife,—‘a lady,’ say the records, ‘of the rarest beauty and virtue,’—to the friendly shores of France. Here his son, John MacMahon, of Autun, married an heiress, and was created Count d’Equilly. On the 28th of September, 1749, the Count applied to the Irish Government of that day—accompanying his application with the necessary fees, etc., for the officers of ‘Ulster King-at-Arms’—to have his genealogy, together with the records, etc., of his family, duly authenticated, collected, and recorded with all necessary verification, in order that his children and their posterity in France might have all-sufficient proof of the proud fact that they were Irish. All this was accordingly done, as may be seen in the records in Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, countersigned by the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the various other requisite signatures. In those records he is described as of ‘the noble family, paternally of MacMahon of Clonderala (in Clare), and maternally of the noble family of O’Sullivan Beare.’ He was the grandfather of the Marshal Duke of Magenta. The Count’s genealogy commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, and traces him through eight generations as follows : Terence MacMahon, proprietor of Clonderala, married Helena, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died 1472, and was interred in the Monastery of Ashelin, in Munster. He was succeeded by his son Donatus MacMahon, who married Honora O’Brien, of the noble

people should present the Franco-Irish marshal with a sword of honor was responded to with unexampled enthusiasm. Five hundred pounds were called for ; nearly seven hundred were subscribed ; and a really magnificent sword and scabbard were manufactured, from designs specially furnished by an Irish artist, Mr. E. Fitzpatrick. The Marshal, on being made aware of the proposed compliment, intimated that, subject to the requisite permission of the Emperor, he would be truly happy to receive this mark of regard from his

family of Thomond ; and his son, Terence MacMahon, Esq., married Joanna, daughter of John MacNamara, Esq., of Dohaghtin, commonly styled 'MacNamara Reagh,' and had a son Bernard MacMahon, Esq., whose wife was Margarita, daughter of Donatus O'Brien of Daugh. Mortogh MacMahon, son of Bernard, married Eleanora, daughter of William O'Nelán of Emri, colonel of a regiment of horse in the army of Charles I., and was father of Maurice MacMahon, Esq., whose wife Helena was daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Ballinoe, Knight of Glinn. Mortogh MacMahon, son of Maurice, married Helena, daughter of Emanuel MacSheehy, Esq., of Ballylinan, and was father of the above-named Patrick MacMahon, who married Margarita, daughter of John O'Sullivan, Esq., mother of John, first Count d'Equilly. The descent of the Count MacMahon, maternally, through the O'Sullivans is as follows : Mortogh O'Sullivan Beare, of Bantry, in the county of Cork, married Maryann, daughter of James Lord Desmond, and dying was interred, 1541, in the Convent of Friars Minors, Cork. His son, John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Joanna, daughter of Gerald de Courcey, Baron of Kinsale, and died 1578, leaving Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., his son, who married Anna, daughter of Christopher O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, in the county Cork, Esq., and died at Madrid, leaving his son John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, Esq., who married Margaret, daughter of James O'Donovan of Roscarbery, Esq. Bartholomew O'Sullivan, son of John, was colonel in the army of James II., at the siege of Limerick, and married Helena, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, by whom he had Major John O'Sullivan of Bantry, who married Honoria, daughter of Robert MacCarty, of 'Castro Leonino (Castlelyons), in the county of Cork, Esq., grandson of Daniel MacCarty, Lord of Glancare and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Donogh Lord Desmond, and died 1731.' Their daughter was Margarita, who married Patrick MacMahon, Esq., of Torrodile."

anciens compatriotes, as he styled the Irish people.* The Emperor, in a very marked way, assented, and on the 2d of September, 1860, my brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, and Dr. George Sigerson, a deputation from the Irish committee, proceeded to France to make the formal presentation. The Marshal was at the time in command at Châlons, and to honor the arrival of the Irish deputation on such an errand the camp was *en fête*. The formal presentation took place at headquarters. An address, engrossed in Irish and French, and signed on behalf of the Dublin committee by The O'Donoghue, M.P., chairman, and by Mr. P. J. Smyth and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, hon. secretaries, was read by one of the deputation. The Marshal was visibly affected, and, with a voice betraying considerable emotion, he replied as follows : †

“Gentlemen,—I am most deeply touched by the sentiments which you have just expressed to me ; and I pray that you will tell the Irish whom you represent how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name. This testimony, by its spontaneous character, proves to me that Green Erin has preserved those chivalrous ideas, that vivacity, and that warmth of heart which have ever distinguished her.

* “Je dois commencer par vous dire que je suis excessivement reconnaissant de ce témoignage d'intérêt de la part d'anciens compatriotes avec lesquels je n'ai eu depuis long-temps que des rapports indirects.”

† “Messieurs,—Je suis on ne peut plus touché des sentiments que vous venez de m'exprimer, et je vous prie de dire aux Irlandais que vous représentez combien je suis reconnaissant du témoignage d'estime et sympathie que vous m'offrez en leur nom. Ce témoignage par sa spontanéité m'a prouvé que La Verte Erin avait conservée ces idées chevalresques, cette vivacité et cette chaleur de cœur qui l'ont de tout temps distingué.

“Je laisserai, un jour, à mon fils aîné, Patrice, cette magnifique épée. Elle sera pour lui, comme elle est pour moi, un gage nouveau des liens étroits qui doivent l'unir à jamais au noble pays de ses ancêtres.”

“I will leave one day to my eldest son, Patriek, this magnificent sword. It will be for him, as it is for myself, a new pledge of those close ties which should unite him forever to the noble country of his ancestors.”

The deputation, together with some friends who had accompanied them from Paris, were entertained at a splendid banquet, to which he had invited to meet them quite a number of French officers and noblemen of Irish lineage,—Commandant Dillon, General O’Farrell, General Sutton de Clonard,—men whose names proclaimed at least their Irish origin, although Ireland they had never seen. The hero of Magenta proved to be quite conversant with Irish history, poetry, and literature. “C’était un pays tout-à-fait poétique,” said he, addressing a French general; “it was a land of poetry, which character it has not even yet lost: its ancient laws were often written in verse, and the bards ranked next to royalty.”

That he could turn a joke with quick humor was shown by his play upon the French word “eau” and the Irish prenominal “O.” “He had been making particular inquiries,” says a member of the deputation, “about the signification of the ‘O’ and ‘Mac;’ and on their origin being explained to him, he mentioned that some persons, when they saw his name, said, ‘That is a Scotch name.’ This, he said, was absurd, of course; but were there not other names in Ireland having Mac prefixed? He was answered there were many such,—Mac Carthy, Mac Guire, etc.; but that it was, indeed, remarkable enough that the Scots showed such a predilection for the ‘Mac.’ ‘O’s’ were plenty in Ireland, whilst ‘il n’y a pas d’O en Ecosse.’

“‘Comment,’ exclaimed the Marshal, with a sparkle of genuine fun in his eye,—‘comment, malgré ses lacs?’”

There is good reason to believe that Napoleon the Third halted at Villafranca because he found himself in the toils of a man who was his master in every art of diplomacy and politics,—Count Cavour. The Emperor had dreams and

schemes of compromise, and thought he could assign limits to the bold designs of the Turin organizer, by whom from first to last he was baffled, outwitted, and beaten. Even while Napoleon was theorizing over his project of an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head, Cavour, determined to defeat it, was secretly spreading his agencies and operations throughout the entire peninsula. On the 20th of October Victor Emmanuel openly rejected the Villafranca plan, declaring he was engaged to the Italian people. In the same month was announced the division of the territory so far secured. Savoy and Nice were to fall to the French Emperor, as compensation for Lombardy; the Romagna, Parma, and Modena being appropriated by the Sardinian king. But was annexation to stop even at this point? A feeling of uneasiness and apprehension spread through Ireland. The new year, 1860, found the island heaving with excitement. That on one ground or another the Pope would be openly attacked and further despoiled was now the universal conviction, and monster meetings to tender him sympathy and support were held in every province and county. Subscriptions in his aid poured in from every parish and diocese in the kingdom. They amounted in the aggregate to a vast sum; but the depth and force of popular feeling which these sixpences and shillings of the poor represented, even more than did the splendid contributions of the rich and aristocratic classes, gave a grave importance to this extraordinary upheaval of religious emotion.

On this subject there was displayed one of the most violent conflicts of English and Irish popular opinion which I have ever noted. In England the Italian movement evoked the warmest admiration. It was hailed as the onward march of liberty, the overthrow of oppression. In Ireland it was denounced as the rapacity of a dishonest neighboring state, sapping and undermining the Pontifical power, and now planning an open seizure of the prey. Englishmen were disgusted that the Irish should, out of fanatical worship of

the Pope, desire to prevent the Romans from being free. Irishmen were angered to see how filibustering raids were subsidized in England against an aged and peaceful Pontiff, the head of Christendom, while a few years previously Great Britain had spent millions of money and shed rivers of blood to uphold the head of Mohammedanism. The artillery of journalism waged a furious duel across the Channel. "Every people has a right to choose its own form of Government," said the English press. "Then let us choose ours," answered the Irish. "The Romans have a right to rebel," said the one. "But there is no question of the Romans rebelling," responded the other: "it is a question of the Piedmontese invading the Pope's dominions." In short, the dispute resolved itself briefly into this, that in England the reality of oppression and disaffection in the Pope's dominions was fully believed in, while in Ireland the discontent was declared to be mainly a commodity produced by Sardinian agencies for Sardinian ends,—that is to say, for annexation purposes.

Each party acted accordingly. From England went public addresses, money, and men to help Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. From Ireland went addresses and money, but not yet men, to defend the Roman Pontiff against the threatened attack. Not yet men; but soon the cry was raised, Why not men also? One of the popular journals, the *Dundalk Democrat*, declared that Ireland's best offering to the Supreme Pontiff at this crisis would be an Irish brigade. I had myself for some time previously been vainly urging the same view on Irish ecclesiastical dignitaries whom I knew to be in intimate correspondence with Rome. I found I was dealing with a wofully conservative body of men. They quite started, affrighted, from the use of anything like force or violence even in self-defense. I believe my views and propositions were forwarded to or mentioned at Rome, but they were rather discouragingly received. Monsignor de Merode was then the pontifical minister of military affairs.

He early foresaw that to the arbitrament of the battle-field this whole business must some day come ; and he strained every nerve to prepare for such a contingency. Only in a slow and halting and reluctant way could he obtain assent to his views at the Vatican, where Cardinal Antonelli, persuaded that resistance single-handed would be hopeless, was altogether for relying on "the Christian Powers." Pio Nono himself was, moreover, to the last more or less averse to military preparation or demonstration. He was a man of prayer ; Cardinal Antonelli was a man of diplomacy ; Monsignor de Merode believed that Count Cavour cared little for either, and that, taking to the sword, he could be stopped only by the sword, if at all.

At last we heard that General Lamoricière had been offered and had accepted the chief command of the Pontifical army, —nominally twenty thousand, in reality about ten thousand, men. To those in any degree behind the scenes this meant that Monsignor de Merode had at length carried the day, and that an effort would be made to organize a force for the defense of the Roman territory.

One day early in March, 1860, two gentlemen entered my office in Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. One was a friend whom I knew to be deeply interested in the now critical affairs of the Pontifical Government ; the other was a stranger, apparently a foreigner. "Here," said my friend, "is a gentleman who shares some of those views you have been so hotly urging about defending Rome." I found in my unknown visitor Count Charles MacDonnell, of Vienna, trusted *attaché* of Field-Marshal Count Nugent, and a Chamberlain of the Holy Father. If ever a chivalrous devotion to a fallen cause was personified, it was in this loyal and brave-hearted gentleman. He reminded me of those Highland chieftains whose attachment to the Stuarts, romantic and tragical, evokes sympathy and admiration in every generous breast. Had he lived in the thirteenth century, he would have been a crusader knight ; in 1641 he would have

been a Cavalier ; in 1745 he would have been at the side of Prince Charles Edward on the fatal field of Culloden. He came to see what Ireland would do,—what aid she would contribute in the military defense of the Roman patrimony. “We know in Rome,” said he, “that Garibaldi, with the connivance and secret assistance of the Turin Government, is organizing an aggressive expedition, but whether to strike at Naples or at us in the first instance we cannot tell. In any case we shall be attacked this summer. What will Ireland do for us ?”

“In the improbable event of the Government allowing volunteering, as in the case of Donna Maria,” I answered, “you can have thirty thousand men ; if, as is most likely, they give no permission but no active opposition, you will probably get ten thousand : if they actively prevent, nothing can be done. In my opinion, unless the proceeding is too glaring and open, Lord Palmerston will not raise a conflict, in view of Lord Ellenborough’s letter and the ‘million of muskets’ movement on the other side in England. But the chief difficulty will be our own bishops. They will be adverse or neutral. Not one of them believes the little army of Lamoricière can cope with the overpowering odds of Sardinia.”

The Count pulled from his breast a scarlet morocco letter-case, and in five minutes satisfied me that abundant assurance had been secretly given at Rome by some of the crowned heads of Europe that if the Monsignor de Merode could, without French or Austrian intervention, defeat invasion by Garibaldian irregulars, Sardinia would be prevented from attacking.

This threw a new light on the situation. I think I can assert that it was upon the faith of those private assurances the whole of General Lamoricière’s movements were planned in 1860.

My friend the Count was intensely Austrian, and hated Napoleon with a deadly hatred. “He is a liar,” he said,

“and the truth is not in him. *He* will not keep his word ; but others will.” I could see very early that the mortal jealousy between France and Austria would prove the real peril of Pio Nono.

We set off on a tour through the provinces, to sound our way as to what might be done, and how best to do it. I was painfully anxious that the Count should be out of the country as soon as possible, or, at all events, that he should send his red dispatch-case away, for it contained one or two autograph letters which, if lost, or on any pretext seized, would have raised an awkward diplomatic storm on the Continent. But he would “complete his mission” at all hazards ; and he did. Within less than a month from his departure the first band of Pontifical volunteers left Ireland. Before the end of July nearly two thousand men had proceeded in small parties across the continent of Europe, and reached the Roman States. Deep mistrust of the Emperor Napoleon at first forbade the hazard of sending men through France, and accordingly the route selected was by way of Belgium and Austria. The line from Bodenbach to Trieste and Ancona was under the charge of Count MacDonnell ; the portion reaching from Ireland to Bodenbach was under the authority of a committee or directorate in Dublin, consisting of three or four gentlemen, in whose labors I bore some part. Only one of them may I name,—he is now no more,—and of him I can sincerely affirm that the Pontifical power had never fallen if all who owed it allegiance had served it with the deep-hearted love and devotion of Laurence Canon Forde.

The expedition which Count MacDonnell had predicted or mentioned in March proved a reality. On the 4th of April an outbreak took place at Palermo, and on the 5th of May the famous “Thousand” of Garibaldi sailed from Genoa. From that date to the beginning of September Europe witnessed the unchecked victorious progress of that force. By the 28th of July they had conquered Sicily. On the 8th of

September General Garibaldi, M. Dumas, *père*, and Mr. Edwin James, his chief non-military colleagues in the campaign, entered Naples without opposition, Francis II. having retired to Gaeta. Next day Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed king in the Neapolitan capital.

The endeavor of Generals Lamoricière and Kanzler to hurriedly organize a really efficient military system was a work of almost hopeless difficulty. Papal Rome was not a belligerent power. Its so-called army, or Swiss Guard, was little more than a police force. Nevertheless, by the month of August Lamoricière declared himself confident of encountering and defeating the now imminent attack of the victorious Garibaldians penetrating from the Neapolitan side. Meanwhile a formidable Sardinian force was being assembled on the northern frontier, under Generals Cialdini and Fanti. To the very last the French Emperor sent tranquilizing assurances, on the faith of Turin declarations, that no hostile movement against the Pontifical territory was intended ; * that this army was assembled to “repress disorder” should the Garibaldian movement in the south extend. Suddenly, on the 9th of September, 1860, Cardinal Antonelli received from Count Cavour a demand for the disbandment of La-

* “At the beginning of the month of September your excellency communicated to me the assurances given by the French ambassador on behalf of Piedmont, that not only that power would not invade our territory, but that it would even oppose the invasion by any bands of volunteers which were forming over our frontiers. The measures adopted against Colonel Nicotera, who had assembled two thousand men in the neighborhood of Leghorn, and who wished to throw them on our coasts, were additionally promised to us ; and it appeared that it was in the direction of Naples that we had to fear an invasion. Already at several intervals the embarkation of troops in Sicily and in the Calabria was announced as intending to attack us in the direction of the Marches ; and after the occupation of Naples by General Garibaldi everything led us to believe that our southern provinces would be shortly invaded.”—*Official Report by General Lamoricière to the Pontifical Ministry of War.*

moricière's force. Without awaiting reply, the corps of Generals Fanti and Cialdini burst across the frontier, took Lamoricière in flank and rear, and cut in pieces the formation he had effected for attack from a different quarter. In a brief and disastrous campaign, in which, hopelessly outnumbered and taken by surprise, it never had a chance, the Pontifical army was defeated at every point. This crash found the Irish, mostly unarmed, in process of drill at Ancona, Spoleto, Perugia, and Foligno. Their organization into a battalion, called the "Battalion of St. Patrick," under the command of Major Myles W. O'Reilly (the present member of Parliament for Longford County), had barely been effected; but their equipment was not yet accomplished. Lamoricière seemed stunned by the news of the Piedmontese invasion. Marching out of Spoleto at midnight of the 14th, he made a desperate effort to gather his forces for a dash to Ancona, the Piedmontese commander being evidently determined to cut him off. Strange as it may sound at this day, even at that moment the Papal general believed, and had received reason to believe, that if he could hold the enemy at bay for a week or two the French Emperor would come to his aid. At Macerata, on the 17th, he effected a junction with General Pimodan. Pushing on next day, he found General Cialdini lying across his course in strong position at Castelfidardo. Here was fought the really decisive battle of the campaign. Lamoricière succeeded in cutting his way through to Ancona, at the head of a troop of chasseurs; but his army was annihilated.

Meanwhile General Fanti's corps had attacked and taken Perugia on the 15th, and summoned Spoleto to surrender on the 17th. The town, or rather the "Rocca," was held by Major O'Reilly and three hundred Irishmen, besides some few Franco-Belgians, Austrians, Swiss, and native Italians. Quite a formidable controversy was raised by some of the English newspapers over this capture of Spoleto from the Irish; but the signal gallantry of the defense has been at-

tested by authorities on whose testimony Major O'Reilly and his three hundred Irishmen may proudly rest their reputation,—namely, General Brignone, the commander of the attacking force, and General Lamoricière, one of the first soldiers in Europe. The former in the articles of capitulation says,—

“The officers and soldiers shall be treated in all respects with that urbanity and that respect which befit honorable and brave troops, as they have proved themselves to be in to-day's fight.”

On the 28th of September Ancona, besieged by land and sea, its defenses laid in ruins by a continuous bombardment, surrendered to Admiral Persano, whose recently-published correspondence throws a startling light on the secret history of this campaign.

Whether the Irish companies in this ill-fated struggle displayed at all events “the ancient courage of their race” is a question that keenly touches the national honor. Happily its decision does not rest merely on the frank and modest report of their commander, nor yet on the eulogies of the Papal minister of war. No one will deny that General Lamoricière was a competent military authority as to the bearing and conduct of soldiers. In his official report he makes severe reflections on some small portion of the troops who served under his command ; but of the Irish he never speaks save in praise. He bears special testimony to their bravery at Perugia, at Spoleto, at Castelfidardo, and at Ancona. “At Perugia,” he says, “one Irish company” (the total Irish force present) “and the greater part of the battalion of the 2d Regiment of the Line alone showed themselves determined to do their duty.” At Spoleto, he says, the Irish “defended themselves with great gallantry.” At Castelfidardo, he says, “two howitzers were moved forward, under a very sharp fire, with the aid of the Irish. These brave soldiers, after having accomplished the mission with which they were charged, reunited themselves with the tirailleurs,

and during the rest of the battle distinguished themselves in their ranks."

Often have bitter and passionate words passed between the English and Irish press ; but I doubt if ever the language of taunt and contumely on the one hand, of hatred and defiance on the other, proceeded to greater lengths than on this occasion. The presence of an Irish force on the Papal side utterly outraged English opinion ; and the way in which English anger found expression in the public journals was in calling the Irish "cowards" and "mercenaries." Whatever else may be said of Irishmen, as England well knows, they make good soldiers. They are not "cowards ;" and whatever else might have been charged upon those men, they were not "mercenaries." From the English point of view they were fanatics, but certainly not mercenaries. They left country, home, and friends to fight for a cause in which, rightly or wrongly, as Englishmen might judge, they deemed it honorable and holy to die. Pay—mercenary considerations—could have had no place in their motives ; for the pay of a Papal soldier was merely nominal, and his rations were poor indeed. The taunts and invectives of the English press evoked fierce rejoinder in Ireland. By way of answer to the aspersions on the battalion lying prisoners at Leghorn and Genoa, it was decided that they should be brought home "in triumph" at the national expense. After a troubled and protracted negotiation with the Piedmontese authorities, the prisoners were turned over to a duly-commissioned representative of the Irish Brigade committee. He chartered a steamer and embarked the men for Cork, where they safely arrived on the 3d of November, 1860. In anticipation of this event I was requested to proceed to the southern port to arrange for their reception and the forwarding of them to their homes. But the citizens of Cork took the work very heartily into their own hands in great part. A local "reception committee" was instantly formed, under the active presidency of Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., and prep-

arations set on foot for a general festive display. Had those men been victors on a hundred fields they could not have been welcomed with more flattering demonstrations. Bands played and banners waved; the population turned out *en masse*; addresses were presented and speeches delivered. In public procession, escorted by the local committee, comprising some of the principal citizens of Cork, the battalion marched to the several railway-stations, where, breaking up into parties destined for different localities, they separated, embracing and kissing one another in Continental style, quite affectionately. Nor did the demonstrations end here. At every town where a detachment alighted, crowds assembled, waving green boughs if flags could not be obtained, and escorted them on their homeward road.

In this chapter of her history Ireland is to be seen and studied under the influences of overpowering religious emotion, or, as it might be less sympathetically said, "carried away by such blind and fanatical zeal for a religious chief as must mark a nation imbued with bigotry and intolerance." It is, however, a fact which ought to be intelligently contemplated, that this people, so strongly Papal, so intensely Catholic, so violently opposed to "liberalism" or religious indifference, is, in civil affairs, perhaps the most liberal and tolerant in the world. When, in the early part of the present century, it was proposed to "emancipate" Irish Catholics, that is, to admit them to seats in Parliament and to certain municipal and other official positions, the project was long resisted on the ground that a people so dogmatic or "bigoted" in their religion would instantly ostracize non-Catholics; that, being in a vast majority all over Ireland, they would drive from public life all Protestant representatives of popular constituencies, making religion, not politics, a test in civil affairs. Not a far-fetched apprehension, assuredly. Long excluded from such civil rights and privileges, it would not have been very astonishing if the Irish Catholics, wherever they could command a parliamentary seat or a municipal

honor, kept it for, or conferred it on, a man of their own faith, leaving non-Catholics, for whom the field had always been free, to the care of still powerful co-religionists. This was not the course which they adopted. They no sooner grasped these coveted honors and privileges than they hastened to share them with their Protestant friends. From the day the Catholic Emancipation Act received the royal assent, in 1829, to this hour, the most Catholic constituencies in Ireland have again and again returned Protestants to Parliament, and have often so returned them in opposition to Catholics of less acceptable political views. Mr. Butt, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. Blennerhassett, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Gray, Lord Francis Conyngham, Mr. Parnell, Captain King Harman, and other Protestant gentlemen now sitting for Irish seats, are elected, as were their equally Protestant predecessors, by some of the most Ultramontane and Papal communities in Christendom !

This praiseworthy conduct, unfortunately, has as yet elicited no reciprocal action on the other side ; and the foes of bigotry and intolerance at one time trembled lest a fact so discouraging might ruin the generous experiment. In no single instance has an Irish Protestant constituency elected a Catholic to Parliament. Happily, the Catholic majority, refusing retaliation, hold on to the principle of doing what is right and wise and kindly. It will be a day of calamity for Ireland if ever the evil spirit of fanaticism shake them from that noble policy.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FATE OF GLENVEIH.

IN the remote and wild northwest of Ireland, lashed by billows that roll from the frozen ocean, stands ancient Tyrconnell, better known to modern ears as the Donegal Highlands. There is probably no part of the island of equal expanse more self-contained, or separate, as it were, from the outer world. Nowhere else have the native population more largely preserved their peculiar features of life and character, custom and tradition, amidst the changes of the last two hundred years.

The eastern portion of Donegal abounds in rich and fertile valleys, and is peopled by a different race. Two hundred and fifty years ago all of the soil that was fair to see, that seemed worth possessing, was handed over to "planters," or "undertakers." The native Celts were driven to the boggy wastes and trackless hills that were too poor or too remote for settlers to accept. Here, shut out from the busy world, their lowly lot shielding them from many a danger, the descendants of the faithful clansmen of "Dauntless Red Hugh" lived on. Their life was toilsome, but they murmured not. Along the western shore, pierced by many a deep bay, or belted by wastes of sand, their little sheelings nestled alongside some friendly crag, while close at hand "the deep-voiced neighboring ocean" boomed eternally in sullen roar.

The scenery, from Slieveleague to Malin Head, is wildly romantic, and in some places surpassingly beautiful. There are wide stretches of bleak and utter desolation, but ever and

anon the eye is arrested and the fancy charmed by views which Alpine regions rarely excel. Lough Swilly—"the Lake of Shadows"—is one of the most picturesque ocean inlets on our coasts. It steals southward past Buncrana and historic Rathmullen, till it reaches Letterkenny on the one side, and lovely Fauhn on the other; as if the sea had burst into a series of Tyrolean valleys. But there is not a scene among them all to match the weird beauty and savage grandeur of lone Glenveih!

The western, or Atlantic, shore of Donegal is indented by a narrow estuary, which penetrates some five or six miles in a northeasterly direction, until, at a place called Doochery, it meets the Gweebarra River. The gorge through which estuary and river flow is but the southwestern section of a singular chain of valleys, which reach in a direct line from Gweebarra Bay to Glen Lough, a distance of more than twenty miles. The middle section is Glenveih, so called; or, as it ought to be, Glenbah,—the Glen of Silver Birches. It is truly a most romantic spot. The mountains rise boldly to a height of over a thousand feet on either side, and are clothed in great part with indigenous forest; while sleeping calmly in the vale below, following its gentle windings, broadening and narrowing as the hills give room, is the lake,—Lough Veih.

The mountain-district around is of the wildest character. Thirty years ago it was inhabited by a people such as one might meet amidst the crags of the Interthal or Passeyr,—sometimes passionate, always hospitable; frugal, hardy, inured to toil. They eked out a poor existence less by their little farm-plots than by rearing on the mountains young stock, which at the suitable seasons they sold to the comfortable and prosperous Presbyterian plantation-men of Raphoe and Lifford districts.

Little more than twenty years ago there chanced to pass through Derryveih,* as the immediate district is called, on

* "Derryveih," "Loughveih," and "Glenveih" mean respectively the wood or forest, the lake, and the glen of silver birches.

sporting purposes bent, Mr. John George Adair, of Bellgrove, in Queen's County. He was so struck, he says, with the charms of the scenery, that he determined to become proprietor of the place. Between August, 1857, and May, 1858, he succeeded in purchasing a great part in fee-simple, and a fee-farm interest in a further portion. It was an evil day for the mountaineers when Mr. Adair first set eye on their home. Notwithstanding the storm of terrible accusations which that gentleman soon after poured upon them, and the disturbance, conflict, and crime which attended upon or arose out of his proprietorial proceedings, the fact is significant that at the period of his purchase, and even subsequently, the Glenveih peasantry were on the best and kindest relations with their landlords, and that the surrounding gentry, and the clergy of all religious denominations, to the very last spoke and speak of them in terms of warmest sympathy and compassion. No sooner, however, does Mr. Adair enter on the scene than a sad and startling change appears. The picture drawn by the previous and surrounding landlords, of a simple, kindly, and peaceable peasantry, gives way to one sketched by Mr. Adair of a lawless, violent, thieving, murderous gang, whose extirpation is a mission which has devolved on him in the interests of "society." The first act of the new landlord was ominous of what was to follow. The purchases were completed by the 30th of April, when what was called the Gartan estates passed to him from Mr. Cornwall. In May he began operations by the erection of a police-barrack, and close to it, under the cover of its guns, a "pound,"—or prison for seized cattle. I know a little of Mr. Adair. He had been, if not a member of the Tenant League, a Tenant-Right candidate for Parliament in 1852. In these proceedings of his I have never regarded him as a man who coldly planned barbarity, or designed injustice, when he entered upon the career of landlord in Donegal. Nay, I incline to believe he meant to use kindly, according to his own ideas, the despotic power

which he claimed. But a thwarted despot soon forgets benevolent intentions, and thinks only of asserting his power and of crushing without mercy those who war against it. The police-barrack and the pound were the first indications of the spirit of Mr. Adair's rule. I am not aware that the old landlord had need of these institutions. The people at all events looked askance at them ; and on the threshold of his proceedings Mr. Adair was prejudiced in their eyes. The 21st of August found that gentleman on the hills, gun in hand, shooting over the lands upon which Mr. Johnson, the late landlord, was alone understood to possess the right of sporting. The tenants, headed by one James Corrin, either by express order from Mr. Johnson or under some idea of duty toward him, resisted Mr. Adair's attempt to shoot over the lands, and a rather angry conflict or scuffle ensued. Mr. Adair indicted Corrin and the other tenants, for this " assault ;" but the real nature of the affray is sufficiently attested by the fact that on the 23d of October the grand jury threw out the bills, and next Michaelmas term Corrin—significantly enough, through the attorney of his landlord, Mr. Johnson—filed an action for assault and battery and malicious prosecution against Mr. Adair. On the 16th and 17th of February next year, 1859, the action came to trial before the Lord Chief Baron in Dublin. It resulted in a verdict that Mr. Adair had committed an assault, but that it had been in exercise of a lawful right of sporting. Next ensuing term Corrin served notice for a new trial in the superior courts, and so the litigation went on.

Out of this dispute, this paltry quarrel of Mr. Adair with poor mountaineers defending, as they believed, the rights of an old landlord—sprang events that will never be forgotten in Donegal.

From Easter to midsummer it was open war between the great man and the poor peasants,—the latter, however, being warmly befriended by the neighboring magistrates and landlords, Colonel Humfrey especially. On the 2d of July Mr.

Adair had several of the tenants arrested and brought before him at Glenveih, the wretched people being marched sixty miles to and from prisons; yet five days afterward they were discharged by two resident and two local magistrates at Church Hill petty sessions. At length he determined to put himself, at any cost, in a position which would give him absolute dominion over these audacious peasants. In October, 1859, he bought up the fee-farm interest of the remainder of Derryveih, eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-six acres, through Mr. T. C. Trench, at a rent above the total payable by the tenants. By this time—between the purchase, on the 22d of August, 1857, from Mr. Pitt Skipton, the 29th of April, 1858, from Colonel Humfrey and Mr. Johnson, the 30th of April, the Gartan estate from Mr. Cornwall, and the 10th of October, 1859, from Mr. Johnson—he had become absolute monarch of nearly ninety square miles of country. This eager anxiety to buy more and more as time went on was assuredly inconsistent with the idea subsequently put forward by Mr. Adair, that it was an affliction to him to be the landlord of such a people.

Just about the time this gentleman appeared in those parts, Western Donegal was going through hard times and bitter conflict over “Scotch sheep.” Some two or three of the proprietors had conceived the idea—or, more probably, had been weakly persuaded by Scotch farm-stewards—that fortunes might be made out of those wild mountains, now used solely by the cottiers for grazing a few goats, heifers, and sheep. By taking up the mountains wholly or in part from the people, and extensively stocking them with imported black-faced sheep, these landlords were led to believe that thousands a year might be cleared in profit. The attempt to deprive the people of the mountains led to deplorable conflict, suffering, and loss. The benevolent pretext of “squaring the farms”—sometimes, no doubt, genuine and well-meant motive, but occasionally an excuse for dexterously cheating the people—did not avail. While the cottiers and the landlords

were fighting over the question, lo ! the Scotch shepherds announced that the black-faced sheep were disappearing from the hills,—stolen by the hostile inhabitants, it was of course assumed. Search of the tenants' houses failed to verify this conclusion. Some few traces of such thefts were found here and there, but not in any extent to account for the disappearance of so many hundred sheep. Soon what had happened became more clear. The dead bodies of the sheep were found in scores all over the hills,—killed by the lawless natives, it was now concluded. Presentments for the value of the sheep thus assumed to have been “maliciously destroyed” were levied on the districts. Still the destruction, or rather the mysterious disappearance, of the sheep went on. The more it did, the more heavy the penalty was made; and the more sweeping the presentments, the more extensive grew the destruction !

At last it occurred to one of the Crown officials that there was something suspicious in all this. He noted that whereas the sheep imported from Scotland cost from seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings a head, on the mountain they were presented for at seventeen and sixpence to twenty-five shillings. It occurred to him that while this went on, sheep-losing would flourish. Suspicion once aroused, strange facts came to light. The houses of the shepherds themselves were searched, and mutton in rather too generous abundance was found. Then serious investigation was prosecuted, when it was incontestably established that the sheep had perished in large numbers from stress of weather, still more extensively from falling over crags and precipices, and to some comparatively small extent by the surreptitious supply of the shepherds' tables. Shortly came the remarkable fact of the going judges of assize indignantly refusing to fiat these monstrous claims, and denouncing the whole proceedings.* *Mirabile*

* August 1, 1860. After the verdict of the jury at Lifford assizes had declared the sheep to have perished as I have described, the judge,

dictu, when the presentments were stopped, the black-faced sheep importation fell through !

But in the interval what suffering had been visited on the wretched people ! The "levies" had reduced them, poor as they were at best, to a plight which might have excited the compassion of a Kurd marauder. I traveled all the way from Dublin to investigate the facts for myself in the spring of 1858. I was much excited by all that I saw and heard, and I took an active, perhaps an angry, part in the public agitation which ensued. No Bulgarian hut after a raid of Bashibazouks, or Armenian hovel after a Cossack foray, could present a more wretched spectacle of desolation than did those Donegal sheelings after the levies had swept the district. Yet what the poor people seemed to feel as acutely as the seizure and carting off of their little stock—their heifers and goats, and pigs and poultry, nay, their bedsteads and pots and pans—was that they were held up to the world as thieves and sheep-stealers. I dare say some sheep had been stolen, but certainly not in any sense by a general system or with popular sympathy. It seemed to me that some one or two undoubted instances of theft or destruction at the first suggested the evil system, which soon was adopted, of attributing all the loss to the criminal conduct of the population.

Mr. Adair, too, went in for black-faced sheep ; and of all the landlords who entered upon that sort of speculation he was the angriest at the lawless savagery (as he conceived) of the natives in this "malicious destruction." In January, 1860, he had given "notice to quit" to his tenantry, but only, he told them, for the purpose of "squaring the farms." The loss of the sheep, following so closely on other causes of quarrel, brought things to an unhappy pass between him and the people. How the truth lay in the sheep question

Chief-Justice Monahan, said, "I am as satisfied as I am of my very existence that those sheep were not maliciously killed."

may be inferred from the following official resolution of the assembled magistrates at Church Hill sessions :

“ The bench are unanimously of opinion that no sheep of Mr. Adair’s were maliciously injured or made away with ; and we find that through the constabulary sixty-six sheep have been found dead from the inclemency of the weather, as there was no mark of injury on them.”

But soon, unfortunately, he was to have still weightier cause for resentment, a more terrible impulsion to anger and passion. On the morning of the 13th of November, his manager, James Murray, left Glenveih Cottage. He was never seen alive afterward. On the 15th his body was found on the mountains, with marks of violence, which the coroner’s jury declared to have been given by a murderer’s hand. The only witness examined (besides a surgeon) was a Scotch assistant shepherd, Dugald Rankin ; and his bias against the Glenveih people was supposed to be strong.* Mr. Adair, as he gazed on the corpse of his servant,—murdered, as he verily believed, for stern discharge of his duties,—revolved in his mind a terrible determination. He grouped together a catalogue of, as it seemed to him, persistent and wide-spread crimes. Two of his dogs had been poisoned, though the presentment sessions refused to admit the act was malicious. An outhouse at Gartan Glebe was found to be on fire while he was a guest with the Rev. Mr. Maturin. Two hundred of his sheep had been killed on the mountains, though the magistrates would insist it was by accident or tempest. And now his manager had been foully slain. He would show these people that he could conquer. He would make them feel how terrible his vengeance could be.

The resolution formed by Mr. Adair was to sweep away the whole population of Derryveih, chiefly concentrated, I believe, in a little hamlet on the Lough Gartan side of the

* On the 1st of March Rankin was carried to jail at Strabane, for presenting a pistol at a man named Gallagher and wounding Constable Patrick Morgan.

hill.* He applied for and received a special force of police to protect his herd and himself, in view of the desperate undertaking upon which he was now entering. A parliamentary return issued in May, 1861, makes some curious revelations as to Mr. Adair's quarrels with the executive in Dublin Castle over the cost and efficiency of this protective garrison. In truth, despite the heavy case he was able to adduce, the Government authorities, the local magistrates, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, the police inspectors, all manifested clearly their sorrow, alarm, or resentment at the monstrous proceeding he contemplated,—nothing less than the expulsion of hundreds of innocent people, men and women, the aged and the young, in vengeance for the crime of some undiscovered individual. The neighboring landlords seemed to regard him as a deadly combustible planted in their midst, a gentleman whose “sense of duty” had resulted in plunging their county into a condition which caused them vexation and uneasiness. The magistrates of the district, assembled at Church Hill, felt the situation so strongly that they passed the following resolution :

“Resolved, That the outrages complained of have, in our opinion, arisen from causes unconnected with any matter having relation to the adjoining estates, hitherto and now in a state of perfect tranquility.”

Mr. Dillon, the resident magistrate, writing to the Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Thomas Larcom, asks, “Is it my duty and that of the police to stand by and give protection while the houses are being leveled?” The Protestant rector, the Rev. Mr. Maturin, writing to the *Dublin Daily Express* after Mr. Adair's vengeance had been wreaked, says,—

“The presumption is as strong that the persons who committed the murder were not connected with the district. . . . I could mention other reasons certainly suspicious and somewhat mysterious. . . .

* Derryveih Mountain divides the two lakes of Lough Glenveih, or Loughveih, and Lough Derryveih, or Lough Gartan. At Gartan, St. Columba, or Columbkille, was born, A.D. 521.

What would be Mr. Adair's feelings if it were found out hereafter that the murder was committed by persons in no way connected with the Derryveigh tenantry now exterminated on account of it, and whose wailings might then, without avail, forever ring in his ears?"

Indeed, although the hapless mountaineers were, I believe, exclusively Catholic, this kindly-hearted and estimable Protestant clergyman flung himself into the forefront of every effort to save them. He and the Catholic priest of the district, the Rev. Mr. Kair, drew up and forwarded to Mr. Adair a joint letter, in which they felt confident they would not appeal in vain to his mercy. They bore the strongest testimony to the virtuous character and the kindly and peaceable nature of the threatened people, whom they had known all their lives, and emphatically denied that any suspicion of complicity in Murray's murder could justly be laid against them. Mr. Adair's reply was stern and inexorable. He recited all the outrages, real and fancied. With the deepest regret for what he considered a necessity, he was determined to evict the inhabitants of that part of the property. Some of known good character he would not disturb. To such as had brought good characters from the reverend appellants he had offered mountain-holdings, with leases, elsewhere. I need follow his plea no further. The man who conceives himself to be "a savior of society" has a pious justification for any extremity of conduct.

News of the storm about to burst upon them reached the people early in February, 1861. Some realized its terrible import; but the majority did not. As a matter of fact, up to the hour of the evictions, few of them would believe that such a menace would or could be carried out. In this remote and lonely region nothing they had ever heard suggested the possession of such a power by any one. They owed no rent. They had done no man wrong. Mr. Adair, on the 4th of February, called into Dublin Castle, and there quietly swore an information, that being about to serve ejectment-notices on his tenants, he believed the life of the bailiff would be un-

safe without an armed escort. The resident magistrate, Mr. Considine, who gave the escort, says the ejectments "were served by Mr. Adair's gamekeeper without the least hindrance being offered by the tenantry." In fact, it is curious to notice the fatal calm which hung over the valley itself, while, unknown to its doomed people, the "outer world"—the magistrates and police officials, nay, the executive in Dublin—were in no little excitement and apprehension as the evil day drew near. The correspondence between the various officials and public departments as to the drafting and concentration of police detachments and military companies, fills several pages of a blue-book. The dispositions and arrangements were almost as formidable as if Derryveigh had to be stormed and carried from an intrenched army. Mr. Cruikshank, the sub-sheriff, writing to Sir Thomas Larcom, Under-Secretary, says that besides two hundred constabulary being drafted from various parts, he will require some military with tents and baggage to be sent from Dublin :

"I have therefore to request that one officer and thirty rank and file be ordered to meet me at Lough Barra, on Monday the 8th instant, at twelve o'clock, in aid of the civil power. If the party leave Dublin by rail on Friday morning, they will reach Strabane at four o'clock, wait there that night ; march next day to Letterkenny, a distance of fourteen Irish miles, rest there Sunday, and meet me and the constabulary early on Monday. As it is likely the force will be employed Monday and Tuesday and part of Wednesday, I would suggest for your consideration the prudence, if not necessity, of the soldiers being provided with tents, as it will be impossible in a mountain-country such as Glenveih to get for them accommodation for the night ; and after remaining some time under arms they could not march back to Letterkenny, nearly ten Irish miles, and return the next day."

On the night of Sunday the 7th of April the several detachments had closed in around the place, occupying or commanding the only available entrances or passes. Still the hapless people, in fatal confidence, slumbered on. It was like the sleep of the Macdonalds on the night before Glen-coe.

In the early morning of Monday, the 8th of April, 1861, the sight of the red-coats and the glitter of bayonets at the southern entrance to the valley gave signal of alarm ; and from house to house, and hill to hill, along Lough Gartan side, a halloo was sent afar. Soon there rose on the morning air a wail that chilled even the sternest heart. The poor people came out of their cabins in groups, and looked at the approaching force, and there burst from the women and children a cry of agony that pierced the heavens. The special correspondent of the *Derry Standard*, a leading Presbyterian journal in the neighboring county, gives the following account of what he saw : “The first eviction was one peculiarly distressing, and the terrible reality of the law suddenly burst with surprise on the spectators. Having arrived at Loughbarra, the police were halted, and the sheriff, with a small escort, proceeded to the house of a widow named M’Award, aged sixty years, living with whom were six daughters and a son. Long before the house was reached loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the house, where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony. Forced to discharge an unpleasant duty, the sheriff entered the house and delivered up possession to Mr. Adair’s steward, whereupon six men, who had been brought from a distance, immediately fell to to level the house to the ground. The scene then became indescribable. The bereaved widow and her daughters were frantic with despair. Throwing themselves on the ground they became almost insensible, and bursting out in the old Irish wail,—then heard by many for the first time,—their terrifying cries resounded along the mountain-side for many miles. They had been deprived of the little spot made dear to them by associations of the past, and, with bleak poverty before them, and only the blue sky to shelter them, they naturally lost all hope, and those who witnessed their agony will never forget the sight. No one could stand by unmoved. Every heart

was touched, and tears of sympathy flowed from many. In a short time we withdrew from the scene, leaving the widow and her orphans surrounded by a small group of neighbors, who could only express their sympathy for the homeless, without possessing the power to relieve them. During that and the next two days the entire holdings in the lands mentioned above were visited, and it was not until an advanced hour on Wednesday the evictions were finished. In all the evictions the distress of the poor people was equal to that depicted in the first case. Dearly did they cling to their homes till the last moment, and while the male population bestirred themselves in clearing the houses of what scanty furniture they contained, the women and children remained within till the sheriff's bailiff warned them out, and even then it was with difficulty they could tear themselves away from the scenes of happier days. In many cases they bade an affectionate adieu to their former peaceable but now desolate homes. *One old man near the fourscore years and ten on leaving his house for the last time reverently kissed the door-posts, with all the impassioned tenderness of an emigrant leaving his native land.* His wife and children followed his example, and in agonized silence the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling. In another case an old man, aged ninety, who was lying ill in bed, was brought out of the house in order that formal possession might be taken, but readmitted for a week to permit of his removal. In nearly every house there was some one far advanced in age,—many of them tottering to the grave,—while the sobs of helpless children took hold of every heart. When dispossessed, the families grouped themselves on the ground beside the ruins of their late homes, having no place of refuge near. The dumb animals refused to leave the wallsteads, and in some cases were with difficulty rescued from the falling timbers. As night set in, the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of the mountain the spectator might have observed near to each house its former

inmates crouching round a turf fire close by a hedge; and as a drizzling rain poured upon them they found no cover, and were entirely exposed to it,—but only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent. I learned afterward that the great majority of them lay out all night, either behind the hedges or in a little wood which skirts the lake; they had no other alternative. I believe many of them intend resorting to the poorhouse. There these poor starving people remain on the cold bleak mountains, no one caring for them, whether they live or die. 'Tis horrible to think of, but more horrible to behold."

This news reached me in Dublin. I had been striving hard for these poor people. I had, especially since my visit to a neighboring district three years before, felt the deepest, the most earnest interest in them. I am not ashamed to say, even now, that I wept like a child. But idle weeping could avail nothing for the victims. What should we do now? They must not perish. They must be saved. So vowed some friends who felt as deeply as I did their unmerited fate. Public opinion was stirred to its depths by this terrible event. Our journals called at once for public aid, and it was promptly forthcoming. A local committee of relief was organized, and an appeal to Christian hearts all over the world was issued. This remarkable document bore the signatures of the Catholic bishop, the most Rev. Dr. McGettigan; the Episcopalian Protestant rector, Rev. Mr. Maturin; the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Jack; and the Catholic parish priest, Rev. Mr. Kair. It told the whole story, and refuted in warm language the aspersions and accusations that had been used as a pretext for the desolation. The appeal was most liberally answered at home. Men of all ranks and classes, creeds and parties, poured in their contributions. But the crowning act of rescue was the work of Irishmen far away under the Southern Cross. The (Australian) Donegal Celtic Relief Committee, established in Mel-

bourne,—mainly by the exertions of the late Hon. Michael O'Grady, M.L.C., to whom I had early written on the subject,—decided to bring out to “happy homes and altars free” these victims of a heartless wrong. Ample funds were at once supplied, and an official agent of the Victorian Government was dispatched to make special arrangements in conjunction with the local committee in Ireland for effecting this generous purpose. The news created a great sensation in Donegal. The poor people were sought out and collected. Some by this time had sunk beneath their sufferings. One man, named Bradley, had lost his reason under the shock. Other cases were nearly as heart-rending. There were old men who would keep wandering over the hills in view of their ruined homes, full of the idea that some day Mr. Adair might let them return, but who at last had to be borne to the distant workhouse hospital to die. With a strange mixture of joy and sadness the survivors heard that friends in Australia had paid their way to a new and better land. On the day they were to set out for the railway-station, *en route* for Liverpool, a strange scene was witnessed. The cavalcade was accompanied by a concourse of neighbors and sympathizers. They had to pass within a short distance of the ancient burial-ground, where “the rude forefathers” of the valley slept. They halted, turned aside, and proceeded to the grass-grown cemetery. Here in a body they knelt, flung themselves on the graves of their relatives, which they reverently kissed again and again, and raised for the last time the Irish *caoine* or funeral wail. Then—some of them pulling tufts of grass which they placed in their bosoms—they resumed their way on the road to exile. At Dublin I saw them as they halted between the arrival of their train and the departure of the 'cross-Channel boat for Liverpool. As they marched through the streets to a restaurant, where dinner had been provided for them, they excited the greatest curiosity and interest. “The emigrants, male and female,” said one of the city papers, “presented an appearance well

calculated to excite admiration and sympathy. A finer body of men and women never left any country. In stature tall, with handsome and well-shaped features full of kindly expression, they filled the breast of every spectator with regret that such a people should be lost to us forever." They were being accompanied as far as Liverpool by the Rev. James McFadden, a fine-hearted young priest who had labored devotedly for them from the first hour of their misfortunes. I quote from the same journal the following account of his farewell address, a scene which it was impossible to behold unmoved :

"When dinner had concluded, Rev. Mr. McFadden, amidst the most solemn stillness, briefly addressed the assemblage ; and it was a most touching sight. He spoke in the Gaelic tongue, the language of their homes and firesides ere Adair had leveled the one and quenched the other forever. As the young priest spoke, his own voice full of emotion, the painful silence all around soon became broken by the sobs of women, and tears flowed freely down many a cheek. He reminded them that was their last meal partaken of on Irish soil ; that in a few hours they would have left Ireland forever. He spoke of their old homes amidst the Donegal hills ; of the happy days passed in the now silent and desolate valley of Derryveih ; of the peace and happiness that they had known then, because they were contented, and were free from temptations and dangers of which the busy world was full. He reminded them of their simple lives ; the Sunday mass, so regularly attended ; the confession ; the consolations of faith. Many a cheek was wet as he alluded to how they would be missed by the priest whose flock they were. But most of all their lot was sorrowful in the fact that, while other emigrants left behind them parents and relatives over whom the old roof-tree remained, they, alas ! left theirs under no shelter of a home ; they left them wanderers and outcasts, trusting to workhouse fare or wayside charity. But (said he) you are going to a better land, a free country where there are no tyrants, because there are no slaves. Friends have reached out their hands to you ; those friends await you on the shore of that better land. And here, too, in this city, hearts equally true and kindly have met you. Let your last word on Irish ground be to thank the good gentleman who now stands by my side, Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan. He it is who has, amidst all his numerous cares of business, found time to make these arrangements to meet your wants and make you comfortable in passing through this city.

Busy as this day has been with him, there he was to meet us at the train, and here he has been attending to you as if you were members of his own family. But it is only part of a long work of goodness done for the people of Donegal since first on that memorable Christmas Eve he raised the first call for our relief. He has never since taken his hand from the work he began that day. Let us, with our last words, thank him and his friends who have met us this evening and cared for us so well. And now, dear brothers, we shall be departing. Before you take your foot off your native land, promise me here that you will, above all things, be faithful to your God, and attend to your religious duties, under whatever circumstances you may be placed (sobs, and cries of "We will, we will"). Never neglect your night and morning prayers, and never omit to approach the Blessed Eucharist at least at Christmas and Easter. And, boys, don't forget poor old Ireland (intense emotion, and cries of "Never—never, God knows !") don't forget the old people at home, boys. Sure they will be counting the days till a letter comes from you. And they'll be praying for you, and we will all pray God be with you."

Standing on the quay at Dublin I bade these poor people a last adieu, and prayed that God might requite them under happier skies for the cruel calamities that had befallen them at home. Six months later Mr. O'Grady wrote to me a detailed account of their progress. Every one of them was "doing well," he said ; "a credit to the old land."

In the autumn of last year I revisited Donegal. I sat upon the shore of that lonely lake, and looked down the shadowed valley. On a jutting point, beneath the lofty slope of the wooded mountain, Mr. Adair has built a castle. It may be that the charms which Selkirk could not discover in solitude delight him in "this desolate place." No doubt "the enchanting beauty" which he said first drew him to the spot is unimpaired to the view : Glenveih is and ever will be beautiful. But for my part, as I gazed upon the scene, my sense of enjoyment was mingled with memories full of pain. My thoughts wandered back to that terrible April morning on Gartan side. In fancy I heard rolling across those hills the widow's wail, the women's parting cry.

I thought of the farewell at the graves, of the crowd upon the fore-deck of that steamer. Again I marked their tears, their sobs. Once more, above the paddle's plash and the seamen's bustling shout, I thought I heard the wafted prayer of "God be with Glenveih!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.

THE easy suppression of the Phoenix conspiracy in 1858 led to many false conclusions. Every one assumed that there was an end of the affair. Many treated it with great derision. The prisoners were now discharged. The attempt to prepare the way for revolution by a secret society had apparently failed and been abandoned. So fully were I and many others under this impression that we felt very wroth because that at the moment we were pleading with the Crown authorities in behalf of the prisoners, some Irishmen in New York were indulging in vaunt and defiance calculated to alarm and irritate the Government. Had there been knowledge or suspicion that the movement was not then relinquished, no such appeals would have been made, and assuredly none would have succeeded. Even some of the men erstwhiles enrolled in the Phoenix Society fully believed the project was irretrievably exploded. All, however, were under a great delusion.

A condition of things had now and for the first time arisen which was to exercise potential influence ever afterward in Irish affairs. Hitherto the base of operations in rebellious or seditious attempts had been within the country itself. The Government were always able to strike the movement at its heart. Now, for the first time, a base of operations had been established out of Ireland. Not soon did people realize what an enormous difference this made in dealing with Irish disaffection. While Dublin city was the headquarters of the malcontents, their plans, their persons,

their fate and fortunes were any day within the grasp of the Crown. Not so when America became the base, and New York headquarters. The Queen's writ did not run in Manhattan.

The failure of the "Phoenix" attempt in Ireland was, therefore regarded by the American organizers as merely the misfire of a first cartridge. They would lie still for a while, and go to work again.

A revolutionary secret society, skillfully handled, is certainly a terrible power. It has enormous advantages. It can mingle in and use all other organizations. It can demoralize opposing ranks by subtle devices. It can claim an extent of dominion and resource which no one can test or measure, and which no one therefore can venture to dispute or contradict. The public man marked out for its hostility can be struck without the power of returning a blow. He can feel that he is being assailed, yet may not see or grapple with his adversaries.

I was for several years fated to realize this fact, to experience its truth and force in my own case. Apart from the antagonism which any one conducting the *Nation*—as the organ of the O'Brien and Gavan Duffy party, or Grattan Nationalists—was sure to incur from the Separatist leaders, I early fell under their special displeasure. From underrating the influence of the *Nation* Mr. Stephens passed to, as I think, overrating it. He considered, or pretended to consider, that it was the remonstrances of the *Nation* that had alone put down his Phoenix attempt. He was a man who always blamed somebody else—never himself—for anything that befel his plans. As Mr. O'Connor, Dr. Mulcahy, Mr. Devoy, and many other of his colleagues have since very bitterly proclaimed, absolute and implicit belief in him, in his unerring sagacity and all-conquering ability, was the basis of the system he propounded. He very cleverly averted reproach from himself as to the fate of his first endeavor by steadily inculcating the story that it was Sullivan and the *Nation* that did it all. From his point of view the resolu-

tion he thereupon came to was, at any rate, intelligible. It was that in order to succeed the next time, Sullivan and the *Nation*, and indeed the whole nuisance of constitutional politics, must be put down. The Duffy policy had had its fair trial from 1850 to 1853; the constitutional Nationalists ought now to stand aside and yield the field to men who were ready with a bolder scheme. In one way, and one way only, could Ireland be saved,—by force of arms. Every effort, word, or suggestion that distracted the people from this one object was held to be criminal, a thing to be crushed with the strong hand. Newspapers, meetings, speeches, public societies, or organizations were declared to be pernicious in the highest degree. In fine, every outlet of public opinion was to be stopped, every utterance forbidden; every energy was to be concentrated upon the one great purpose of conspiracy.

With these sentiments, principles, and purposes, Mr. Stephens set himself to the task of reconstructing his shattered organization.

Although most of the National leaders best known to the Irish people—the chiefs of the “Forty-eight” movement—held aloof from or censured this scheme, its authors were fortunate in obtaining for it the co-operation of a few men whose rare abilities and invincible courage and fidelity rendered them of priceless value in such a movement. Foremost among these must be named Charles J. Kickham, John O’Leary, and Thomas Clarke Luby.

Charles Kickham was originally intended for the medical profession, as indeed were Messrs. O’Leary and Luby. He belonged to a family occupying a respectable position in Mullinahone, county Tipperary; one greatly esteemed and trusted by the people for miles around. From his youth Charles was a popular favorite. In the hottest of the conflicts which marked the public course of the Fenian movement, he was the one man of his party for whom even the fiercest anti-Fenian had a kindly feeling and a friendly word. A lamentable accident blighted his prospects of success in a professional

career. He was fond of sporting. One evening, after a day on the hills with dog and gun, in the course of which he received a serious drenching, he sat before the fire drying the contents of his powder-flask, that had got damp. As he was stirring or examining the powder, a spark from the peat fire exploded it in his face. He lay long in great suffering, and it was thought he would totally lose his sight. When he recovered, his hearing was to a great extent destroyed, and his sight considerably impaired.* This calamity only intensified the feelings of the people for young Charles. He became studious, took to literary pursuits, and contributed to a little periodical called *The Celt* some really exquisite poetry of the simple ballad class, as well as some stories of Irish peasant life exhibiting considerable dramatic power. Those who knew his gentle amiable nature, his modest and retiring character, his undemonstrative ways, marveled greatly to find him in the forefront of such an enterprise as the Fenian movement. It was, however, only when it took to journalism that Kickham was called upon to assume a post of prominence.

John O'Leary was unquestionably one of the ablest and most remarkable men in the conspiracy. Intellectually and politically he was of the type of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and John Mitchel. An eye-witness describing him in the dock, when on his trial in 1865, says, "He stepped to the front with a flash of fire in his dark eyes, and a scowl on his features, looking hatred and defiance on judges, lawyers, jurymen, and all the rest of them. All eyes were fixed on him ; for he was one of those persons whose exterior attracts attention and indicates a character above the common. He was tall, slightly built, and of gentlemanly deportment. Every feature of his thin angular face gave token of great

* The white dust and glare of the sun in the Portland convict quarries have, I regret to say, almost totally ruined his sight ; and when last I met him his hearing was so far gone that it was by the manual alphabet he was spoken to, although he replied by voice as usual.

intellectual energy and determination ; its pallid hue was rendered almost death-like by contrast with his long black hair and flowing moustache and beard. Easy it was to see that when the Government placed John O'Leary in the dock they had caged a proud spirit and an able and resolute enemy." He was born in Tipperary town, of a family holding a good position, and inherited on the death of his parents, to his share, a small property of some three or four hundred pounds a year. He was a graduate of the Queen's University, having taken out his medical degree in the Queen's College, Cork. He resided for some time in Paris, where his mind, his tastes, his manners, opinions, and principles received impress and shape discernible in his subsequent career. He also visited America, and there formed the acquaintance of the men who were planning and devising the Fenian movement. He was a man of culture, and of considerable literary abilities. I met him on a few occasions at the house of Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, whose wife, the poetess "Eva," was his cousin. He was reserved, sententious, almost cynical ; keenly observant, sharply critical, full of restrained passion.

Thomas Clarke Luby was also a native of Tipperary ; but, unlike his colleagues, he was a Protestant ; his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Luby, being one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Luby was no new hand at seditious effort. Young as he was in 1848, he was then an active member of what may be called the extreme revolutionist, or Mitchelite, party. From 1849 to 1854 he occupied himself occasionally as a contributor to the press, and sometimes as a collegiate tutor. In 1855 he became associate editor of the *Irish Tribune*, a semi-revolutionary journal, which the late Mason Jones and other advanced Irish Nationalists published for some short time in Dublin. His politics were a great affliction to relatives who were in a position to advance him, and who would have done so if he would but give up such dangerous doctrines. He preferred to struggle on for

himself, holding by his principles, such as they were. This course he pursued unflinching to the last.

On the American side the movement was projected under the direction of John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) New York regiment,—the first-named being supreme. The original plan, described already in O'Donovan Rossa's words, was still pursued. The Irish in America were to be enrolled in "circles," or groups, like the Irish at home. But the functions of the former were chiefly to supply "the home organization," as it was called, with funds, arms, and military commanders. Later on the American section decided furthermore to co-operate with the home movement by an attack on the British dominions near at hand, and by the dispatch of privateers. Each "circle" was presided over by an officer called a center. Mr. O'Mahony was Head Center. He it was who designated his branch of the organization by the name of "Fenians." He was much given to Gaelic studies, and lived or dreamed a great deal in ancient Ireland.* The Irish national militia seventeen centuries ago were called the "Fiana Erion," or Fenians, from Fenius, Fin, or Fion, their famous commander. After this force O'Mahony called the Irish-American enrollment. Mr. Stephens, however, preferred for the home section the name of "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood;" shortened into "the I. R. B.," by which brief designation it was generally referred to by the members. In Ireland the enrollment also was in circles or groups; the officers being styled A's, B's, and C's, according to their rank. Mr. Stephens exercised supreme and absolute authority in the home organization. His official title was the "C. O. I. R.," or Central Organizer of the Irish Republic. He willed and declared a republic to be erected in Ireland; and, accordingly, the oath of initiation bound each member to yield allegiance to "the

* He executed the admirable translation of Keatings's "History of Ireland," published by Haverty of New York.

Irish republic now virtually established.”* When a person authorized by him had sworn in not more than fifty members in a locality, they were constituted a “circle,” of which such person then became the B or Center. In due time it would be his duty, when the C. O. I. R. sent him a drill-master, to see that his men were safely and secretly taught military exercises. Meanwhile he and his circle were to act in a general way for the furtherance of the movement,—by organizing new circles, by discouraging and repressing public meetings of a “distracting” character, and by putting down public men or journals who in any way hindered or opposed the organization.

There were in 1858, on the starting of this enterprise, several Irish-American newspapers ardently devoted to the cause of Irish nationality. In New York city alone there were at least two; one was the *Irish News*, established by Thomas Francis Meagher; the other the *Irish American*, then, as now, the leading organ of Irish Nationalism in the United States. Even with these journals the Fenian leaders quarreled as strongly as with the *Nation*; so they decided to establish a special organ of the movement, which accordingly appeared as the *Phoenix* newspaper, in New York. In this journal they struck out vigorously, right, left, and center, at everything and everybody supposed to be inimical to their undertaking. They had no need to waste words in rousing the ire of their readers against England. The Irish in America—the maddened fugitives of the dreadful famine and eviction times—hated the British power with quenchless hate. The obstacles that most concerned the secret leaders arose from the opposition given to their scheme by the Catholic clergy and the open-policy or anti-Fenian Nationalists. The Catholic Church condemns oath-bound

* Very evidently many of the rank and file were not quite clear as to what the word “virtually” meant; for much merriment arose during some of the trials when the approvers declared they were sworn to obey “the Irish republic now *virtuously* established.”

secret societies,—especially if directed to the subversion of the civil power or the overthrow of religion,—for several reasons. First, regarding the sanctity of an oath, it denies that any one who chooses can, for any purpose he pleases, formally administer or impose that solemn obligation. Secondly, having regard to the safety of society, of public order, of morals and religion, it prohibits the erection of any such barrier between the objects and operations of a society, and authoritative examination and judgment. Over this critical and important issue the Fenian movement, on its very threshold, was plunged into a bitter war with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church. “The priest has no right to interfere in or dictate our politics,” said the Fenian leaders; “ours is a political movement; they must not question us or impede us.” “You cannot be admitted to the sacraments until you give up and repent of illicit oaths,” responded the Catholic priests; “and if you contumaciously continue in membership of an oath-bound secret society, you are liable to excommunication.” “Do you hear this?—we are cursed by the Church for loving our country!” exclaimed the Fenians; and so for the first five years, from 1860 to 1865, the struggle between the Catholic clergy and the Fenian organizers was fierce, violent, and unsparing. A really active “B,” or Fenian center, had need to be a man who cared little for the priest’s denunciations, and who could persuade the people it was “the Maynooth oath and the gold of England” that made Father Tom so ready to “curse” the cause. The priests, accordingly, complained that the propagators of Fenianism were men who paid little regard to clerical authority and shunned the practices of faith. One can see how out of antagonistic views thus pressed the quarrel eventuated in the Fenians denouncing the priests as deadly foes of Irish nationality, and the priests denouncing the Fenians as enemies of the Church,—men who would overthrow the altar and destroy society.

Very similar was the conflict between the secret organization and the non-Fenian or anti-Fenian Nationalists ; the great object of the Fenian leaders being that the people should have no alternative patriotic effort between embracing their enterprise and siding with imperial subjugation. Indeed, a reference to the pages of the Fenian newspapers, and to the public chronicles of the period, will show that the movement during the four years following 1860 was directed less against the English Government than against those Irish Nationalists, priests and layman, whose influence was supposed to impede the organization.

The official organ, or gazette, thus established in New York, waged war all round, and roused up antagonisms innumerable. A weekly column, or department, was devoted to a "Hue and Cry," giving descriptions of "informers" and other obnoxious persons to be looked after,—a hint not likely to be neglected on the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a sample :

" ROCK'S HUE-AND-CRY.

" THE BLACK LIST.

"CALLAGHAN, PAT, Callan, county Kilkenny.—Five feet six in height ; stout, and squarely built ; 27 years of age ; supposed to be in New Zealand.

"CAROLAN, BALLYNAHINCH, county Down.—Five feet seven in height ; 60 years of age ; blue eyes, gray hair, and long, thin features ; supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

"WILLIAM EVERITT . . . is about 45 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with a lank body, apparently possessing the flexibility of a bamboo, and suggesting the idea that it was with reluctance Nature threw him on the earth as an incumbrance. . . . Poor wretch ! Nature, at his birth, was niggard of her bounties. He may depend on it, Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watchful of the movements of the spy.

"MICHAEL BURKE.—The fellow needs no further notice from Rock. He is mad, and lodged in a Dr. Osborne's asylum. Number One—What a grim moral follows the history of his 'information !'

Had he not sold himself for gold, he would have been to-day in no lunatic asylum."

There were every week official "Decrees" and "General Orders;" and a secret committee with an ominous name, the "Committee of Public Safety," was charged to mark all men who had "striven to injure the organization by word or deed." Much more serious was the fact that, for the first time in Irish annals, assassination was publicly lauded as a patriotic duty. With horror we read such articles as the following:

"At home there is no bold voice raised from press or pulpit against the extermination of the people. There are complaints innumerable,—there are remonstrances and arguments to show it is wrong, ruinous, inexpedient to shovel the people from their holdings into the poorhouse and ditches; but it is folly to argue the question, more especially when the press designates as foul, atrocious murder the slaying of one of those arch exterminators who is to the district he owns as a wild beast at large. It is only by retaliation and reprisal that the Irish landlord can be brought to a sense of justice. Everything else is unavailing."

This language of the official organ was followed up by a newspaper in California published by a Mr. Thomas Mooney. He weekly advertised a reward of one hundred pounds for any one who would murder a particular gentleman in the county Mayo, whom he pointed out by name. About this time a man named Beckham, an infamous wretch who murdered for hire, was hanged for the assassination of a Mr. Fitzgerald in the county Limerick under the most brutal circumstances. Mooney, in an article abusing the degenerate and feeble National leaders in Ireland,—Smith O'Brien and Sullivan of the *Nation* in particular,—declared that "one Beckham was worth fifty Smith O'Briens." What Ireland wanted was men who would not shrink from Beckham's work. I am convinced that the men in Ireland on whom subsequently fell the penalty of membership in the Fenian organization would be incapable of approving these incentives;

but they made no sign and spoke no word in public at the time to save the ancient and honorable cause of Irish nationality from identification with them. For me, in view of public teachings like these, put forward in the name of Irish patriotism, silence was impossible. In the *Nation* I gave utterance, no doubt very strongly, to the indignation which I felt, and declared for myself, and those whom I might be held to represent, that we would rather see Ireland reduced to a cinder than "liberated" by men who advocated such principles. The result, as might be expected, was a very hurricane of menace and denunciation hurled at my devoted head. Mr. Mooney addressed to me, through the pages of his newspaper, a letter of three columns or ten feet in length, reiterating very emphatically the doctrines I had reprobated. I quote a few sentences :

"I am thoroughly of opinion, sir, that words or grass are not of the slightest avail against England, or against her pickets and vedettes in Ireland,—that is to say, the crow-bar landlords. Nothing but *bullets*, sir, will avail ; and therefore I recommend my countrymen to shoot the landlord house-levelers as we shoot robbers, or rats, at night or in the day, on the roadside or in the market-place !

"That I offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of Major Brabazon is most true. True, I declared that the killing of said Brabazon was 'patriotic, noble, and righteous.'"

Then he describes at full length a case of barbarous eviction by Mr. Brabazon, and proceeds :

"Shoot him ! Yes.

"The life of a peasant is as valuable as the life of a peer. If the peer oppress the peasant by force of arms, break into and break down his house, let him be slain wheresoever he shall be caught.

"You have dubbed me a prophet of landlord assassination: I accept the distinction. Let them look out ! It is the intention of many a valiant Irishman to return to Ireland to shoot down the inhuman scoundrels whose acts we have noted and whose names we have registered.

"But though you do not approve my plan of putting down the Saxon power, you are, you say, ready for a fair fight. 'Blood,' you

say, 'may yet perhaps be spilled *in fair fight*. The arms employed for the winning of Irish freedom shall not be the knife or the blunderbuss of the assassin, and no stain of that blood which cries to heaven for vengeance shall be found upon our flag when its full breadth of green and gold is flung open to the wind.'

"A very pretty poetic paragraph, sir,—but poetry only. A 'fair fight' with the Saxon, quotha! Hast thou read the history of the Saxons? These be the men to whom you beg of us to offer 'fair fight,'—they armed to the teeth, supplied with artillery, shot, and shell, and we elaborately disarmed by the cowardly wretches! Bah!

"Bah! I say! No longer, Sullivan, be officer of mine."

It was not, however, the *Phoenix* in New York, nor *Mooney's Express* in San Francisco, that did the most effective work for the Fenian movement in Ireland. That movement was to a considerable extent established and propagated by the unconsciously rendered aid of the English newspapers, chiefly the *Times* and the *Daily News*. In 1859 and 1860 the Italian question was the subject of the hour. The English people, the English press, plunged hotly into the work of encouraging the subjects of Pio Nono and Francis Joseph and Ferdinand to conspire and rebel. So eager were the London journals to press the Romans or Venetians or Sicilians into revolt, that they were blind to the work which their words, doctrines, pleadings, and incentives were, at that very moment, doing in Ireland. Every weapon which Mr. Stephens needed for the purposes of his secret society was deftly fashioned for him and put into his hand by the *Daily News*, the *Sun*, or the *Times*, by Lord John Russell or Lord Ellenborough. Not merely were the Romagnols told that every people had a right to choose their own rulers, to depose the old and set up the new, but they were told that the amount of provocation or justification for such a course, how often or when they might adopt it, was for themselves and no one else to pronounce. Said the *Times*,—

"That government should be for the good of the governed, and that whenever rulers willfully and persistently postpone the good of

their subjects, either to the interests of foreign states, or to abstract theories of religion or politics, the people have a right to throw off the yoke, are principles which have been too often admitted and acted upon to be any longer questioned."

But who should judge all this ? Here is the reply supplied by the great English journal :

"The destiny of a nation ought to be determined, not by the opinions of other nations, but by the opinion of the nation itself. To decide whether they are well governed or not, or rather whether the degree of extortion, corruption, and cruelty to which they are subject is sufficient to justify armed resistance, is for those who live under that government,—not for those who, being exempt from its oppression, feel a sentimental or theological interest in its continuance."

The *Daily News* was equally explicit :

"Europe has over and over again affirmed that one principle on which the Italian question depends, and to which the inhabitants of Central Italy appeal,—the right of a people to choose its own rulers."

On the same point the *Times* :

"England has not scrupled to avow her opinion that the people of the Roman States, like every other people, have a right to choose the form of their own government, and the persons in whose hands that government shall be placed."

The *Sun* declared,—

"As free Englishmen we assert the rights of the Romans, and of all nations, to have governors of their own choice."

The English Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell, speaking at Aberdeen, enforced the same doctrine. A passage in the Queen's speech affirmed it. Lord Ellenborough hoped the Pope's subjects would appeal to arms as the only way in which they could assert their right :

"I will hope that, stimulated by the insults to Italy which are conveyed in the demands France is about to make in the Congress, they

will rise to vindicate their right to choose their own government, and clutch the arms by which alone it can be secured."

Out of these declarations arose in Ireland a movement which the popular journals designated "Taking England at her word." The *Nation* proposed that a National Petition in the following form should be presented to the Queen :

"That petitioners have seen with deep concern the recognition of the right of every people to change or choose their rulers and form of government, which is contained in the speech delivered by your Majesty at the opening of the present session of Parliament, and also contained in the speech delivered on a recent occasion at Aberdeen by your Majesty's Foreign Secretary, as well as in the speeches of many other statesmen and persons of high position in England, and in the writings of the most influential English newspapers.

"That by the general approval with which those speeches and writings have been received in England, and more especially by the course of policy pursued by your Majesty's Government in reference to the late political events in Central Italy, the Sovereign, the Ministry, the Press, and People of England have, in the most distinct and public manner, declared their approval of the principle that every people who believe themselves to be ill-governed have a right to change the system of government which is displeasing to them, and to substitute for it one of their own choice ; which choice may be declared by a majority of the votes which shall be given on submitting the question to a universal suffrage.

"That, as is well known to your Majesty, from petitions emanating from meetings at which millions of your Majesty's subjects attended, as well as from other events at various times, which petitioners deem it unnecessary to specify, a very strong desire exists among the Irish people to obtain, in place of the present system of government in Ireland, a restoration of their native parliament, and their legislative independence. That petitioners are confident the overwhelming majority of the Irish people ardently desire this restoration of their national constitution, of which they believe they were unjustly deprived ; yet, as your Majesty's advisers may have led you to believe that this desire for a domestic legislature is entertained by only a minority of the population, petitioners behold in the proceeding so highly approved of by your Majesty's ministers—viz., a popular vote by ballot and universal suffrage—a means by which the real wishes of

a majority of your Majesty's Irish subjects may be unmistakably ascertained.

"Your petitioners, therefore, pray that your Majesty may be graciously pleased to direct and authorize a public vote by ballot and universal suffrage in Ireland, to make known the wishes of the people, whether for a native government and legislative independence, or for the existing system of government by the imperial Parliament. Petitioners trust that their request will be considered stronger, not weaker, in your Majesty's estimation, for being made respectfully, peacefully, and without violence, instead of being marked by such proceedings as have occurred during the recent political changes in Italy, which have been so largely approved by your Majesty's ministers.

"And petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

This petition received the signatures of over half a million of adult Irishmen. It was duly presented. It was never answered. Still the English people went on declaring that a "vote of the population" was the way to test the legitimacy or oppressiveness of a government. Still the English newspapers went on adjuring subject peoples to strike if they would be free. Every Fenian organizer had these quotations on his tongue. The fate of the National Petition was pointed to; the contemptuous silence of the sovereign was called disdain for a people who would not clutch the arms whereby alone their right to choose their own government could be secured.

One article there was in the *London Times*—a magnificent outburst of scathing taunt and passionate invective—which played a remarkable part in the Fenian operations. It was the gospel of organizers. A glance at it will show that it was just to their hand:

"It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters.

"Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions.

"We may prate among us of moral courage and moral force, but we have also physical courage and physical force kept for ready use. Is

this so with the Italians of Central Italy? That they wish to be free is nothing. A horse or a sheep or a canary-bird has probably some vague instinct toward a state of freedom; but what we ask, and what within the last few days we have asked with some doubt, is, Are these Italians prepared to fight for the freedom they have? If so, well; they will certainly secure it; if not, let Austria flog them with scorpions instead of whips, and we in England shall only stop our ears against their screams.

“The highest spectacle which the world can offer to a freeman is to see his brother man contending bravely—nay, fighting desperately—for his liberty. The lowest sentiment of contempt which a freeman can feel is that excited by a wretched serf who has been polished and educated to a full sense of the degradation of his position, yet is without the manhood to do more than utter piteous lamentations.”

Despite these favoring circumstances, the Fenian enrollment made but slow progress up to 1861. Its conflict with the Catholic sentiment of the Irish population was a drawback which counterbalanced any advantage derived from the teachings of the English newspapers. In the spring of that year the official organ, after a necessitous existence, disappeared; and in America, as in Ireland, the fortunes of the movement were at a low ebb. In April the American civil war burst forth. The people, North and South, sprang to arms. The Irish were foremost in “going with their States.” An Irish brigade fought on each side. One led by General Pat Cleburne distinguished itself under the Confederate flag. One commanded by General T. F. Meagher won laurels that will not fade beneath the starry banner of the Union. In this rush to the field the Fenian circles were broken up and abandoned on all hands. For a moment, but only for a moment, it appeared as if the American war would extinguish the movement. A new and a stronger impulse soon came to press it on. The readiness with which England conceded belligerent rights to the seceding States, and other circumstances, early gave rise to the idea that a rupture between the Washington Government and the Court of St. James’s was inevitable. This impression was sedulously en-

couraged in the Northern States and in Ireland as an incentive to the Irish to join the Federal regiments. It had a powerful effect in each country. All the way from Ireland a continuous stream of young, active, and able-bodied men poured into the Federal ranks. The story was almost universally believed that Mr. Seward had as good as promised certain of the Irish leaders that when the Union was restored America would settle accounts with John Bull, and that Ireland would be gratefully repaid for her aid to the Stars and Stripes. This was the crowning stroke of good fortune for the Fenian leaders.

Another circumstance, equally advantageous, meantime came to their aid. Terence Bellew McManus, one of the "Forty-eight" leaders, had in 1851 effected a bold and daring escape from his captivity in Van Diemen's Land, and soon after settled in San Francisco. Early in 1861 he died in that city, to the deep sorrow of all his countrymen, by whom he was greatly loved. Some one suggested that the body of the dead rebel should be disinterred from its grave in foreign soil and be borne with public ceremonial across continent and ocean to the land of his birth. The proposition was enthusiastically embraced. The incident was so dramatic, and touched such deep emotions, that the proceeding assumed a magnitude and a solemnity which astonished and startled every one. The Irish race in America seemed to make of the funeral a demonstration of devotion to the old land. The Irish at home were seized with like feelings, and on all sides prepared to give a suitable reception to the remains of him who, proscribed in life, might return only in death to the land he loved. It was a proceeding which appealed powerfully to the sympathies of the people; and Nationalists of all hues and sections mingled in the homage to patriotism which it was understood to convey.

It was only when the "funeral" preparations had been somewhat advanced, a whisper went round that the affair was altogether in the hands of the Fenian leaders, and was

being used to advance their projects. This put non-Fenian Nationalists in a difficulty which their opponents heartily enjoyed. To draw back and hold aloof was a course which could be explained only by making assertions of the most serious and perilous nature, proof of which few men would care to adduce. To go on was to swell the tide that might perhaps sweep Ireland into a civil war. Indeed, at one time the purpose was seriously entertained of making the Mac-Manus demonstration the signal for insurrection. The idea was vehemently and successfully combated by Mr. Stephens, on the ground that his preparations had been only begun; and he would not strike till he was ready. It required the utmost exertion of his authority to enforce this veto; and it was only after hot controversy the contemplated rising on that occasion was given up. The funeral, along the whole route from San Francisco to Dublin, was one of the most impressive demonstrations of the kind ever seen. Every considerable city in the States sent a delegation to attend it. On the 30th of October, 1867, the body arrived at Queens-town, and in the interval between that date and the interment in Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin, on Sunday the 10th of November, the island was in a state of anxiety and excitement. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, aware of what underlay the proceedings, refused to permit any lying in state or other public ceremonial in the churches of his diocese,—a decision which drew down upon him the wildest denunciations. With great cleverness the revolutionary leaders called any opposition to their arrangements “enmity to the dead,” “hostility to love of country.” Five years afterward, when the Fenian chiefs themselves avowed that the funeral was the expedient whereby they really established their movement in Ireland, the conduct of the archbishop was better understood by many who were among the loudest in censuring him at the time. Some of the Fenian authorities have estimated that a larger number of adherents were sworn in during the three weeks of the

MacManus obsequies than during the previous two years. The funeral procession through the streets of Dublin was a great display. Fifty thousand men marched after the hearse. At least as many more lined the streets and sympathizingly looked on.

That day gave the Fenian chiefs a command of Ireland which they had never been able to obtain before. In the continuous struggle which went on between them on the one hand and the Catholic clergy and non-Fenian Nationalists on the other, they thenceforth assumed a boldness of language and action never previously attempted. The American delegates who had accompanied the remains of MacManus to Ireland returned with news that the home organization was of real extent and strength, and needed only the aid which America could supply, namely, money and arms and officers, to effect at almost any moment the total overthrow of British power in Ireland. Upon these reports the movement in America very shortly assumed an entirely new character, and eventually grew to enormous dimensions. Men who had hitherto held aloof—men of position, character, and ability—entered earnestly into the work of preparation. Money was poured into the coffers of the organization. The conviction spread that the hour was at hand when Ireland would “burst long ages’ thrall;” and even the poorest of her sons and daughters pressed eagerly forward with their contributions. There was no longer any doubt that an insurrection in Ireland which could maintain itself in anything like respectable force for even a month would command millions of dollars and thousands of helping hands from the Irish in America. This was abundantly exemplified by the manner in which the news of the Irish Fenian arrests later on (in 1865) was received by them. The Fenian officers were besieged with sympathizers. Fathers and mothers brought their sons to be enrolled; servant-girls brought savings of their wages; Californian miners gave freely of their hoards. Old men who had seen the

roof-tree leveled at home, young men who had heard the story of the eviction from parents now no more, clamorously asked to be put "first on the roll" for call to action. The famine-clearances had sown "dragons' teeth" from the Hudson to the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TROUBLED TIME.

THE men who led, or most largely influenced, Irish national politics from 1860 to 1865, were William Smith O'Brien, John Martin, and The O'Donoghue. The first-named did not, indeed, take any very active part by personal presence in public affairs ; but he was recognized and referred to as the chief of the National party. His counsel was always sought ; and through public letters issued from time to time in the *Nation*, he exercised a considerable influence on passing events. Mr. Martin had returned to Ireland in 1858. For a year or two he lived in great retirement at Kilbroney, near Rostrevor, one of the most beautiful spots in his native Ulster ; but he could not long resist the pressure brought to bear on him to give his voice and influence once more to the service of the National cause. It was not, however, until early in 1864, when, in conjunction with The O'Donoghue, he established a Repeal society, called the National League, that he may be said to have resumed active public life.

Two men of equal prominence, and in many respects of greater ability, re-entered the arena later on,—John B. Dillon and George Henry Moore. The latter, on the death of Lucas and the departure of Gavan Duffy, in 1855, took the command of the shattered ranks of the Tenant League party ; and assuredly

“ si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent ; ”

—if genius, courage, and devotion could have repaired what

perfidy had destroyed, that gifted son of Mayo had retrieved all. He was unseated on his re-election in 1857,—being held to account for alleged spiritual “intimidation,”—and, refusing several offers of other constituencies, watched silently and sadly the course of public affairs up to 1868.

The leading figure on Irish platforms from 1858 to 1868 was The O'Donoghue, then member of Parliament for Tipperary County. Throughout the greater part of those ten years he was the most popular man in Ireland. Many considerations combined to give him the position to which he thus attained. His ancient family, his kinship with O'Connell, his splendid physique, his easy manners, his generous nature, his eloquence, his patriotism,—all marked him out as a popular favorite. His title of Celtic chieftainship had come down to him through a proud ancestry of at least four hundred years. He was young, dashing, courageous, ready to do and dare for Ireland. His first appearance in public life was as candidate for Tipperary, under the auspices of George Henry Moore, in 1857,—on the expulsion of Mr. James Sadleir.* The young chieftain carried all before him, and went at a bound into the forefront of national politics. He and I were naturally thrown much together. Throughout the whole of that period we fought side by side. On almost every public question our opinions were identical. We took very nearly the same view of the Fenian project, and alike incurred the animosity of its leaders,—he, however, much less than I did. Once or twice in the course of the war between the Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalists I trembled for him. I knew the secret chiefs, with one exception, were most anxious to get hold of him, and that tempting offers had been made to him. I have reason to think Mr. Stephens did not greatly care to convert The O'Don-

* Shortly after the suicide of John Sadleir (the banker and Brigade leader), it was discovered that his brother James was criminally implicated in frauds on the Tipperary Bank. He fled the country, and was expelled Parliament by a special vote of the House of Commons.

oghue. He disliked so dangerous a rival near his throne. Fortunately, though the young chieftain hurled strong hate against the English power, nothing could dispel his objections to a scheme which he, on the whole, agreed with me in believing might bathe Ireland in blood,—might display, indeed, the self-sacrifice and heroism of her sons, but could only rivet her chains and multiply her sufferings.

In the summer of 1863 Mr. Stephens decided upon starting a weekly journal in Dublin which should at once advocate the special views of the Fenian organization and increase its financial revenues. In November of that year he carried out this purpose by starting the *Irish People* newspaper. It seems never to have occurred to him that there were two serious dangers in this singular proceeding. It was almost certain to concentrate under the eye and the hand of the Government all that was active and dangerous in his organization ; and as to finances, the chances of loss rather than gain were considerable. As a matter of fact, both those dangers befell the enterprise. Although behind the *Irish People* were an army of active and zealous organizers and agents, and though all the resources of the organization were exerted to push it, that journal was a heavy drag on his resources, not an aid to them. Its existence enabled us in the *Nation* office—as, no doubt, it enabled the Government also—to ascertain substantially where Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalism prevailed. It swept all before it among the Irish in England and Scotland, almost annihilating the circulation of the *Nation* in many places north and south of the Tweed. On the other hand, in Ireland it was never able to approach our journals in circulation ; and in many places we drove it totally from the field. With what seems utter fatuity, Mr. Stephens placed upon the staff of his journal, published within a stone's throw of Dublin Castle gate, the foremost men of the Fenian organization. John O'Leary, Charles J. Kickham, and T. C. Luby were the editors ; O'Donovan Rossa was appointed business manager ;

James O'Connor was cashier. The office was, in fact, headquarters.

The establishment of the National League by Mr. Martin and The O'Donoghue, as an open and non-Fenian National organization, appealing to public opinion, gave great offense to the Fenian leader. Fenians attended at its meetings and sought to disturb or compromise the proceedings by cries for "a war policy," "rifles are what we want," and so on. It was naturally expected that, steadily assailed in this way, the League must give up. But John Martin intimated that he knew these tactics and those who were practicing them. He told the Fenians to go their road, he would go his, and would not be hindered by them. With much struggle he held his ground through all the troubles and terrors of 1865, and a good part of the following year. In August, 1866, the then leaders of the Fenian operations, failing in putting down the League meetings by interruptions, groans, and cries, gave the word for more violent measures. A body of Fenians one evening poured into the League Hall, and, on being rebuked by Mr. Martin for their conduct, assailed him with volleys of eggs and other missiles, dispersing the assemblage in great disorder. A still more violent, though not nearly so disgraceful, exploit had two years previously marked the culmination of their hostility toward myself.

In February, 1864, the committee of the Dublin Prince Albert Statue applied to the corporation for an allocation of College Green as a site for their memorial. It was well known that College Green had long, by a sort of national tradition, been marked out and reserved as the spot whereon a statue to Henry Grattan should stand,—as stand it does there now. A determined, but for the time an ineffectual, opposition was offered in the corporation to this "alienation of Grattan's site," as it was called. In this resistance I took a leading part, having been elected a member of the municipal council two years previously. We pleaded, argued, protested, threatened. We offered any other spot in all the city

but this for the prince's statue. A majority of the council considered it would be "disloyal" to refuse *any* site asked for in the name of Prince Albert, and, Grattan's claims notwithstanding, granted the application. A cry of indignation arose all over Ireland. A public meeting was convened in the great hall of the Rotunda, Dublin, to give voice to the general feeling, and to call for the rescinding of the obnoxious vote. For two reasons the "C. O. I. R." decided to break up this demonstration. First, Henry Grattan was the representative man and founder, so to speak, of the constitutional National party,—a public character not to be held up to admiration by a people arming to establish an Irish republic. Secondly, at this meeting A. M. Sullivan and men of that stamp would be applauded, which was not to be allowed. Secret orders were issued to all circles and sub-circles in Dublin to have their men in full force at the Rotunda on the evening of the meeting.

The O'Donoghue came up from Killarney to preside; the platform was thronged with civic representatives and city men; the galleries and body of the hall were densely packed. The O'Donoghue was proceeding with his opening address, and came to some complimentary allusions to me.

"We won't have Sullivan!" fiercely shouted a voice in a particular corner of the hall.

"That voice does not express the sentiments of the Irish people," replied the chairman.

Yells drowned his further observations. "Down with Sullivan!" "Away with Sullivan!" rose in frantic shouts from compact sections of the audience immediately in front of the platform. The bulk of the assemblage looked on utterly bewildered. They could scarcely credit their senses, and vainly guessed at explanations.

"Down with Sullivan! We'll have his life!" Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, a rush was made for the platform; sticks appeared as if pulled from beneath men's waistcoats, and in a few seconds a confused struggle was going on.

O'Donovan Rossa and other of the Fenian organizers now showed themselves, and, heading a charge of their followers, scrambled over the barriers, striking at all who obstructed them. If the people could only have got a clue to the incomprehensible scene, there would have been serious work, for the attack would have been resisted ; but, as few clearly understood the proceeding, no one felt called upon to make any special exertion. As an indignant artisan afterward complained, "No one knew who was who, or why was why."

In the wild uproar, the crash of chairs, and rush of shrieking people, I found myself roughly grasped by an unknown hand in the crowd, and a voice shouted in my ear, "You come on out of this, instantly, or your life will be taken here to-night." I was forcibly dragged a long way toward the entrance. Though kindly meant, I could not bring myself to acquiesce in this. I tore myself clear of my unknown protector, determined, whatever might befall, that I would walk freely out of the building. I found The O'Donoghue anxiously looking for me ; and we emerged together into the street. A friendly body-guard, however, accompanied us to the hotel, composed in great part, I have reason to believe, of Fenians who knew of the violence designed against us, and who were determined to prevent it.

Meanwhile Rossa and his storming-party had full possession of the platform. They smashed the chairs and the reporters' table, tore the gas-brackets down, waved the green baize cover of the table as a flag of victory, and shouted for half an hour over their success. Then they marched down Sackville Street and dispersed,—some to Mr. Stephens's lodgings to felicitate him, as proudly as if they had captured Dublin Castle, pulled down the Union Jack, and taken the Lord-Lieutenant prisoner.

Next day the explanation of the scene became known, and there was great anger at this attempt of the Fenian authorities to suppress the right of public meeting. It was the flinging down of a daring challenge to the non-Fenian Na-

tionalists. If this stroke succeeded, there was no platform left to them. A "Citizens' Committee" assembled, and it was resolved to hold on the following Monday a meeting in the same hall of the Rotunda, to pass the resolutions originally contemplated,—precautions being taken to encounter the Fenian tactics, and, if necessary, meet force by force.

But how was this to be done? How was it feasible to assemble a thousand, or two thousand, people and not know but they were secretly members of the Fenian organization? How could we tell but even on the Citizens' Committee there were men whose part it was to pretend sympathy with us, but in reality to undermine all our plans and arrangements? "It cannot possibly be done," said some of our wisest friends. Moreover, the city was filled with the most alarming stories and rumors: the Fenian leaders had ordered a thousand of their men to come to the next meeting armed with revolvers; Mr. Stephens had sworn that, whatever it might cost, he would render meeting, speech, or resolution absolutely impossible that day: no, not even a dozen men should be able to assemble! Affrighted friends came to us and implored that the meeting might be given up. "These are desperate men; it will not do to cross them. There will be bloodshed and loss of life. Better give up!" I, on the other hand, called on all friends of public liberty to be firm and to face every peril. "We complain of English tyranny," I said, "and our fathers have given their lives resisting it. Here is a much more odious tyranny. I am the one most loudly threatened. I know it. I am determined to go on, and if any harm befall me, I shall at all events be struck down in defense of public freedom." I was rejoiced to find this spirit prevailing extensively. The intolerance and violent despotism of the Fenian mandate against public meetings rendered the secret chiefs quite unpopular; and at any fairly-assembled public gathering representative of general opinion they would have been indignantly condemned.

It was resolved to hold the meeting in the early afternoon

(as night would give great advantage to disorder or attack), and that admission should be by tickets consecutively numbered. I felt it was a trial of strength and skill between Mr. Stephens and myself, and I determined he should find me able to hold my own. "Foolish man!" exclaimed an excited friend, a day or two before the meeting, "you were warned how vain and hopeless it would be contending with a secret society! Here they are secretly at work printing off for their men tickets identical with your own; and on the day of meeting it is with foes, not friends, your hall will be filled!"

I pretended to be dumbfounded. But this was just what I expected. I had laid a trap for the Fenian chief, and he walked right into it.

A register was duly kept of every person to whom packets of cards had been issued for distribution; and each distributor was made responsible for personal knowledge of the name and address of every citizen to whom he gave a ticket. Each member of the Citizens' Committee, about forty gentlemen in all, received, on these conditions, four or five packets of tickets. I guessed that on our committee were agents of the enemy, and that not only would our every move be reported, but that our tickets would be forged. I knew a friend, a lithographer, whom I could implicitly trust, and unknown to everybody I employed him to print, by a tedious process, that could not be readily imitated, two thousand tickets. When I had everything ready, the day before our meeting I assembled the Citizens' Committee. "Gentlemen, our tickets are being forged," I exclaimed. "Yes, yes; 'tis a fact," shouted many voices. "What a shame! What are we to do?" said some of Mr. Stephens's secret agents, in well-feigned surprise: "we can't hold the meeting; we must give it up."

"No, gentlemen, we will not give it up," I said. "Each one of us, if he has acted faithfully and loyally, knows to whom he has given tickets."

"Quite right; to be sure."

“Very well. All such tickets are now canceled, and will be refused at the doors to-morrow. Here are tickets which each of you will this evening exchange with the parties rightly entitled to them.”

A roar of delight broke from the meeting. Two or three of our friends certainly looked chop-fallen, despite efforts to seem as cheerful as the rest.

Whether merely for the purpose of trying to frighten me, or with serious meaning, 'tis hard to tell; but private messages were now sent to my family warning them in the most solemn and explicit manner that this daring conduct on my part was going to have a sad result. They were told I was to be shot, *pour encourager aux autres*. I said, “Even so: I had rather be shot than be a coward or a slave.”

Next day the city was troubled, nervous, and excited, as if an earthquake had been foretold in the almanacs. The Rotunda presented a strange sight. It was like a fortress, for possession of which a fierce battle was to rage. That my life would pay the forfeit was concluded on all hands; and even from distant parts of Ireland anxious friends came, armed, to stand by my side. One of these, the impersonation of devoted friendship, Mr. Thomas P. O'Connor, of Tipperary, was a man to whom the Fenian leaders owed much. To his influence, his exertions, his generosity, they subsequently owed still more, when, in adversity, they needed protection and aid. Though happily he lives still, on the night preceding that meeting he and many others approached the sacraments of religion in preparation for death next day. It seems almost absurd now to think they regarded matters so seriously. My own family took leave of me as if they might see me no more, but they could not shake my purpose.

A body of “National Volunteers” had offered themselves to act as guards and stewards at the meeting, and after careful selection two hundred were enrolled. At each door a “company” was placed under a trusted “captain.” When, at one o'clock, the doors were opened, there poured into the

great hall, amidst much cheering, a body of citizens who evidently greatly regretted any conflict with their fellow-countrymen, but who were determined to assert the right to assemble in public meeting for lawful and patriotic purposes.

Soon a cry of "forged ticket" was heard at the doors. The wrong men were beginning to come up, and found they could not pass through. About two o'clock quite a battalion arrived, headed by O'Donovan Rossa. He handed a wrong ticket. "No use," said young Joseph Hanly of Ardavon, a model of athletic strength and vigor, who was captain at that door. "I must pass," said Rossa, who was also strongly built, powerful, active, and determined. "You will not," was defiantly answered. Rossa made a dash at the door, and was leveled by a sledge-hammer blow from Hanly. Quick as lightning he was on his feet, and repaid the compliment. The two men were on the whole pretty evenly matched; but the advantage in "science" was with the college-trained young captain. Rossa, who was as bold as a lion, fought well, but it was no use. His comrades struck in, but the door-guards responded; and after "as lovely a fight, sir, as ever you saw" (according to one of the latter), the Fenian party withdrew. Somewhat similar conflicts occurred at other entrances; but everywhere the assailants were defeated. The meeting was triumphantly held. The resolutions were passed. The day was won. Excusable momentary vexation apart, I doubt if the Fenians thought the worse of us for our resolution and pluck. The men on both sides exhibited a restraint as to the use of fire-arms which astonished everybody. Sharp and heavy blows were given and taken, and even some blood was spilt; yet though each man of some hundreds carried a revolver in his pocket, not one was drawn. Had even one been produced, a hundred would have appeared, and a deplorable scene might have ensued. We all rejoiced that the day had passed off so well. The citizens in general, I am well aware, were delighted. All public action in politics would have

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been stopped by a violent terrorism had we not made this stand for tolerance, fair play, and freedom.*

On the 2d of April, 1865, the fall of Richmond closed the American war. On the 7th General Lee surrendered. By June the Federal armies were in process of disbandment. The Irish regiments were free. Hundreds of daring and skillful officers, spoiled for peaceful pursuits, were on the lookout for a sympathetic cause in which they might continue their career. The Fenian leaders felt that the hour for action had arrived. Arms were being daily imported and distributed, although not to anything like the extent pretended by Mr. Stephens. Every steamer from America brought a number of officers, among the earliest being Brigadier-General T. F. Millen, who took up his quarters in Dublin as chief in command. From the Continent came General Cluseret and General Fariola, the former of whom was heard of subsequently in the struggle of the Commune in Paris. Every one knew what was at hand, for there was a wondrous amount of publicity about the secret movements of Fenianism. The American circles, in order to stimulate

* The Fenian chief did not all at once desist from the desire to try conclusions with me, as the subjoined extract from the letter of "An Old Dublin Center" (in the *Irishman* of the 6th of February, 1875), inveighing against Mr. Stephens, reveals: "Once I heard him declare that he had one town (Liverpool) so organized and devoted to the local leader that he could at any time cause a panic in European politics by sending down orders to capture the garrison of one thousand men and hold the place until there was not one man living among its ruins; and said he would be obeyed to the letter. The truth of this statement will be seen when some time afterward Sullivan of the *Nation* went to the place to lecture, and he (Stephens) sent orders to hunt him out of the town. What then? Only two or three could be found to do the business, and they were expelled the lecture-hall on the first indication of disturbance."

I remember the incident referred to very well; but the "Old Center" does Mr. Stephens injustice in assuming there were not thousands of Fenians enrolled in Liverpool because "only two or three" obeyed an order so odious and unpopular.

subscriptions, published addresses announcing all that was afoot. One issued by the Springfield circle "to their American fellow-citizens" was as follows :

"Ireland is about to have her revolution. The day of provisional government is established. An army of two hundred thousand men is sworn to sustain it. Officers, American and Irish, who have served with distinction in your service, are silently moving into Ireland to assume control of the active operations to be inaugurated in a few months,—sooner, much sooner, than any of you believe."

In August the Irish newspapers began to fill with alarmist letters from country gentlemen ; and the contingency of a midnight rising was discussed from a hundred points of view. In September the magistrates of Cork County, to the number of one hundred and fifty, assembled in special meeting to consider the perilous state of affairs. They memorialized the Government on the subject, but the Government had already formed its decision. It is not easy to determine the stage at which a secret society can be most effectually struck. A singular incident showed the authorities in Dublin Castle that they had not many moments to lose. On the machine-room staff of the *Irish People* was a man named Pierce Nagle, a great favorite and confidential agent or courier of Mr. Stephens. For more than a year Nagle had been in the secret pay of the Government, and was supplying deadly information against the Fenian chiefs. One day an envoy arrived from the South Tipperary B's, and received from Mr. Stephens a dispatch of the utmost secrecy and importance, with which he was to return instantly to Clonmel. The missive he bore was to be read for the centers there, and then destroyed. The envoy got rather overpowered with "refreshment" in the afternoon, and went to sleep on a bench in the machine-room. Nagle, coming in, saw him, and rightly guessed he was likely to have received some important letter from "the Captain." He quietly turned the pockets of the sleeper inside out, and took from him the precious document. Some

days elapsed before he was able to find an opportunity for safely handing it over to the police. Once in their possession, the importance of that missive was fully recognized. Before many hours it was in the council-chamber of Dublin Castle. A glance at its contents showed Lord Wodehouse that he must strike quickly and strike hard. Which he did.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RICHMOND ESCAPE.

“HURRY in to town. Quick!—quick! There is desperate work. The *Irish People* is suppressed; the office is seized; Luby, O’Leary, and Rossa are arrested; telegraphic communication with the South is stopped; no one knows what may not be going on!” It was my brother who spoke at my bedroom door early in the morning of Saturday, 16th of September, 1865. He had driven from town to where I lived, some three miles distant in the northern suburbs, to bear me news of truly startling events that had just occurred.

“Luby, O’Leary, and Rossa arrested!” I exclaimed. “Have they got Stephens?”

“No; not up to the time I left.”

“Then depend upon it he will fight. We shall have barricades in the city to-night.”

I breakfasted hastily, my brother going on with his narrative of the proceedings. I concealed my feelings as best I could; but I took a very serious view of the situation. From information which had reached me during the previous month or two, I knew that this *coup* did not anticipate by more than a few weeks the date fixed by the Fenian leaders for the outbreak of hostilities. I judged that the difference in time being so small, Mr. Stephens would rather accept battle now than let his men be struck down in detail. Moreover, this move of the Government was so obvious, so inevitable, that he must have been prepared for it from the first hour when he publicly established a central bureau of Fenian affairs at the very threshold of the Castle and filled it with the best and

most prominent men of his organization. I drove into town, and found excitement and alarm on all sides. It was only after a considerable interval I was able to gather anything like a correct and coherent account of what had occurred, so wild and contradictory were the stories in circulation.

On the previous day, Friday, 15th of September, 1865, a privy council was hastily held at Dublin Castle. Before it were laid reports from the police authorities on the critical state of the Fenian business; the steady flow of American officers into the country; the increased activity in the provinces; the arrival of large remittances of money to the Fenian leaders; the extensive drilling going on all over the kingdom, particularly in Dublin. But, most important of all, the following letter, in the handwriting of the supreme chief of the movement, was placed upon the table:

“DUBLIN, September 8, 1865.

“BROTHERS,

“I regret to find the letter I addressed to you has never reached you. Had you received it I am confident all would have been right before this; because I told you explicitly what to do, and once you saw your way it is sure to me that you would have done it well. As far as I can understand your actual position and wishes now, the best course to take is to get all the working B's together, and after due deliberation and without favor to any one—acting purely and conscientiously for the good of the cause—to select one man to represent and direct you all. This selection made, the man of your choice should come up here at once, when he shall get instructions and authority to go on with the good work. There is no time to be lost. This year—and let there be no mistake about it—must be the year of action. I speak with a knowledge and authority to which no other man could pretend; and I repeat, the flag of Ireland—of the Irish Republic—must this year be raised. As I am much pressed for time, I shall merely add that it shall be raised in a glow of hope such as never gleamed round it before. Be, then, of firm faith and the best of cheer, for all goes bravely on. Yours fraternally,

“J. POWER.*

“N.B. This letter must be read for the working B's only, and when read must be burnt.”

* One of Stephens's innumerable aliases.

This was the letter which Pierce Nagle had taken from the pocket of the intoxicated Fenian courier as he lay asleep in the *Irish People* office.

The Privy Council decided that the conspiracy must be struck instantly and simultaneously all over the island. The Fenian organ was to be seized and suppressed; the leaders were everywhere to be arrested. So suddenly was this resolution arrived at that a difficulty arose as to seizing the newspaper. Already the bulk of its publication for that week was on its way to England and the Irish provinces. At the very moment the Privy Council was sitting, the *Irish People* machinery was printing off the "country edition," and vans were bearing the agents' parcels to the trains and steamboats. There was no help for this now. At three o'clock the council broke up, and the police got their orders to prepare for action. Before they ventured to stir in Dublin they telegraphed to all the "dangerous" cities and towns, notifying the authorities in those places that at ten o'clock P.M. a simultaneous dash must be made on the Fenians, and that all necessary precautions must accordingly be taken. About nine o'clock the manager of the Magnetic Telegraph Company was surprised by a visit from a Government official with an astonishing request. He said that, owing to "something that was about to happen," the Government wished all telegrams relating to Fenianism, unless between the public authorities, to be "withheld." The manager well knew what was meant. There was no refusing such a polite invitation. The requisite assent was given. Indeed, to make assurance doubly sure, a policeman in plain clothes was stationed in the telegraph-office. All now being ready, at half-past nine o'clock several bodies of police, well armed, were quietly moved upon Parliament Street, each end of which they occupied. While the passers-by were wondering at the presence of this police cordon, some of the detective force knocked at the door of No. 12, which was the *Irish People* office. No one opened, whereupon the door was forced.

With a rush the house was occupied, and ransacked. No person was found within. The office-books, type-forms, and bales of printed papers (the "town edition" of the *Irish People*) were brought out into the street, piled on a dray, and carried off to the Castle,—a guard of police being left on the premises. Barely half an hour previously the *Irish People* staff had left the office, their labors for the day being over. Some of them had not quitted the immediate vicinity. Soon the street rang with the news; hearing it they rushed out, and were seized. At the same moment, other parties of police were at work all over the city. The residences of the prominent Fenians were well known, and before many hours O'Donovan Rossa, John O'Clohissy, Thomas Ashe, Michael O'Neill Fogarty, Mortimor Moynihan, and W. F. Roantree were lodged in prison. None of them made resistance. It was late after midnight when Mr. Luby, who was spending the evening with a friend, returned to his residence at Dolphin's Barn. He did not know that two detectives had lain concealed for hours in a little shrubbery close by, waiting for him. He had barely entered his house when they knocked, gained admittance, and arrested him. They searched for papers, and found several,—among the rest some letters from an extraordinary genius named O'Keeffe, well known in some of the Dublin newspaper offices for his crazy eccentricities. He had written in his characteristic style to Mr. Luby, urging the revolutionary leaders, if they meant business, to go in for a battue of big landlords like the Duke of Leinster. To any one who knew the man the letter would be an amusing literary curiosity. As such Mr. Luby laughed over it himself, and showed it to others to laugh at also. Unfortunately for him, however, he did not destroy O'Keeffe's ferocious programme. It was a dangerous document for a man engaged in political conspiracy to preserve, as an apparent reality and seriousness of meaning might be cast upon its contents when found among the class of papers seized in the course of these arrests. As a matter of fact, these wretched

O'Keeffe letters were made the foundation for charges against the Fenian prisoners, which some of them felt more keenly, and complained of more vehemently, than the severest tortures of prison punishment.* The O'Keeffe manuscript, however, mischievous as was the part it played in subsequent events, was not the most fatal discovery made on that occasion. In Mr. Luby's desk was found a sealed packet addressed "Miss Frazer." "What is this?" said the officer, putting it on the table before Mr. Luby. For a second his lip trembled and his color changed; but, suddenly recovering himself, he replied in a careless manner, "Oh, this is something between the ladies;" and he pushed it across to his wife. Before she could stir, the officer seized it. That sealed envelope contained the most conclusive testimony which, from the first hour to the last, the Government obtained upon which to convict the leading conspirators. It was the commission, under the hand of Mr. Stephens, as supreme chief of the revolutionary movement, appointing Messrs. Luby, O'Leary, and Kickham a triumvirate or exec-

* Nothing wounded the Fenian leaders more than the horrible suggestion that they contemplated "a general massacre and universal pillage." Taking the O'Keeffe letters as their authority, the Castle officials who prepared the brief or statement of evidence on which the Crown counsel was to act at the preliminary investigations broadly set forth this revolting and cruel assertion. The prisoners have never forgiven that imputation. They concentrated all, or nearly all, their anger on the hapless gentleman who was Crown counsel on the occasion referred to, Mr. C. R. (now Mr. Justice) Barry. Epitomizing the case as briefed to him, he made this statement. When subsequently its falsehood, as regards those prisoners, was found out in the Castle, all that was done was to abandon—to cease from mentioning—instead of openly retracting it. This pitiful course wronged the prisoners and wronged Mr. Barry. It left the former under the odium of an imputation abhorrent to them. It deprived the latter of the opportunity he gladly would have seized of displaying his generosity and high sense of justice in delivering his own mind, not the language of a brief, on the whole proceeding.

utive during his absence on a visit to the American circles. It ran as follows :

“ I hereby empower Thomas Clarke Luby, John O’Leary, and Charles J. Kickham a Committee of Organization or Executive, with the same supreme control over the home organization, England, Ireland, and Scotland, that I have exercised myself. I further empower them to appoint a Committee of Military Inspection and a Committee of Appeal and Judgment, the functions of which committee will be made known to every member of them. Trusting to the patriotism and abilities of the Executive I fully endorse their actions beforehand. I call on every man in our ranks to support and be guided by them in all that concerns the military brotherhood.

“ J. STEPHENS.”

Mr. Luby was borne off to prison. His papers were carried under seal to the Castle. Mr. George Hopper (whose sister was wife of Mr. Stephens), Mr. John O’Leary, and many others, were arrested in the early morning. It may be said that before the afternoon of Saturday, with the exception of Stephens himself and two or three others, the Government had in their grasp every man of prominence connected with the Irish branch of the conspiracy.

Still, the remark which almost involuntarily fell from me on hearing the news that morning was on every lip, “ If they have not got Stephens, their swoop is vain. He will fill up all gaps, and give the signal for action ere twenty-four hours.”

Meantime all over Ireland scenes somewhat similar to those above described were proceeding. Midnight arrests and seizures, hurried flights and perilous escapes, wild rumors and panic alarms, scared every considerable city and town. It was a critical time in Dublin Castle. Sir Thomas Larcom, Under-Secretary, sat up all night, every five minutes receiving reports and issuing directions. So anxious was the Government as to the successful seizure of the *Irish People* office, that Mr. O’Ferrall, the Commissioner of Police, and Colonel Wood, Inspector-General of Constabulary, per-

sonally superintended the proceedings at that spot. Colonel Lake, C.B., took general charge of the arrangements throughout the city for effecting the arrests and suppressing any resistance. In Dublin and Cork an outbreak was fully anticipated. Into the latter city an additional battery of artillery was hastily dispatched from Ballincollig. All the soldiers of the garrison were aroused from their beds and put under arms at three o'clock in the morning; and reinforcements from Fermoy and other stations were rapidly hurried in.

With troubled minds and heavy hearts the citizens of Dublin counted the hours of that exciting day, alarm intensifying as night approached. Many sat up until near dawn, listening for the first roar of artillery or rattle of musketry in the streets; and it was with an indescribable sense of relief that people found the night pass tranquilly away.

Where was Stephens all this time? Calm and undisturbed, living openly enough in a pretty suburban villa not two miles from Dublin Castle. Proclamations offering two hundred pounds for his arrest were scattered all over the country, and a description of his person was posted at every barrack door. Thousands of policemen, hundreds of spies and detectives, were exerting every effort of ingenuity to discover his whereabouts; all in vain. They scrutinized every railway-passenger; they laid hands on every commercial traveler who happened in any way to resemble his description. They had a keen eye for everything that might seem like a disguise. They never thought of looking for him in no disguise at all! "Mr. Herbert," of Fairfield House, Sandymount, affected no concealment. He lived, no doubt, very much at home, but he might be seen nearly every day in his flower-garden or greenhouse busily arranging his geraniums or tending his japonicas. He lived well, kept a good cellar, and had his house furnished tastefully. It never occurred to the detective mind that a placid-looking gentleman so deeply immersed in horticulture could be concerned in politics. "Mr. Herbert," no doubt, went into

town occasionally in the evenings. On the night of the seizure he was at the lodgings of one of the Fenian organizers (Flood) in Denzille Street, giving interviews, one by one, to the agents and subordinates who waited in an ante-room. Suddenly James O'Connor, of the *Irish People*, entered and asked for "the Captain." His manner was a little disturbed, but on being told he should wait he sat down quite composedly till his turn came. On being shown into Stephens's room, he told the news: the office was in the hands of the police; Rossa and several of their comrades had been arrested; search and seizure were being fiercely prosecuted all around. Stephens excitedly rushed into the anteroom with the intelligence. The assembled confederates exhibited their surprise and emotion in various ways. There was one among them particularly who displayed what looked like intense astonishment and concern. This was Pierce Nagle, the paid spy of the Government,—who knew all!

They separated for their homes. Mr. Stephens reached Fairfield House in safety, and soundly slept; but several of the others found themselves in the police-cells before morning,—with the rest, Pierce Nagle. It was only when next day they were brought up before the magistrates for formal committal that each was able to know how many of his friends shared his fate. Much they wondered who among them had played false,—who would appear at the critical moment in the witness-box against them! They did not know he was that moment standing in their midst, apparently a prisoner like themselves. At length, after Pierce had played the rôle of "martyr" for a few days, it was deemed time for him to step forth in his true character, his evidence in court being required. When the day arrived, and their former comrade, the trusted servant and agent of their chief, stepped on the table as Crown witness, to swear them to the scaffold, the doomed men exchanged glances of despair,—the despair that flings hope away, not that which quails before disaster.

Two months passed by, and still all search for Stephens was vain. A special commission was issued for the trial of Luby, O'Leary, Rossa, and others, on the approaching 27th of November. The story now circulated and universally believed was that Stephens had solemnly announced these men were in no danger,—nay, that they and their prosecutors would exchange positions ere many days! Early in November the Dublin police remarked that Mrs. Stephens was seen in Dublin very much as usual. They tracked her on several evenings toward Sandymount, and always lost her in the neighborhood of “Mr. Herbert’s” house. An extra police force was immediately stationed in the district, and a minute search, house by house and road by road, was prosecuted. On Thursday, the 9th of November, Mrs. Stephens was observed to leave Fairfield House and proceed toward Dublin. She was dogged through the city and back to her home by female spies. The police now decided that the man they wanted was within their power. On Friday evening the house was stealthily surrounded and watched by a number of detectives. Many circumstances convinced them the conspirator was within. That the struggle to capture him would be desperate and bloody was the conviction in every mind. About an hour before dawn on Saturday morning, the whole of the “G” division of police, under the personal command of Colonel Lake, C.B., surrounded the house. Six divisional inspectors scaled the garden-wall and knocked at the back door of the house. A voice, which two of them recognized as that of Stephens, asked from within, “Who is there? Is that Corrigan?” meaning, it would seem, the gardener, who usually came to his work at an early hour in the morning.

The answer was, “Police.”

“I cannot let you in. I am undressed,” said the C. O. I. R.

“If you do not open this instant, we will burst the door,” rejoined Inspector Hughes.

Stephens, who was in his night-dress, ran through the hall to the front door, looked out, and saw that the house was surrounded. He returned to the back door, undid the bolts, and rushed up-stairs to his bedroom. He was quickly and closely followed by the police, who suspected some deep design in this easy admittance. In the bedroom were Mrs. Stephens and her sister. Detective officers Dawson and Hughes reached the room at a few bounds. The former, who knew the Fenian chief, called out, "How are you, Stephens?"

Stephens looked angrily at the speaker, and cried, "Who the devil are you?"

"I am Dawson," said the detective, with professional pride in the conviction that every one—at all events every one concerned in illegal practices—must have heard of "Dawson."

"Dawson! Oh, indeed! I have read about you," replied the Head Center, who leisurely proceeded to dress himself. While this scene was proceeding in Stephens's bedroom, the other apartments of the house had been rapidly filled with police, and other captures barely less important were effected. In a bedroom close by were found Charles J. Kickham, Hugh Brophy, and Edward Duffy, the latter of whom might have been not incorrectly called the life and soul of the Fenian movement west of the Shannon. Under their pillows were found four Colt's revolvers, loaded and capped. A large sum of money—nearly two thousand pounds in notes, gold, and drafts—was also found in the room. The house evidently had been provisioned as the intended refuge of several persons for some weeks. Large quantities of bacon, flour, groceries, wines, spirits, etc., were stored on the premises. The strong force of police in and around the house showed to all the captives the fruitlessness of resistance. They quietly dressed themselves, and long ere the neighboring dwellers were astir, or knew of the astonishing drama that had been enacted amidst the parterres of Fair-

field House, the whole party were carried off and secured under bolts and bars in Dublin Castle.

It was approaching noon before the news got abroad. Then indeed the city broke forth into excitement that was not half terror. The dreaded C. O. I. R. was actually in custody. Now might every one sleep with easy mind. No "rising" need be apprehended. No lurid flame of civil war would redden the midnight sky. Exultation beamed on every detective's face. "We have done it," might be read in the toss of every policeman's head as he proudly paced his beat.

On the following Tuesday the four prisoners were brought before the magistrate in the lower Castle yard. The van which conveyed them was accompanied by a mounted escort with drawn sabers, and preceded and followed by a number of cars conveying policemen armed with cutlass and revolver. Along the route the patrols had been well strengthened, and every precaution taken against a rescue. There was great anxiety to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Fenian chief, who since the arrests of the 15th of September had become for the first time a popular hero. The police escorts and guards, however, prevented any one from approaching. Not a glance could be exchanged with the object of all this curiosity. A distinguished party of viceregal visitors or friends, and some of the higher executive functionaries,—including Lord Chelmsford, Sir Robert Peel, Colonel Lake, Mr. Wodehouse, private secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and others,—were accommodated with seats in the magistrate's room, having shared the general desire for a look at "the Captain." Indeed it is said the lady of one of them successfully pleaded for a glimpse of Stephens and his colleagues while in the prison. When Nagle was brought in, he perceptibly trembled, and avoided meeting the gaze of the prisoners. Stephens bore himself quite coolly, nay, cavalierly. His letter to the Clonmel "B's" was read as evidence. When the clerk came to the passage declaring this should be "the

year of action," Stephens startled them all by loudly interjecting, "So it may be."

Although he must have read in the public newspapers of the extensive seizure of letters and other documents in the course of the previous arrests, he seems to have kept quite a store of like evidence at Fairfield House. There were lists or rolls of the American officers; name, ranks, traveling charges paid them, and the dates of sailing for Ireland. There was a minute, or memorandum, apparently of the Military Council, settling the pay in dollars which those officers were to receive: major-general, monthly, seven hundred and fifty dollars; brigadier-general, four hundred dollars; colonel (special arm), two hundred and forty-eight dollars; ditto infantry line, two hundred and thirty-eight dollars; lieutenant-colonel (special arm), two hundred and twenty-five dollars; ditto infantry line, two hundred and fifteen dollars; major (special), two hundred dollars; captains, of all arms, one hundred and sixty-five dollars; lieutenants, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; second ditto, one hundred and fifteen dollars. There was a list of places organized, and of the centers in charge, a sheet of cipher-terms, and letters in great abundance. In truth, the documents seized on this occasion enabled the organization to be gripped far more extensively and effectually than was possible before.

The preliminary examination extended over a couple of days. At its close, on Wednesday, 15th of November, the magistrate, previous to committing the prisoners, asked each if he had any observations to make. Stephens said he had.

The magistrate.—"I shall be bound to take it down." Stephens.—"Yes; take it down."

Then rising to his feet and folding his arms, he said, "I have employed no lawyer in this case, because in making a defense of any kind I should be recognizing British law in Ireland. Now, I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland,—its right, or even its

existence, in Ireland ; and I defy any punishment, and despise any punishment, it can inflict upon me. I have spoken it."

What did this mean ? Ten days subsequently these words were recalled, with a full perception of their import.

"Stephens has escaped ! Stephens has escaped !" This was the cry which rang from end to end of Dublin on the morning of Saturday the 25th of November, 1865.

"Stephens ? Escaped ?"

"Yes !"

"From Richmond Bridewell ? When ? How ? Impossible !"

Such were the exclamations or interrogations to be heard on every side. Stephens escaped ! - Consternation—utter, hopeless consternation—reigned throughout the city ; that is to say, among the business classes. The populace were very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalize the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crestfallen and humiliated ; while members of the Fenian fraternity could be pretty well identified by the flashing eye, the exultant countenance, the wild strong grip with which they greeted one another.

The Fenian leaders had been confined in Richmond prison, awaiting their trial on the 27th of November. When built, fifty or sixty years ago, Richmond was one of the strongest jails in Ireland ; but it was entirely wanting in those facilities for supervision which the modern prisons with radiating corridors possess. At the head of one of the several stone stairs which connect the ground-floor cell system with the upper tier ran a short cross-corridor of six cells. The door between the corridor and stairhead was of heavy hammered iron, nearly an inch thick, and secured by a lock opening from either side. The cell-doors were likewise of wrought iron, fastened with ponderous swinging bars and padlocks.

The other end of the corridor was closed by a similar door. In these six cells, thus cut off from the rest of the prison, Stephens, Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, and Rossa were confined. In the sixth cell, that between Stephens and Kickham, the governor, Mr. Marquess, placed a young lad, named McLeod, an ordinary prisoner, with instructions to listen at night, and ring his cell-gong if he heard anything close by. Lest there might be any tampering or undue communication, no warder or other person was allowed in the corridor at night, but a warder and policeman were placed outside the locked door at the end opposite the stair-head door. At the latter no watch was deemed necessary. Military guards and sentries, and a detachment of police, had been plentifully placed in the prison when first Stephens was committed ; but the Castle raised a petty squabble with the prison board as to the expense of these men, and they were almost all withdrawn. A dispute over ten or twelve pounds cost the Government the prize for which they afterward offered a thousand, and would have given five times as much right readily !

Vain were all bolts and bars, iron doors and grated windows, to hold Stephens in that prison. In anticipation of such a possibility as that which had occurred, some of the prison officers had long previously been secretly secured as sworn members of the "I. R. B." One, J. J. Breslin, was hospital superintendent ; another, Byrne, was night-watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the whole building, yards, and passages, from "lock-up" at night to "unlock" each morning. Breslin had a pass-key for all interior doors ; Byrne had one for interior and exterior. The moment "the Captain" was brought in, wax impressions or molds of these keys were taken, and duplicates were at once manufactured by an expert hand among the brotherhood in the city.

As long, however, as the sentries and patrols were around, free access through the doors was of little advantage. For-

tunately for the Fenian leader, the dispute about expense (already referred to) drew off the danger. By Thursday the 23d of November the coast was clear; and it was decided that on the following night his liberation must be effected.

Night came. Lock-up and final inspection were duly completed. The warders paraded, and gave up their pass-keys to be locked in the governor's safe. The watches were posted, and sang out, "All's well." Stephens did not go to bed at all. He sat up through the night, aware that some time between midnight and morning his deliverer would be at hand. The elements were propitious. For years Dublin had not been visited by such a storm of wind and rain as howled through the pitchy darkness of that night. The prison clock had chimed one when Stephens heard a stealthy footfall approach. The stairhead door was unlocked. A friendly tap at his own door, and soon it swings open. Daniel Byrne and James Breslin are outside. Softly they descend the stair, each man now grasping a revolver, for desperate work has been begun. They gain the yard, and reach the boundary-wall at a spot outside which confederates were to be in waiting. They fling over the wall a few pebbles,—the pre-arranged signal. In answer a small sod of grass is thrown to them from the other side. Then they bring from the lunatic prisoners' day-room, which is close by, two long tables, which they lay against the wall. A rope is thrown over, which Byrne and Breslin are to hold while Stephens descends by it on the outer side. He mounts the tables; he gains the top, and swings into the arms of his friends below. Though rain is falling in torrents, and each one is drenched to the skin, they bound with joy and embrace effusively. Stephens is hurried off with a single attendant to the asylum already selected for him in the city. Breslin retires to his room in the prison, and Byrne resumes his duty patrol!

At five o'clock in the morning Mr. Philpots, deputy governor, was excitedly called by Byrne, who, faithful and vigilant officer that he was, reported that he had found two tables

in the yard close by the boundary-wall, and much he feared that something had gone wrong.* They ran to the governor and aroused him. All hurried to the corridor where the Fenians ought to be. Lo! one of the cell-doors ajar, and the "C. O. I. R." flown. All the others—Luby, Kickham, O'Leary, Rossa—were safe and sound, but the man of men for them was gone!

Mr. Marquess asked McLeod if he had heard any noise. Yes, he had, about one o'clock in the morning; he heard some one open the end door, come to Stephens's cell, and unlock it.

"Why did you not pull your gong, as I told you to do?" asked the distracted governor.

"Because I knew whoever was doing this was likely to be armed, and could open *my* cell also, and take my life," was the intelligent and indeed conclusive answer.

At no time probably since Emmet's insurrection were the Irish executive authorities thrown into such dismay and confusion as on this occasion. They now realized what it was to deal with a secret society. Whom could they trust? How could they measure their danger? Very evidently the ground beneath them was mined in all directions. Uncertainty magnified every danger. Meantime, the most desperate efforts were made to recapture Stephens. Cavalry scoured the country round. Police scattered all over the city, particularly in suspected neighborhoods, ransacked houses, tore down wainscoting, ripped up flooring, searched garrets, cellars, coal-holes. Telegrams went flying all over the kingdom; steamers were stopped and the passengers examined; gun-boats put to sea and overhauled and searched fishing-smacks

* A few days later on Byrne was arrested. A copy of the Fenian oath and other seditious documents were found in his desk within the prison; but the Crown would not bring home to him the charge of aiding Stephens's escape. Breslin remained unsuspected in the prison service for several months subsequently, when he took leave of absence, fled to America, and there proudly avowed all.

and coasters. Flaming placards appeared with "One Thousand Pounds Reward" in large letters announcing the escape, and offering a high price for the lost one. The "C. O. I. R." was all this time, and for a long period subsequently, secreted in the house of a Mrs. Butler of Summer Hill, a woman of humble means.* She knew her peril in sheltering him. She knew what would be her reward in surrendering him. She was poor, and could any moment earn one thousand pounds by giving merely a hint to the authorities. Stephens confided himself implicitly into her hands, and he did not trust her in vain.

One Sunday evening about three months afterward a handsome open carriage-and-four drove through the streets of the Irish metropolis, two stalwart footmen seated in the dickey behind. Two gentlemen reclined lazily on the cushioned seat within. They proceeded northward through Malahide and toward Balbriggan. Near the latter place, close by the sea, the carriage stopped. One of the occupants got out, and walked down to the shore, where a boat was in waiting. He entered, and was pulled off to a lugger in the offing. The carriage returned to Dublin. The "coachman," "postilion," "footmen," and companion were all picked men of the "I. R. B.," and were armed to the teeth. The gentleman placed on board the lugger, now speeding down the Channel with flowing sheets for France, was James Stephens, the "Central Organizer of the Irish Republic."

* She died a few years ago in a public hospital of the city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INSURRECTION !

FOR three weary years Ireland endured the perils and pains of a smoldering insurrection. Stephens's decree as to the "year of action" came to naught: 1865 went out gloomily enough, but without the expected convulsion. Still, every one could discern that the danger had by no means blown over. The Fenians, it was well known, were making strenuous efforts to repair the gaps made in their ranks, and to recover themselves for a stroke in force. The two years which followed the first arrests were little else than a protracted struggle between the Government and the secret organization. The former was striking out vehemently, smashing through circles, pouncing on councils, seizing centers, destroying communications, raiding right and left through the shattered lines of the "I. R. B." The latter, on the other hand, undeterred by disaster, went on, clinging desperately and doggedly to the work of reconstruction. As fast as seizures swept off leaders, others stepped into the vacant posts. Court-house, dock, and prison-van were filled and emptied again and again. Assize and commission, commission and assize, took their dismal turn. The deadly duel went on. It seemed interminable.

T. C. Luby was the first of the prisoners brought to the bar. His trial lasted for four days,—from the 28th of November to the 1st of December, 1865, inclusive. He had for his leading counsel Mr. Isaac Butt, whose masterly abilities in previous State trials, the theme of national praise, were displayed even more conspicuously now. But there was no

struggling against the overwhelming evidence of documents preserved by the conspirators themselves. The "Clonmel letter" and the "executive commission" sealed the doom of the three men who were incontestably the ablest and most prominent of the Fenian leaders. Luby was found guilty and condemned to penal servitude for twenty years. While the jury in his case were absent from court deliberating on their verdict, O'Leary was put to the bar. On the 6th of December his trial closed with a conviction and a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Next came Rossa. He dismissed the lawyers and announced that he meant to conduct his own defense. Never was such a scene witnessed in that court-house! "He cross-examined the informers in fierce fashion," says an eye-witness; "he badgered the detectives, he questioned the police, he debated with the Crown lawyers, he argued with the judges, he fought with the Crown side all round. But it was when the last of the witnesses had gone off the table that he set to work in good earnest. He took up the various publications that had been put in evidence against him, and claimed his legal right to read them all through. One of them was the file of the *Irish People* for the whole term of its existence! Horror sat upon the faces of judges, jurymen, sheriffs, lawyers, turnkeys, and all, when the prisoner gravely informed them that as a compromise he would not insist upon reading the advertisements! The fight went on throughout the livelong day, till the usual hour of adjournment had come and gone, and the prisoner himself was feeling parched and weary and exhausted. Observing that the lights were being now renewed, and that their lordships appeared satisfied to sit out the night, he anxiously inquired if the proceedings were not to be adjourned till morning. "Proceed, sir," was the stern reply of the judge, who knew that the physical powers of the prisoner could not hold out much longer. "A regular Norbury!" gasped O'Donovan. "It's like a '98 trial." "You had better proceed with propriety," exclaimed the judge.

"When do you propose stopping, my lord?" again inquired the prisoner. "Proceed, sir," was the reiterated reply. O'Donovan could stand it no longer. He had been reading and speaking for eight hours and a half. With one final protest, he sat down, exclaiming that "English law might now take its course."

On the day following this remarkable scene, Rossa was sentenced to penal servitude *for life*, an excess of punishment over that assigned to his colleagues, arising out of the fact that he had been adjudged guilty on a like charge in 1858, and had then been released on bond of "good behavior," and an undertaking to appear for sentence when called on.

Many of the prisoners were military men, and to these trial by the civil tribunal was rigidly denied. The courts-martial had a grim sensation of their own; for flogging was often portion of the sentence inflicted; and that revolting spectacle, which no one who has ever looked on it would willingly behold again, shocked the Dublin public from time to time.

It was not the power and arms of the British Government alone that operated to disorganize and destroy the Fenian movement. Dissension and revolt among its leaders broke its power. Before two years Stephens was the object of fierce denunciation from his own followers, and John O'Mahony was deposed and degraded by the Senate of the American Branch, over which he had so long presided. In each case the dethroned or impeached leaders had numerous partisans, so that the unity of the organization on each side of the Atlantic was at an end.

Stephens, having remained a short time in France, after his escape from Ireland, proceeded to America, and sought to bring the sundered sections of the brotherhood there under his own sole authority. But although in Ireland he was still believed in and obeyed implicitly as ever, already among the circles on the other side his pretensions and his abilities were being severely canvassed. He found but few willing to con-

stitute him a dictator, and this he would be or nothing. The more resolute and influential Fenian party in the States discarded him altogether, and, on the policy of "striking England where they could," attempted the daring design of an invasion of Canada. This was of course utterly frustrated by the interference of the American Government; and a loud outcry was raised by the Irish that they had been cheated by the Washington authorities. The promises or intimations held out when recruits were needed during the Civil War were now found to be mere skillful lures to catch an ardent and soldierly race more full of courage than of wisdom. This Canadian failure was used by Stephens to the reproach of those who had declined his discretion, and now he said he would show them the right road. He would return to Ireland and unfurl the flag of revolution. Once more he emphatically declared for "this year." At a public meeting in Jones's Wood, New York, he reiterated the pledge, sealing his declaration with a solemn oath. This announcement, made in the autumn of 1866, plunged Ireland anew into the whirl of startling rumors and wild alarms.

The insurrection, or attempted insurrection, of 1867 was one of those desperate and insensate proceedings into which men involved in a ruined cause sometimes madly plunge, rather than bow to the disgrace and dishonor of defeat without a blow. Stephens spent all the latter half of 1866 in endeavors to raise money in America for the newly-promised rising. Again and again he announced that 1866 would not pass away without the tocsin-call to arms, and that he, James Stephens, would be on Irish soil to perish or conquer. Sinister insinuations began to creep about that he would do nothing of what he vowed; but these were silenced by announcements in November that he had left America and sailed for Ireland. Then indeed the Irish Government stood to arms. Then did alarm once more paralyze all minds. It seemed as if the worst reality would be less painful than this prolonged uncertainty and recurring panic. War-steamers

cruised around the island. Every harbor and landing-place was watched. Every fishing-boat was searched. Every passenger was scrutinized. Each morning people scanned the papers eagerly to learn if the Rebel Chief had yet been discovered. As the last week of 1866 approached, the public apprehension became almost unbearable. Until the great clock of the General Post-Office had chimed midnight on the 31st of December, and Christ Church bells rang in the new year, the belief that an explosion was at hand could not be shaken.

Stephens had not stirred from America. All this time he was secreted in the house of a friend in Brooklyn. He did not venture on Irish soil either to conquer or to perish. He realized the hopelessness of the attempt he had sworn to undertake, and preferred to face the rage and scorn of his followers rather than the perils that awaited him in Ireland. He had no ambition to occupy a cell beside Luby and Kickham in Millbank or Woking. In truth, the Irish Fenian Chief may be said at this point to have disappeared from the scene. Scorning to defend himself, he has ever since remained silent alike under blame and praise. Intolerant, unscrupulous, and relentless himself in his day of power, he has been the victim of many a wrong and been pursued by many a hate in his fall. The absurd exaggeration of his abilities which once prevailed has been followed by a monstrously unjust depreciation of them. He was a born conspirator; and, though comrades and subordinates have changed idolatry for execration, Stephens must be ranked as one of the ablest, most skillful, and most dangerous revolutionists of our time.

The shouts of derision which arose over this Stephens *fiasco* cut like daggers to the hearts of the men in Ireland and America who clung with invincible tenacity to the fatal purpose of an armed struggle. At every check and reverse which befell the Fenian enterprise the English newspapers wrote confidently of the "collapse" and "termination."

“The end of it” was announced and gravely written upon a score of times between 1865 and 1868, and morals and lessons were preached from what was regarded as a past transaction. While a general chorus of felicitation was being raised in the press over this the “really final disappearance” of the Fenian specter, the Government became aware, early in 1867, that “the men at home,” discarding reliance on American aid (beyond the assistance of the numerous military staff still concealed in the country), meant to strike at last.

At a secret council of delegates held in Dublin, the 12th of February was fixed on for a simultaneous rising; and word to this intent was sent throughout the island. A day or two previous to this date it was decided to postpone proceedings to the 5th of March. The countermand failed to reach in time the Fenian captain in command at Cahir-civeen; and on Wednesday, 13th of February, the news rang out that West Kerry was aflame. From Killarney came word that the wires westward were all cut, that a mounted policeman carrying dispatches had been captured and shot, that coast-guard stations and police barracks had been disarmed, and that the Iverah hills “swarmed” with men. Much of this was exaggeration; but the worst was believed for the time. The gentry of the neighborhood flocked into Killarney, bringing their wives and children, and many of them their plate, jewels, and other valuables. They took possession of the railway hotel, and, assisted by some military and police, set about fortifying it. A stock of provisions was laid in. The ladies made bags which the gentlemen filled with sand and piled in the windows. Arms were distributed, sentries posted, scouts sent out, and urgent appeals for aid were telegraphed to Dublin Castle. Meantime, from Dublin, Cork, and Limerick military hastened to the place, as many as three express-trains being dispatched with troops from the Curragh camp within twenty-four hours of the alarm. What had really happened was that

the Cahirciveen insurrectionary contingent, unaware of the countermand that had reached all other places, marched out on the night of the 12th, to meet, as they believed, the forces from neighboring districts. It was only after they had approached Killarney that they discovered how the facts lay, and they forthwith dispersed as best they could. The district being so wild and mountainous, and communication so difficult, it was a week before the Government authorities could realize that all was over,—that Iverah, as that portion of the county is called, was not in the possession of a powerful rebel force. Headed by the local gentry, parties of military and police commenced the “surrounding” of mountains and the “beating” of woods supposed to conceal forces as numerous and desperate as those roused by the whistle of Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ever and anon as a wild deer broke from his cover in the fern a shout would arise. “Here they are!” Bugles sounded; the troops closed in for a dash at the enemy, but found he was only the antlered lord of the glen!

Elsewhere, work much more serious had very nearly followed upon a like failure in the Fenian countermand.

It was resolved that the circles of Lancashire should co-operate with the Dublin movement by a proceeding which for daring and audacity could hardly be excelled. They had information that Chester Castle contained some twenty thousand stand of arms, besides accouterments and ammunition to a large extent, and that the place had only a nominal garrison. A Fenian military council in Liverpool decided to attack Chester Castle, seize the arms, cut the telegraph wires, “impress” the railway rolling-stock, load trains with men and arms, and make for Holyhead. Here they were to seize all the steamers in port, and speed for Dublin, in the expectation of landing in that city before intelligence of their astounding feat could possibly have reached Ireland!

It is now admitted that they would have succeeded, at all

events so far as capturing Chester Castle, were it not that at the secret council which sat to complete the arrangements there was present John Joseph Corydon, one of Stephens's most trusted agents, high in the confidence of the conspirators,—and deep in the pay of the Government. Corydon carried the news of the projected attack on Chester to Major Gregg, Chief Constable of Liverpool. It was subsequently alleged, but disputed, that nearly a whole day was lost by the authorities through their utter incredulity as to this sensational story. Certainly it was only within a few hours of the time fixed for the attack that its imminence was realized. By all the morning trains from Manchester, Bolton, Warrington, etc., numbers of able-bodied Irishmen were observed to arrive at Chester. They lounged carelessly about in small parties, and seemed to be awaiting others. Suddenly the chief constable of Chester and the colonel of the military received telegrams which must have taken their breath away. The guards on the Castle were instantly doubled; the police marched out; mounted expresses dashed off in all directions. Soon troops began to arrive from Birkenhead as fast as special trains could bring them. Very quickly the loitering groups were observed to disperse, on some whispered message reaching them. They poured into every train, returning to the towns they had left in the morning. They had got word that the plot was “blown upon” by some traitor, and must be abandoned. Some of them were observed to fling revolvers into the Dee. A large party took the train to Holyhead, and the North-wall boat to Dublin. The moment they touched Irish ground they were arrested and marched off to Kilmainham prison.

Before our minds had recovered from the perplexity and confusion which these events created, we found ourselves in the midst of the long-threatened and gloomily-apprehended “rising.” On the night of Monday the 4th or morning of Tuesday the 5th of March, 1867, the Fenian circles took the field. Cork, Tipperary, Dublin, Louth, Limerick, Clare,

and Waterford alone responded in any appreciable degree to the revolutionary summons. For two days previously it was little secret that the event was at hand. Young men took leave of friends; clerks closed up their accounts, so that no imputation on their honesty might arise; and on the evening of Monday crowds of men between the ages of seventeen and fifty were noticed thronging the churches. The outbreak was crushed in its birth. The Government, through Corydon, knew of the most secret and important arrangements beforehand. The dismay and demoralization produced in the insurgent ranks by the clear signs and proofs that some one high in position among them must be betraying everything did more than bullet or sword to disperse and quell the movement. The Limerick Junction station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, was recognized as a point of considerable strategic importance; and as it was in the heart of the most disaffected district in Ireland—Tipperary, Cork, and Limerick—it offered great advantages as the center of operations in the South. Brigadier-General Massey was appointed to take command of the insurrection at this point. He had been awaiting in Cork the signal for action. On the evening of the 4th of March he took his place in the up mail train and reached the junction about twelve o'clock. As he stepped out of the railway-carriage he found himself in the grasp of four detectives, as many loaded revolvers being pointed at his head. He gave one hurried glance around, and saw that the platform was occupied by military under arms. Then this man who had faced death a hundred times amidst the carnage of the American civil war *fell senseless in a swoon!* In a few moments he was hurried off to Dublin under a strong guard, the authorities being fully aware of the value of their capture.* This

* Great was the astonishment of every one when a few weeks subsequently it was told that General Massey had turned Queen's evidence. In a sense he had; but he was no spy who remained in ranks he meant to betray. His story is that, finding some one of five men who

stroke practically disposed of the South of Ireland. Ere morning the news had spread that the position on which the numerous local bodies were to converge was occupied by Government troops, horse, foot, and artillery; worse still, that General Massey was a prisoner and by this time filled a dungeon in Dublin Castle. The effect was what might be expected. Mustering groups broke up; bodies on their way to the rendezvous turned back and sought home again. In Kilmallock, county Limerick, a serious conflict took place. An armed band, numbering about two hundred men, took possession of the town, the police retreating to their barracks,—a strong building, well able to stand a siege. While one party of the insurgents kept up a brisk fire on the barracks, another proceeded through the town, and searching every house seized all the arms that could be found. A circumstance ever since remembered to their credit in the locality deserves notice. There were two banks in the place, each containing a large sum of money in gold, silver, and notes; yet, although any guns or pistols on the bank premises were brought away, not a penny of the money was touched. In fact, private property was most scrupulously respected, although the town was for a time completely in their hands.* About ten o'clock in the forenoon a party of armed constabulary from Kilfinane arrived unexpectedly on the rear of the assailants at the barracks, and quickly compelled them to fly. In this affray several lives were lost. The police, being under cover, escaped with scarcely any casualty. The manager of one of the banks, who it was said drew a revolver on the rebel captain, was fired at and wounded by the latter. One of the insurgents who was killed was utterly unknown

held the whole conspiracy in their hands (he did not then know it was Corydon) was evidently betraying it, he, pondering the case in his cell, came to the conclusion that the sooner the whole business was burst up and stopped the less victims would there be.

* A sum of ten pounds found in a letter seized on a captured police orderly was "confiscated," the distinction being evidently drawn between what they considered Government money and private funds.

in the neighborhood; and the people subsequently raised over his grave "a stone without a name." This lamentable encounter at Kilmallock was persisted in notwithstanding the fact that news of the disaster at the Junction had caused numbers of the insurgents to disperse. The truth is, the arrest on the previous evening of Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan (now senior member of Parliament for Limerick), one of the most popular men in that district, had caused strong indignation and excitement among the people. He was believed to be unconnected with the Fenian society, and his arrest was regarded as an act of wanton and arbitrary severity. But for the exasperation arising out of this incident, it was thought by many Kilmallock might have been spared the painfully prominent part it played in the "rising" of '67.

In the metropolis the attempt at insurrection was an utter failure. From eight o'clock in the evening until an hour before midnight, bodies of men, young and old, streamed out of the city by all its southern outlets. The residents along the several routes in many cases stood at the doors watching the throng go by, and vainly asking what it was all about. Of course the police and the Government knew; and such non-Fenian civilians as also happened to divine what was afoot marveled greatly to note that the police in no way interfered with the intending insurgents. It afterward transpired that Sir Hugh Rose, commander-in-chief, gave the word to let all who would go out, and he would take care how they got in. That is to say, he preferred to deal with the difficulty in the open, and not in the streets of a crowded city. A place called Tallaght, about four or five miles due south of Dublin, and lying at the base of a chain of mountains stretching into Wicklow, Kildare, and Carlow, was named as the rebel rendezvous, General Halpin being in command. The very simple expedient of preventing any assemblage at all—of receiving the first comers with a deadly volley, and causing all others approaching to know that the gathering was already disastrously dispersed—very effectually

ally disposed of the insurgent plan. It was a most complete collapse. Not one-fourth of the number who set out for the place ever reached Tallaght at all. Had they once got together, no doubt a severe struggle and a deplorable loss of life might have resulted. Happily only two men were killed, and a dozen or more wounded. A party marching from Kingstown captured the police barracks at Stepside and Glencullen, disarming the policemen, but offering them no further harm. This band, like all the others, on arriving near Tallaght, met fugitive groups announcing that all was over. By a little after midnight further attempt was universally abandoned. Of the two or three thousand men who had quitted Dublin in the evening, hundreds were arrested on the canal bridges, whereby alone they could re-enter the city, while others, scattering through the hills, endeavoring to escape by way of Kildare or Wicklow, were pursued in all directions by the royal lancers and dragoons.

In the neighborhood of Cork city the rising attained to its most formidable dimensions, if indeed it could have been said to be formidable even for a moment anywhere. At Middleton, Castlemartyr, Ballyknockane, and other places, the police barracks were attacked. In most cases the police, defending themselves with great courage against what for aught they knew might have been overwhelming forces, put their assailants to flight. In some instances, however, the insurgents were successful, and again it is to be noted that they used their brief hour of triumph humanely and honorably. At Ballyknockane, where the celebrated Captain Mackay was in command, they surrounded the barrack and demanded its surrender in the name of the Irish Republic. "The police fired," says a trustworthy account, "and the fire was returned. Then the insurgents broke in the door and set fire to the lower part of the barrack. Still the police held out. 'Surrender!' cried the insurgents: '*you want to commit suicide, but we don't want to commit murder.*' One of the policemen then cried out that a little girl, his daughter, was inside, and

asked if the attacking party would allow her to be passed out. Of course they would, gladly ; and the little girl was taken out of the window with all tenderness, and given up to her mother, who had chanced to be outside the barrack when the attack commenced. At this time a Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Neville, came on the spot. He asked the insurgent leader whether, if the police surrendered, any harm would be done to them. ‘Here is my revolver,’ said Captain Mackay : ‘let the contents of it be put through me if one of them should be injured.’”

Tipperary was bound to be in the front if fighting was going on. General T. F. Burke was commander here. But in Tipperary the story was the same as in Dublin, in Limerick, in Cork, and in Drogheda. The insurgents were utterly destitute of armament or equipment that could enable them for a moment to withstand disciplined forces. Courage, fortitude, endurance, the hapless people indubitably displayed ; but as to preparation or resource, a more lunatic attempt at revolution the world never saw.

I have so far attributed the easy quelling of this insurrection to the fact that the Government, through their spies, were virtually behind the scenes, and were able to anticipate and check every move of their foes. But it is a public fact, very singular in its nature, that the elements, in a large degree, contributed to this result,—a circumstance universally remarked upon at the time. On the evening of the 5th of March there set in all over Ireland a snow-storm for which there has been no parallel since, and was none for half a century before. For five days, with scarcely a moment’s intermission, from leaden skies the flakes came down, until in some places the snow lay three and four feet deep. Roads were impassable, and on the mountains a Siberian spectacle met the view. The troops on service suffered severely ; cavalry horses perished in numbers. But, after all, the troops had safe and comfortable barracks or billets to rest in at night ; whereas a guerilla warfare, involving life on the

unsheltered hill-side, was the main reliance of the insurgents. There was no attempting to cope with this fearful down-pour, accompanied as it was by a piercing hurricane. Jubilant after-dinner citizens in Dublin, reclining before a blazing fire, rubbed their hands and recalled how in the days of Philip's Armada and Hoche's expedition the heavens themselves fortunately seemed to fight on the side of England.

News of the rising was flashed by Atlantic cable to America, and as that wonderful wire never minimizes a sensation, the American papers teemed with accounts unbridled in their exaggeration and extravagance. Ireland was in arms! Nearly the whole of the southern province was in the hands of the insurgents! The smoke of battle clouded every Irish hill! The red cross of St. George still flew over Dublin Castle, but elsewhere, east and west, it was sorely pressed!

Notwithstanding the sickening disheartenment which previous Fenian attempts and failures had produced, the Irish millions in the States were filled with excitement and sympathy. Wise friends cried out to "Wait a week." A fortnight's later news toned down the telegraphic story a good deal: still there were hearts bounding for the fray, beyond all possibility of restraint.

On the 12th of April, 1867, there lay off Sandy Hook a brigantine of about two hundred tons burden, loaded and ready to put to sea. The freight she had received consisted of "pianos," "sewing-machines," and "wine in casks:" at least piano-cases, sewing-machine-cases, and wine-barrels filled her hold. The goods were all directed and consigned to a merchant firm in Cuba. This was the good ship "Jacknell," well known in the West India trade, and flying the Stars and Stripes at her main. On the date above mentioned a party of forty or fifty men, almost all of whom had been officers or privates in the American army, got on board a small steamer at one of the New York wharves and started

as if for a trip down the bay. They carried no luggage whatever, and there was nothing about their movements to excite particular attention. They reached Sandy Hook, and rounded to under the stern of the "Jacknell." The "excursionists" boarded her, and the steamer returned without them to New York. That night the "Jacknell" set sail, steering toward the West Indies. Her real destination was Ireland; her errand to assist the insurrection. The piano-cases held no pianos; the barrels contained no wine; but deftly packed in them were five thousand stand of arms, three pieces of field-artillery, and two hundred thousand cartridges. The party consisted of General J. E. Kerrigan, Colonel S. R. Tresilian, Colonel John Warren, Colonel Nagle, Lieutenant Augustine E. Costello, Captain Kavanagh, and a number of others. Having steered for twenty-four hours to the southward, they changed their course and headed for Ireland. On the 29th of April, being Easter Sunday, sealed orders were opened, commissions were distributed, the Irish Sunburst* was hoisted and hailed with a salute from their three field-pieces, the vessel's name was changed to the "Erin's Hope," and all on board kept high festival. An astonishing enterprise it was, truly, to set out across the Atlantic in this little brigantine for a hostile landing on the Irish coast, watched as it was at every point by cruisers on the sea and coast-guard sentinels on shore! Their destination was Sligo Bay, which they reached on the 20th of May. They stood on and off for a day or two, until they were boarded by an agent from their friends on shore! His account of the true state of affairs widely contrasted with the flaming telegrams of the *New York Herald* that had hurried them on this mission. A landing in Sligo he told them was impossible, but they were, he said, to make an effort to get the arms and ammunition on shore somewhere on the

* The ancient Irish war-banner,—a golden sun-blaze on a green standard.

southern coast. Meantime, intelligence had reached the Government that a suspicious-looking craft was hovering off the western harbors. Quickly the Queenstown and Valencia gunboats were on the alert, and for a fortnight the "Erin's Hope" had a perilous time of it running the gauntlet night and day. By this time she had been sixty-two days at sea, and the stock of water and provisions on board was nearly exhausted. There was nothing for it but to land the bulk of the party forthwith, and return to America with as many as the rations would support on the voyage. Off Helvick Head, near Dungarvan, they hailed a fishing-boat, and when she came alongside some thirty of the party, to the fishermen's great surprise, jumped in. The "Jacknell" turned to sea, and the boatmen rowed the strangers on shore. Their landing was observed by a coast-guard lookout; messages were dispatched to the police-stations around; and ere many hours every man of the "Jacknell" detachment was lodged in a prison. All that the Government really knew, however, was that the proceeding was mysterious and suspicious. The men were unarmed. The Helvick landing was as yet unconnected with the appearance of the vessel in Sligo Bay; and for weeks (during which time the prisoners were carefully guarded in Kilmainham prison) the whole subject occasioned the greatest perplexity in Dublin Castle. At length, under skillful treatment, the reticence of one of the captives gave way. He disclosed all to the Government, and at the ensuing commission the whole of his companions stood indicted for treason-felony.

Two important legal points were raised on the trials which ensued. First, whether any hostile act had been committed within British jurisdiction; secondly, whether American citizens of Irish birth would have their American status recognized and be allowed a mixed jury. Colonel Warren, a native of Clonakilty, in Cork County, but a duly-naturalized citizen of the United States, was the first put on his trial. When the jury came to be impaneled, Mr. Heron, Q.C.,

produced the prisoner's naturalization-papers and claimed for him a jury *mediatate linguæ*. The presiding judge fully realized the gravity of the point which he was about to decide ; but the law as it then stood was clear ; no subject of the British Crown could divest himself of allegiance ; and so he ruled. An ordinary jury was sworn, whereupon—

Prisoner.—“As a citizen of the United States I protest against being arraigned at this bar.”

The Chief Baron.—“We cannot hear any statement from you now ; your counsel will speak for you if necessary.”

Prisoner.—“My citizenship is ignored, and I have instructed my counsel to withdraw. The Government of the United States has now become the principal.”

The prisoner's counsel withdrew, Colonel Warren refusing to make any defense. He was convicted, and on Saturday, 16th of November, 1867, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. His youthful comrade, Lieutenant Augustine Costello, was next arraigned. He likewise was found guilty, and consigned to twelve years of a similar punishment.

These proceedings led to one of the most important alterations of British law effected in our time. The ancient and fundamental maxim of perpetual allegiance had been resolutely held to and maintained by England through centuries. The American Government, on the other hand, though it had meanly abandoned Colonel Warren, found it indispensable to vindicate the position he had asserted on his trial. The whole fabric of American power stood upon that doctrine ; and once more England and America were in utter conflict upon its application. Happily, instead of resorting to the arbitrament of battle, as in 1812, the two Governments entered into active negotiations with a view to adjusting so serious a difficulty. The United States had nothing to change. It was for England to alter her law of allegiance ; and so she did. In 1870, the Act 33 and 34 Vict. cap. 14, known (in Ireland at least) as the “Warren and Costello

Act," was passed through Parliament; and now a British-born subject may, by certain formalities, divest himself of his birth-allegiance and adopt another citizenship.

With the close of the "Jacknell" trials we all fondly hoped there was an end of this sad and weary work of seizures and arrests, of outbreaks and alarms. A mournful disappointment awaited us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCAFFOLD AND THE CELL.

No incidents, probably, in the struggles of Irish disaffection within this century more deeply incensed the English people than two which occurred toward the close of 1867. These were the Manchester Rescue and the Clerkenwell Explosion. It is not astonishing that the latter outrage should leave behind a bitter memory.* The slaughter of innocent citizens, little ones maimed and disfigured for life, families decimated and homes ruined,—these are things no mind can calmly dwell upon. Yet there is no good end to be served by making the crime, at best atrocious, more hideous than truth warrants. Gross stupidity on the part of a few miserable Irish laborers,—men blindly ignorant of the full power and reach of a gunpowder-explosion,—not design or thought of hurting life or limb, was accountable for that bloody scene. Had the man whose rescue was to be accomplished by “driving a hole through the boundary-wall” been inside at the spot where his would-be liberators were told he was to be, he would have been blown into eternity. The consequences that resulted from their act—the effect of

* On the 13th of December, 1867, a barrel containing gunpowder was exploded against the outer wall of Clerkenwell Prison, London, by Fenian sympathizers, with a view of driving a hole through the wall, inside which at that time a Fenian prisoner, named Burke, was expected to be exercising. The whole of the wall for sixty yards was blown in with a fearful crash. Some tenement-houses on the opposite side of the street, inhabited by very poor people, were demolished, twelve persons being killed and one hundred and twenty maimed or wounded.

that explosion on the neighboring dwellings—never once crossed the imaginations of the wretched perpetrators. Yet even when so much is said for truth and justice, the affair is one from which a sensitive mind recoils, and anything like excuse of which were almost criminal.

The Manchester Rescue, however, though classed in the same category,—“the murder of Sergeant Brett,” as it is called by most Englishmen,—was of wholly different complexion. That the life of Sergeant Brett was lost on that occasion is most true and most lamentable. That it was lost by misadventure, not sacrificed by design, those best qualified to know assert, and the Irish people fervently believe. That three lives were offered up on the scaffold to avenge that one, is a fact on public record.

On the fall or deposition of James Stephens from the leadership of the Fenian party, his place was taken by Colonel Thomas J. Kelly. He it was who, after the arrests at Fairfield House, assumed the command of Fenian affairs in Ireland. He, moreover, planned, directed, and personally superintended the rescue of Stephens from Richmond, and his subsequent escape to France. After the rising of March, 1867, Kelly remained some six months or more in Dublin, and toward the close of October crossed to Manchester, to attend a council of the English “centers.” Shortly before daybreak on the morning of the 11th of September, policemen on duty in Oak Street, Manchester, noticed four men loitering suspiciously in the neighborhood of a ready-made-clothing shop. From expressions which they overheard, the police concluded that these men were bent on some illegal purpose, and attempted to arrest them. In the struggle which ensued, two of the suspects escaped. The remaining two were brought next day before the magistrates, but nothing could be proved against them. They gave the names of Williams and White respectively, said they were American citizens, and claimed their discharge. The magistrate was about to sentence them, under the Vagrancy Act, to two or

three days' imprisonment, when one of the detective force applied for a week's remand, as he suspected the prisoners might have some connection with Fenianism. The application was granted ; and ere nightfall it was known by the police that in "Williams" and "White" they held in their grasp Colonel Kelly, the Fenian leader, and Captain Deasy, his assistant.

The arrests caused great commotion among the Fenian circles of Manchester and surrounding towns. Secret councils were held, and, after much deliberation, the desperate resolve was taken to intercept the van conveying the prisoners from the court, to overpower the guard, and liberate the Fenian chiefs. On Wednesday, the 18th of September, the prisoners were again brought up, duly identified as Kelly and Deasy, and once more remanded. Before they had left the court, telegrams reached it from Dublin Castle and the Home Office, London, warning the Manchester authorities that a plot was on foot for the rescue of the prisoners. The warning, if not derided, was doubted. The magistrates, however, knowing that these men had numerous adherents in Manchester, thought it might be wise to take some precautions. Kelly and Deasy were handcuffed and locked in separate compartments in the van ; and twelve policemen, instead of three, the usual guard, were ordered to accompany it. Five sat on the broad box-seat, two on the step behind, and four followed in a cab ; one, Sergeant Brett, sat within the van. The prisoners in the vehicle besides the two Fenian leaders were three women and a boy aged twelve. At half past three the van drove off for the county jail at Salford, distant about two miles. Under the railway arch which spans Hyde Road at Bellevue a man darted into the middle of the road, raised a pistol, and shouted to the drivers to pull up. At the same moment a party of about thirty men, powerfully built, and armed with revolvers, sprang over the wall beside the road, surrounded the van, and seized the horses, one of which they shot. The police, being unarmed, made little resistance, and speedily took to flight. The rescuers produced hatchets, ham-

mers, and crow-bars, with which they sought to hew or burst open the van. It was slower work than they imagined, and soon the police returned accompanied by a considerable crowd. Some twenty of the rescuing party formed a ring around the van, and with pistols pointed kept back the policemen and the crowd, over whose head shots were fired from time to time, while the others continued their endeavors to force the van. They shouted to Brett, through a ventilator over the door, if he had the keys to give them up. He could not see what was taking place outside, but at the very first he divined the nature of the attack. With devoted fidelity and courage, he refused to surrender the keys. Anxious to obtain a glimpse of the assailing party, he stooped and looked out through the keyhole. The voice of some one in command outside almost at the same moment cried out, "Blow it open; put your pistol to the keyhole and blow it open!" The muzzle of a revolver was put to the keyhole, and the trigger pulled. Brett inside fell mortally wounded. The female prisoners, screaming loudly, cried, "He's killed!" and lifted him up. Again a voice at the ventilator was heard demanding the keys, which one of the women took from Brett's pocket and handed out. Then "a pale-faced young man" entered the van, unlocked the compartments in which Kelly and Deasy were secured, and brought them out. The rescued prisoners were hurried away across the fields by one or two attendants, the rescuers preventing pursuit. Not until their leaders were completely out of sight did they take thought of their own safety. Then they dispersed in all directions. They were pursued by the policemen and the crowd, which had now swelled considerably. Many of them were captured, and were severely beaten by their infuriate captors. One of them, recognized as the young man who had entered the van to liberate Kelly, and who was afterward identified as William Philip Allen, was knocked down by a blow of a brick, then kicked and stoned while he lay on the ground. Several of the prisoners when brought into town were streaming with blood, from

violence done them in this way during or after capture. That evening Manchester was filled with consternation. The story of the rescue, with many exaggerations, spread like wildfire. The people thronged the streets, discussing the alarming topic. The police, inflamed with passion and wounded in pride, burst in strong bodies upon the Irish quarters of the town, making wholesale arrests in a spirit of fury. The anger and panic of Manchester spread next morning through all broad Britain. The national pride was wounded, the national safety invaded ; the national authority had been bearded, defied, and for the moment defeated, by a handful of rebel Irish in the very heart of an English city. A roar went up from all the land for swift, condign, and ample punishment.

One cannot greatly wonder now at what then took place in England. Panic and passion reigned supreme. Rumors of new plots and attacks still more daring and dangerous filled every city. Garrisons were strengthened ; prison-guards were doubled ; special constables were sworn in. Manchester and the surrounding towns, well known to contain a large Irish population, were especially excited, and the Irish in those places had a hard time of it. In the midst of such a storm of anger, alarm, and passion, a Special Commission was issued for the trial of the Rescue prisoners. We in Ireland saw at once that this was doom for those men, innocent or guilty, —that a fair, calm, dispassionate trial at such a moment was out of the question. Heart-rending appeals reached us from the families of men absolutely innocent of any knowledge of the outrage, but who had been arrested by the police in the swoop on Irish homes which set in for days subsequently. Hope of justice there was little or none ; for in the prevailing temper of the English mind “ blood for blood ” was the cry on all hands. Many circumstances corroborated these fears. When the prisoners were brought before the magistrates for committal, on the 25th of October, they were put to the bar *in irons*. Such a sight had not been seen in an

English court of justice for many a year. Mr. Jones, as an Englishman, and as counsel for the prisoners, indignantly protested against it. The bench decided that the handcuffs should be retained, and the audience burst into applause. Mr. Jones flung down his brief and quitted the court; the junior counsel for the accused, however, remained.

On Monday the 28th of October, William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin, Thomas Maguire, Michael O'Brien (alias Gould), and Edward Condon (alias Shore), were arraigned for the willful murder of Sergeant Brett. That the men who really belonged to that rescuing party were legally guilty of constructive murder, no matter which one of them fired the shot by which Brett fell, is plain and clear to any one acquainted with the simplest principles of law. But the moral guilt, heavy enough in any case, would be very different if, instead of mischance, cold-blooded design had led to Brett's murder. The Crown alleged that he was deliberately aimed at and shot through the open ventilator over the van door. The principal if not the only evidence supporting this theory was that of a disreputable female thief who was in the van on the way to her third term of imprisonment for robbery. The solemn assertion of men who were present is that Brett was shot by the bullet which entered through the keyhole, as he was turning away after glancing at the scene outside. The evidence on the trial, especially as to identification, was of a wild and reckless character, as the Government afterward discovered. The five men were nevertheless found guilty. They were arraigned and tried together on the one indictment, and were convicted on the one trial, in the one verdict, —a point upon which much subsequently turned. They were, all five, sentenced to be hanged on the 23d of November. Before sentence they each addressed the court. In calmer mood Englishmen themselves would own the force of the protests they raised against what they called "the rotten evidence" and "the panic passion" of their trial. They all deplored earnestly the death of Brett. Some of them vehe-

mently denied that they were even present at the affray. "No man in this court," said Allen, "regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent,—ay, as innocent as any man in this court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy: I want no mercy; I'll have no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defense of it." Maguire denounced the reckless swearing of the witnesses; said he had served the Queen faithfully as a marine, was loyal to her still, and bore a high character from his commanding officer. Condon was the last to speak. He solemnly asseverated, as a dying man, that he was not even present at the rescue. "I do not accuse the jury," he said, "but I believe they were prejudiced. I don't accuse them of willfully wishing to convict, but prejudice has induced them to convict when they otherwise would not have done. We have been found guilty, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death. We are not afraid to die: at least I am not." "Nor I," "Nor I," broke from the others all. He went on,—

"I only trust that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which I understand exists. You will soon send us before God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, 'GOD SAVE IRELAND.'"

As he spoke these words, his companions, with one step, simultaneously advanced to the front of the dock, and, lifting their faces and extending their hands upward, cried out earnestly, "God save Ireland!" That exclamation has since been made a national watchword in Ireland.

Before many days had followed the trial, a feeling began to be entertained in England that it was of dubious character, and that the correctness of the verdict was open to grave question. The newspaper reporters who had attended on behalf of the London and provincial press felt this so

strongly as to Maguire that they adopted the unusual course of sending to the Home Office a document declaring their deep conviction that the evidence and verdict were utterly wrong as regards him. After some days spent in inquiry, the Government admitted the truth of this startling impeachment, and pardoned Maguire. Friends of humanity and justice among the English people now took courage and spoke out. They said that on evidence and a verdict thus confessed to be tainted and untenable it would be monstrous to take human life. Let the prisoners, they said, be punished as heavily as may be, short of taking life, impossible to be restored if hereafter error be discovered. Soon news was published that Condon was reprieved pending further consideration. The general conviction now spread that a like announcement was at hand as to the others,—a result attributed to the exertions of courageous and philanthropic Englishmen in Manchester and London. In Ireland, where the whole proceedings were followed with absorbing interest, a like conclusion was very widely entertained. Still, it was evident that a powerful section of English public opinion demanded a sacrifice. The pardon of Maguire, the reprieve of Condon, were called lamentable exhibitions of weakness and vacillation. If disaffection and assassination were not to have a triumph, if life and property were to be protected, law and order asserted and avenged, these men must hang upon the gallows-tree.

These views prevailed.

In anticipation of the event at hand, the Government ordered large bodies of troops to the cities and towns throughout England where a dangerous Irish element was supposed to exist. Manchester, as was observed at the time, resembled a place besieged. Special constables were enrolled in large numbers, and military occupied all the positions deemed strategically important in and around the jail. Early on the evening of the 22d, a crowd commenced to assemble outside the prison-wall. Their conduct throughout the night was

very bad ; several times the jail authorities caused them to be removed, as their shouts, yells, and songs of triumph disturbed the doomed men inside preparing for eternity. "Breakdown dances" were performed, and comic songs were varied with verses of "God Save the Queen" or "Rule Britannia," for the "Fenian Murderers" inside to hear. The last evening of their lives happily was solaced by the receipt of a letter, couched in kindly and touching words, and inclosing one hundred pounds "for the families they would leave behind," from the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry. "From the first," says a published account, "the prisoners exhibited a deep, fervid, religious spirit which could scarcely have been surpassed."

In the cold gray morning of the 23d of November, 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were led out to die. Such a concourse had never before attended a Manchester execution as thronged around the jail. Long files of bayonets reached on all sides. A temporary platform ran some length at each end of the scaffold, but inside the prison-wall, and was occupied by detachments of the 72d Highlanders, who stooped behind the masonry, with the muzzles of the loaded rifles resting on the top. Even the savage crowd hushed for a moment at the death-bell's toll, and soon the condemned appeared. Allen came first. He was deadly pale, but walked with firm and steady tread. Next came Larkin, greatly overcome, and trembling with emotion. Last stepped forth O'Brien, whose firm and dignified bearing was the admiration of all who beheld him. Before he was placed upon the trap he moved to where his two comrades stood capped and pinioned, with fatal cord around each neck, and kissed them lovingly. They were greatly affected, and all three embraced one another tenderly. The bolt was drawn ; the three bodies fell, struggled convulsively for a few minutes, and all was over.

When on that Saturday morning the news was flashed to Ireland, "Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were hanged at eight

o'clock in front of Salford jail," surprise, dismay, grief, and rage filled every breast. Men gasped, astounded, and asked could this dreadful tale be true. Others, more violently moved, went about with flushed cheek and darkened brow, clenching their teeth in silent passion. Men who even up to this period had been more or less in conflict with Fenianism were overpowered by this blow. For what, they asked, was this deed in Manchester but an act of political vengeance, another cruel tragedy in the long struggle between Irish revolt and English power? In the afternoon came fuller accounts of the execution, containing one sentence which stung the Irish people most keenly: "*The bodies of the three murderers were buried in quicklime in unconsecrated ground within the jail.*" Murderers, indeed! Buried in quicklime! * Here was a stroke which went home,—a barbed and poisoned arrow that pierced the heart of Ireland. This branding of their inanimate bodies with infamy, this denial of Christian burial in consecrated earth, wounded the most sensitive feelings of Irishmen. Next day, Sunday, the news reached the provinces, and in hundreds of churches, at the morning mass, the priest, his voice broken with emotion, asked the congregation to pray God's mercy on the souls of the three victims. The answer was a wail of grief, and many wept outright when the story of their execution was told. I never knew Ireland to be more deeply moved by mingled feelings of grief and anger. It was not the death of the prisoners; although from what has been stated their execution was an utter surprise, and deemed a frightful severity. When men, arms in hand, attempt such a deed as Kelly's rescue, they must be prepared and content to abide the penalty, though it be death itself. It was the conviction that these men, innocent or guilty, had not had a fair trial, that the cause of Irish nation-

* Of course if the rescue was not a political incident, and if these men were mere robbers and murderers, this was the ordinary course. But to deny the exclusively political character of the crime were absurd.

ality was meant to be struck at and humiliated in their persons, and, above all, the attempt to class them as vulgar murderers, not political culprits, and to offer indignity to their remains, that led to the wondrous upheaval of Irish feeling which now startled the empire.

All over Ireland announcements appeared that funeral processions commemorative of the "Manchester Martyrs" would be held. The selection of funeral displays rather than public meetings marked exactly the peculiar feature of the Manchester proceedings which it was intended to resent. Cork led the way by announcing a monster demonstration for the 1st of December ; and on that day most of the cities and towns in the South of Ireland witnessed the singular spectacle of "funerals"—hearses, mourners, craped banners, and muffled drums—where there were no dead. The 8th of December was fixed for the metropolitan display, as well as for some twenty or thirty others throughout the island. John Martin hurried up to Dublin to lead the procession there. The O'Donoghue was announced to head the demonstration in Killarney. For the first time during years the distinction between Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalists seemed to disappear, and the national or popular element came unitedly and in full force to the front. The Dublin procession was a marvelous display. The day was cold, wet, and gloomy ; yet it was computed that a hundred and fifty thousand persons participated in the demonstration, sixty thousand of them marching in line over a route some three or four miles in length. As the three hearses, bearing the names of the executed men, passed through the streets, the multitudes that lined the way fell on their knees, every head was bared, and not a sound was heard save the solemn notes of the "Dead-March in Saul" from the bands, or the sobs that burst occasionally from the crowd. At the cemetery-gate the processionists formed into a vast assemblage, which was addressed by Mr. Martin, in feeling and forcible language, expressive of the national sentiment on the Manchester execution. At the

close, once more all heads were bared, a prayer was offered, and the mourning thousands peacefully sought their homes.

The section of the press that had goaded the Government to extremities at Manchester, by demands for what they designated a policy of "vigor," now called loudly for the suppression of these funerals as "seditious demonstrations," nay, "rampant exhibitions of sympathy with murder." On the 12th of December, four days after the Dublin procession, a viceregal proclamation was issued declaring the funerals to be illegal, and calling on all magistrates and peace officers to suppress the same. Within two days summonses were issued against Mr. John Martin and other members of the Dublin funeral committee. The accused were committed for trial at the Commission to open on the 10th of February, 1868, bail being taken for their appearance. Twelve days subsequently a second stroke was dealt at the leaders of the demonstration; and I, having marched at its head, arm-in-arm with Mr. Martin, found myself now called upon to take my place by his side in the dock.

The Manchester scene called forth the stormiest passion and fiercest invective in the Irish national press. The execution was denounced as "judicial murder." "The jailer and the hangman" were declared to be "now the twin guardians of British rule in Ireland." My own journals were among the most violent in expression of the prevalent emotion. In poem, prose, and picture we held up the tragic deed as a crime, and called upon the Irish people to encounter the attempt to brand the victims as "murderers" with demonstrations of sorrow for their fate and admiration for their heroism. Toward the close of December rumors went round that the work of the approaching Commission was to be swelled, not alone by State trials for seditious funeral processions, but by press prosecutions also. In the interval between my commitment and the opening of the Commission business called me to Paris. One night while there I was roused out of bed by a telegram from Dublin, calling on me

to start for home instantly, or a warrant would be issued for my arrest, on a prosecution against the *Weekly News*. Of this journal I was the proprietor, but not the editor. Strange to say, up to that moment I had not read what had been written in it on the subject of the executions, so engrossed was I, in the midst of the prevailing excitement, with the conduct of the *Nation*, the direction of which journal lay in my own hands. I hastened home, and arrived barely in time to present myself in court. I heard the articles read against me; owned in my heart that they were "pretty strong;" but so deeply did I feel upon that sad business that I would have gone to the scaffold itself, if need were, rather than flinch as the issue was now raised. Once again I was committed for trial; and on the 15th of February, surrendering to my bail, I stood at the bar in Green Street to answer to the Queen for my conduct as a journalist. The best exertions of the able and gifted gentlemen who acted as my counsel were of no avail. After a protracted trial, I was found guilty, sentence being deferred pending the result of the second prosecution.

On Thursday morning, the 20th of February, 1868, "John Martin, Alexander M. Sullivan, James J. Lalor, and Thomas Bracken" stood at the bar arraigned for that they, "being malicious, seditious, and ill-disposed persons, and intending to disturb the peace and tranquility of the realm," and so forth, did assemble seditiously. We joined in our challenges and took trial together. Mr. Lalor and Mr. Bracken were defended by counsel; the speech of Mr. Michael Crean for the former being an exceedingly able and conclusive argument against an attempt in one of the counts of the indictment to constitute the national emblem and color of Ireland a "party" badge, and make the wearing of the green a crime. Mr. Martin and I, dispensing, on many grounds, with professional advocacy, had decided to speak for ourselves, and it was privately arranged between us that he should take precedence. When, however, the evidence had closed, and

the moment came for him to rise, his strength seemed to fail him ; he entreated me to take his place, and to give him until morning for rest and preparation. Of course I obeyed. His simplest wish was law to me. For years we had worked side by side in public life ; side by side in peril are now. With heavy heart I reflected that his feeble frame would never stand a second term of prison punishment. Yes, I would speak, and on that instant ! To save his life mayhap, the precious life of the friend I loved, to defend my own character and vindicate my principles, I would fling all my soul into one supreme effort to move that jury with the justice of our cause. I rose, and for a moment or two stood silent, scarcely able to find utterance. I could not only feel but hear the throbbing of my heart. I painfully realized all the danger and responsibility of my position. The court was densely crowded. In the gallery beyond sat my wife, my father, my brothers, and devoted friends, not a few who would gladly have taken my place to set me free. The judges, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald and Mr. Baron Deasy, who had conducted my previous trial and this one with singular impartiality and judicial dignity, seemed to feel for my embarrassment, and extended to me all indulgence and consideration. At length I was well under way ; and once fairly started I was perfectly at ease. After a while, inspired rather than deterred by the circumstances surrounding me, I struck boldly into an argument upon the whole ground covered by the issues raised in the prosecution. As I went on, night fell ; the lamps were lighted. Outside the building a crowd, unable to obtain admittance, filled the street. Despite the efforts of the police,—neither angry nor severe, poor fellows, to tell the truth,—the throng inside frequently burst into cheers, which the people outside repeated, knowing only that it was one of the traversers who was being applauded. I spoke without notes or assistance of any kind, my mind being full of the case. As I concluded, feeling very much like a man “ shooting Niagara,” I became aware that a great roar of

cheering had broken forth, that scores of hands were grasping at and clutching me, and that John Martin had his arms around me. I was borne outside, to receive a thousand felicitations, and to hear from many a voice the prophecy, "No verdict."

A true prophecy it proved to be. Next evening the trial closed. The jury were charged, and retired. An hour went by, and another. Still they came not. At length they return to ask a question, the tenor of which is adverse to the Crown. The crowd wait till they retire, then break into cheers. By and by the jury are sent for. They "cannot agree," and are discharged. "Victory!" cry the enthusiastic multitude in the streets, and the news is telegraphed all over Ireland. Yes, it was victory; but not rescue for me. Next morning I came to the bar to hear my sentence under the conviction for the press offense. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald spoke it in words as full of considerate kindness as on such an occasion well could be. At the close of a brief address, he said,—

"I assure you that it is with great, with deep regret that it becomes my duty to announce to you the sentence of the law. My learned colleague and myself have considered this case most anxiously. We have considered it with a view that if we erred at all it should be on the side of leniency; but, notwithstanding, the sentence must be such as will for a considerable time withdraw you from public life. I regret this the more when I recollect that you have proved yourself in this court a man possessed of eminent ability,—an ability that I would much wish was exerted in the same way in another cause; and not only that, but I am aware from the public prints that you have devoted your time, or at least a considerable portion of it, and the talents with which you are gifted, to the public service, to advance the cause of education and promote the claims of charity. But, notwithstanding, we have a duty to perform to the public for the repression of similar offenses. It is not my wish or desire to prolong this scene, which to me is extremely painful, nor to say one word that would give unnecessary offense; but in the simplest language to announce to you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be imprisoned for a period of six calendar months from the present time; and further

that you at the end of that time give security, yourself in five hundred pounds and two sureties in two hundred and fifty pounds each, to be of good behavior for a period of two years ; and in default of such security being given, that you be further imprisoned for a second period of six calendar months."

I was borne to the cell beneath the court, where I bade adieu to my family ; and a few hours subsequently I entered the portals of Richmond as a prisoner.

As a prisoner ! The judge, when sentencing me, had alluded in kindly spirit to some labors of mine in "the public service," as he expressed it. I had for some years taken an active interest and somewhat of a prominent part in civic affairs ; and any position of honor or trust which my fellow-citizens could well confer upon me they had not hesitated to bestow. Among the rest, I had been for some time past elected from year to year on the Board of Superintendence of the City Prisons : so that I found myself about to fill a cell in a jail over which I had for some years been a ruling authority.* Not even while I was being weighed and measured, and having the color of my eyes and hair duly entered in the register, did I greatly feel the difference between this and one of my ordinary visits to the place. It was only when, later on, a moment came, which the governor with great delicacy put off as long as possible,—when, after "sauntering," as it were, to a cell up-stairs, and having talked with me a good deal about prison-affairs, as of old, he at last said, "Well, I must now say good-by," and turned into the corridor, *leaving me behind*,—when I heard the bang of the heavy iron door that shut me in, and listened to the bolt of the lock shot through,—the reality of the situation seemed suddenly to burst upon me ! I gave one glance around the narrow space, with its floor of stone,

* On the eve of the election for 1868, as my trials were pending, I considered it proper to decline office for that year ; but when the period of my imprisonment was over I was elected to my former place, as before.

and window heavily barred. What ! Was this only a dream, —a scene in an acted play,—or could it be, oh, heaven ! that to-night at Belfield Park my little child would call for me in vain ? My wife ! my parents ! I sank upon the rude prison-pallet and felt for an instant as if my heart would break. Suddenly I sprang to my feet. “Hold !” I exclaimed, almost aloud : “is this my fortitude ? How light is my lot, how trivial must my sufferings, mental or physical, be, compared with those borne by better men, whenever or wherever, in any age or clime, a struggle for national liberty is pressed !” I felt almost ashamed of my momentary weakness, and resolved to accept with composure the penalty I had incurred. After all, as I avowed in my speech on the trial,* the man who enters into conflict with the civil power is bound to weigh the consequences. At that moment Mr. William Johnson of Ballykilbeg (now member of Parliament for Belfast), the intrepid leader of Ulster Orangeism, was being carried to the county jail of Down to undergo a like punishment for defying an act of Parliament which he believed to be an infringement of constitutional liberty. Why should I complain ? He who strikes must not wail if he is struck in the combat.

A recently-passed act of Parliament had abolished all distinction between misdemeanant prisoners ; so that a public journalist convicted for political writings was classified for treatment with the vulgar herd of crime. This was a great outrage. In my case, however, everything short of violent illegality was done by the public authorities to mitigate such a cruel state of things. Every officer in the prison, from Captain Boyd, the governor, down to the youngest warder, strove by demonstrations of respect and kindness to rob my

* “It is the first and most original condition of society, that a man shall subordinate his public acts to the welfare of the community, or at least acknowledge the right of those among whom his lot is cast to judge him on such an issue as this. Freely I acknowledge that right.”

imprisonment of all humiliation. I became aware that Lord Mayo, the Irish Secretary, evinced the liveliest personal interest in the efforts to avert from me the indignities and severities to which the classification otherwise would have subjected me. Nevertheless, it was a weary time, a prolonged suffering. Cellular imprisonment, especially under "the solitary system," as in my case, is a torture to men of active habits and nervous temperament. For such men the cell of the "silent system" is the antechamber of the lunatic ward.*

On the morning of Sunday, the 30th of May, 1868, Captain Boyd entered the day-room: he held an open letter in his hand.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!" he exclaimed, his face radiant with pleasure.

"What is it, captain?"

"*The order for your release,*" he replied.

* The rules forbade prisoners to "whistle or sing." Music was one of the great charms of home for me, and I longed to hear some. I induced a friend to smuggle in for me a little "musical box;" at least I begged it might be so small as not to be overheard outside my cell. Unfortunately, meaning to be very kind, he brought me a rather large one, and with a novel mode of stop. I set it to play. Horror of horrors! It seemed as loud as Dan Godfrey's band! I tried to stop it. In vain. In a few minutes I heard the warder approaching. What was to be done? I seized the mischievous thing, and thought to break it up. I rushed to my camp-bed, and rolled the instrument in the bedclothes, as it went banging away at the "Overture to William Tell." The warder stopped outside my cell door.

"Do you hear some music, sir?"

"Ahem! yes—that is, something like music."

"It seems just outside the walls, sir. What on earth can it be?"

"Oh, some confounded Italian organ-grinder is always in the neighborhood."

"Bedad, sir, I think may-be it's one of the city bands marching out to serenade you!"

I never tried that musical box again.

Oh, blessed liberty! Oh, luxury ineffable of walking freely through green fields and listening to the song of birds!

Next day I re-entered the world. In those few months great changes had taken place. The "troubled rest and ceaseless fear" of the Fenian fever were all over. Great events had come upon the scene. A night of anguish and suffering was ended for Ireland. Daylight gleamed in the eastern skies.

CHAPTER XXV.

“DELEND A EST CARTHAGO !”

OVER the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church was fought the last great battle between the “Liberal” and “Conservative” parties in Ireland,—their last, as the two combatants who alone had hitherto contended for or divided between them the Irish parliamentary representation.

Soon afterward, as we shall see, a new issue was to be raised; a new party nomenclature was to appear; a new classification to be adopted. But down to this period, with exceptions that scarcely qualify the statement, Irish members of Parliament were either Liberals or Conservatives, and a general election in Ireland was a stand-up fight between “the Reform” and “the Carlton.” The great struggle of 1868, however, was destined to be the last of its class.

Although in the abstract entitled to be ranked among questions of the first magnitude, the Church grievance, as it existed in 1865, had called forth comparatively little thought or attention from the Irish people. The subject would have been placed third or fourth on any list of parliamentary reforms demanded by the popular voice,—the Land invariably being first. When in 1838 the direct payment of tithe from the Catholic farmer to the Protestant rector was changed into an indirect payment through or in the landlord’s rent, the grievance was adroitly put out of sight. By a reform which may be called a clever piece of legislative legerdemain, Catholic Paddy was supposed to be relieved because, in place of paying ten pounds of rent to the landlord and one pound of tithe to the rector, he had to pay eleven pounds as rent to

the landlord, the latter handing over to his reverence the tithe portion, *minus* the modest deduction of twenty-five per cent. for collection. Henceforth a farmer objecting to pay this part of his “rent” would be held up to the public simply as a defaulting tenant. And soon the tenants came to see that any abolition or remission of the “tithe-rent-charge” henceforth would mean no relief whatever to *them*. The landlord would demand as much as ever for the land, would keep the rent at what it had been inclusive of the tithe; and it was a mere question whether so much went directly into the pocket of the landlord or indirectly into that of the rector.

“Disendowing” the Church, therefore, did not relieve the Catholic millions of Ireland of one penny paid in this way; and I should be perplexed to say whether in my opinion the tenant farmers of Ireland would, on the whole, have preferred, as to this *fiscal* aspect of the question, that disendowment had been carried or not. As it is, the change matters little to them or to the Church: they pay as much as ever, and the Church comes financially out of the ordeal not a penny the worse.

Disestablishment, however, was quite another matter. Even the humblest peasant felt the Church establishment to be a standing badge of conquest. It was not that the Irish Catholics, like the English Nonconformists, believed a State Church to be abstractly, or under every conceivable state of circumstances, wrong in itself.* It was because they saw

* Nonconformist speakers and writers, unaware of or losing sight of this fact, fall into frequent error and misconception when they find Irish Catholics refusing to join or help in disendowing and disestablishing the Church in England. There are very many Irishmen no doubt who are opposed to State-churchism *everywhere* and *anywhere*, as a matter of policy or wisdom; but it was not on the abstract ground of anti-State-churchism that the Irish Catholics as a body complained against and assailed the Protestant State Church in Ireland. The real grounds will be found stated in the text.

that not alone the property of their Church, bestowed by their Catholic forefathers explicitly for Catholic purposes, had been taken totally from them and handed over to a minority of about one-tenth of the whole population, but that this minority were furthermore constituted a dominant or ruling caste to assail and humiliate them. One may speculate whether the Irish Catholics would have greatly concerned themselves about their disestablishment or disendowment had the Establishment been less aggressive. I am personally aware that in parishes where the Protestant rector had a bonâ-fide congregation of his own, and confined his ministrations to them,—that is to say, where he neither carried on nor encouraged proselytizing raids on the other communion,—he was frequently popular in the most cordial sense, and never in such a case awakened a feeling of jealousy, dislike, or unfriendliness in the breasts of the Catholic masses around him. To these he was, at all events, a local gentleman who spent money in the parish. His family were amiable and kindly to all, and “good to the poor,” without invidious object in their charity. He attended zealously, as he had a right to do, to his own co-religionists; but he respected the conscientious convictions of others. I could name several Protestant clergymen of this description, whose place in the respect and confidence, I might say affections, of the Catholic parishioners was as high very nearly as in the esteem and reverence of their own congregations.* Had the type been more prevalent, the Established Church, though wrong as ever otherwise, might have evoked very little hostility from the Irish people. But it was quite a different thing to see clergy of the Establishment crowding into associations and societies founded for the purpose of

* At the present moment I would invite any one who may be inclined to doubt this statement to test the feelings of the Catholics of Kenmare as to the Rev. Mr. McCutcheon, or of the Catholics of Bantry as to the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, rectors respectively of those two parishes in my native district.

proselytizing Catholic adults or children, and constituting themselves individual agents of such organizations in their several localities. In brief, had the endowed and established minority not pursued a course of provocative warfare against the Church of the millions, and turned against these millions the funds which, as they sullenly reflected, once had been theirs, the Irish Establishment might have gone on far into the future without molestation or change as far as they were concerned.

Even in the estimation of the Catholic bishops this Church question did not, previous to 1865, occupy as important a place, was certainly not deemed as exigent by them, as the Education question. On this latter subject, from 1859 to 1864 they had organized a series of important diocesan meetings; throughout the same period they had raised the issue at every election, and publicly pledged themselves to concentrate all their energies on school and university reform, as the first and most pressing want of the time. Yet when, on the 30th of December, 1864, “the National Association of Ireland” was founded, under the auspices of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen and other leading prelates, the Education question, to the general surprise, was pushed to the rear, and Disestablishment placed in the forefront of the new agitation.

What did this mean?

For some time previously private negotiations, or “interchange of views,” had been going on between leading members of the Liberation Society and certain prominent English Liberals on the one hand, and some Irish ecclesiastical and lay politicians on the other, with a view to restoring cordial relations, or effecting a new alliance, between Irish and English Liberalism. In Ireland the disruption of 1852 had never been healed. The “Brass Band” of Keogh and Sadleir had made the name of Whig-Liberal odious in popular estimation; though most of the bishops long clung to the old ways, and seemed to think “Catholic appointments” the be-all and end-all of Irish policy. But by 1864 even the bishops had

broken with the Liberal ministry. The strongly anti-Papal policy of Lord Palmerston had greatly incensed Irish Catholics ; and the bitter resistance offered by his administration to the agitation for denominational education which sprang up in 1860 completed the estrangement between the Liberal party and the Irish prelates. What with this antagonism and its paralyzing results, and what with the ominous disappearance of all hope or faith or interest in constitutional agitation on the part of the Irish masses, a state of deadlock prevailed in Irish politics. In the autumn of 1864, however, an endeavor was made to bring about a *rapprochement* between the bishops and that section of the English Liberals of whom Mr. Bright was the representative and leader. To what end, it was asked, should a waste of energy be continued ? Why strive at cross-purposes over denominational education, on which English Liberals and Irish Catholics could not agree ? Why not postpone such an issue until questions upon which admittedly they could pull together had first been disposed of ? From various quarters, Irish and English, the bishops were urged to establish a great popular organization for effecting such reforms as the allied forces of English and Irish Liberalism might combine to win.

Vainly would these appeals have reached the Irish shore—vainly as to any effect on the popular mind—had it not been for an agency of conciliation which had at this time made itself felt by most thoughtful Irishmen. In the press of England the Irish people had long been accustomed to encounter an unforgiving foe. With much surprise they saw a new daily journal started in the imperial metropolis, a leading feature in which seemed to be a fair, a just, a kindly and sympathetic treatment of Ireland and the Irish people. Even where it dissented from Irish projects or censured Irish faults, it did so in a spirit of honest friendliness that went home to every impartial mind. This was to us almost incomprehensible. The thing was so new, so unlike all we had been accustomed to, that we could hardly realize it. For the first

time in my life I began to adequately estimate how long a way a little genuine and honest sympathy goes with the Irish people. One newspaper—the *Morning Star*—had in a few years created an impression which I once would have deemed impossible to be effected. That newspaper is gone; but this I can affirm, that the men who labored in its pages accomplished a service the magnitude of which was fully known only to those who were behind the scenes in Irish politics. They did not indeed wholly bridge over the chasm of hatred which gaped dark and wide between Ireland and England; but they laid the foundations for a work which happier times may perhaps see honorably completed. From the period of their efforts may be dated the beginning of those friendly relations between the Irish and English working-classes in some of the cities and towns of Great Britain which is noticeable in these later days, and which is so marked in contrast to the hostility of previous times. Facts within my own knowledge and experience justify me in classing the influence of that short-lived English newspaper as one of the foremost agencies in a notable change of Irish feeling and opinion.

There seemed many reasons why the Irish bishops and clergy should make some such movement as that to which they were urged. By this time even those among them who were most responsible for the destruction of the tenant-right organization in 1852 had come to mourn that achievement as a lamentable and most disastrous error. Gladly would they now restore what they had then pulled down. But where now were they to find a man whom they could trust, and whom the people would follow, as a national leader? Gavan Duffy was in exile, and George Henry Moore, refusing every compromise, had quitted politics for the time, angered, imbittered, and implacable. One man of equal repute with these, though wanting their experience of parliamentary politics, there still remained: Mr. John B. Dillon. In the movements of 1843 and 1848, as mentioned in a previous chapter,

Mr. Dillon had played a conspicuous part.* By friend and foe he was esteemed for his many noble qualities. In 1856, with the tacit assent of the Government, he returned from exile, and, utterly eschewing politics, resumed his professional avocations. It was only in 1863 he was induced by considerable persuasion to re-enter public life, so far as to allow himself to be elected to the Dublin Municipal Council. In the autumn of 1864 he was strongly pressed, and he eventually consented, to accept the leadership of such an Irish movement as has been above referred to,—one which would enjoy the patronage of the Catholic bishops and receive the co-operation of the English Radicals.

The two Irishmen, however, who most largely contributed to the great purpose of Disestablishment were Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt of Kilcaskan Castle, county Cork, and Sir John Gray, M.P., editor and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, the leading daily organ of popular opinion in Ireland. Mr. Daunt indeed might be called the father of the movement in Ireland. For nearly half a century he had been associated in the great political efforts of the time, and was one of the most widely esteemed and respected of Irish popular leaders. At an early age he entered Irish politics, and while yet a young man became quite a prominent figure in the Repeal Association. He devoted himself to literature, and was the author of several novels, chiefly illustrative of Irish social and political life. From 1845 to 1860 he took

* In July, 1848, at one of the secret councils of the Young Ireland chiefs,—almost the last they held before the ill-fated “rising,”—Dillon, grave, dignified, and thoughtful as usual, listened calmly to the debate. When it came to his turn to speak he most strongly opposed a resort to arms under the circumstances of the time. At this a feather-headed enthusiast of the party flared up wildly, and spoke of Dillon's sober warning as “timorous shrinking.” He was answered only by a sorrowful smile from the brave man who a week after was on the hill-side at Killenaule sword in hand (and for eight years subsequently was an exile), while the braggart subsided at the first whisper of danger and lay still till the storm blew over.

little or no part in political affairs ; but in 1861 he commenced, almost single-handed, to arouse public opinion against the Irish State Church. He became an active correspondent of Mr. Carvell Williams, Secretary of the Liberation Society, and in conjunction with that gentleman, in a large degree, directed the course of the agitation from the beginning to the close.

Sir John Gray, M.P., whose “Irish Church Commission” * may be said to have rendered Disestablishment inevitable, had filled a leading position and played an active part in Irish politics for more than thirty years previously. He was a Protestant in religion, a Repealer and Liberal in politics. He was one of the State prisoners (along with O’Connell) in 1844, and fought in the forefront of the Tenant League campaign from 1850 to 1856. To the Irish metropolis, over the civic affairs of which he virtually ruled for twenty years, he was a public benefactor. When he espoused a cause, he served it with all his heart. Immediately on his election for Kilkenny city in 1865 he flung himself into the agitation for Disestablishment ; and assuredly never did public man devote himself with more indefatigable energy to a public question than he did at this important crisis to the cause of religious equality.†

It was a hazardous experiment to attempt the renewal of parliamentary agitation in Ireland at the time. The Fenian leaders had, as we have seen, proclaimed it a cardinal point of doctrine and practice that legal or constitutional efforts were “demoralizing” and must not be allowed. They had stormed platforms and dispersed meetings in assertion of this view. The Orangemen, too, had to be taken into ac-

* An exhaustive and exceedingly able series of reports on the history, position, revenues, organization, and congregational strength of the Established Church in Ireland, which he issued from time to time in the *Freeman’s Journal*.

† Sir John Gray died in 1876. His loss was heartily regretted by men of every class and party in Irish public life.

count on this occasion. When it was announced that the new association was to be inaugurated at a public meeting convened by the Lord Mayor, threats came from the opposite poles of political passion ; and it seemed quite uncertain whether a Fenian riot, or an Orange riot, or an Orange-Fenian riot, was to break up the demonstration. On the 28th of December the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland held a special sitting to express their condemnation of the proposed meeting, and to denounce the conduct of the Lord Mayor in convening it. They flung in his face his oath of office as a Catholic, in which the following passage occurred :

“ I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law within this realm ; and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom.”

From the other quarter, the Fenian camp, came the subjoined handbill, distributed in thousands throughout the city :

“ NO SURRENDER.

“ Nationalists,—An attempt at a revival of the slavish organization that leaves you bondsmen and whining slaves to-day is about being tried on in Ireland once more by a clique of un-God-fearing [*sic*], place-hunting, cowardly political agitators composed of rack-renting landlords, briefless barristers, anti-Irish bishops, parish priests, curates, and hireling, renegade, perjured press-men. Will you, eighteen thousand Dublin Nationalists, tolerate this West-British faction to demoralize your manhood again ? Never ! ‘ Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.’ ”

Whether it was that the Orangemen trusted to the Fenians to do the work, while the Fenians relied on the Orangemen for the duty, was never clearly explained, but, strange to say, the meeting was held without let or hindrance, disorder or disturbance. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen proposed the first resolution, declaring war against the Establishment. The

most important incident of the day, however, was the reading of the subjoined letter, which laid down the terms of the alliance that eventually led to the overthrow of the State Church in Ireland :

"ROCHDALE, December 23, 1864.

"MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

"I have to thank your committee for their friendly invitation to their approaching meeting, although I shall not be able to avail myself of it. I am glad to see that an effort is to be made to force on some political advance in your country. The objects you aim at are good, and I hope you may succeed. On the question of landlord and tenant I think you should go farther and seek to do more. What you want in Ireland is to break down the laws of primogeniture and entail, so that in course of time by gradual and just process the Irish people may become the possessors of the soil of Ireland. A legal security for tenants' improvements will be of great value, but the true remedy for your great grievance is to base the laws which affect the land upon sound principles of political economy. With regard to the State Church, that is an institution so evil and so odious under the circumstances of your country that it makes one almost hopeless of Irish freedom from it that Irishmen have borne it so long. The whole Liberal party in Great Britain will doubtless join with you in demanding the removal of a wrong which has no equal in the character of a national insult in any other civilized and Christian country in the world. If the popular party in Ireland would adopt as its policy 'Free Land and Free Church,' and would unite with the popular party in England and Scotland for the advance of liberal measures, and especially for the promotion of an honest amendment of the representation, I am confident that great and beneficial changes might be made within a few years. We have on our side numbers and opinion ; but we want a more distinct policy and a better organization ; and these, I hope, to some extent, your meeting may supply.

"Yours very truly,

JOHN BRIGHT."

The terms which this letter so formally proposed were fully accepted by those to whom the offer was made. The National Association of Ireland adopted "Free Land and Free Church" as its policy. But only under the chastening influences of adversity were the parliamentary chiefs of English Liberalism brought to embrace it as theirs. It was only

after they had been stripped of power and thrust from office, and had borne the bitterness of many a defeat, that misfortune eventually led them to discover in Disestablishment a way to victory, honor, and fame.

The House of Commons had long been familiar with the Irish Church motion, which, in one shape or another, made its appearance from time to time. The English Nonconformists, under Mr. Miall or Mr. Dillwyn, aided by the Irish Catholic Liberals, had their occasional field-day on the subject. Up to 1865 only a very languid interest was excited by these efforts; and the utmost that could be extracted from even the most friendly administration was an occasional civil word, or an oracular reference to what might perchance be possible in the paulo-post-future of British politics. On the 28th of March, 1865, on a resolution offered by Mr. Dillwyn, there ensued a debate in the House of Commons, in the course of which appeared the first faint gleam of what was dawning on Mr. Gladstone's mind. The Government, speaking through Sir George Grey, repelled the motion decisively enough, but Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, changed the "never" of previous years into a significant "not yet." The Irish Church motion of 1866, moved on the 10th of April by Sir John Gray, brought out the fact that the administration had taken a few paces forward on the subject. On this occasion the Government did not exactly oppose the motion, though they did not accede to it. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, the Irish Chief Secretary, improved somewhat upon Mr. Gladstone's "not yet" by wishing the cause of Disestablishment "Godspeed." Two months latter on—in June, 1866—the Liberal party was not merely defeated but wrecked; the Russell-Gladstone ministry, deserted and assailed by the reactionary Whig section of their followers (known throughout the incident as the "Adulamite Cave"), fell from power, and a Conservative administration, under Lord Derby as Premier, and Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, assumed the seals of office.

Meanwhile, the Irish “National Association” was not a success. Although supported by a great array of episcopal power, it never in any marked degree attracted popular sympathy or support. Public feeling in Ireland was strongly in favor of the objects it had proposed ; but the objection to fusing with the English Whig-Liberal party for *any* object seemed all but insuperable. Mr. Gladstone was no doubt favorably regarded ; but Mr. Lowe was more than mistrusted, while Earl Russell, as the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was the object of downright hostility. There was, however, one man confessedly among English Liberals whom no one could call a Whig, and whom all admired for his sterling independence ; a man who stood almost alone among the leading English orators and statesmen of his time in this, that when his voice was raised to denounce oppression and wrong, wherever prevailing, he did not shrink from including Ireland in the scope of his sympathies. That man was John Bright. In the summer of 1866 there occurred to Mr. J. B. Dillon the happy thought of entertaining Mr. Bright at a national banquet in Dublin. On the 21st of August a formal and public invitation signed by twenty-three of the Irish members was forwarded to Mr. Bright, to which on the 1st of September he returned an answer accepting the proposed compliment. No other project could have been devised which at the time would have rallied or reassembled to the same extent the hitherto divided and hostile elements of Irish popular politics ; yet at first it seemed a hazardous experiment. Not without some doubts and misgivings were the circulars issued which convened a private conference to consider the matter at the Imperial Hotel in Dublin. The response, however, was more than encouraging. All sections of the Irish popular party cordially concurred in the proposal.

In the course of thirty years’ experience of Irish politics, I never knew anything to exceed the personal bitterness of language which the proposal to *fête* John Bright called forth in the Irish Conservative journals. Not only was he the object

of the fiercest invective, but a very palpable endeavor was made to excite against him personal violence. In the Government organs—Lord Derby had come into office in June—there was a continuous effort to set the Fenians at the Bright banquet and induce them to break it up. To many of the committee this seemed no insignificant peril ; and their fears were increased a hundredfold by a lamentable event which for a time threatened to overwhelm the project. This was the death, after barely a few days' illness, of Mr. Dillon, the moving spirit of the whole proceeding. He was known to have considerable influence with the Fenian party, or rather it was well known that most of the leaders and nearly all the "rank and file" of that party shared the feelings of respect and affection in which he was held by the bulk of his countrymen. He himself had not been free from uneasiness as to attempts at disturbance ; and now that he was gone the probabilities of such a misfortune were greatly increased. I did not share these apprehensions as regards any serious interference by Fenians ; but I did fully expect that, incited by the extreme-ascendency newspapers, persons of a different stamp would purchase tickets with a view so to conduct themselves at the banquet as to mar its effect and give the much-desired pretext for declaring it a failure. That some open insult or affront would be offered to Mr. Bright by such emissaries, I as well as my colleagues on the committee felt quite convinced. Up to the decease of Mr. Dillon I had not taken any very special or prominent part in the preparations, but for many reasons I now undertook the chief responsibility for the arrangements within the banquet-room, on the sole condition that I should be joined by two friends whom I selected, and that we should be free to take such steps as we might deem requisite to maintain order. This being settled, I took good care to diffuse in the proper quarters a notification that we intended to "make it hot" for disturbers, and that the man who entered the banquet-hall with purpose to insult our guest (as was but too plainly threatened in some

of the Tory papers) must be prepared for all consequences. I drew a plan or diagram by which the room was to be seated, each chair numbered, and each table indicated by a colored banner. We, moreover, had an alphabetical register kept of the name and address of every ticket-holder, with the number of his assigned seat. By this means we could tell in what exact spot a suspicious visitor would be placed, and could arrange accordingly. Never was check-mate more complete. About a dozen intending ticket-purchasers turned away "disgusted" with this new-fangled idea of having their names, addresses, and occupations registered on a numbered seat. We knew these gentlemen well, and knew what they meant to do; but, pretending to regard them as admirers of John Bright, we "confidentially" whispered to them the motive of our arrangement. They "changed their minds," and bought no tickets.

The banquet was held on the 30th of October, and was a success beyond all anticipation. It was the great event of the year. No more splendid assemblage, none more influential or numerous, had gathered at a political dinner in Ireland within our generation. The chair, which would have been filled by our lamented friend Mr. Dillon, was occupied by The O'Donoghue, M.P., then at the zenith of his popularity. Mr. Bright received an ovation rarely equaled in warmth and enthusiasm.

While he was speaking, amidst breathless silence, a voice suddenly interrupted with some rude observation. On any other occasion the incident might have passed unnoticed, but now the rumor of a "black bottle" scene* was in every one's

* On the 14th of December, 1822, on the occasion of the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant, visiting the Theater Royal, Dublin, an organized disturbance on the part of the Orangemen took place, in resentment of his Excellency's sympathy with Catholic Emancipation. The affray is always referred to as the "black bottle" riot,—a black bottle having been flung at the Viceroy by an Orangeman in the top gallery.

mind, and the merest trifle was enough to create alarm. I knew by reference to the marked plan in my pocket that the interrupter was very unlikely to be present with evil intent, yet I feared what might occur if a panic set in. Two stewards remonstrated with him ; but he seemed beyond his own control. A second and a third time he shouted some incoherent observation, when, on a pre-arranged signal, four athletic stewards whipped him bodily out of his seat and bore him gently out of the room. The thing was done so swiftly, quietly, and smoothly that it was all over in a few seconds. Then there burst forth a cheer so loud and long that one might have thought something of great importance had been accomplished. It meant that the assemblage realized how completely the threat of an anti-Bright disturbance had collapsed in the face of a little energy and determination.

With the fall of the Russell-Gladstone ministry in June, 1866, there set in a two years' spell of such parliamentary confusion and vacillation as had not been known since Lord Melbourne's time. The Tory ministry were too weak to rule, the Liberal opposition too feeble and too hopelessly disintegrated to displace them. In the House of Lords Lord Derby led a flowing majority, but in the Commons Mr. Disraeli had to deal with chaos come again. It was impossible to tell from day to day with anything like certainty in what lobby, with ministers or against them, a majority would be found voting. Now it was one way, anon another. Amidst a state of circumstances so adverse the great question of Reform worked its way to a remarkable conclusion. Mr. Disraeli would contend that he was the real friend of a popular franchise ; but it was with gloomy fears the Reformers saw him undertake to fondle what they declared he meant to strangle. He was, however, a facile foe. He adapted his policy to the peculiarities of the situation. He took defeats in a most Christian spirit, and became all things to all majorities. Eventually, to his own great surprise (veiled under well-feigned satisfaction), he

found himself the author of the most radical suffrage bill ever passed under the auspices of a British Cabinet.

Throughout this period, from the summer of 1866 to the end of 1867, the English Liberal party in Parliament, rent by discord and weakened by defection, presented a pitiable spectacle. Mr. Gladstone at one time seemed about to retire in disgust from the leadership of the broken and dispirited array. In vain was an issue sought on which they might be rallied as of old in a compact body. On no domestic (English) question that could be devised or discerned was it found practicable to reunite them; and what caused most dismay on the Opposition benches was the conviction that were any such question to be discovered, Mr. Disraeli would not improbably “cut them out” by espousing it himself. The Tory leader who, in order to hold on by the Treasury Bench, has passed a Household Suffrage Bill was not a man to stick at trifles.

When the outlook seemed darkest, however, a light arose over the path of the Liberals, and it came from Ireland.

An incident, apparently trivial, in the council-chamber of the Dublin Corporation a year or two before had brought about results which led right up to Disestablishment.

On the threshold of the new movement in Ireland the extreme section of the Irish Conservative party resorted to a course of action which many of them subsequently bewailed as most unwise and impolitic,—as the real beginning of their overthrow. Taking their cue from the manifesto of the Grand Orange Lodge on the 28th of December, 1864, they sought to stop the Catholics by means of the odious “Catholic Oath.” It was known that several prominent Catholic politicians, peers and commoners, had felt themselves precluded from joining in any Disestablishment agitation or debate by this clause in “the Catholic oaths.” In the case of Catholics becoming members of a civic corporation there was this painful aggravation of the grievance, that *Protestants* were required to take *no oath at all*, while Catholics,

and Catholics alone, were, so to speak, put on their knees at the bar and compelled to swear fealty to the Church Establishment. Many good and honorable men explained it away satisfactorily to their consciences; but for my own part I felt that I could not subscribe to such an oath; and when I was elected to a seat in the Municipal Council of Dublin in 1862, I decided to refuse it. The penalty which I incurred by such a course was a fine of five hundred pounds and disqualification. I judged that one of two results would ensue from my refusal: either I should pass unsworn without challenge or interference, and all other Catholics subsequently elected would do the same, and the obnoxious law would become a dead letter; or else I should be prosecuted, and the imposition of fine and punishment upon me would so arouse public opinion as to the insulting character of such tests that Parliament would assuredly sweep them away.

On perfecting before Mr. Henry, town clerk, the statutory declaration as to my property qualification, that gentleman intimated to me that there now remained for me only to "go before a magistrate, take the oath, and sign the roll."

"There is Alderman Bonsall just gone up-stairs," said I: "has *he* taken the oath?" (I knew well he had not; for the alderman was a leading Tory of very Orange hue.)

"Oh, he need not take it: he is not a Catholic," replied Mr. Henry.

"Well, Mr. Town Clerk," I rejoined, "call upon me to take the oath when Alderman Bonsall is sworn, but not till then. If he is free, so must I be."

I took my seat unsworn, and for some period was not molested. At length I was denounced to justice in the *Daily Express* for a violation of the statute in this case made and provided; and one morning as the council was about to assemble I was informed that the Lord Mayor had been officially called upon to give me into custody, or to take other requisite steps, if I spoke or voted as a councillor that day. The Lord Mayor was the Hon. John P. Vereker, son

of Lord Gort, a stanch Conservative, a man of broad and generous spirit. He called me aside and told me of the demand that had been made upon him.

“Well, my Lord, do your duty,” I said, “and let not our personal friendship put you in any official difficulty on my account. I have measured the consequences of my course, and must face them.”

“Oh,” he replied, “I have given the parties my answer.”

“And what is that?”

“That I have no official knowledge of your religious creed, having never examined you in the decrees of the Council of Trent, the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Westminster Confession of Faith.”

I heard no more just then of the threatened penalty or the unsworn oaths.

On the 1st of January, 1865, the civic council were in the act of passing to Alderman MacSwiney, the outgoing Lord Mayor, who had presided at the inaugural meeting of the National Association, the customary vote of thanks on the close of his year of office, when a Conservative councillor, Mr. Pilkington, jumped suddenly to his feet, and objected to the vote, on the distinct ground that the outgoing dignitary had been false to his oath in respect of the Church by law established. This charge of public perjury against the man who had barely laid down the wand of office as chief magistrate of the city—and perjury on such grounds!—flung the council into the wildest indignation. Of course the imputation was fiercely resented, scornfully repelled; but the Conservatives followed it up by reading the *ipsissima verba* of the oath relied upon to sustain their accusation. The vote was passed, but the Catholic and Liberal members vowed that the matter should not rest there. Out-of-doors the effect was equally strong. A cry arose for the sweeping away of these offensive barriers between citizens of different creeds. The municipal council itself formally commenced an agita-

tion against "Obnoxious Oaths." A special meeting was convened with great display to debate the question. By unanimous resolution it was ordered that a petition praying for the abolition of these invidious test declarations should be presented at the bar of the House of Commons by the Lord Mayor in state. The other municipalities of Ireland caught the excitement. Deputations, addresses, petitions, resolutions, on the "Obnoxious Oaths," kept the public mind in a ferment. The ascendancy yoke that, as John Bright complained, seemed to have lain so lightly on Irish necks now grew intolerable. The opportunity that so long had been sought for and waited for had come at last. It was decided to break ground against the Church by an attack on the Test Oaths. The Grand Orange Lodge on that 28th of December, 1864, and Mr. Pilkington on the 1st of January, 1865, had applied a torch to the pile they thought to defend!

Over the Catholic Oaths Bill from the session of 1865 to that of 1867 the great battle that was soon to come in earnest was fought in miniature, and fought on ground the most favorable that could have been found for the attacking party. The oaths were manifestly indefensible. Mr. Disraeli saw it, felt it, virtually confessed it; but every one knew that they were now assailed as the outposts of the Church, and so the abolition was doggedly resisted. In two sessions consecutively the Commons passed the measure; as often did it fail in the House of Lords. Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven found the Establishment outposts intact, but the movement against them had served the purpose of the assailants as effectually as capture would have done. Events of considerable importance had, as we shall see, occurred meantime. All over the land "*Delenda est Carthago*" was the cry. The moment had arrived for the storming of the stronghold!

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

WHEN the first inevitable burst of indignation and anger called forth in England by the Fenian conspiracy had a little subsided, there began to dawn on the minds of the English people an idea that there must after all be "something rotten" in the state of Ireland. This was perplexing; because it was in utter contradiction to all that the authorities upon whom they most relied had told them about that country. They had been assured that, whatever might have been the case in the past, Ireland "now" had no cause of complaint: she was loyal and contented, happy, wealthy, and prosperous, with pigs abounding and bullocks thriving. At no time were these assurances so frequently and so strongly indulged in as during the years immediately preceding the Fenian outbreak. "The land laws? They are excellent; 'tenant right' means 'landlord wrong.' The Church? No grievance at all; this is a Protestant realm, and Roman Catholic ascendancy is what the Irish priests are really after. Home legislation? A cry for the moon; we cannot break up the empire. Education? The Irish have the schools we know to be the best for them; whereas they had none previously." Thus the story ran. If an honest Irishman had the temerity to hint a doubt of it,—dared to say there was any discontent in Ireland, or any reason why there should be,—he was savagely set upon, called an incendiary, and denounced as a calumniator.*

* So late as the 23d of May, 1867, an Irish member (Mr. J. F. Maguire), having ventured to blame the existing state of things, was thus

In the midst of such declarations came the Fenian conspiracy, with its sad and horrible incidents in Manchester and London. At first, of course, Englishmen thought only of vindicating the outraged majesty of the law ; but when it had been vindicated—when the executioner had done his work, and the chain-gangs at Portland and Chatham had been reinforced by political convicts—there began to creep through England a doubt that the newspapers and the viceroys and the chief secretaries could have been all right as to Ireland “*now*” having no cause of complaint. A serious doubt truly. The consoling array of pig statistics and green-crop extension and fat-stock multiplication had been to English expectation as equivocal in prophecy as the witches’ promise to the Thane of Fife.

The better nature of Englishmen was touched and aroused by the spectacle opened to their contemplation in this lamentable Fenian business. They were much impressed by the exhibition of such reckless fanaticism mingled with patriotic self-immolation. But more, much more, were they moved by the serious circumstance that the Irish multitude who had rejected, condemned, or refused to join the Fenian scheme were clearly none the less in moral revolt against the state of things around them. All over Britain a murmur, soon to

answered in the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, M.P. : “The honorable gentleman rushes into the whole subject of Irish grievances. Now, in the first place, I will make an admission : that *up to* 1829 nothing could have been worse than the government of Ireland. I will allow that. But from that time to this the House has been doing all it could to alleviate the physical, the constitutional, and the moral injuries of Ireland. There have, however, been obstacles, and among the chief of those is the language used by the honorable gentleman (cheers). Can honorable members think that their poor, uneducated, miserable countrymen in Ireland will see the truth when they themselves, here in this house and before the people of England, dare to say that we are unjust to Ireland? Why, I say that a more foul calumny, a more gigantic falsehood, was never uttered.”

And this was within less than a year of Mr. Gladstone’s Disestablishment Resolutions.

be a cry, arose that there must be a cause for political symptoms so plain and terrible as these. When once the English nation, awaking to the existence of an evil, exclaims that "Something must be done," old wrongs and venerable anomalies, one and all, have need to tremble ; for the "something" that is done is often that only which happens to be nearest to hand or is selected almost at hap-hazard.

"What *can* we do for Ireland ?" was the question uttered in good faith and with just intent by thousands of Englishmen. "What are the grievances which we can remedy for our Irish fellow-subjects? We cannot listen to their demands for national autonomy, but whatever else we can do for them that will be for their good (or rather that *we* shall consider to be for their good) shall be done."

The growth of these ideas and feelings throughout England, long before it had reached this decisive stage, was noted by the leading members of the English Liberation Society. They saw a grand opportunity, and promptly turned it to account. They poured through the land invectives against the Irish Law Church. They said to Englishmen, "You desire to know what ails Ireland. Here it is. You desire to befriend Ireland, to end misgovernment and make reparation for the past ; you want to know what to do. Do this. Sweep away this cruel oppression, this fruitful source of heart-burning and strife. Abolish this hateful caste, this sectarian garrison, which has only made Irishmen hate you when they might have learned to love you. Tell the Catholic millions of Ireland that henceforth all creeds are equal in the eye of the law, and, possessing religious equality, they will become happy and contented citizens of the empire."

To Englishmen in the mood of the time it was a thrice-welcome voice that spoke so opportunely and so well. Some no doubt there were who did not like the Liberation Society or its designs in England ; but *this* Disestablishment was to be over there in Ireland, not at their own doors. They cried aloud, "Let it be done."

Less sagacious men than the Liberal leaders in England could see what all these signs proclaimed. The time was ripe for a bold and great policy. On the Irish Church question the Conservative leader durst not venture to compete with them. Here was the ground on which to engage and overthrow him. Here was a policy on which the Liberal party could be reconstructed and endowed with new life and power. No "caves" would be formed, no mutinies attempted, on this line of march. The united Liberalism of England, Ireland, and Scotland would go forward with one heart and one mind on this issue.

On the 7th of April, 1867, Sir John Gray, following up his motion of the previous year, moved the House of Commons to declare that on the 27th instant it would resolve itself into a committee on the Irish Church. Even at this date Mr. Gladstone was hesitant, and supported the "previous question," with which the motion was encountered; but, strange to say, he did not cast his vote on either side. Two months later the coming storm was sufficiently discerned, and the House of Lords determined upon the feeble expedient of a "royal commission." It was moved for on the 24th of June, 1867, and appointed on the 30th of October following, Earl Stanhope being chairman. Between the summer of 1867 and the spring of 1868 the country passed through the sharpest crisis of the Fenian alarms: the Manchester Rescue and executions, the attempt to seize Chester Castle, and the Irish risings, had one after another aroused excitement and panic. The state of Ireland—between conspiracy and insurrection on the one hand, and suspension of all constitutional government on the other—was a European scandal. On Tuesday the 10th of March, 1868, a great debate which extended over four days was commenced in the House of Commons, on a motion by Mr. J. F. Maguire for a committee to consider the condition of that country. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Gladstone at length plunged across the Rubicon. On the fourth day of

the debate, the 16th of March, 1868, he declared that the time had come when the Irish Church Establishment must fall. On his announcement that he would forthwith himself present the issue definitely to the House, both the resolution and amendment were withdrawn; and on the 23d of March he introduced his memorable "Resolutions." The debate formally opened on the 30th of March, when ministers were overthrown, the motion to go into committee on the resolutions being carried by a vote of 331 to 270. The debate in the committee was prosecuted with equal vigor. It lasted over eleven nights, closing at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 1st of May, 1868, when the first resolution was carried by a vote of 330 to 265. Four days afterward Mr. Disraeli announced that ministers had tendered their resignation, but that the Queen wished them to retain office "until the state of public business would admit of a dissolution," which would accordingly take place in the autumn. It was a clever stroke to hold on to office throughout the dissolution; all the advantages of official power, usually considered to be worth thirty votes in a general election, thus being secured. On the 7th of May the second and third of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried in committee. On the 16th, just as they were being finally affirmed by the House, Lord Stanhope's commission of the previous year, which everybody seemed to have forgotten, appeared with their report on the Irish Church, recommending the abolition of half a dozen bishoprics, and sundry minor "reforms." It evoked a shout of derision. The time had passed for half-measures. Like the abdication of Louis Philippe in the revolution of February, '48, the proposal was hailed with a cry of "Too late! too late!"

On the 13th of May Mr. Gladstone introduced the "Suspensory Bill," to prevent new interests being created pending Disestablishment. On the 22d it was read by a vote of 312 to 258. It went triumphantly through the Commons, and was brought into the House of Lords on the 18th of June,

where, after a debate of three days' duration, it was, on the 25th, rejected by a vote of 192 to 97. This was the last stroke of an expiring power,—an ebullition of puerile and impotent hostility.

On the 31st of July, 1868, Parliament was prorogued ; on the 11th of November it was dissolved by proclamation, and ministers “*appealed to the country.*” The interval between the passage of Mr. Gladstone’s resolutions in May and the dissolution in November had been devoted to the most strenuous preparations for the struggle. Already the Liberal party had begun to reap the fruits of their new policy. Already they had exchanged disunion for unanimity, weakness for strength. Though office had been withheld from them, power was once more theirs. Once more they had, by sweeping majorities, defeated their opponents in the parliamentary lists. With a fierce energy they now prepared to overwhelm them at the hustings.

The Irish Protestants stripped to the fight with great spirit, although they must have felt that they were on the side of a lost cause. In Ulster, no doubt, their proceedings were disfigured by characteristic bombast and threat. The line taken by the Orangemen in that province was that the coronation oath forbade the Queen to allow Disestablishment, and that she would be perjured if she signed the bill ; that it would be an overthrow of our Protestant constitution in Church and State ; that “*the men of Ulster,*” who had driven James II. from the throne for like attempts, were ready and determined as ever now in the same good cause. The Rev. Mr. Flanagan, chaplain in the Orange Society, addressing a vast concourse of his fellow-members, publicly warned all whom it might concern that “*the men of Ulster*” had ere now kicked a crown into the Boyne.

No one, however, attached any importance to all this. For a long time it has been accepted as the harmless traditional prerogative of “*Ulster,*” as the Orange societies call themselves, to intimate to the British nation that it is on the

qui vive, and that when Ulster is on the watch England may be easy in her mind ; that Ulster is and ever has been the mainstay and protector of the realm ; that it was Ulster and not England that made the glorious Revolution ; and that several hundreds of thousands of Ulstermen are always ready to march somewhere against somebody, to uphold England as long as she behaves herself well and is true to the principles of 1690.*

This, however, was only among a section of the Irish Church Protestants,—by no means the most influential section, though it certainly may be the noisiest. As a general rule, a grave and earnest spirit was displayed. No more serious, no more able defense could have been made for any political institution than that which the Irish Conservatives put forth on behalf of their Church in 1868. Although as against the bulk of their own countrymen they had no case, against the British Parliament they certainly established one that was unanswerable. Most Englishmen regarded and discussed their plea solely as it affected the one issue just then before them, and never gave a thought further to it once that issue was decided by the passing of the Disestablishment Bill. But the arguments upon that case—the pamphlets, the speeches, the essays, the letters—were destined to have singular and important results not generally foreseen in England at the time. They led to subsequent events which, to the view of the ordinary English observer, appeared to be totally new, quite independent of the question thus disposed of ; but beneath the surface they were connected with it, and arose from it like the dip and crop of geological strata.

That defense of the Irish Church was based mainly on the Act of Union. There were of course other grounds,—

* During the Crimean War of 1854 and the Indian Mutiny of 1857 they were appealed to in some Irish newspapers to send out a body of even two or three thousand men—a couple of regiments—out of all these “hundreds of thousands,” but not a corporal’s guard volunteered from the lodges.

plenty of them ; but one by one they were evacuated as untenable under the fire of argument, logic, and fact poured against them from the other side. Here alone the Church party were confessedly in a strong position. The fifth article of the Act of Union between England and Ireland solemnly declared the maintenance forever of the Irish Church establishment, or rather the incorporation of that establishment with the English as “the United Church of England and Ireland,” to be a “fundamental and essential” stipulation and condition. The English language could not more explicitly set forth a solemn and perpetual covenant between two parties than this article set forth the contract between the episcopal Protestants of Ireland and the imperial Parliament.* By the Act of Union there were to be not two establishments but one establishment,—“the Established Church of England and Ireland,” the then previously existing Irish establishment being merged and absorbed into this one, the maintenance of which forever was thus stipulated. It was not open to an English minister to treat them now as two. Together as one they were to stand or fall,—or rather forever to stand ; but as to falling, the Union was to fall too if the establishment so guaranteed should ever fail to be maintained. Of course there were many splendid efforts of argument and eloquence, as well as many learned disquisitions and much legal casuistry, forthcoming on the Liberal or Dis-establishment side, to show how Parliament could break the pact thus relied upon ; but nothing could get over the explicit

* “Article 5th. That the Churches of England and Ireland as now by law established be united into one Protestant episcopal Church, to be called ‘the United Church of England and Ireland,’ and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be and shall remain in full force forever as the same are now by law established for the Church of England, and the continuance and preservation of the said United Church as the established Church of England and Ireland shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union.”

declaration that *this* stipulation was to be "*fundamental and essential*" to the Union. Once it was gone the Union was no more. The Church defenders admittedly had the best case; but Mr. Gladstone had the logic of big battalions on his side.

It cannot be wondered at that all this flung the Irish Protestant mind back upon the period at which the Union compact was formed, and tended to raise the question whether Irish Protestants would not have fared better if they had not entered into that treaty, but had made terms with the Irish community. These thoughts and reflections found frequent utterance in the speeches of the Irish Church party, especially in protests addressed by them to England. "There are many of us," they said, "who, keeping faith with you as long as you kept it with us, have, on this account, accepted and acted on the theory that Ireland was merged by the Union. You teach us otherwise now. Do not complain hereafter if we act accordingly."

Neither in Ireland nor in England was this latter intimation much believed in or attended to at the time. "They do not mean it," said the Irish Catholics. "It is but an idle menace," said the English Liberals.

It was indeed an exciting time when, avowedly, on this one question the three kingdoms were summoned to the polls in the autumn of 1868. In Ireland the days of 1829 seemed to have come again. All the feelings, passions, antagonisms of that era burst forth anew. There were but two parties in the island,—those who fought for Disestablishment and those who fought against it. All were for the moment either Liberals or Conservatives. Even the Fenians—who had spilled the blood of their own countrymen and fellow-Nationalists in putting down public meetings and forbidding any popular manifestations of a non-Separatist character—fell into the ranks on the Liberal side, or else maintained a "benevolent neutrality." The *Nation*, on behalf of the Repeal or Constitutional-Nationalist party, though ever since 1852 maintaining an invincible opposition to Whig-

Liberalism, now formally proclaimed that in this great crisis every friend of civil and religious liberty must march shoulder to shoulder. The Liberals had not had such an auspicious time in Ireland for thirty years.

One day, in the thick of the battle, the door of my room was rather violently pushed open, and a friend whom I knew to be actively engaged in the elections stepped hurriedly in.

"I have something of the utmost urgency and importance to put before you," he said. "You have it in your power now not alone to pay off the ascendancy men for their last base attempt against you, but you can furthermore strike a stunning blow for Disestablishment. Are you ready and willing?"

As he eagerly put his question he gave me a slap on the shoulder, as much as to say, "Of course you are."

The "base attempt" against me to which he alluded was a proceeding which gave rise to very heated feelings in Dublin, and which I must say incensed and embittered myself at the time.

While in the previous month of May I lay fast bound under bolts and bars as a political prisoner in Richmond, notice was publicly given of the intention of my fellow members of the municipal council to nominate me as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. Instantly on learning this fact I declined, in the most positive manner, the honor thus proposed to be conferred upon me; which indeed could only have been meant as a demonstration of personal and public feeling in view of my imprisonment. I received, however, from the leading members of the Conservative party the kindest assurances that if I wished to allow the nomination it would be unopposed by them,—would be, in fact, unanimous. That these declarations were given in good faith, that any compliment which I would accept and was in their power consistently to offer would be readily extended to me, was attested by their frank and generous conduct toward me at all times previously. Nevertheless, so fierce and high did party feeling run under the influence of the Disestablishment

excitement, that in November an attempt was made, by order of the Conservative party managers, to invalidate my seat in the council, and to strike my name off the burgess roll, on the ground that I was for registration purposes "dead in law," or "resident" nowhere, during my incarceration. A lengthy legal argument decided the case in my favor; but the resort to such a proceeding, though it could hardly be called "a blow below the belt" in party warfare, had unquestionably a most bitter and exasperating influence on local feeling.

"Now you can pay those fellows off," said my friend.

"In what way?"

"Will you stand for a seat?"

"Pooh! I have answered that sort of question often enough within the past five years, and in two instances recently to your own knowledge. No, I will not."

"But in this case you can do a lasting service to the cause; you will either carry the seat for yourself, or else save four others we may otherwise lose. Don't you be writing in the *Nation* about the duty of exertion and sacrifice at this crisis, if you yourself will not do this."

"But, even apart from personal disinclination, the *Nation* has never said that a hard-working journalist is bound to spend a thousand pounds for the honor and glory of rendering laborious service at Westminster. Men of ambition, men of fortune, or men with personal advantages in view, may do so. I will not."

"I am instructed to place fifteen hundred pounds at your disposal for your election-expenses."

"And what seat do you want me to contest?"

"Dublin County."

"Dublin fiddlesticks! You are not serious!"

But he was. The state of the case as he put it was this. The Government (House of Commons) "whip," Colonel Taylor, was member for Dublin County. He was the official chief of the Tory election campaigners. Deeming his own seat perfectly secure,—up to this time it was not menaced,—

his hands were free, and he was making busy use of them in pushing attack or directing defense throughout the country. There were at least three or four of the boroughs in the provinces which the Liberals could carry if the Tory electioneering head center could be called off to serious self-defense in Dublin, but "if not, not." No trivial attack, no palpable feint, would suffice. The "villa-voters," as they are called, around the Irish metropolis are largely composed of middle-class Tory gentlemen, or petty gentry who own little properties or rent-charges, entitling them to vote in distant boroughs or counties. They like to reside near "the Coort," where, as Thackeray puts it, they may sometimes figure at "the Castle" and see "their sovereign," leastways, "his Excellency." It was discovered that if these friends of Church and State were obliged to remain at home to vote for Colonel Taylor out of their residential qualification, three, and possibly five, constituencies, in which otherwise they would be free to vote, might be won by the Liberals. If, on the other hand, they left Dublin to its fate, and went to the country to vote, Colonel Taylor would inevitably be ousted: The thing was very closely examined and nicely calculated. The conclusion was obvious. Dublin County must be attacked in force. If carried, the victory would be of importance. If lost, four or five other seats would thereby be gained.

"But who supplies the fifteen hundred pounds?" I inquired.

"Ask no questions. I think you ought to have confidence in me that your principles or your honor will not be compromised."

"Not consciously, I am sure; but if the funds are supplied by men of my own principles, what need of reticence? If not, I have need to pause."

"They are not men of your national politics; but they are as ardent as you in this Disestablishment fight. They feel that you, and you alone, can carry Dublin County at this moment."

“ On my own principles ? ”

“ Certainly.”

I assented, subject to consultation with some friends. I afterward found that five hundred pounds was to be supplied by a gentleman of very high position and character who had been a member of the late Russell-Gladstone Government, and one thousand pounds by a gentleman of whom I had never previously heard, but who was at that moment a Gladstone's candidate in Louth County,—Mr. M. O'Reilly Dease. I declined the proposition. “ To-day,” I said, “ these gentlemen and I are no doubt fighting side by side, but to-morrow or next day I may find it to be my duty to differ with them or to censure or oppose them or some one of them. Nay, if I carried the seat I might have to vote against them in the House of Commons. I can't touch the affair. But I'll tell you what I'll do ; let some one else be found to stand. I'll fling myself heartily into the fight on his behalf, and give to him all the influence which you seem to think I could command, or the enthusiasm I might excite for myself in Dublin County.”

About three o'clock in the morning on the 17th of November I was roused out of bed by a violent ringing of the hall-door bell. I was the first to rush to the door, where I found Mr. Meade, solicitor and conducting agent of Mr. Dease, who had, he said, posted by car all the way from the county Louth on important and urgent business with me. I hurriedly dressed myself, and there, through hours that reached toward the dawn, we fought out the whole subject once more. My humility, never I suppose too great, was barely able to resist the “ flattering tale ” he urged. The gentleman associated with Mr. Dease in this matter, he said, was, as I knew, qualified to speak for the whole of the Liberal party ; and never would this important service be forgotten for me. He, Mr. Meade, was now authorized to say, in reference to my suggestion of selecting some one else, that for me alone would the money be forthcoming. If the

advantages of this grand stroke were lost to the cause of religious equality, I alone would be reproached hereafter.

There were but two days between us and the nomination. I had hardly ever felt so squeezed. Eventually I agreed that if some one of two gentlemen whom I undertook to name—the Hon. Judge Little or Mr. P. P. MacSwiney—did not consent to fight Colonel Taylor, I would do so myself. On the other hand, if either of them undertook to stand, the money was to be at their service as freely as it would have been at mine. We lost a day vainly trying to persuade Judge Little, and Mr. MacSwiney could give us no answer till he had consulted his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. As by this time it seemed I was “in for it,” I sat down and wrote out my election address to the free and independent electors, so as to have it ready for publication. Mr. MacSwiney’s final reply was to reach us at the Central Liberal Committee offices, St. Andrew’s Street, before 10 p.m. I found the room crowded with the *élite* of the Irish Liberal party : men usually among the gravest in sober commercial or professional circles were now as full of excitement as the youngest enthusiast. The *coup* in the county was the great topic. Mr. MacSwiney came in. He was rather disposed to stand, but—he hesitated. There was, he pleaded, no time for the requisite arrangements or preparations.

“What do you want?”

“I have not thought about a proposer or seconder.”

“Here are half a dozen in the room,” said Mr. Heron.

“There is no time to have friends at Kilmainham in the morning : and ‘the show of hands’ is a great deal.”

“Trust *me* for that,” said Mr. Devitt.

“Then I have not my election address written, and it ought to be in the morning papers.”

“*Here is one for you,*” said I, pulling my own out of my pocket and thrusting it into his hand.

“I’d like to read it over, and submit it to a few——”

“Oh, nonsense, man ! sign your name there, and let us instantly have the printers at work.”

He was good enough to say it was “just the thing.” Anyhow there was no time to compose another ; and on the election address so curiously supplied Dublin County election of 1868 was contested.

Some of us did not get to bed at all that night, there was so much to be done in the few hours at our command. Richard Devitt, with a mysterious air, pulled on his top-coat and said he must go off to secure a sufficient attendance of “the nobility and gentry of our noble county” for the much-desired “show of hands.” But I noted that it was to the unaristocratic locality of Ringsend that he drove for that purpose. I understood it all next morning when I found myself addressing as “Gentlemen electors of this great county,” a court-house full of the most cut-throat-looking rascals it had ever been my lot to behold. Colonel Taylor drove up to the hustings at ten in the morning, looking decidedly fluttered. He had heard the news ; he had just read Mr. MacSwiney’s address in the *Freeman* ; yet he would fain think it all a practical joke, merely an attempt to “take a rise out of him.” About a score of his friends, ladies and gentlemen, in gala attire, came on the scene, to witness as they thought the pleasing sight of a “walk-over.” At first they were utterly unable to comprehend what they saw and heard on entering the court. When they gathered the astounding fact that a “Radical” candidate was about to be proposed there and then, their indignation was ungovernable. The Tory magnates waxed positively furious with rage. The assemblage of Mr. Devitt’s “nobility and gentry” in the body of the court (the whole lot costing us three pounds ten and sixpence) was the most cruel stroke of all. They secured us not only the show of hands,—such hands !—but the shout of voices,—oh, what voices ! The fellows seemed to think we ought to give them the word to seize Colonel Taylor and his friends

bodily and cast them into the mill-race close by. We made great display of "moderating" them, well knowing that the most maddening wound we could inflict on our haughty opponents was the idea of being beholden to us for a hearing on that hustings where for generations their class had ruled omnipotent. If anything was required to satisfy me of the absurdity of open nominations and hustings and "show of hands," it was supplied by that scene.

Into the few days within which the county had to be polled the Liberals put the concentrated work and energy of their metropolitan forces. It was only on the day after the nomination that the genuine earnestness of the attempt was realized by the Church party. Then almost a panic prevailed, and "not a man can be spared" was the watchword. This meant for us that our victory would be elsewhere; and so it was. When on the polling day Colonel Taylor and Mr. Hamilton were going in triumphantly, they seemed to wonder why we were not crestfallen, or rather why we seemed so jubilant. They did not know that we had in our pockets telegrams proclaiming that our diversion in Dublin County had saved or won some half a dozen seats elsewhere for the cause of religious equality.

In three weeks the battle was virtually over, and Mr. Disraeli hauled down his flag. On the 2d of December he gave up the seals, and Mr. Gladstone was called to office. On the 9th the new cabinet was installed; on the next day Parliament opened. By the 29th the ministerial re-elections were over, and an adjournment took place to the 16th of February following.

On the 1st of March, 1869, Mr. Gladstone introduced the bill to disestablish the Irish Church. On the 18th the debate on the second reading commenced. It closed on the 23d, when ministers were found to have the overwhelming majority of 118 votes, or 368 to 250. On the 31st of May the bill passed the third reading by a vote of 361 to 247.

For a time there was intense anxiety and apprehension as

to the probable action of the House of Lords, in which it was well known there was a majority hostile to the measure, if only they dared to vote against it. Rumors of conflict between the two chambers, of a probable prorogation and "creation of peers," and other disquieting stories, abounded. In Ireland we felt confident the Lords would throw out the bill ; and we looked for serious results. A consciousness of the danger involved in such a course, however, brought wisdom to the peers. "July the Twelfth," as the Orangemen's ballad has it, they read the bill a third and last time ; and all was over. Disestablishment was an accomplished fact.

Fuit Ilium.

On the 26th July, 1869, the Irish Church Bill received the royal assent. Protests, solemn, earnest, passionate,—denunciations loud and long and bitter,—burst from the vanquished defenders ; but their exclamations were drowned in the general rejoicing. The Dissenting churches gave praise that the day of subjection was at an end. A *Triduum* was celebrated in the Catholic Pro-Cathedral of Dublin. The municipal council of the Irish metropolis, with unusual formality and impressiveness, voted an address of thanks and congratulation to Mr. Gladstone.* Everywhere men realized that a great event—almost a revolution—had occurred. But few indeed saw at the moment that the indirect, or rather reflex, action and influence of that event was to effect the important changes which ensued. The overthrow of religious ascendancy in Ireland was a great work ; but another achievement came with it. For the first time in history the *English People* were set a thinking—inquiring, reading, investigating, and reasoning—upon the general Irish question. Previously they had turned away from the worry and heart-break of such a perplexing and vexatious study, and gave a proxy to their

* If I say that it faithfully expressed the enthusiastic feeling of the Irish people at the time, I may perhaps be guilty of undue partiality, inasmuch as the framing of its terms was entirely committed to me, and my draft was adopted by acclamation.

Government to think for them and act for them in dealing with Ireland. What the Government told them, they accepted uninquiringly ; what the Government asked of them, they gave with alacrity. They thought it hard that they should always have to be doing something for Ireland, and always needing to punish or repress her ; but “ the Government knew what was best.” The Disestablishment campaign, however, filled England with genuine interest in Irish history ; and Englishmen—that is, the bulk of the people—awoke to the idea that the Irish were not, perhaps, after all a wholly intractable and perverse race, nor wholly accountable for the failings and shortcomings they displayed. In short, the Newspaper and the School had been doing their work east as well as west of St. George’s Sea ; and side by side with the New Ireland a New England also had arisen !

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONGFORD.

THE Church was disestablished. England had "broken with Irish Protestantism." In the course of the great campaign we had heard what Irish Protestants in this event would do ; and now all eyes were turned upon them. They had made a brave but unavailing fight, and if they now gave way to the language of mortification and resentment, they had, from their own point of view, many reasons for such feelings. Some of the Church Conservative journals were very bitter. The pacification of Ireland, the banishment of disaffection, had been largely relied upon as an object and prophesied as a result of Disestablishment ; and now the fondest hope of the exasperated Church party seemed to be that the ministerial arguments and expectations in this respect might be utterly falsified. Every symptom of disorder or disturbance was hailed with delight. Anything like a revival of Fénianism would have been a godsend. As it was, every ebullition of disaffection or Nationalism that appeared was magnified and made the most of. The Fenians, to their amazement, found themselves referred to as "fine manly fellows," "more honest any day than that caitiff Gladstone." The movement in favor of amnesty to the political prisoners, which sprung up about this time, was the chief consolation forthcoming. "Behold !" cried the *Express* and *Mail*, "you thought to tranquilize Ireland by sacrificing our Church ; see how you have failed !" Every denunciation hurled by amnesty speakers at the Government was gleefully reproduced. Every threatening letter posted on a bailiff's

door was paraded. In fact, it seemed as if there was not a blackthorn flourished nor a hen-roost robbed in all the land that some Tory paper did not quote the awful fact as one of the "fruits of Disestablishment."

Amidst all this unreason and absurdity of irritation, however, a serious growth of thought was silently working its way in the minds of many Irish Protestants. The recent debates and arguments on the *status* and rights of the Irish Church had cast men back a good deal on the Union period wherein those rights were laid down under covenant. Necessarily the debates in the Irish Parliament were read up. The speeches of Grattan and Plunket and Saurin and Curran were constantly referred to. Irish Protestants felt a glow of pride as the reflection came that these men were their coreligionists. While the Church newspapers were noisily railing at Gladstone, and threatening England with an Ireland less satisfied than ever, a serious purpose was forming in the minds of men who contemplated the situation from a higher level than that of a mere party platform. It may be doubted that there ever was a time since 1800 when Irish Protestants as a body believed that Irish affairs could be better understood and cared for in a London legislature than in an Irish parliament. Concern for their rights, privileges, and possessions as a minority in the midst of a dangerous Catholic majority was the real reason why they supported the Union system. In that system, absorbed into the triple kingdom as a whole, they were a majority; endowed with the strength, the *status*, the rights of a majority. The worst blunders or shortcomings of London legislation were better for them, and more acceptable, than the hazards to their religion and property involved in an Irish parliament returned and dominated by "the priests." Were they but reasonably assured against separation from the empire, against confiscation of their properties, and against "the yoke of Rome," they would be found almost to a man demanding the restoration of the national legislature in Col-

lege Green. Ah, if these Irish millions were not so blindly led by their priests in politics, what a movement might now be possible ! But no man durst trust himself to a parliament elected by fanatics who would vote black white at the bidding of their clergy !

Such were the thoughts surging through the minds of many Irish Protestants in the autumn of 1869. Suddenly a remarkable event challenged their wonder, and enabled them to realize the fact that they lived no longer in the Ireland of old times.

In December, 1869, Mr. Gladstone raised to the peerage Colonel Fulke Greville-Nugent, of Clonyn, county Westmeath, member of Parliament for Longford County. Colonel Greville-Nugent was much respected as a landlord, and as a Liberal in politics had discharged his public duties fairly and honorably. For thirty years Longford was a seat which, to put it plainly, was in the gift of the Catholic clergy. They had in fierce struggle wrested it from the Conservative landlords in O'Connell's time, and firmly held it ever since. They almost invariably fought along with and for the Liberal landlords ; but that they could beat these as well as the Tory magnates they proved in 1862, when they rejected Colonel White (now Lord Annaly), a long-time friend and leading Liberal, because he accepted office under Lord Palmerston. They entertained the warmest regard for Colonel Greville-Nugent,—a Protestant, it may be noted ; and it is said that before he accepted the coronet he was privately assured in their name that, as a token of their feelings toward him, his seat for the county would be passed to any member of his family he might name. He selected one of his younger sons, Captain Reginald Greville-Nugent, to succeed him. It never once occurred to the new peer or to the Catholic clergy that this mode of giving away parliamentary seats, though at one time not only possible but customary in Ireland, belonged to an order of things that had silently passed away.

Shortly before, one of the most remarkable elections on

record had taken place in Tipperary. In the summer of 1869 the agitation for an amnesty to the Fenian prisoners had, from a very modest beginning, attained to formidable power. Monster meetings, very nearly as vast as those which O'Connell addressed a quarter of a century before, now assembled to hear Mr. Butt plead in earnest tones for the men who had loved Ireland "not wisely but too well." When in the autumn news came that Government had formally refused the appeal for clemency, there was considerable exasperation. A touch of their former violence and intolerance seemed to return to the Fenians ; for, making ungrateful requital of the popular sympathy they had received, they invaded and broke up several Tenant-Right meetings, refusing to allow any such demonstrations, seeing that those for the prisoners had been fruitless ! At this juncture a vacancy was created in the representation of Tipperary by the death of Mr. Charles Moore of Mooresfort. There was some perplexity and delay in selecting a popular or Liberal candidate ; and at length Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C., was invited, and consented, to stand. Almost at the last moment some one suggested that it would be a very effective rejoinder to the refusal of amnesty if one of the prisoners were elected to the vacant seat ! This was just the sort of proceeding calculated to strike the fancy of Tipperary. Although at first the proposition was treated more as a joke than a reality, it was taken up seriously by the "advanced Nationalists" in the county ; and O'Donovan Rossa, as the most defiant of "the men in jail," was chosen to be the candidate. The Catholic clergy tried to dissuade the people from what they considered a fruitless and absurd proceeding ; but to vote against Rossa seemed like a stroke at amnesty, and the bulk of the electors decided to abstain or else cast a voice for "the prisoner-candidate." Out of twelve thousand on the register only about two thousand came to the poll ; but of these a decided majority—1054 to 898—voted for Rossa. Within a few days of the Tipperary Rossa election came the Longford vacancy.

There were rumors that in Longford the example of Tipperary would be followed ; and as a matter of fact it was for a moment contemplated by the friends of the prisoners to put forward Thomas Clarke Luby as candidate. Men supposed to be especially acquainted with popular feeling in Longford were consulted, and they emphatically declared that, while sympathy for amnesty was strong, anything like a Fenian demonstration would be entirely opposed to the general sentiment. It would be violently resisted by the Catholic clergy, and be regretted or condemned by non-Fenian Nationalists. To a young gentleman of Longford town, Mr. James Behan Murtagh, a member of an extensive and wealthy manufacturing firm in the west of Ireland, this decision, and all the important results that followed upon it, were most largely due. He was widely popular in the county. Whether as a member of the county cricket club, bat in hand, or at a hurling-match with the peasantry, or twirling a blackthorn in a "little misunderstanding" at fair or market, he was equally at home. He took strong ground against any course that would inevitably challenge a conflict with the clergy, but was decidedly for unfurling the National flag. Why not, he asked, give up this idea of running a Fenian prisoner, and put forward a National candidate around whom all might rally in the name of Ireland ? Why not start John Martin ? The esteem in which he was generally held, his pure and unsullied character, his sufferings and sacrifices, marked him out as a man by whose side patriotic Irishmen, priests and laymen, would readily stand. The fact of Mr. Martin's absence in America at the moment, Mr. Murtagh pointed out, would but make the compliment to him more striking and the political event more significant.

The suggestion was accepted. The idea of proposing a Fenian prisoner was relinquished. The men of Longford undertook to propose Mr. Martin,—the extreme party not only acquiescing but promising to work for him as heartily as for a man of their own. The proceedings had reached

this stage before I was made aware of them. One morning in the first week of December, 1869, I received a hurried dispatch from J. B. Murtagh : "John Martin is to be our man. We announce you, as his most trusted friend, to appear on his behalf. Help us all you can. Come down at once." Next post came a letter to say they were about to wait upon the Catholic clergy, whose best wishes they were sanguine of securing. Their astonishment was great on learning that these reverend gentlemen had some idea of putting forward young Mr. Greville-Nugent. The fact that they were virtually pledged to him—had promised him the seat—did not come out for a few days subsequently. Here arose a singular complication, a conflict that was eventually carried to the bitterest extremes. It is very likely that had the clergy thought any considerable section of the laity desired the return of John Martin they would have hesitated—some of them would—before they involved themselves in the complimentary bestowal of the seat on Mr. Nugent. It is more than probable that had the National party known at first how far the clergy were really committed to Mr. Nugent they would have "thought three times" before they raised a contest, incensed as they might feel at such a proceeding. Which side was now to give way ? "Oh," said the Nationalists, "on the public announcement of John Martin's candidature the opinion of the country will so unmistakably manifest itself that the monstrous idea of pitting an unknown youth against him will be abandoned." "Oh," said the priests, "*we* are the depositaries of power. The seat is in our hands. The moment we put forward our man, the hopelessness of opposing him will be so patent that the others will retire."

I saw what was likely to arise out of this difficulty, and I made great exertions to compose it. Not that I could be for a moment indifferent between the two candidates ; but I hoped that by temperately putting before the clergy the serious issues involved, they would either withdraw Mr.

Nugent, or, in a friendly spirit, let the people poll for John Martin if so minded.* Unfortunately, they took a high and haughty tone. For sufficient reasons they had selected Mr. Nugent, and they would put down any attempt to thwart their action. This Martin candidature, they said, was "Fenianism," and they would crush it under foot. The priests of Longford would show their power.

"But even suppose you vote for your man, and support him fairly, you surely do not mean that we who love and revere John Martin, and wish to see this honor conferred on him, are not free to push his candidature?"

"We will let you see that," said the clergy.

Here in the face of the empire was an issue raised the importance of which to Ireland was serious. Here was the critical moment to verify or refute the story that Irish Catholics would blindly vote at the priests' dictation. No one raised any question as to the public and personal merits of the two candidates. The idea of weighing young Mr. Greville-Nugent against John Martin was too absurd, and it was not attempted on either side. The whole case was narrowed to the one point,—accepting Mr. Greville-Nugent because the priests had so determined it, rejecting John Martin at the bidding of the Longford clergy.

"Fight, fight!" I cried, when the answer of haughty defiance was reported to me. "It will be a war as cruel as one between father and son, brother and brother; but we must fight to the last gasp. No retreat, no compromise now. These men do not see that surrender on our part would corroborate one of the most fatal imputations against them and against us, namely, that we would 'vote black white' at their bidding. If we yield on this point, what Protestant Irishman can trust us as fellow-citizens? If we poll but a

* This latter course was adopted with the best results by the Catholic clergy of Meath in an almost identical difficulty some time afterward.

dozen men, we must meet this issue foot to foot. It is not now so much a question of returning John Martin, as of asserting an important public principle."

It was with a good deal of incredulity that Protestants watched the early stages of this Longford business. That it would end in the submission of the National party to the clergy they quite concluded. That the people would persevere, that the Catholic laity would, for an Ulster Presbyterian candidate, dare to encounter their own clergy on the hustings and in the polling-booth, was something too improbable to be seriously dwelt upon. Had not the Catholic priests for thirty years been virtually the returning officers of Irish Liberal constituencies? The Catholic gentry had no doubt occasionally disputed supremacy with them; but when had the rank and file of the electors themselves ever claimed the right to independent action? Was it not an accepted custom in Irish politics that the priests selected the candidate, and the people voted at their bidding?

One section of the community, beyond all others, fastened on Longford an eager gaze, watched every move of this singular event with breathless anxiety. It was to be for them the solution of a critical problem, the decision of a momentous question. Irish Protestants, whom recent events had so powerfully affected, had been brought as it were to the very threshold of National opinions, looked on amazed and expectant. Could it be that their terror of "priestly dictation" was about to be dispelled? Could it be that on a purely political issue Catholics would claim and assert, even against their own clergy, an independence of action which Protestants themselves could not exceed? If this were so, an important political combination was near at hand.

It was so. Neither the Irish Protestants nor the Longford Catholic clergy were fully conscious of the change from the Ireland of 1840 to the Ireland of 1870.

The quarrels of long-time friends are often the most bitter of all. This contest between priest and people was fought

with a fierceness which surpassed the struggles between Tory landlordism and popular power. The clergy put forth their utmost exertions ; and they carried with them the bulk of the rural electors. The Catholic Liberals among the gentry of course were with Lord Greville to a man. The local Conservatives, perplexed and half incredulous, were neutral, or else supported the Martin side. Some of them took this latter course to spite the priests and Mr. Gladstone ; many did so from sincere and honorable sympathy with the principles of tolerance and civil liberty which in their judgment underlay the conflict.

I had been all my life on the side of the Catholic clergy. On nearly every public issue in Irish politics till now I had fought where they led. I was "Ultramontane" in the most extreme application of that term. I honored and admired the spirit in which on the whole the Catholic priests had exercised the political leadership or influence which historical circumstances had placed in their hands. I had resisted, and would ever resist, attempts to exclude them from political action, or to deny their right to be largely deferred to in public affairs. All I hoped from the Longford clergy now was that they would, on the question of John Martin or Reginald Greville-Nugent, grant us the right to differ. My hope was rudely dispelled. I had the pleasure of hearing myself denounced by them as a "Garibaldian," an "Orangeman." Of course to none but the most ignorant of the population could such stories be told ; and these, poor fellows, their feelings intensely aroused by the idea of "Dublin Orangemen" coming to "attack" their clergy, burst upon the Martin meetings in savage fury. "Away with the Garibaldian crew who want to murder our clergy ! Greville forever !"

The mobs were not all on one side ; nor was all the violence of language and action. The county from end to end was the scene of disorder and conflict. The people, however, seemed to take to it rather familiarly. Work was suspended.

Blackthorns and shillelaghs were in request. Sticking-plaster was extensively worn. It was hazardous to walk street or highway at night, as some patrolling party was sure to be encountered, who sang out "Greville?" or "Martin?" If the wayfarer responded sympathetically, all was well. If not, a scientific touch on the cranium laid him recumbent to study the pending political issues. My brother informed me that he found "committee-rooms" were places where piles of "weapons" were kept for defensive and offensive operations. One night he arrived at the village of Ballymahon, to meet the "committee" and go over the registry. The "committee" had all, evidently, been through the surgery. They discussed whisky punch, and told of some "beautiful practice" they had seen on the part of a few "Ratheline boys" a day or two previously. Suddenly there was a quick and heavy tramping on the stairs. The door of the room was burst open, and young John Murtagh rushed in. Deigning no glance or greeting, he tore off his top-coat, exclaiming, "Sticks! Sticks!"

In an instant every committee-man had sprung to a corner of the room where some "neat timber" stood, seized a blackthorn, and dashed down-stairs and into the street. For half an hour or so it was evident that stiff work was going on. Then, as usual, most vexatiously, the police interfered and interrupted an exceedingly satisfactory encounter.*

* At the town of Granard a sort of challenge battle between the Grevillites and Martinites was to come off. The parties assembled, to the number of two or three thousand on each side; but to their great discomfiture a large force of foot and mounted police occupied the town, and so marched and countermarched as to prevent the combatants from getting within reach of each other. After the day had been nearly "wasted" in this way, the leaders on each side contrived to throw signals of parley to one another. They quietly slipped away for a moment, and met in a "boreen" close by.

"This is too bad."

"Oh, shameful!"

"No chance with these peeler fellows."

In every Irish election the street ballad-singer is as important a power as the platform orator or the village band, and I never knew an Irish election poet that did not invoke the "Shan Van Vocht." Literally this phrase means the "Poor Old Woman," the words poor and old being applied in a tenderly sympathetic sense ; but for centuries the "Shan Van Vocht" has been a figurative allusion to Ireland, and used as a refrain in popular ballads innumerable. Of course the streets and roads, the fairs and markets, of Longford resounded with ballads, chiefly "Martinite," the bard occasionally coming in for a touch of martyrdom. One of these lays, the production of a local genius, has survived in my possession, and I quote a few sample verses :

" Still on nomination day,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 Faith 'twas better than a play,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 On Longford Bridge the fight
 When Drumlish in its might
 Was by Martin's put to flight,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

" It was mighty edifying,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 To see sticks and stones a flying,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 And religion went astray,
 With Father Felix in the fray,
 Till he had to run away,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"None. 'Tis disgusting !"

"I'll tell you what. There's a lovely spot, the big meadow on the Edgeworthstown road, half a mile from us. Let us pretend to separate and go home, but agree to meet there in half an hour !"

"Beautiful ! Just the thing !"

They parted, and tried the maneuver agreed upon ; but it was no use ; the police were up to it, and the belligerents had to disperse homeward in good earnest, declaring "these peelers" a great nuisance !

“ Oh ! the bould men of Ratheline,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
On that morning they did shine,
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
And the boys from Curraghroe,
With Clondra men in a row,
Oh ! 'tis they the stones can throw,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.”

The funds required for the Martin candidature were contributed by public subscriptions, which poured in from all parts of Ireland. It was notable that a great portion came from the Catholic clergy. They deplored the error of their reverend brethren in Longford ; they grieved intensely over the conflict we had raised, but quite saw that of two evils acquiescence in that error would be much the greater. As a body they had ever exercised the popular proxy wisely and unselfishly. They would fearlessly brave popular caprice or unreason ; but they ambitioned no dominance, they shrank from the idea of wielding the clerical power in opposition to the legitimate freedom of their flocks. And even as regards the priests of Longford, it must be remembered for them that they fought very much on a point of honor toward Lord Greville. They were no bigots. The man for whom they risked and lost so much in this conflict was “ Protestant of the Protestants.”

Thursday, the 30th of December, 1869, was nomination-day, and on the previous evening, accompanied by Mr. Ryan, a Dublin merchant who warmly sympathized in the Longford contest, I set out from Dublin in order to represent Mr. Martin at the proceedings. Telegrams represented Longford town as “ safe for Martin,” and the secretary of the Amnesty Association in Dublin would insist on sending down along with us a brass band, with gorgeous baton and big drum complete. It was ten o'clock at night when we reached the town, and above the noise of wheel and engine we could hear loud shouting as the train pulled up. On the platform, with faces full of anxiety and alarm, were my

brother, Mr. Hanly, conducting solicitor for Mr. Martin, and a few other friends. With them, evidently looking out for me, were some of the railway officials.

“What’s up?” I cried.

“Up! The station is surrounded by a Grevillite mob. The town is in their possession. Word was wired to the enemy from Dublin that you and Mr. Ryan were coming. Keep quiet: we must see what course to adopt.”

Yells outside the station, and a thundering of sticks on the gate, lent force to the story.

A moment’s reflection showed the best course to be a start at once, along with the other passenger arrivals, for the various hotels. To remain behind was to increase the danger. Mr. Ryan and I jumped into a cab and drove off. A howling mob, sticks in hand, surged around, peered into our faces, but happily, not recognizing us, let us pass on. We reached our hotel in safety. Only then did the thought strike me,—what of my brother and Mr. Hanly? “They will be murdered if they attempt to leave the station,” I cried. “And then there are the unfortunate bandsmen whom Nolan, confound him, would insist on sending down.” “Oh, be sure they will be kept there till morning,” rejoined Mr. Ryan. “Don’t be alarmed.”

Soon we heard shouts approaching, and the noise of a drum. After a while the street outside the window presented a strange sight. The mob had discovered the band trying to escape by a back way from the station, had set upon and beaten the musicians, and captured and smashed the instruments. The *disjecta membra* were now being triumphally borne through the town as trophies.

While I was gazing with amazement at the scene, my brother and friends entered the room, streaming with blood from wounds on the head. They had, they said, fortunately escaped very well on the whole. The chase after the poor bandsmen had diverted attention from them, and they had got very nearly to the door before they were recognized.

Next morning the mobs that had bivouacked through the night around large fires in the streets prepared for the great encounter,—the fight for the court-house, so as to secure the “show of hands.” At one time it seemed as if a pitched battle would be fought outside that building. Stones flew through the air; the crash of windows and the shouts of combatants were heard on all sides. The resident magistrates and county inspector of police behaved with great coolness and temper. Mr. Murtagh, Mr. Hanly, my brother, and myself succeeded in reaching where they stood. I proposed to Mr. Talbot, R.M. (now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police), that if he would see fair play exercised as to the admission of Mr. Martin’s friends into the court-house, we would call on the Martin party to cease all conflict and retire from the town. He cheerfully assented, and we flung ourselves between the combatants. I doubt if I ever had such close escapes of fatal injury in all my life as during those five minutes. We succeeded. A line of military, with fixed bayonets, was drawn around the court-house, and detachments of Grevillites and Martinites admitted in turn. The former, however, succeeded in having the best of it. When I came forward to speak for Mr. Martin, drawing short sticks from under their vests, the Grevillites in the body of the court dashed at the hustings with savage cries. It certainly was oratory under difficulties. Every period in my speech was marked by a crash upon the wooden paneling in front of where I stood, and by the sweep of half a dozen bludgeons reaching much nearer to my head than was at all calculated to increase my composure.

The clergy conquered at the polls. John Martin’s candidature was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Greville-Nugent was returned by 1478 votes to 411. The day was lost, yet won. The object we had striven for was virtually attained. Every one realized the importance of the struggle. The event was unique in Irish politics. Many of us Catholic Nationalists who fought the fight sorrowed

to think that the adversaries with whom this conflict had been waged were our own priests, whom we truly loved. But we felt that one of the first conditions of our national existence was at stake. Common action for our common country would be impossible between us and our Protestant fellow-citizens if we had surrendered on the issue raised in this struggle. A calumny on the great body of the Catholic clergy would receive a certain measure of corroboration—a distorted view of their action in politics would be strengthened—if we allowed the error of the Longford priests to prevail unquestioned in the face of Ireland. We looked into the future, and we felt that time would vindicate our motives and prove the wisdom of our policy. Nor had we long to wait for striking results. Irish Protestants, hesitating no further in distrust or doubt, called aloud to the Catholic millions that the time had come for reconciliation and union. With a quickness that was marvelous the acerbities of sectarian antagonisms seemed to vanish. Already from Protestant lips came the shout of “Home Rule!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“HOME RULE.”

ON the evening of Thursday, the 19th of May, 1870, a strange assemblage was gathered in the great room of the Bilton Hotel, Dublin. It was a private meeting of some of the leading merchants and professional men of the metropolis, of various political and religious opinions, to exchange views upon the condition of Ireland. Glancing around the room, one might ask if the millennium had arrived. Here were men of the most opposite parties, men who never before met in politics save as irreconcilable foes. The Orangeman and the Ultramontane, the stanch Conservative and the sturdy Liberal, the Nationalist Repealer and the Imperial Unionist, the Fenian sympathizer and the devoted loyalist, sat in free and friendly counsel, discussing a question which any time for fifty years previously would have instantly sundered such men into a dozen factions arrayed in stormy conflict. It was one of those meetings axiomatically held to be “impossible” in Ireland, as may be understood by a glance over the subjoined list of those who composed it. I indicate in most instances the religious and political opinions of the gentlemen named, and include a few who were added to constitute a “Committee on Resolutions.”

The Rt. Hon. Edward Purdon, Lord Mayor, Mansion House, Protestant Conservative.

Sir John Barrington, ex-Lord Mayor, D.L., Great Britain Street, Protestant Conservative.

E. H. Kinahan, J.P., ex-High Sheriff, Merrion Square, Tory.

James V. Mackey, J.P., Beresford Place, Orangeman.

James W. Mackey, ex-Lord Mayor, J.P., 40 Westmoreland Street, Catholic Liberal.

Sir William Wilde, Merrion Square, F.R.C.S.I., Prot. Cons.

James Martin, J.P., ex-High Sheriff, North Wall, Cath. Lib.

Cornelius Denehy, T.C., J.P., Mountjoy Square, Cath. Lib.

W. L. Erson, J.P., Great Charles Street, Or.

Rev. Joseph E. Galbraith, F.T.C.D., Trinity College, Prot. Cons.

Isaac Butt, Q.C., Eccles Street, Prot. Nationalist.

R. B. Butt, Eccles Street, Prot. Nat.

R. W. Boyle, Banker, College Green, Tory.

William Campbell, 26 Gardiner's Place, Cath. Lib.

William Daniel, Mary Street, Cath. Lib.

William Deaker, P.L.G., Eden Quay, Prot. Cons.

Alderman Gregg, Sackville Street, Prot. Cons.

Alderman Hamilton, Frederick Street, Cath. Repealer.

W. W. Harris, LL.D., ex-High Sheriff of the county Armagh, Eccles Street, Prot. Cons.

Edward M. Hodson, Capel Street, Prot. Cons.

W. H. Kerr, Capel Street, Prot. Cons.

Major Knox, D.L., Fitzwilliam Square (proprietor of *Irish Times*), Prot. Cons.

Graham Lemon, Town Commissioner of Clontarf, Yew Park, Prot. Cons.

J. F. Lombard, J.P., South Hill, Cath. Repealer.

W. P. J. McDermott, Great Britain Street, Cath. Rep.

Alexander McNeale, 104 Gardiner Street, Prot. Cons.

W. Maher, T.C., P.L.G., Clontarf, Cath. Rep.

Alderman Manning, J.P., Grafton Street, Prot. Cons.

John Martin, Kilbroney, “Forty-eight” Nationalist, Presbyterian.

Dr. Maunsell, Parliament Street (editor of *Evening Mail*), Tory.

George Moyers, Richmond Street, Or.

J. Nolan, Sackville Street (Secretary Fenian Amnesty Association), Cath. Nat.

James O'Connor, Abbey Street (late of *Irish People*), Cath. Fenian.

Anthony O'Neill, T.C., North Strand, Cath. Rep.

Thomas Ryan, Great Brunswick Street, Cath. Nat.

J. H. Sawyer, M.D., Stephen's Green, Prot. Nat.

James Reilly, P.L.G., Pill Lane, Cath. Nat.

Alderman Plunket, James's Street, Cath. Nat. Rep.

The Venerable Archdeacon Goold, D.D., M.B., Prot. Tory.

A. M. Sullivan, Abbey Street, Cath. Nat. Rep.

Peter Talty, Henry Street, Cath. Rep.

William Shaw, M.P., Beaumont, Cork (President of Munster Bank), Prot. Lib.

Captain Edward R. King-Harman, J.P., Creevaghmore, county of Longford, Prot. Cons.

Hon. Lawrence Harman King-Harman, D.L., Newcastle, county of Longford, Prot. Cons.

George Austin, Town Commissioner of Clontarf, Winstonville, Prot. Cons.

Dr. Barry, Rathmines, Cath. Lib.

George Beatty, Henrietta Street, Prot. Cons.

Joseph Begg, Capel Street, Cath. Nat. (Treasurer of Fenian Amnesty Association).

Robert Callow, Alderman, Westland Row.

Edward Carrigan, Bachelor's Walk, Cath. Lib.

Charles Connolly, Rogerson's Quay, Cath. Lib.

D. B. Cronin, Nassau Street, Cath. Fenian.

John Wallis, T.C., Bachelor's Walk, Prot. Cons.

P. Walsh, Merrion Row, Cath. Nat.

John Webster, Monkstown, Prot. Cons.

George F. Shaw, F.T.C.D., Trinity College, Prot. Cons.

P. J. Smyth, Dalkey, Cath. Nat. Repealer.

George E. Stephens, Blackhall Place, Prot. Cons.

Henry H. Stewart, M.D., Eccles Street, Prot. Cons.

L. J. O'Shea, J.P., Margaret Place. Cath. Rep.

Alfred Webb, Abbey Street, Nat., "Friend."

"What can we do for Ireland?" they asked. The Protestant Conservatives spoke up. Some of them were men of large property as country gentlemen; others were among the wealthiest and most influential merchants of the metropolis. "It is impossible for us," they said, "to view the events of the past five years without feeling it incumbent on us, as we value the welfare of our country and regard the safety and security of all we possess, to make some step toward a reconciliation or agreement with the National sentiment. In that sentiment, as we understand it, there is much we can never assent to. Some of the designs associated with it shall ever encounter our resistance. But we have never concealed from ourselves, and indeed have never denied, that in the main the aspiration for national autonomy is one which has sound

reason and justice, as well as historical right, behind it. We wish to be frank and clear : we will have no part in disloyal plans ; we will have no separation from England. But we feel that the scheme of one parliament for all purposes, imperial and local, has been a failure ; that the attempt to force consolidation on the Irish people, to destroy their national individuality, has been simply disastrous. However attractive in theory for imperial statesmen, that project has utterly broken down in fact and reality. It has cost us perpetual insecurity, recurrent insurrection. It may suit English politicians to cling to the experiment still, and pursue it through another fifty years, always ‘just going to succeed this time ;’ but for us Irish Protestants, whose lot is cast in this country, and whose all in the world is within these seas, it is time to think whether we cannot take into our own hands the solution of this problem. We want peace, we want security, we want loyalty to the throne, we want connection with England ; but we will no longer have our domestic affairs committed to a London parliament. The question is whether we can agree upon an arrangement that would harmonize those national aspirations in which we largely participate with that imperial connection which we desire to retain.”

Such was the tenor and substance of a discussion or conversation which extended upward of an hour. The probability of certain taunts being leveled at them was discoursed upon. “It will be said we are uttering these sentiments now out of spite against England for disestablishing our Church ” (which was quite true of *some* of them). “As to that, we freely say two considerations have hitherto ruled us. First, to the covenant with England in reference to our Church we certainly were faithful. Some of us regretted that bargain, and boldly avow, now that England has violated it, that we feel more free as Irishmen, and shall be none the worse as Protestants. Secondly, we did entertain, no doubt, an apprehension as to how Roman Catholics, who

are numerically the bulk of this nation, might exercise their political power under the pressure of ecclesiastical authority. As to the first consideration, the Act of Union is now dissolved ; the covenant has been torn up. As to the second, reading the signs of the times, we believe we may fearlessly dismiss the suspicions and apprehensions that have hitherto caused us to mistrust our Roman Catholic countrymen."

Sitting silently observant of this remarkable scene was a man who perhaps more than any other living Irishman held in his hands the political destinies of the country at that moment. Isaac Butt was born at Glenfin, county Donegal, in 1815, being the son of the Protestant rector of that place. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he rapidly rose to distinction. He had barely passed his majority when he was elected to the professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin. He was called to the bar in November, 1838, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1844, one of the few Irish advocates who wore "silk" at the age of twenty-nine. From his earliest college days he was a politician, and thirty years ago was the rising hope of the Irish Protestant Conservative party. He was their youthful champion, selected in 1844 to do battle against O'Connell himself in a great four-day debate on Repeal in the Dublin Corporation. All Tory as young Butt was, he had a thoroughly Irish heart, and an intense love of the principles of liberty. In the debate with O'Connell, it is remarkable to note that he confined himself almost entirely to an argument that the Union experiment had not been fully tried. At the close of the encounter his great antagonist, after paying a high tribute to his genius, prophesied that Isaac Butt would one day be found "in the ranks of the Irish people." Early in 1852 he was invited by the English Conservatives to stand for Harwich, which borough he represented up to the dissolution in the summer of that year, when he was, as we have noted elsewhere, returned for Youghal. At the bar he attained to a high position. He took a leading part in all

the great trials, civil and political, from 1844 to the State prosecutions just concluded. He for a time gave himself up almost exclusively to a parliamentary career. In 1864, however, he was called from London to Ireland to conduct one of the most important mercantile causes of the period. At its close, instead of returning to parliamentary pursuits, he ceased to attend the House of Commons, and devoted himself more closely than ever to professional labors. In 1865 he stood *facile princeps* in the front rank of Irish advocates. The Fenian prisoners, beset by many and serious difficulties as to their defense, turned to him as one whose name alone was a tower of strength. Not in vain did they appeal to his chivalrous generosity, his love of constitutional liberty, his sympathy with those struggling against the severities of power. He flung himself with ardor to their side ; and once his feelings were aroused and his sympathies enlisted in their fate, he never gave them up. For the greater part of four years, sacrificing to a considerable extent a splendid practice in more lucrative engagements, he buried himself, so to speak, in the prolonged and desperate effort of their defense. No wonder that in 1868 he had earned their gratitude and won their confidence. Four years of such sad work meanwhile wrought powerfully with his sympathetic nature. In 1869 he accepted the position of President of the Amnesty Association, and soon became the one great figure in Irish popular politics.

Immediately on the fall of the Irish Church he saw what was coming in Ireland. He knew the feelings—the fears, the hopes, the questionings—that surged in the breasts of his fellow-Protestants. He determined to use the great power which now rested with him in an endeavor to close forever the era of revolt and bloodshed, to unite in a common work of patriotism Irishmen long divided by class and creed distinctions, and to establish between Ireland and England a union of friendship and justice which might defy the shocks of time.

At this Bilton Hotel conference he listened long to the utterances of his fellow-Protestants, many of them the familiar associates of his college days. He marked their fears about disloyalty, their apprehensions that the Fenians and the Romanists would be content with nothing less than separation. He rose to his feet and spoke with great earnestness. "It is *we*—it is our inaction, our desertion of the people and the country, the abdication of our position and duties—that have cast these men into the eddies and whirlpools of rebellion," he said. "If you are but ready to lead them by constitutional courses to their legitimate national rights, they are ready to follow you. Trust me, we have all grievously wronged the Irish Catholics, priests and laymen. As for the men whom misgovernment has driven into revolt, I say for them that if they cannot aid you they will not thwart your experiment. Arise! Be bold! Have faith; have confidence, and you will save Ireland; not Ireland alone, but England also!"

He concluded by proposing

"That it is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish parliament with full control over our domestic affairs."

The chairman put the resolution to the meeting. "As many as are of opinion that this resolution do pass say, 'Ay.'" A shout of "Ay" rang through the room. "The contrary will say, 'No.'" Not a dissentient voice was heard. Then every one, greatly astonished, burst into a cheer; the first heard that evening, so grave and earnest and almost solemn had been the tone of the deliberations.

This was the birth of the Irish Home Rule movement.

A "Committee on Resolutions," comprising all the participators in the private conference, was charged with the difficult and delicate task of formulating the national demand which they proposed to recommend to the country. They carefully disclaimed for themselves any representative char-

acter, or any right to speak or act in the name of Ireland. They proposed merely to ascertain what support such a scheme as they meditated might command, with the view of eventually submitting it to some formal assembly competent to speak with the national authority. In due time the committee reported the following as the fundamental resolutions of an organization to be called “The Home Government Association of Ireland.”

“I.—This association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a national parliament.

“II.—It is hereby declared, as the essential principle of this association, that the objects, and THE ONLY OBJECTS, contemplated by its organization are—

“To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland ;

“To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditures ;

“To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the United Empire with foreign states, and all matters appertaining to the defense and the stability of the empire at large.

“To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

“III.—The association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon these general principles.

“IV.—The association will endeavor to forward the object it has in view, by using all legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain, by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion, and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.

“V.—It is declared to be an essential principle of the association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion, except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the association.”

This was not “Repeal,” as O’Connell’s scheme was loosely and imperfectly called. O’Connell entirely avoided defining his plan of arrangement. By “Repeal” he caused the people to understand the one simple fact that the illegal overthrow of the Irish constitution in 1800 was to be undone. But in 1844 he knew right well that reverting to the state of things previous to 1800 would in many respects be impossible, and in others mischievous. He knew that many international arrangements, compromises, checks, and counterpoises would have to be agreed upon; but he never attempted to outline or define any plan. This vagueness, while on the one hand it saved him from attack on details as well as principles, on the other gave room for Protestant alarm and apprehension. Repeal *plus* all the changes of the past forty years was very nearly separation; and O’Connell would not show his hand as to future details or guarantees.

This new plan of the Home Government association took the other course. It attempted to suggest or indicate the nature of the arrangements under which the unity of the empire might be secured equally with Irish management of Irish affairs. In this sense it was at once less and more than “Repeal.” The pre-Union system had two serious faults,—one hazardous to the English connection, the other perilous to Irish liberties. The voting of Irish supplies, not merely for domestic but general and imperial purposes, the voting of men, money, or material for the navy and the army, lay altogether with the Irish parliament. This was a state of things too uncertain and dangerous for British ministers to be really content with. It was a perpetual inducement, in the interests of imperial unity and safety, to a

consolidation of the parliaments. On the other hand, the Irish parliament had no responsible ministry. Its vote was as powerless to remove a cabinet as to stir the Hill of Howth. The result was a standing menace to the freedom of the assembly. The ministry might openly engage (as it often did) in the most violent and corrupt attempts to purchase a majority in the chamber, and yet the chamber itself could by no vote of “want of confidence” remove that ministry from power.

The great feature in the Home Government Association scheme was, on the one hand, it offered to surrender the Irish control over imperial supplies, and, on the other, claimed a responsible Irish administration. All that related to imperial concerns was left to the imperial legislature; all that related to domestic Irish affairs was claimed for an Irish parliament.

But what are “local” and what are “imperial” affairs? asked hostile critics, anxious to draw Mr. Butt into a battle on details. That may or may not be a difficult point of arrangement between the countries when they come to adjust such matters, was his reply: such points have been easily settled elsewhere, and they will not defy the ability of English and Irish statesmen when the time arrives for considering them here.

Conscious of the difficulties surrounding them, the leaders of the new society pushed their way very diffidently and tentatively at first. They were assailed from the opposite poles of politics,—by the imperialist Conservatives and the Catholic Liberals. The Catholic bishops and clergy, full of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for the great work he had just accomplished, could hardly be expected to regard with patience a proceeding which looked so like a mere Tory trick. It was an old Orange plot, they thought, to spite the Liberal Government that had settled the Church question and was about to settle the Education question. The Tory imperialists, on the other hand, were filled with alarm. This new

association was, they declared, a device of the Jesuits to lay hold of Protestants at such a moment and apprentice them to sedition and disloyalty. "You are in the toils of Orangeism," cried the Whig *Evening Post* to the Catholics. "You are the dupes of Cardinal Cullen," cried the Conservative *Daily Express* to the Protestants.

The new movement made steady progress. The mistrust and hostility of the Catholic Liberals, especially of the Catholic clergy, proved to be its most serious hindrance. The popular sentiment, however, went at once and strongly with the association; and four "bye-elections," which occurred in 1871, gave striking proof of the depth and force of the national feeling. These were the return of Mr. John Martin for Meath, Mr. Mitchell-Henry for Galway, Mr. P. J. Smyth, for Westmeath, and, crowning all, Mr. Butt for Limerick. Mr. Martin's opponent was the Hon. Mr. Plunkett, brother of Lord Fingall, a Catholic nobleman warmly esteemed by the whole Catholic community. The Catholic clergy had espoused Mr. Plunkett's candidature before Mr. Martin's had been suggested. On the appearance of the latter they at once announced that they would do their best fairly for the man to whom they were pledged, but would have no quarrel with their people if the latter honestly and freely preferred John Martin. Few persons believed Mr. Martin had any chance of success; least of all did Mr. Plunkett. On the hustings the former gentleman declared he had no ambition to enter Parliament, and would rather Mr. Plunkett went in unopposed, "if only he would declare for Home Rule;" in which case he, Mr. Martin, would retire on the instant. Mr. Plunkett laughed in a good-natured and kindly way at this offer of a seat which he regarded as already his own. Great, however, was his dismay to find at the close of the booths that the derided Home Ruler polled two votes to his one, and that John Martin was Knight of the Shire for "Royal Meath."

Scarcely less encouraging to the Home Rulers was the

election in Galway, considering the man whose adhesion it signalized. Mr. Mitchell-Henry was son of Mr. Alexander Henry, one of the merchant-princes of Manchester, for many years member of Parliament for South Lancashire. Mr. Henry, senior, was an Irishman: the family have occupied an honorable position in Ulster for two centuries. Some of them settled in America: Patrick Henry of the Revolution, and Alexander Henry, the well-known philanthropist of Philadelphia, were relatives of the late member for South Lancashire. Mr. Mitchell-Henry, who was born in 1826, early devoted himself to medical science, and for fifteen years was consulting surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. On the death of his father in 1862 he inherited a considerable fortune, and retired from professional practice. He was greatly struck with the beauty of the scenery at Kylemore, in Galway. He purchased the entire district, and built there Kylemore Castle, one of the wonders of the West,—a fairy-palace in the Connemara Highlands. He became not only attached to the place but to the people. Protestant as he was, in the midst of a strongly Celtic and Catholic peasantry, he found that his religious opinions raised no barrier between him and the confidence and affections of this simple and kindly race. Ere long his sympathy with the people, his uprightness, his liberality, were the theme of praise in even the humblest homes from Clifden to Lough Corrib. He was known to be a man of considerable intellectual ability, great independence, and firmness of character. When he issued his address for Galway County in February, 1871, as an advocate for domestic legislation, and was returned without a contest, the incident created quite a stir in the world of Irish politics.

In the following June a vacancy occurred in the representation of Westmeath County, and Mr. P. J. Smyth, a leading member of the Home Government Association, offered himself as a candidate. Mr. Smyth was one of the Confederate fugitives in 1848. He escaped to America, as mentioned in

a previous chapter, and in that country devoted himself for some time to journalism. In 1854 some ardent friends of the Irish State prisoners (Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, etc., then undergoing their sentences in Australia), struck by the successful escape of MacManus, formed a plan and found the requisite funds for effecting the rescue of the others, one by one. Mr. Smyth was selected as the agent to carry out this daring purpose; and the result amply justified the confidence thus placed in his courage and devotion. He proceeded to Australia, where he arranged and personally conducted the escapes of Meagher and Mitchel. He was on his way thither a third time, I believe, to bring off O'Brien, when a pardon reached the latter gentleman. In 1856 Mr. Smyth returned to Ireland and soon after joined the Irish press, later on entering the legal profession as barrister. He was a man of marked ability, a polished orator, and an able writer; and his uncontested return on this occasion for Westmeath, following as it did upon the Meath and Galway elections, gave the new association a notable triumph.

In September came the crowning victory of the year, in the unopposed return for Limerick of Mr. Butt, already the recognized leader of the movement.

As if irritated by these events, Irish Liberalism toward the end of 1871 seemed to pull itself together for a serious resistance to the Home Rule "craze," as it was called. In the opening part of 1872 we found ourselves hard pressed in many places. We could note by many signs that the expectation of a Catholic University scheme at the hands of Mr. Gladstone was having a powerful effect with some of the Catholic bishops and clergy. Important organs of public opinion known to be influenced by leading members of the episcopacy began to draw off from the movement, and to say that the demand for Home Rule was no doubt very right and just, but it was "inopportune." One thing at a time. Until the Catholic Education question had been settled,

nothing else should be taken in hand. Home Rule ought to be “postponed.”

At this the Protestants in the new association started like men on whom suddenly flashes the recollection of gloomy warnings. Was not this what had been prophesied to them? Were the Catholics going to betray the cause?

The answer came from Kerry and Galway Counties.

In December, 1871, on the death of the Earl of Kenmare, his son, Viscount Castlerosse, then member of Parliament for Kerry, succeeded to the peerage and estates. The Kenmare family are Catholics. They are resident landlords,—a class happily numerous in Kerry,—and have long been esteemed as among the best of the good by the people around them. For nearly thirty years there had been no contest for the representation of that county. The territorial magnates of the two great political parties, Liberal and Conservative, by a tacit or express compact peaceably divided the representation between them. One of the two county seats went to the Liberal-Conservative, Mr. Herbert of Muckross, and was transmitted from sire to son. The other was the family seat of the Catholic Liberal Earl of Kenmare, long held by the next heir to the coronet. It seemed to be quite clearly understood that a sort of offensive and defensive alliance existed between both parties, to the end that the combined forces of Liberal and Conservative landlordism would resist any attempt of third parties to disturb this arrangement.

When toward the close of 1871 Lord Castlerosse became Earl of Kenmare, his eldest son was quite too young to take the seat he vacated as county member; and accordingly he selected, as the family representative, his cousin, Mr. James Arthur Dease, a highly respected and influential Catholic gentleman resident in Westmeath. Usually this transfer would be a matter of course; but now it was the turn of Kerry to show that a New Ireland had come into existence. From various parts of the county arose reclamations against this mode of disposing of the representation. It was

submitted that the people were not to be ignored in this fashion. The Ireland of to-day was not the Ireland of thirty years ago. Lord Kenmare they greatly respected; but a political trust was not to be treated as a family appanage. They would select a candidate for themselves; and he should be one who in the name of Kerry, the county of O'Connell, would proclaim the unalterable determination of the Irish people to recover their constitutional liberties.

Sooth to say, these manifestations in Kerry occasioned at first uneasiness rather than satisfaction among the Home Rule leaders in Dublin,—so adverse did they think the chances of any successful movement under existing circumstances in that county, and so damaging would a heavy blow at that critical juncture in all likelihood have been. The men of Kerry, however, are a sensitive and high-spirited people. Their pride was touched; their patriotism was roused. They selected as their standard-bearer a young Protestant gentleman barely returned from Oxford, and not more than a month or two past his majority,—Roland Ponsonby Blennerhassett, of Kells, near Cahirciveen.

A shout of contemptuous derision burst from the Whig-Liberal Catholics all over Ireland. What! Dream of opposing the nominee of Lord Kenmare in Kerry! True to the spirit of the alliance compact, the Tory and Whig landlords of the county assembled, and in a combined body constituted themselves an election committee for Mr. Dease. At their head stood the Catholic Bishop, the most Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

Undeterred, nay, incited, by all this, the great body of the Catholic clergy, and the people almost to a man, espoused the cause of "Blennerhassett and Home Rule." The Liberal press and politicians all over the kingdom, confident that victory was in their hands, loudly proclaimed that this was to be the great test election between Liberalism and Home Rule, centralization and nationality; and they invited the empire to watch the result. By the middle of

January, 1872, the struggle had assumed national significance and importance. The London *Daily Telegraph* declared we were “on the eve of a very critical test.” The *Daily News* said, “The contest is already exciting an amount of interest in Ireland hardly equaled there since O’Connell contested the county of Clare. . . . On the whole, there are in Kerry all the materials of a struggle the result of which every English statesman must regard as important, if not indeed momentous.”

On the 20th of January, 1872, the Home Rule Council in Dublin was specially convened to consider urgent appeals from Kerry for the personal presence and assistance of some of its members. The council decided that the fate of the whole movement seemed so largely involved in the issue that the entire energies and resources of the organization must be put forth. A deputation consisting of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, A. M. Sullivan, and John Overington Blunden was named to proceed forthwith to Kerry. It was “death or glory.” They were charged to return “bearing their shields, or borne upon them.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE KERRY ELECTION.

“WELL, Sullivan, this is a serious pull that is before us,” said the Fellow of Trinity, gravely, as we seated ourselves in the Killarney train, on Friday evening, the 26th of January, 1872.

Trinity College has played a great part in the history of Ireland. It was founded as an exclusively and, if I may so express it, aggressively Protestant institution, some three hundred years ago. It was the intellectual citadel of Protestant ascendancy; and many a time and oft have the Irish Catholics heard the hard dicta of intolerance shouted from its portal. Yet to this day there is scarcely a man of generous mind or breadth of view among them who is not proud of “Old Trinity;” proud to mark the high place it holds amidst the schools of Europe; but, above all, to note the illustrious men it has sent forth, in Arts, Letters, Science, Politics, to lift the name and fame of Ireland. For at least forty or fifty years it has been not only strongly conservative but imperialist; yet the spirits of Grattan and Flood and Plunket haunt the old scenes. Ever and anon Trinity contributes to the struggles of Irish nationality some of its ablest and most gifted champions,—men who are the links that bind creeds and classes in community of public feeling and action and prevent Irish politics from becoming a mere war of race and religion. Two such men were my companions on this journey. One of them was especially notable.

The Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, filled from the first hour a foremost place in the new

movement of constitutional nationality. His scientific attainments made his name familiar beyond the limits of our realm ; and among the Protestant Conservatives whom the events of recent years had brought into association with popular politics, there was scarcely one whose adhesion had a greater effect on social and public opinion in Ireland. How much he was esteemed and trusted by his co-religionists was shown by the fact of his being elected year by year to one of the highest honorary positions in connection with the Church Synod and the "Governing body" of the Protestant Church in Ireland. He was one of the gentlemen present at the Bilton Hotel Conference on the 19th of May, 1870, and, although by nature intensely averse to the bustle and turmoil of public life, he faced boldly the labors incidental to a prominent position in the new political organization. Being requested to proceed along with Mr. Blunden and myself, as representatives of the association in the Kerry campaign, he cheerfully complied, and we now were *en route* for the scene of action.

We slept at Killarney that night, and proceeded next morning to Tralee, where a great open-air demonstration was to be held in favor of the National candidate. We found the county town in a state of passion, denouncing the conduct of the borough member, who had "gone over to the enemy." Alas ! it was The O'Donoghue, the popular idol of yesterday, the eloquent advocate of Irish independence ! It was as if Hofer had suddenly appeared in Botzen, dressed in Bavarian livery, leading the Munich riflemen. This was a heavy blow, a sore trial ; but, save in the pain of feeling, the anguish almost, which it occasioned the people, who had so devotedly loved the now converted leader, it was without effect. Twenty-five years ago such a man would have carried his county or borough with him, as a Highland chief would carry his clan from one camp to the other. Now the secession of The O'Donoghue was worth scarcely a dozen votes to the Earl of Kenmare.

Mr. Blennerhassett, accompanied by an immense concourse, with bands and banners, awaited our arrival at the station. It was with much difficulty we could save Mr. Galbraith from being carried off bodily and "chaired" on their shoulders by the enthusiastic Popish Kerry men. It surely was a strange sight, this Kerry election fight of 1872. Here was one of the most Catholic counties in Ireland rallying, priests and people, on the side of this young Protestant, Roland Blennerhassett; opposing a Catholic candidate, the relative of a Catholic nobleman whom they one and all personally esteemed! With nearly everything to deter them, they pressed on. Leagued against them was the entire landlord power of the county, Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, with barely a few exceptions. Their bishop, Dr. Moriarty, and several of their parish priests were violently opposing them. The O'Connell family went also with Lord Kenmare. On the other side there was, however, the great fact that the majority of the Kerry priests were enthusiastically with the people. The national sentiment all over the kingdom was at their back. Most important of all, the leading organs of popular opinion in the South of Ireland, the *Cork Examiner* of Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., and the *Cork Daily Herald*, scarcely less influential in its circulation, were thoroughly on the popular side. Had it been otherwise as to the local press, had Mr. Maguire helped us less heartily, the Kerry election might not have been won. He was at this time the leading journalist and politician of Munster, and had for years been a prominent figure among the Irish members in the House of Commons. John Francis Maguire was born in Cork city in 1815. He was called to the bar in 1843. Long previously, however, his natural inclinations and tastes led him to literature and journalism. In 1841 he founded the *Cork Examiner*, which in a few years became one of the most important and influential journals in Ireland. He was an especial favorite and intimate friend of Father Mathew, and in the Temperance and Repeal movements from 1841 to

1846 he was an active participator. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Dungarvan, which he had twice previously unsuccessfully contested,—once in 1847 against Richard Lalor Sheil, and once in 1851 against the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby. He remained member for Dungarvan from 1852 to 1866, when he was returned for his native city, the representation of which he held thenceforth until his death in November, 1872. His eloquence, his energy, his marked ability brought him early into the front rank of the Irish representation. He took an active part in the Tenant League movement; and on the disruption caused by the Keogh-Sadleir episode, he was found with Lucas and Moore and Duffy vainly endeavoring to repair the ruin that had fallen on the tenants' cause. In 1852 he was elected Mayor of Cork, and was the author and chief promoter of the Industrial Exhibition held that year in the city. In the midst of a busy and toilsome career, Mr. Maguire found time for some contributions to literature. His best-known work, which earned him the marked personal friendship of Pio Nono, was "Rome and its Rulers," first published in 1857; "The Irish in America" and a "Life of Father Mathew" came next,—the latter one of the most interesting pieces of biography written in our day. Although an ardent Liberal, and slow to lend himself to new political ventures,—he had seen the rise and fall of not a few,—Mr. Maguire at an early stage of the Home Rule movement gave it a firm and argumentative support. No sooner had the Kerry contest assumed the proportions of a national struggle than he threw himself with all the energy of his nature into a fight which he presciently foretold would be, as the *Daily News* said, "important, if not indeed momentous."

Mr. Galbraith had to return to Dublin in a few days; but even before he left we could form an opinion of the prospects of the fray. "Tell them all in Dublin," I said, "that here I mean to stay to the end. These are a noble people. There is victory ahead."

I did not praise them too highly, nor estimate too hopefully the result before us. I had often seen popular feeling displayed, in election contests, but nothing to equal this. What struck me as the strangest part of it all was the popularity of Mr. Blennerhassett, or "Mr. Hassett," as he was called. He must have been personally almost unknown to the bulk of his fellow-countrymen. His father—a landed proprietor in the west of Kerry, where the family settled in the reign of Elizabeth—had died while he was a child, and he was but a youth when sent away to Oxford University. Yet the peasantry spoke of him and to him in the language of homely affection. The "canvass" was a triumphal progress. As we drove along the road the people would quit fields and houses, stand by the wayside waving green boughs and shouting salutations, or else run by the carriage just to press his hand. "Ten votes in this town-land for you, Mr. Hassett. Home Rule forever!" "You needn't trouble about *our* parish, sir. Father Michael—God bless him!—and all of us are with you." As we passed through a little village beyond Killorglin, the few people of the hamlet who had votes rushed around to "give their names,"—a proceeding they seemed to think necessary. One peasant-woman came forward with tears in her eyes. "I have no vote that I can give you, Mr. Hassett; but I give you my prayers every day that God and the blessed Virgin may be on your side!" The most primitive attempts at festal display met our view in the wild parts of the county. Whenever the news reached that at no matter what hour of the night or day we were to pass the way, signal-men were posted on hill and crag; and often in the dead of night we could hear the shout passing from house to house along mountain and valley,—"*Home Rule! Home Rule!*" At a place between Dingle and Tralee, miles from a second human habitation, a peasant-boy of fourteen, lame and using a crutch, stood by the roadside close by his father's cabin. From early morning—having heard we were to pass either going or returning—he had watched and waited.

He had erected what he meant as a "banner." Two tall osier rods were fastened in the ground, and from one on the top, placed laterally, hung a piece of some white linen garment. On this during the previous week he had laboriously drawn with ink or blacking sundry national emblems, and in large letters "Hurra for Blennerhassett and Home Rule." That "Mr. Hassett" would see this, was his sole ambition; but when we pulled up and, gazing at the "banner," praised his artistic skill, he looked as if unable to contain himself with happiness and pride.

For a full fortnight it rained as only in Kerry it can rain. But the people seemed amphibious, and we of the "deputation" * soon acquired the local habit of disregarding tempest and flood. Every night, at Oakville—the residence of Mr. Sandes, a young cousin of "Mr. Hassett"—a huge turf fire was lighted, before which our ulsters, dreadnoughts, rugs, and wrappers were hung to dry. Next morning they were in requisition once more, and saturated anew in a few hours.

All seemed going fairly through the county, when one evening on reaching Oakville a piece of news to me most disquieting awaited us. Our young host was a lover of the chase, and proud of his hunters. At the County Club the disputes as to horseflesh were mingled with the question of Home Rule or Liberalism, Blennerhassett or Dease. That day a contention had arisen between Mr. Sandes and a leading "Deasite" as to the rival merits of a bay mare belonging to one and a chestnut horse owned by the other. "I'll tell you what it is," said Mr. Sandes; "I'll run you a two-mile steeple-chase for a hundred guineas, if you like, and I'll call my horse Home Rule; do you call yours Deasite; each to ride his own horse." No true Kerry man could refuse such a challenge. I don't know at what figure the stakes were eventually fixed, but I do know that all over Kerry men

* Mr. Florence MacCarthy, J.P., of Glencurra, Cork County, joined us soon after Mr. Galbraith's return to Dublin.

took sides and betted as earnestly on this race as if the fate of the election hung on it,—which indeed we greatly feared was in some degree the case.

“What have you done!” we exclaimed, in vexation. “Staked on the hazard of a horse-race the result of all our toil! You know what a people the Irish peasantry are; you know how victory or defeat in a matter of this sort will impress them; you know——”

“I know: all so much the better; for I’m going to win this race as sure as my name is Tom Sandes.”

And he did win it in right gallant style,—took fence and dike without fall or fault, and rode in triumphantly, leaving “Deasite” nowhere!

This seemed conclusive with the people.. Now it was clear we were to head the poll. Had not the “Home Rule” horse won the day?

Still, some of us, accustomed of old to elections, knew that popular feeling did not always mean votes in the booth when landlord pressure was severely exercised; and as the nomination-day drew near we found that the most relentless coercion was being used on some of the largest properties in the county. Nightly councils were held in our central committee-room; reports from the various districts were weighed and discussed, baronial lists eagerly scanned and compared. That at the last moment the people would have to succumb to the bailiff’s message was a gloomy thought which hourly pressed more heavily on many a mind. To make matters worse, Mr. Blennerhassett’s health broke down under the fatigues of the past four weeks, and we more than feared he would be unable to appear at the hustings. He did so appear only by an effort. The nomination was a great scene. The territorial lords of the county assembled in proud array. Much were they angered and astounded to think they beheld a day when they should be thus opposed and defied on their own ground. Our man made an admirable speech, temperate, firm, eloquent, full of lofty patriotism.

One of his supporters, however, struck out severely at some of the landlord party present, and we could see that the attack infuriated the whole body. They left the court-house and quitted the town, each for his own locality, swearing that now indeed should we feel their power. I knew what was at hand,—that during the next forty-eight hours it would be “the rush within the ropes” with both parties. The nomination was on Tuesday the 6th of February. Next day, for many reasons, and more particularly on account of Mr. Blennerhassett’s absence through illness, I decided to remain at headquarters in Tralee and take supreme control into my own hands. Soon came pouring in telegrams addressed to Mr. Blennerhassett in the language of excitement and alarm: “All our forces are overthrown here. The landlord and the bailiffs are out like raging lions.” “Desperate work here. Landlords neutral up to this, now personally canvassing against us.” I not only opened the first of these messages, but opened every one of them throughout the day. I stuffed them deliberately into my pocket, and breathed not a word about them to Mr. Blennerhassett or anybody else, beyond replying to each of them, “Quite prepared for and expected it. We are doing the same on our side. Take to the field every man of you, and work for your lives day and night till Friday.” I well knew how fatal the effect of panic or disheartenment might be at such a moment, and I did not spare the telegraph-wires that day in arousing the feelings and exciting the confidence and courage of our friends.

From Galway most opportunely came news that could hardly fail to have a critical effect on our side. In that county a contest little less important, and much more severe in many respects, was being fought by Captain John Philip Nolan, Home Ruler, against Major Le Poer Trench, son of Lord Clancarty, Liberal-Conservative. Very much out of personal regard for Lord Clancarty—and for Major Trench himself, for whom a kindly feeling was very general in the

county,—(but still more “to put down Home Rule”), the principal Whig and Tory landlords united in that gallant gentleman’s behalf, and a struggle painful and violent beyond precedent resulted. The day following our Kerry nomination the startling and truly welcome news arrived that Captain Nolan had won by the enormous majority of 2578 to 658, or nearly four to one ! The effect in Kerry was, as might be supposed, all-important. “Galway is ours ! Now, Kerry, show what you can do !” resounded on all sides.

Meantime, troops, horse and foot, were being poured into the county. The landlords hired vacant buildings, courts, or yards in which to secure their tenants the night before the poll. In virtue of their power as magistrates they requisitioned detachments of foot and lancers for the purpose of “escorting” those voters to the booths. The streets of Tralee rang with the bugles or echoed to the drums of military arriving by train or departing for Dingle, Listowel, Cahirciveen, Castleisland, etc. All this intensified the prevailing excitement, and on Wednesday night a horseman arrived from one of the remoter districts bringing news that filled me with concern. The mountaineers had seen “the army” pass, and knew their errand. All over a great part of Iverah and Magonihy preparations were going on that night to destroy the bridges, cut up the roads, and render the return of the escorts to the polling-booths impossible. “Oh, for the love of God,” I said, “tell him to ride back with all his speed ! Tell every friend we are sure of the poll, and that our only danger now would be a *petition*. I implore of you all not to let a finger be raised that could thus put the victory into our enemies’ hands !” Only with the utmost difficulty could I impress this view upon the volunteer couriers ; and it was with a mind full of uneasiness and apprehension that the night before the poll I set out for Killarney (our opponents’ stronghold), of which district I determined to take charge.

It was tough work all that morning of Friday the 9th of February in the Killarney booths ; and as the tallies swelled against us here (but here only, as we fully calculated), the crowds which about noon filled the streets became excited, uneasy, and anxious. I was rushed at whenever seen, and eagerly questioned.

“We’re bate here, sir ; but how is it beyond ?”

“All right, boys. We are doing here what I came to see done. We’ll hear from Listowel at one o’clock.”

Then, drawing on hope, the crowd would raise a cheer, which made the circuit of the town.

Some of the scenes in the booths were truly “racy of the soil.” In many cases the voter, assuming an air of dense stupidity, pretended to forget the name of Mr. Dease, or else gave the name of the landlord or agent. In this event, of course, the vote was lost, which was exactly what the sharp-witted rustic wanted.

“What is your name ?”

“My name, is it, sur ?”

“Yes, sir, your name.”

“Och, then, begor, av’ it’s me name, I’ll never deny it.”

A pause.

“Come, sir, go down if you will not proceed.”

Here the agent’s eye is caught menacingly fixed on him.

“Arrah, shure, every one knows me name. What need you ax me ?”

“What is it, sir ? last time.”

“What is it ? Dan Mahony, thanks be to God.”

“Daniel Mahoney, for whom do you vote ?”

“For who do I wote, is it ?”

A long—a very long—pause.

“Come, sir, I’ll take the next man.”

Dan looks at the agent, as if to say, “Blame me not. I’m doing my best.” Then, with an effort,—

“I wote for what’s-his-name, you know, that me landlord wants me to wote for.”

“That won’t do, sir, and I can’t waste any more time with you. Clerk, take the next man.”

Here Mr. Dease’s attorney makes an effort to whisper “Dease,” but is collared by young Mr. Wright, who is in charge on our side. “No prompting, sir. I protest.” Dan Mahony scratches his head in well-feigned perplexity, and, as if for life or death, shouts,—

“I wote for *Daly* !”

A shriek from the attorneys. A groan from the agent. Dan is hustled out of the booth, exclaiming, as he goes, “I woted for me landlord’s man !” He turns round the street-corner and meets some neighbors on the lookout for him. “All right, boys. Hassett and Home Rule forever ! Hur-roo !”

I heard several such electors vote for “Lord Kenmare,” one or two for “Mr. Gallwey, and there he is there this blessed minnit, thanks be to God !” Mr. Gallwey being agent to the Kenmare estates, and a good and kindly one too. Indeed, throughout the whole election I never met a tenant on the Kenmare or Herbert properties who did not speak in highest terms of landlord and agent in each case.

I was standing at a polling-place under a shed in the butter-market when old Sir James O’Connell of Lake View (brother of the Liberator), a most extraordinary and eccentric octogenarian, entered, leading or bringing on each side of him a countryman, whom he held by the coat-flap. Marching up to a police-officer, he said,—

“I want a few of your men to go over there for some of my tenants.”

“Do you mean, Sir James, that they are in danger of assault ?”

“I mean that the crowd would assist them to run away.”

“Oh, Sir James, we can’t do anything like that ; but if there is danger of assault or interference——”

“Well, then, will you mind these for me while I go myself ?”

The officer shook his head. "We'll not let any one harm them, Sir James : that's all we can do."

The old gentleman paused, looked at the two "free and independent" voters, whom he still affectionately held fast, and eventually said, "I'll poll them first, to make sure." He put up one.

"For whom do you vote?"

"For Sir James O'Connell!"

"Oh, you bla'guard! Oh, you stupid ass! Oh, you infernal—but, halloo—policeman! Hey!—I say—where is that other man I had by my side this minute? Police! Police!"

The assembled throng shrieked with laughter. The other voter had flitted, and as a matter of fact they told me he came up half an hour later and polled for Blennerhassett!

About half-past one o'clock I left the booths and proceeded to the telegraph-office. The people in the streets easily guessed my errand, and made way, crushing closely after me, however, and surrounding the post-office in a great mass. Three telegrams soon reached me : one from Cahirciveen,—“A hundred majority here ;” one from Tralee,—“Two hundred majority here, and Kenmare all right ;” one from Listowel,—“Seven hundred majority here.” I felt as if I could spring over Mangerton. I rushed to the door with the open telegrams in my hands, but, before I could speak a word, quick as lightning-flash the people read it all in my face. They burst forth into the most frantic demonstrations of joy. They shouted, they cheered, they flung their hats in the air ; they rushed in a body to the court-house, where polling by this time was virtually over. As the noise was heard swelling up the street, every one within knew what it meant, and gave up for the day all further exertion. Soon the word went round,—the Home Ruler was in by over seven hundred.

I left Killarney in the full tide of rejoicing, and took the train to Tralee. The scene at the latter town was still more

exciting. The majorities everywhere were even greater at the close than had been telegraphed to me. On the hills around we could see the signal-fires that spread the news from the Shannon to Dunkerron. Next day and night as our friends in charge at the outlying stations came in, they brought the most astonishing stories of adventure and episode. The scale was turned in our favor at Tralee by two incidents: first, the defection to us of "the Spa voters;" secondly, the dispersion of "the Dingle contingent," chiefly a body of Lord Ventry's men. The Spa was a parish or district some miles outside Tralee, the tenantry of which had all been "secured" by the land agent and were quite despaired of by us. The night before the poll the bailiffs had warned every man of them to be at the cross-roads in the morning at ten o'clock sharp to meet "the master" and march to Tralee for the poll. At ten o'clock "the master" rode down to the appointed spot, like Marshal Ney going to head his battalions. He found no tenantry awaiting him. "I am a little too soon," he reflected, and he rode his horse up and down the road for ten or fifteen minutes. Half an hour passed, and he became uneasy. A few peasants had been lounging about in the neighborhood, watching "his honor" with comical expression on their faces. One of them now came up.

"May-be it's for the tinants your honor is waiting?"

"Yes, my good man; yes, the lazy rascals! Do you see any of them coming yet?"

"Coming, your honor? Faith, 'tis at eight o'clock this morning they all left this with Father Eugene O'Sullivan at their head, and they're in Tralee an hour ago."

Dashing spurs into his horse, he went at full gallop into town, and arrived just in time to see the last of the Spa men, over a hundred in number, polling for Blennerhassett.

From Dingle, distant some twenty miles, a great avalanche was to have overwhelmed us. The story of "the Dingle contingent" was told me in great delight. Mr. De Moleyns,

it seems, had gathered as many conveyances as would transport a small army corps, and quite a formidable body of cavalry had proceeded to Dingle to escort the cavalcade. When it started for Tralee it was fully a quarter of a mile in length, Mr. De Moleyns riding proudly at its head. After it had gone some miles he turned back to make some inquiry at the rear of the procession. Great was his dismay to behold the last five or six cars empty. "Where are the voters who were on these cars?" he stormily shouted at the drivers.

"The wothers, captain? Some of them slipped down there to walk a bit of the road, and faix we're thinking that they're not coming at all."

"Halt! halt!" he cried, and, full of rage, galloped to the head of the cavalcade. He called on the officer in command of the cavalry to halt for a while, and detail a portion of his men for duty in the rear; when, lo! he now noticed that half a dozen cars at *the front* had, in his brief absence, totally lost their occupants. According to my informants, Mr. De Moleyns, losing all temper, more forcibly than politely accused the officer of want of vigilance and neglect of duty; whereupon the latter sharply replied,—

"What, sir! do you think I and my men have come here to be your bailiffs? I am here to protect these men, if they want protection; not to treat them as prisoners. And now, sir, I give you notice I will halt my men no more. Ready, men! Forward! March!"

By this time fully a third of the voters had escaped. There was nothing for it but to push on. At the village of Castle-gregory, however, the severest ordeal awaited them. Here they found the entire population of the place, men, women, and children, occupying the road, the old parish priest standing in the middle of the highway, his gray hair floating in the wind. The villagers, chiefly the women, well knowing how the voters felt, poured out to them adjurations and appeals. The priest, in a few brief sentences, reached

every heart. "Ah, sons of Kerry," said he, "where is your pride and manhood, to be dragged like prisoners or carted like cattle in this way? And for what? That you may give the lie to your own conscience, and give a stab to your country, poor Ireland!" With one wild shout the voters sprang from the cars and disappeared in the body of the crowd. The grand "Dingle cavalcade" was a wreck, and Mr. De Moleyns, sad at heart, rode into Tralee at the head of an immense array of empty cars.

For genuine fun and ingenuity perhaps the palm must be awarded to Cahirciveen. From Valencia Island, close by, a considerable body of electors were to be brought across the sound by their landlord, the Knight of Kerry, to poll at that town. A small ferry steamer supplied communication from shore to shore. Oddly enough, by some strange "accident," on her last trip to the island the evening previous to the poll she managed to run upon a rock, and was utterly disabled. The knight and his trusty men (the latter, however, knowing something that he did not) came down to the shore in the morning, and wasted some precious time shouting, "Steamer ahoy!" It was all as fruitless as the wailing of Lord Ullin to the boat in the ballad, that would not come back "across the stormy water."

This was the last "open vote" electoral contest in Ireland. Such scenes as I have described will be witnessed no more. Five months subsequently—13th of July, 1872—the Ballot Act received the royal assent. That act gave a death-blow to electoral intimidation, from whatever quarter directed, and delivered the reality of political power at the polls, for the first time, into the hands of the people themselves.

The Kerry election decided the fortunes of the new movement. It was the end of controversy. To this day it is called in Ireland "The Clare Election of Home Rule."

CHAPTER XXX.

BALLYCOHEY.

“MR. WILLIAM SCULLY, accompanied by a force of police and other armed attendants, again attempted to serve the ejectment notices on his Ballycohey tenantry to-day. A lamentable tragedy ensued. The tenants barricaded and loop-holed one of the houses, from which they poured a deadly fire on the attacking party. The police returned the fire, and fought their way into the house, which they found evacuated. Three of the police party are killed; Mr. Scully is wounded in seven places,—it is thought mortally. Four policemen are more or less seriously wounded. None of the tenantry were seen. None of them seemed to have suffered. No arrests. Indescribable excitement throughout the whole district.”

Such was the alarming message telegraphed all over the kingdom from Tipperary on the evening of Friday, the 14th of August, 1868. When the full particulars of the astonishing story came to hand the excitement of the district spread through Ireland. Even in England it was the sensation of the day.

Ballycohey is a town-land in Tipperary County, about two miles west of the Limerick Junction station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, and distant less than three miles from the town of Tipperary. In the summer of 1868 it was held by a considerable number of tenants, whose forefathers had occupied the place for a hundred years. They were an industrious, peaceable, and kindly people, punctually paid their rent, which was not a low one, and seem to have

got on quite smoothly with their successive landlords until Mr. William Scully, a few years before this event, became the purchaser of Ballycohey. It had, nearly a century ago, been a leasehold possession of the Scullys,—one of the oldest Catholic families of social position in Tipperary,—but had passed from them in 1847. Its history during this period is supplied in the following letter from Mr. Carbery Scully, of Derry Park (a relative of Mr. William Scully), whose testimony, incidentally given, as to the character of the people, was fully corroborated by the other landlords of the neighborhood:

“ About the year 1782, when first Catholic gentlemen could get leases of property, my grandfather, James Scully of Kilfeacle, took the lands of Shronehill and Ballycohey from Lady Caroline Damer at a lease of three lives, viz., his eldest son then living, Roger, his third son, James; and my father, whose name was Edmund, being the names in the lease. Those lands were settled on my father on his marriage in 1806. He kept them in his own possession until about the year 1821, when he commenced letting them to tenants, and I see by the leases now in my possession that among the number a lease was made 3d February, 1823, to William Dwyer and his brother-in-law, John Tooley, at a rent of three pounds five shillings an acre for their lives, or twenty-one years. The other tenants' names at Ballycohey were Ryans, Greens, Quinns, Heffernans, Foleys, Hanlys, Tooleys, and some few others. They were the most honest, quiet, and industrious people I ever met; all paid high rents, and most punctually, and if I was to select the two most honest, not only among them, but the two worthiest men I ever met, they were Dwyer and Tooley (John), his brother-in-law. In the year 1839, at my father's decease, the property (Ballycohey) came to me, and I continued the same tenants and renewed some leases of those which expired. When James Scully of Tipperary (the last life in the lease) died, in January, 1847, the property went out of my possession into that of the landlord's, Lord Portarlington, whose agent was the late John Sadleir, and he continued the same tenants at the reduced rent I gave it at, when the potatoes failed in the winter of 1845. Some time after, when Lord Portarlington sold the property, Mr. Errington purchased Shronehill, and Mr. Grey, agent to that best of landlords (Lord Derby), purchased Ballycohey, and I believe continued the same tenants at the reduced rent. Thus stood the matter until the property was purchased a few years ago by Mr. William Scully. As it was my

father first brought those tenants or their fathers on those lands, and I continued them there, I feel bound to bear testimony to their honesty and industry when I knew them."

It was with something like dismay the Ballycohey tenantry heard Mr. Grey had sold the land to William Scully. This latter gentleman was already unpleasantly known to fame as a landlord. He was a man of large wealth, and had extensive estates, not only in Ireland but in America.* Yet his career and character up to this more than justified the apprehensions of the Ballycohey farmers. In 1849 he was tried at Clonmel assizes for the shooting of two fine young men, named Bergin, sons of a tenant whom he was evicting at Ballinlough; but he was acquitted on this charge. A like good fortune did not await him at the Kilkenny summer

* Mr. W. Scully (brother of Mr. Vincent Scully, formerly M.P. for Cork County, and cousin of Mr. Frank Scully, formerly M.P. for Tipperary) owns twenty-five thousand acres of the choicest land in Illinois, the "Garden State" of America. This estate is situated in Tazewell County, and comprises the greater portion of the celebrated Delavan Prairie, the richest loam in the United States. A friend who visited the place recently, and from whom I derive these facts, says, "About the termination of the Mexican war Mr. Scully was prospecting for land in America. Illinois had but just been formed into a State and taken into the Union. Each soldier was entitled to a land claim of one hundred and sixty acres. Soldiers, as a rule, care little for land. Mr. Scully went among them as the army was about being disbanded, and purchased for a mere trifle one hundred and sixty claims of one hundred and sixty acres each. Singular to say, many Tipperary people are resident upon this tract as tenants, the rent averaging about five dollars, or one pound, per acre. A Tipperary man named Cooney, one of the tenants, offered a few years ago one hundred dollars per acre to Mr. Scully for the fee-simple of the farm which he held under him. It was refused. The average price of good cleared land in the same State is from twenty to thirty dollars per acre. In the session of the State Legislature of 1876 a bill was introduced by the Hon. P. W. Dunne, one of the members for Peoria County, to impose an extraordinary tax upon the estate of Mr. Scully, on the ground of his being an alien and an absentee. The measure was not carried through, but is not abandoned."

assizes of 1865, when he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for beating and wounding the wife of one of his tenants, named Tehan, while attempting to break into Tehan's house in the dead of night to serve some notice or make a seizure. His ideas of a landlord's rights were strict, and his mode of enforcing them strong,—*too* strong the judge thought, and so sent him to Kilkenny County jail for a year's hard labor. In truth he became the terror of the unfortunate tenantry who owned his sway. He was a Catholic, and the parish priest remonstrated forcibly, from time to time, against his course of conduct. Mr. Scully retaliated by putting his children into the wagonette one Sunday morning and driving with them to the Protestant church. When this news reached the congregation at the Catholic chapel after mass, they took off their hats and gave "three cheers," delighted that "Billy," as he was called, was no longer one of themselves. The Ballycohey men noted early that he was trying to "get a holt on them," as they expressed it; but, as they fairly paid their rent, and as it was a pretty high one, it was not clear what he would do. They soon found out. He valued money much,—he was avaricious,—but he valued despotic power even more. He framed a form of lease for the Ballycohey tenantry, refusal of which was to be the signal for their eviction. This was a most astonishing document. The tenants were always to have a half-year's rent paid in advance; to pay the rent quarterly; to surrender on twenty-one days' notice at the end of any quarter; to forego all claims to their own crops that might be in the soil; and they were to pay all rates and taxes whatsoever. Whoever refused to accept these terms must quit.

Any one who knew the people of Tipperary could tell what this was sure to bring about. The magistrates and the police officers warned Mr. Scully. He cared not. He applied for and received a guard of police on his house and person, and went about heavily armed himself, besides being so attended.

Early in June, 1868, he noticed the tenants to bring him the May rent to Dobbyn's Hotel in Tipperary on a particular day. He sat at the table with a loaded revolver on each hand, and a policeman with rifle and saber close by. Only four tenants came in person. The rest sent the rent by messengers, which greatly angered him, for he wanted the opportunity of obtaining their signatures to the famous "lease" or else handing them there and then a "notice to quit." This was exactly what the absentees suspected, and so they sent the money by their wives or sons. The four who came were asked to sign. They refused, and ran away. He swore at them; and they defiantly replied, consigning him in loudly-expressed wishes to another and not a better world. It was now open war. Mr. Scully took out ejectment processes. These require to be either personally served or else left at the tenant's house, some member of the family or servant being at the moment within. The constabulary inspector had information that any attempt of Mr. Scully to appear on the lands delivering these missives of vengeance would be resisted to bloodshed. But nothing could move him from his purpose. On Tuesday, the 11th of August, he set forth at the head of a police escort and his own bailiffs to serve the ejectments. The party was seen approaching, and a signal halloo was passed along the fields. Immediately the houses were abandoned, and at the same time the police could see men running from far and near to swell the angry crowd that was gathering. Owing to the abandonment of the houses, only a few notices could be served; and by this time the surrounding crowd, groaning, yelling, cursing, and threatening, had become so excited that the officer in command of the police called on Mr. Scully to desist forthwith, and let them safely retreat to the town ere it was too late. Reluctantly he consented. The crowd followed, and by the time they reached Tipperary they had to fight their way to the hotel. Under all these circumstances most other men would have paused. Mr. Scully determined to push on. Early on the following

Friday he was once more at the head of his force, and making a dash to surprise Ballycohey. His approach was quickly signaled as before, and a scene similar to that of Tuesday ensued, the people being rather more violent. The police had much difficulty in guarding Mr. Scully and young Gorman, his land-bailiff, who were the especial objects of hostility. At length things became so critical that the officer once again pointed out the madness of persevering, and said he would not be accountable for the consequences. Mr. Scully said it was hard to be baffled by the villains a second time, but eventually assented. They decided to make for the railway-station, as the nearest shelter. Some of the police with fixed sword-bayonets went in front, others marched to the rear to keep back the crowd. While thus with some difficulty pushing their way to safety, they passed within a short distance of a house owned by one of the defiant tenants named John Dwyer.* The "temptation" was too great for Mr. Scully. "We will try this one," he said, and turned into the little *boreen* or walled avenue leading to the house. The guards followed, some halting at the entrance to the avenue to repress the throng at bayonet-point. The hall door of the house was entered from a farm-yard quadrangle, formed by out-offices. Mr. Scully, Gorman, a bailiff named Maher, and Sub-Constable Morrow, dashed to the hall door, opened it, and entered. At that instant from within the house and without the crash of pistol and musket shot was heard in a regular volley. Morrow fell outside the door, shot from a loophole in one of the flanking buildings. Gorman fell just inside the threshold, riddled with bullets fired from a loft within, which commanded the entrance. Mr. Scully and Maher, both wounded, the former with two bullets lodged in his neck and badly hurt from several others, rushed from the house and sheltered behind the pier of the yard gateway.

* The man of whom Mr. Carbery Scully speaks so favorably in his letter quoted at p. 476.

Here, halting, Mr. Scully, with his double-barreled breech-loader and a revolver, commenced a brisk fire at the windows and loopholes, the police also pouring in a sharp rifle-fire. At length Mr. Scully called out, "Who will enter the house with me?" "*I will,*" said Head-Constable Cleary, and the whole force rushed in. "They are in that loft," said Mr. Scully, and at the words a shot from the spot indicated struck Sub-Constable Colleton. The step-ladder to the loft had been taken up, and it was only with difficulty Cleary could mount to the place. When he succeeded,—lo ! it was empty. He found a breastwork made with feather beds, and behind it a revolver and some cartridges. Further search revealed a hole at the edge of the roof recently made, through which the firing party had retreated to the garden at the rear. The police next proceeded to the out-houses, from which by this time the firing had ceased. Here also they found fire-arms and ammunition ; one blunderbuss having burst quite close to the stock. But as each house or barn had a rear exit, through which retreat had been secured, no one was captured. Not even a trace by which suspicion might be assisted, or identification secured, could they find throughout the premises !

They now turned their attention to the wounded. Morrow was quite dead. Gorman was alive, but senseless. He never spoke again, poor fellow. All the rest could walk, though bleeding severely. Mr. Scully, I have reason to believe, wore a suit of chain mail under his clothes,—a precaution which saved his life.* He was made a target. When they found he did not fall though hit by a dozen bullets in the body, they poured their fire at his head, six shots taking effect. A friend of mine, who visited the spot immediately

* Two countrymen were heard discoursing on the circumstance at the Cahir railway-station a day or two subsequently. "*Arrah ! how could the villain be killed when he wore a helmet on his stomach !*" was the exclamation which closed the discussion.

after, marked seven bullet-holes in the door within a diameter of six inches, just where Mr. Scully stood.

“Let us hold a council of war,” said Mr. Scully. “What shall we do? Let us at once make our way to the station.”

“What!” said the head constable; “abandon these wounded men? No. I shall stay here till help comes. You have your own guard. Go, if you will.”

According to the constable’s evidence at the inquest, Mr. Scully thought this most absurd, and said, “What good can you do to a dead or dying man? Come and protect *me*.” But the officer, grieved, disgusted, and angered, as well he might have been, by the whole dreadful business, would have no more to do with Mr. Scully; would not abandon his dead comrade and the dying Gorman.

The fate of the latter was singularly sad. A friend, resident close by the place, writing to me, says, “Gorman, poor fellow, knew that morning that he was facing death, but he would not desert ‘the master,’ for reasons that did him all credit.” The facts were these: Gorman was the son of a widow holding a small farm on one of Mr. Scully’s properties. Mr. Scully, finding him an unusually smart and intelligent lad, sent him to a veterinary college in Scotland, had him there professionally educated, and then made him steward and estate-bailiff. It was a perilous and an odious post, and the young man did not like it. “What can I do?” said he. “I hate it. I hate this dreadful work the master is doing; but for me to leave him and get another situation on the strength of the education he gave me at his sole expense, would surely be mean; and, besides, ’tis merciless he would be to my poor mother if I acted so.” The week before this Ballycohey affair he received several friendly warnings, telling him not to rush on certain destruction. What follows I give in the words of my friend:

“The evening preceding the battle of Ballycohey, Darby Gorman visited the village of Golden, which is little more than a mile from Scully’s residence at Ballenaclogh. The

country round Golden is one of the most picturesque and fertile in Tipperary. Here, it is said, the poet Moore wrote one or two of the most beautiful of his immortal melodies, while on a visit to his sister, who was married to one of the Scully family. Gorman, on the evening alluded to, met a young companion named O'Donnell. They talked over Scully's first visit to Ballycohey, and the letters of warning which Gorman had received in the interval. His companion advised him not to go to Ballycohey again, as he certainly would be shot. Gorman replied, 'I know I shall ; but what can I do ?' 'Go to Cahir,' said his friend, 'and enlist in the cavalry. You are well educated, and being a veterinary surgeon you are sure to advance.' 'If I turn my back upon Scully,' replied Gorman, 'what will become of my poor mother and my little brothers and sisters ? I know he is a tyrant and won't spare them ; yet he educated me, and I don't like to desert him.' 'Believe me,' said O'Donnell, 'I know Scully well ; and if you lose your life in his service, he will forget it to your family.' They parted, each to his home. Gorman, on his return, was told by his mother that the master called, inquiring for him ; that she told him he had gone to the village. She said Mr. Scully desired her to tell him to be up early the next morning, as they had to go from home a distance. 'Mother,' said the son, 'I know where he is going to, and I don't like to go.' 'Well, Darby,' replied the mother, 'go to bed, in the name of God, and I'll call you up early in the morning.' The young man retired to his room. He had a presentiment it would be his last night on earth, and he had already prepared himself for death by having received the sacraments of his Church. He spent a restless night, and was up and dressed at an early hour. His mother had his breakfast in readiness. He, poor fellow, had small desire for it. He bade his mother good-by, but concealed from her the dreadful apprehension that oppressed him. After leaving the house he suddenly returned to it, and entering his room hastily

wrote on a slip of paper, which was subsequently found on his dressing-table, 'I shall never return to this house alive.' A few hours afterward the tragic prophecy was realized, and one of the finest, most intelligent and impulsively generous young men in Tipperary was borne back to his widowed mother a stark and bloody corpse, the victim of a despot's ruthless will."

The Ballycohey tragedy passed the Irish Land Act of 1870 ; that is to say, argument and sentimental conclusion having gone before, this was the incident which supplied that decisive impulse to public opinion which leads to action. Mr. Scully's despotism came at a critical moment to illustrate and exemplify the state of things under which the agricultural population of Ireland long had groaned. Every voice was raised against him. His brother landlords and magistrates, in meeting assembled, passed a resolution reprobating his conduct. The coroner's jury, inquiring into the deaths of the murdered men, added to their verdict the following :

"The jury are further of opinion that the conduct of Mr. William Scully as regards his proceedings toward his tenantry at Ballycohey is much to be deprecated ; and the sooner legislative enactments be passed to put a stop to any such proceedings, the better for the peace and welfare of the country."

But Mr. Scully had a triumphant answer for them all. He was within the law. He was but enforcing legally what the law decreed ! There was no gainsaying this : so even from London journals there came the important rejoinder, "Such laws must be changed." Said the *Saturday Review*, "Landlords are not a divine institution any more than the Irish Church. They exist for Ireland, not Ireland for them ; and where the genius and circumstances of a country are so widely different from ours, its laws and institutions without any want of reason might well differ too." The Irish Land question was stated in these two sentences of the *Saturday*

Review. They covered the whole case. Such utterances conveyed not even “a choleric word” now, coming from a leading London politician, whereas they were “flat blasphemy”—“communism,” as Dr. Cooke would say—fifteen years before, when spoken by members of the Irish Tenant League.

But a new and better England had arisen since then ; and now, from the Tyne to the Thames, men cried out, “These things must no longer be.” It was announced that, as the Irish Church Bill was the work of 1869, the Irish Land Bill would be the task for 1870.

That the promised measure might be a real and efficacious settlement of this long-standing grievance—might sweep away once and forever the cause and source of so much bloodshed and crime, so much suffering and wrong—was the dominant anxiety of every thoughtful mind in Ireland throughout the winter of 1869. When the boon appeared it sadly disappointed the national hopes and expectations. It was a half-measure, and, like all half-measures dealing with gigantic issues, did not receive even half-justice in popular estimation, but was wholly condemned and sweepingly denounced. Yet was it a great and wondrous stride in British legislation for Ireland,—not so much in the letter of its clauses as in the spirit of the whole enactment and in the principles which it admitted.

The two great evils which constituted the Land grievance in Ireland (where the “Ulster right” did not prevail) were confiscation of tenant property, and capricious eviction. A tenant, by expenditure of his capital or his labor, quadrupled the value of his land,—made it worth two pounds an acre instead of ten shillings. The landlord confiscated or appropriated that tenant’s property either by raising the rent (slowly or suddenly) to two pounds an acre, or by forthwith evicting the tenant and letting the land to some one ready to pay forty shillings for it. Usually the tenant, rather than be evicted, agreed to each rise of the rent on his own outlay.

That was, in brief, the "confiscation" grievance. The eviction or tenure grievance was this: that even where the tenant punctually paid his rent, even where the highest rent demanded was given, even where the tenant was industrious and improving, even where the farm had for hundreds of years been the possession and home of the tenant's family, the landlord could, of mere caprice, giving no reason at all, evict that tenant and do what he liked with the land. This was the case at Ballycohey. Persistently and irrepressibly, therefore, the Irish tenantry have ever demanded that the law shall put an end alike to "confiscation" and to "capricious eviction," shall prevent the landlord from levying a rent on value created by the tenantry, and shall forbid him from evicting, unless for statutable cause. That is the Irish Land question from the tenant's point of view.

The landlords say, It is quite true some of our class raise their rents unjustly and extortionately, so as to reap a gain from the tenant's outlay; and it is true some of them evict for mere caprice or for political vengeance; but if you prevent us from raising or lowering our rents as to us may seem fit, you interfere with the freedom of contract; and if you forbid eviction, unless for statutable cause, you interfere with the rights of property, and make us mere "rent-chargers."

There is much in all this; but no one ever heard that the landlords of Ulster found their *status* lowered, their rights destroyed, or their property deteriorated by that "Ulster custom" which substantially did all that was now demanded. On the contrary, landlord property in Ulster is most secure and valuable; and the province blooms like a garden.

The Gladstone Act of 1870 secures undoubted compensation to agricultural tenants for improvements effected in and on the soil, and admits to a certain extent a property right of occupancy on the part of the tenant. The first-mentioned portion of the act substantially met the Irish demands. On the second—the question of tenure—it made a bold, and

doubtless what its author wished to be a successful, attempt to stop, or rather to deter from, unjust and capricious evictions. This it aimed to accomplish by a limited scale of fines upon the evicting landlord, to be paid as compensation to the evicted tenant. The latter part of the act has been a woful failure. The limited fines have been mere cobweb bonds to restrain landlords from carrying out capricious evictions where so disposed. The act, however, has opened a new era in Ireland. Evictions of the old character and extent will henceforth hardly be attempted. Isolated instances of agrarian outrage may occasionally appear, but the dreadful storms of tenant vengeance and crime that used to prevail of old will no more appall the land.

Not every tragedy in the history of the Irish Land code has had a sequel so romantically pleasing and happy as that of Ballycohey. Mr. Scully recovered from his wounds, and, merciless as ever, rendered desperate by what had occurred, prepared to exterminate man, woman, and child of "the murderers." The kingdom looked on heart-wrung and appalled ; for there was no law to hold his hand. The doomed people sullenly and hopelessly, yet defiantly, awaited the blow. Heaven sent them succor, rescue, safety. Mr. Charles Moore, of Mooresfort, then member for Tipperary, appealed to Mr. Scully not to convulse the country anew,—besought him to spare the people. "Say what price you put on this Ballycohey property. *I will pay it to you*, and let there be an end to this dreadful episode !"

Even so was it done. Mr. Scully told how many thousands he would take ; Mr. Moore paid the money down ; and Ballycohey to-day is the happiest spot in all the land,—the home of peace, security, contentment, prosperity. That deed of rescue deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. The people of Tipperary will never forget it, Mr. Moore died soon after ; but when, in the general election of 1874, the burghers of Clonmel decided to replace the much-respected gentleman who had hitherto represented them as a

Liberal—Mr. Bagwell—by a man more thoroughly reflecting the national sentiment, they selected young Arthur Moore of Mooresfort ; much because he was a Home Ruler, more because he was his father's son. He is named on the Roll of Parliament as representative of Clonmel ; but he sits as the member for Ballycohey.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH.

IN 1870 the episcopalian Protestants of Ireland were called upon to face a state of things well calculated to test their devotion, their courage, their ability. Their Church as a State institution had been swept away ; and they had to address themselves to the serious work of building up a new system. All eyes were strained to watch their movements. How would Disestablishment affect the Irish Episcopal Protestant Church ? What would be the result of that measure financially ? How would it affect the structure or ecclesiastical organization of the Church ? Would it lead to doctrinal change or modification ? Would it prove injurious or serviceable to Irish Protestantism ? These were questions on every lip ; eager and anxious speculations on all sides.

The interval since 1870 has shown the Irish Protestants engaged in this great labor, involved betimes in menacig difficulties ; yet it is fair to say that they have exhibited dignity, resolution, self-reliance, and a reconstructive ability beyond praise. Many persons imagined the Catholics would wish them evil, and would break forth into ebullitions of exultation, or expressions of derision, when in the Church Synod stormy scenes now and again marked the debates on "Revision." Nothing of the kind occurred. The Catholics of Ireland, on the whole, rather rejoiced to see how well a body of Irish gentlemen could legislate on Irish affairs ; and I believe it to be the fact that, as a sort of Irish Prot-

estant-Church Parliament, the Synod was popular with most Catholic Irishmen.

A great English moral philosopher—Bishop Butler—has observed that “it is one of the peculiar weaknesses of human nature, when upon a comparison of two things one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to consider this other as of scarce any importance at all.” It seems to be only another view of this weakness to say that near and present objects have a tendency to obscure objects that are distant and remote. Ireland, in the course of the last three centuries, has experienced several disestablishments and disendowments; but the legislation of 1869 so engrosses the eyes of our mind that we fail to realize the previous processes, although some of them were every whit as sudden, as thorough, and as revolutionary as the one carried out in our own day. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Charles II., all in some sense, as well as Mr. Gladstone, disestablished and disendowed the State creeds which they found existing; and they all, except Mr. Gladstone, set up or restored their own creed in place of that which they destroyed. Mr. Gladstone differs from all the preceding in this, that he disestablished the Church to which he belonged; and a comparison of his legislation with that of Henry VIII. suggests the further curious anomaly that when England was Catholic she disestablished the Catholic Church in Ireland, and when she was Protestant she disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland.

Henry’s confiscation of Catholic Church property, which was in fact continued and carried out by Edward and Elizabeth (having been for a little resisted by Mary), was sweeping and unsparing. It is impossible to calculate the money value of the spoliation, the number of livings seized, or the number of clergy dispossessed by the Tudors or by Cromwell; but we do know enough of the condition in which the clergy were placed by both of them to compare these proceedings with Mr. Gladstone’s measure. We know from

Sir James Ware that Henry VIII. dissolved over five hundred and twenty abbeys and monasteries, and that Edward and Elizabeth handed over, or intended to hand over, all the Catholic benefices to Protestant pastors,—*i.e.*, all the benefices that escaped lay pillage and appropriation,—but how many those benefices were, we know not. We know, too, that Cromwell, while he gave up the churches to be ransacked for their roofs and furniture, reserved the Church lands and tithes for the Parliament, and that he disposed of them to “non-adventurers,” on short leases, while he turned the clergy adrift. Under his rule in Ireland, Protestant religious ministrations through the country, so far as they were supplied at all, were probably in the main supplied by the existing Church incumbents who consented to use the Directory instead of the Prayer Book, and who, on the Protector’s death, flocked in a body to the standard of the Restoration.

We have abundant information from the highest sources as to the condition of ecclesiastical affairs from Henry VIII.’s act to Cromwell’s time. We have in Protestant historians, such as Collier, Cox, and Leland; in the letters of lords-lieutenant, governors, archbishops, and judges; in the State papers published by the English and Irish Public Record offices—an unbroken stream of testimony complaining and showing that the condition of religion was scandalous, and the condition of the clergy deplorable. Spenser, the poet, who wrote his “View of the State of Ireland” about 1594, relates these things. The volumes of State papers of James I., edited with a preface in 1874 by the Rev. Dr. Russell and Mr. John P. Prendergast, give harrowing statements by Archbishop Loftus and Bishop Jones, by Judge Saxey and Sir John Davys, Attorney-General. They tell us “the Churchmen were for the most part ciphers, and could not read;” that they were “serving-men and horseboys, and had two or three benefices apiece;” that “gentlemen, women, and Jesuits had the benefits of the benefices;” that

“the churches were in ruins, and that there was no divine service, no christenings, no sacrament, no congregations, and no more demonstration of religion than among Tartars ;” that there were “not three sufficient bishops in all the kingdom ;” and that “the country was swarming with Catholic priests who were maintained by noblemen.”

The Irish Convocation itself certified to Charles I. (1629) that “In the whole Christian world the rural clergy have not been reduced to such extreme contempt and beggary as in this your Highness’s kingdom by means of the frequent appropriations ; whereby the subject has been left wholly destitute of all possible means to learn piety to God or loyalty to their prince.” Such was the condition in which the first disestablishment left the Protestant religion and its clergy.

This state of affairs continued in all its features down to 1647. In that year Lord-Lieutenant Ormond surrendered Dublin to Colonel Michael Jones and the parliamentary forces, and was publicly thanked by the Protestants for not surrendering them to their “natural enemies the Irish people.” The metropolis was then crowded with ministers who had flocked in from all parts of the country to escape the ravages of the four or five armies that were marauding the land. The unfortunate men with their families, deprived of all means of subsistence, were literally fed by the weekly allowance of bread granted them by Ormond ; and they soon had occasion to perceive how much reason there was for gratitude to Colonel Jones and the Puritans. They petitioned for leave to continue to use the Prayer Book instead of the Directory, and were refused as “ill and unworthy preaching ministers ;” they petitioned for bread, and were told that “if they wanted State pay they should do the State some service and enlist.”* The degradation of the Episcopalians was now complete. The

* Rev. Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast’s “Report on the Carte Manuscripts,” pp. 104, 105, in 32d Report of Irish Public Record Office, 1871.

churches were given up to the soldiery for wreck and ruin ; and it is impossible to conceive that there can have been any ministrations of religion anywhere outside the cities and garrison towns. This state of religious havoc came to an end with the fall of the Commonwealth ; and the Restoration in 1660 replaced Church matters as they in effect continued down to the Whig Church Temporalities Act in 1833. Cromwell's reservation of the tithes and Church lands, and his short leases, facilitated the restitution of the endowment, which was abundantly supplemented by the Act of Settlement out of the forfeited lands of the Catholics ; and the State Church was once again made wealthy and lordly.

Passing over the intermediate period from the Restoration to Lord Grey's Whig ministry, we come to the statistics of the first Irish Church Temporalities Act in 1833. Lord Althorp, the Home Secretary, then informed Parliament that the Irish benefices were at that time fourteen hundred and one, four archbishops and eighteen bishops, twenty-two dioceses ; the net income of the prelates £130,000 a year, the total Church revenue £732,000 a year ; and that there were fifty-seven churches in which no service had been performed for three years. The act, besides abolishing the parish cess, suppressed two archbishoprics, eight bishoprics, the unused churches, and handed over the amount of income, about £113,000 a year, to the then appointed Ecclesiastical Commission for the supply of Church requisites throughout the country. In 1867 the late Lord Derby, who, as Irish Secretary, helped to carry the act of 1833, issued a commission to report on the temporalities of the Irish Church, and that commission reported two archbishops, ten bishops, thirty-two deans, thirty-three archdeacons, fifteen hundred and nine incumbents and five hundred curates, fifteen hundred and eighteen benefices ; the net income of the prelates £58,031, and the total income of the Church £613,984 a year.

So matters stood with the Episcopal Protestant Church of Ireland in 1868. When in the following year Mr. Glad-

stone's great act became law, the Church was found to contain two thousand and fifty-nine annuitants, mainly clergy, together with a few laymen connected with the cathedrals as vicars-choral. To these annuities to the amount of £590,892 were payable. The Church had also possession of various sums the amount not easy to determine, arising out of private endowments, together with the glebes, episcopal palaces, and churches. By the act of Disestablishment she was deprived of all except the churches. In lieu of the private endowments a sum of £500,000 was granted; while glebes and bishops' houses were made purchasable on certain easy terms prescribed by the Act. In dealing with the annuitants, the simple principle was adopted of paying every man his due as long as he lived. In order to avoid the long and tedious process which should otherwise have to be undertaken by the Treasury, certain terms of *commutation* were offered; viz., the payment of a capital sum for each annuitant's case, —depending on his age, the Government offices' rate of mortality and value of money three and a half per cent., to which was finally added twelve per cent. on the capital sums thus estimated in consideration of supposed better average life of clergy, and of the expenses of management. On receipt of these sums, the clergy consenting to the extent of three-fourths of their number in each diocese, the Representative Body, chartered by the Crown, was to undertake the payment of the annuities. After consideration, the bishops and clergy—with the exception of about a hundred of their number—accepted these terms; in consequence of which the Representative Body has received in the shape of advances from the Treasury, through the Irish Church Temporalities Commission, sums for commutation of annuities amounting to £7,563,144. The number of annuitants was 2059; annuities payable, £590,892; commutation capital, £7,563,144; interest of money, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; year's purchase, 12.8; average age, 56.

It will be seen that a return of eight per cent. on the com-

mutation capital would pay the annuities. It was anticipated that by judicious investment four per cent. could be earned. The principle enforced by those who led the movement which ended in inducing the clergy to commute for their incomes, and take the Representative Body as their paymaster instead of the Treasury, may be thus stated: "If you consent to commute, and if we can induce the laity to subscribe an annual sum equal to the other four per cent., we shall be able to save the capital, to pay your annuities, and prevent the entire burden of supporting religion from falling on our descendants." To the laity they addressed the same language, saying in addition, "Under the Act you are entitled to the life-services of your clergy without paying them a penny. If you adopt a selfish policy, and say" (as some did), "'We will enjoy this benefit; and let those that come after take care of themselves,' a burden will be thrown on Irish Protestants which will be difficult to bear; for the day must come when the last penny will have to be sold out to pay the last man of the annuitants." These arguments prevailed, and, as will be seen, the Irish Protestant laity have done their duty manfully by their Church.*

When the act was framed it was foreseen that there would be a considerable reduction in the number of the clergy, and accordingly all the annuitants were enabled to enter into terms with the Representative Body by which their services might be dispensed with, and in consideration a certain portion of the capital sum corresponding to their annuities would go to the Representative Body for Church purposes. Under this authority a Table of Compositions was framed, on the principle that an annuitant of thirty-five years of age should get one-third, one of sixty-five and upward two-thirds, of his commutation capital; the sum increasing by one-ninetieth for each year of age between these limits, and going down by a ninetieth for ages below thirty-five. Under

* The great defaulters were the absentee Protestant land proprietors.

this table a considerable number of the annuitants compounded ; as may be judged from the fact that between compounders and deaths during the seven years from 1870 to 1877 the number of annuitants has been reduced to one thousand and fifty-two. By the operation of composition there was of course a large reduction in the commutation capital, a corresponding reduction in annuities payable, and a large Composition Balance acquired for Church purposes, amounting at present to about £1,300,000.

At first it was intended to administer the whole finance of the Church from one center in Dublin ; but on better reflection a kind of "Home Rule" or "Federal plan" has been adopted. Each diocese manages its own affairs, subject to certain general principles, under the control of the Representative Body, which meets once a month in Dublin. This body consists of forty-eight elected and twelve co-opted members. Election and co-option take place every year ; but members once elected or co-opted hold their places for three years. All money collected under these schemes is sent up to headquarters, and paid out again as stipends (under warrants drawn on the Bank of Ireland) to the proper parties, as directed by the several diocesan councils. During the last seven years the laity have contributed in this way £1,610,703, of which £37,500 was received from England. In addition to this must be counted all the sums expended in each locality by the select vestries of each parish for care of churches. Estimating this at the moderate sum of eighty pounds each for twelve hundred and forty-three parishes, the present number, this would represent a further contribution of £596,640 ; so that in all the laity have contributed within the last seven years £2,207,343,—a fact which deserves to be widely known to the credit of the Protestants of Ireland. The operation of these "Diocesan schemes" consists mainly in forming a "Stipend Fund" for future purposes. Several "unions" of parishes have been effected for economy, but very few if any have been suppressed.

Many and wide were the speculations as to how Disestablishment would affect the doctrine and rubrics of the Irish Protestant Church. Although legislatively united in 1800, and declared to be "one and indivisible," the English and Irish Churches were never, since 1640, identical in the nature and spirit of their Protestantism. The former was on the whole Lutheran or High Church; the latter was on the whole Calvinist or Low Church. In England the Restoration almost effaced the characteristics of Puritan Protestantism. In Ireland that event made little change, and Irish Protestantism visibly retains to this day the imprint it received at the Cromwellian period. Legislative regulation created a uniformity between the two bodies sure to be modified on such an opportunity as that presented by Disestablishment. For the last four or five years the Church Synod in Dublin has been engaged in the critical and serious purpose of revision. To any one who could regard with levity the labors of earnest and conscientious men engaged in such a work, the debates, often angry and stormy, sometimes truly comical in their episodes, would afford great scope for sarcasm. An extreme party seemed plainly bent on "revising" the Book of Common Prayer into a blank, and reforming the reformation in the most sweeping manner. The episcopal office and clerical character seemed to them remaining relics of antique Romanism. The supernatural in sacramental subjects they appeared to regard as merely superstitious. Several times did a secession seem inevitable. More than once did Dr. Trench in mournful tone point out the logical tendency of some of the changes proposed. Nevertheless it may be said that the middle party has carried its way, and moderated everything. The three principal questions discussed have been (1) the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed; (2) the baptismal service ("seeing that this child is now regenerate"); and (3) the Ordinal,—the words "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God." The last two were left untouched,

after much discussion. As to the first, it was in one year's Synod carried that the damnatory clauses should be altogether omitted, as forming no part of the articles of belief. Ultimately the Creed was left untouched in its place, but the mandatory rubric requiring it to be read thirteen times in the year in the public service was removed.

The episcopal Protestant Church of Ireland has lost nothing, and has gained much, especially in its freedom of action, by Disestablishment. Yet what a revolution, what a change from the Old Ireland to the New, does this one event alone bring to our view ! There is no conviction deeper or stronger in the English mind to-day than was the conviction forty years ago—nay, twenty years ago—that England would spend her last shilling and fire her last gun in maintaining the State connection and ascendancy of the Protestant Church in Ireland. What overthrow of the empire was not such a frightful event as Disestablishment supposed to involve ! It has come to pass, and, lo ! the empire stands !

CHAPTER XXXII.

IRELAND AT WESTMINSTER.

THE Kerry election fulfilled in its effects the anticipations of English and Irish public opinion. It was accepted on all hands as a decisive event. Every one realized that it marked an important turning-point in Irish politics, that an entirely new era was at hand.

The time had now come for the Home Government Association—which had always declared itself to be merely the precursor of a really authoritative national body—to summon the country as it were into council, and let Ireland discuss and formulate the national programme. Hitherto the members of that organization were only a party, pushing their propaganda so far no doubt with overwhelming success. But there were other parties in the country. There were the old Repeal party, the Liberal party, the Land party, the Catholic Education party,—the latter supposed to include most of the bishops; and above all there was the Fenian party, broken, disrupted, and weakened, but not destroyed. None of them had the mandate of the country authorizing it to lead the way.

In the autumn of 1873 the Council of the Home Government Association decided to co-operate in calling a great National Conference to consider the question of Home Rule. There was hesitation and debate for some time as to whether it should be convened by an “open” requisition—that is, one expressing no opinion on the subject or scheme to be considered—or by one which would in itself be a National Declaration. I was among those who favored the former

view ; but Mr. Butt, who was on the other side, prevailed. He argued with much force that no matter what pains might be taken to render the Conference an influential and representative assembly, the English press might still say its utterance was only the decision of some three or four hundred individuals ; whereas a National Requisition signed by ten thousand persons of position and influence, affirming the Home Rule scheme, would in itself be a great authority. In October, 1873, accordingly, a requisition was circulated through the post to members of corporations, town commissioners, and other popularly elected representatives, magistrates, clergymen, members of Parliament, etc., in the following terms :

“ We, the undersigned, feel bound to declare our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom, that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country ; and that it is desirable that Irishmen should unite to obtain that restoration upon the following principles.”

The principles of the Home Government Association, as given in a previous chapter, were then set forth, and the Requisition concluded in these words :

“ We hereby invite a Conference to be held, at such time and place as may be found generally most convenient, of all those favorable to the above principles, to consider the best and most expedient means of carrying them into practical effect.”

The desire being not to obtain so much a long list of unknown names as the signatures of representative persons, or men in whatsoever position known to command either social or popular influence, the document was not left at public places, or indiscriminately circulated. Nevertheless, in a few weeks it had received the signatures not of merely ten thousand such persons, as was hoped for, but twenty-five thousand. Every class and creed, every profession, every representative body, was represented in that vast array. As Mr.

Butt anticipated, it was very generally felt that such a Declaration was in itself a national authorization.

On Tuesday, the 18th of November, 1873, and on the three next succeeding days, the Conference assembled in the great circular hall of the Rotunda,—a place of meeting selected not merely because of its size, but for its historic associations. There it was that the celebrated convention of the Irish volunteers, under the Earl of Charlemont, held their deliberations in 1783. For nearly a century that hall had been the scene of the most striking and important political displays. There was not an orator or patriot whose name survives in the history of the past century whose voice had not echoed within those walls. Nearly nine hundred delegates or members, gathered from every county in the kingdom, attended on this occasion; and the galleries thrown open to the public, capable of accommodating six hundred persons, were crowded throughout the four days' session with ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had come long distances in order to be present.

With one voice the presidency of this important assembly was conferred on Mr. William Shaw, M.P., a Protestant gentleman of high character, a banker and leading merchant in Cork city. There was much curiosity as to what the tone and temper of the proceedings would be. Some of the leading Liberal organs in London told their readers all about it two days before the chair was taken. There would be “a Donnybrook row in the first hour of the sitting.” The Conference certainly was not what is called “a Quaker’s meeting;” there was free and active discussion; every point under consideration was canvassed closely. But the British Parliament in its best days was never more orderly, with a really important national subject under debate, from first to last. Throughout the four days no division was challenged on any resolution but one, and against that a solitary voice was raised. With scarcely an alteration, the principles and programme of the Home Government Association were af-

firmed by national authority, and, that organization there-upon being dissolved, a new one, "The Irish Home Rule League," was established to take charge of the national movement. By the early part of December this body was organized. The Christmas holidays were now close at hand; it was necessary to postpone for a few weeks the commencement of active operations, but it was decided to open the new year with a vigorous registry campaign all over the kingdom. By the middle of January, 1874, a series of reports on the condition of the several constituencies were forthcoming. From these it was clear that by attention to the registries in the ensuing summer and autumn, seventy-two Home Rule members out of one hundred and three Irish representatives might certainly be returned at the next general election. That the session about to open in February would be the last of the existing Parliament, that there would be a dissolution in the autumn, was accepted as a certainty. The only fear which now troubled the League was that the elections might be taken in the early summer, before the next revision of the parliamentary voters' lists. In this case the opportunity would be half lost; not more than thirty seats, it was thought, could be carried. A stunning surprise was about to burst upon us all!

On Saturday morning, the 24th of January, 1874, the announcement was flashed throughout the kingdom that Mr. Gladstone had "dissolved." Not a whisper of such a determination on his part had been heard even the previous day. It was only after midnight that a favored few learned the astonishing fact by telegraph. The *coup* was so sudden that it staggered every one, friend and foe. To us of the Home Rule League it brought something like dismay. Here we were, caught at utter disadvantage,—no registries completed, no constituencies organized, no candidates selected. Yet never did men encounter so sudden and serious an emergency more resolutely than the council of the League faced this trial. They "stripped to the work," and may

be said to have set *en permanence* from two o'clock on Sunday, the 25th of January, till Saturday, the 14th of February. They issued an "Address to the People of Ireland," telling them that under the circumstances of this surprise every constituency must only fight its own battle, and let a grand enthusiasm compensate for want of preparation. It was a furious combat. One formidable difficulty soon embarrassed the Home Rulers,—a want of suitable candidates. The League Council had set out with refusing to supply or "recommend" any, preferring to let each locality select for itself. This idea, however, had to be abandoned. From north, south, east, and west came the importunate appeal, "Send us a candidate." "Candidates! candidates!" was the cry. "Here is our county going adrift for want of a candidate!" "Is our borough to be lost in this way for want of a candidate? Send us *any one* who is a Home Ruler!" Anything like choice as to ability had to be given up as hopeless, the only qualification required being honesty of adherence to Home Rule. Nothing could better exemplify the temper of the Irish constituencies—the inexorable determination to grasp a candidate of some sort, or any sort, who would declare for Home Rule—than what occurred in Waterford County. That constituency was overwhelmingly Home Rule, yet in the utter want of candidates there was nothing for it but to allow the late members, Lord Charles Beresford, Conservative, and Sir John Esmonde, Liberal, to be re-elected unopposed. The people were indignant. An unknown London "carpet-bagger," whose name has escaped my memory, ran across one day from Paddington and issued bright-green placards announcing himself effusively as a candidate in favor of Home Rule. He was hailed with rapture. The League denounced his candidature, and issued an address beseeching the electors not to be fooled by so offensive and barefaced a trick. Neither Lord Charles Beresford nor Sir John Esmonde was a Home Ruler, but they were both honorable men in public

life. There was a friendly regard for Lord Charles as brother of the Marquis of Waterford. Sir John Esmonde was by marriage the representative of Henry Grattan's family, which counted for much with Irishmen. To reject either of these gentlemen for a Man in the Moon "Home Ruler" from London Bridge would have been monstrous. Every exertion was accordingly used by the League leaders to expose the transaction. However, the clever Cockney polled several hundred votes as a "Home Ruler."

It was a serious reflection how far men returned in such haste and at such hap-hazard as this would be found to supply the elements requisite for the formation of a really influential and effective parliamentary party. How many of them would be half-hearted men, Liberals who hoisted Home Rule to secure re-election? How many of them would be extreme men, who would tire of a Fabian policy and soon cry out that moderation and constitutionalism had failed? How many of them would exhibit a fatal complaisance lest they might be thought "extreme"? How many would lack the intelligence or the manly courage to adopt a moderate course, lest it might be thought "unpopular"? Would a party so returned exhibit unity, cohesion, strength, or would they prove to be "a heap of uncemented sand"? These were pressing anxieties in many a breast throughout that time.

At length the desperate struggle was over; the last return was made, and men, drawing breath, looked around to see how the day had gone. A great shout went up from Ireland. "Victory! Victory!" was the cry from end to end of the land. For the first time, under the shield of the ballot, a national representation freely elected by the people had been returned; and for the first time since the overthrow of the Irish Parliament in 1800 a clear and strong majority of the national representation were arrayed in solemn league and covenant to restore it. None were more astonished than the Home Rule leaders at the extent of their success. Under the disadvantages of "the Gladstone surprise," they had

hoped to return between thirty and forty men. They had carried about sixty seats.* In the previous Parliament there sat for Irish constituencies fifty-five Liberals, thirty-eight Conservatives, and ten Home Rulers. The new elections returned twelve Liberals, thirty-one Conservatives, and sixty Home Rulers. Ulster sent two Home Rulers and five Liberals for seats previously held by Conservatives. The two Ulster Home Rulers were returned by Cavan County. The prosperous capital of Northern Protestantism, Belfast, furnished one of these gentlemen, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, late chairman of the Belfast Water Commissioners. The other, Mr. Charles Joseph Fay, belonged to an old and influential Catholic family in the county. The successful Liberals in the same province were Mr. Sharman Crawford, returned for the county Down,—son of that Mr. William Sharman Crawford, M.P., referred to in a previous chapter as the veteran leader of the Protestant Tenant-Right party; Mr. Taylor for Coleraine; Mr. Dickson, who came in for historic Dungannon,—both of these gentlemen being large manufacturers in the North; Mr. Hugh Law, Q.C., and Mr. Richard Smyth, for Derry County. Mr. Law held an eminent position at the bar, and was Solicitor-General for Ireland. Mr. Smyth was a Presbyterian clergyman, had been Moderator of the General Assembly a few years previously, and was just then Professor of Oriental Languages in the Presbyterian College of Derry. Of the Irish Home Rulers, eleven were Protestants, and forty-eight Catholics; of the Liberals, nine were Protestants, three Catholics; all the Conservatives were Protestants. It may be doubted that any

* They suffered but two defeats. In Monaghan County Mr. John Madden of Hilton Park, Conservative Home Ruler, failed to obtain election; and in Tralee borough The O'Donoghue, as an anti-Home Rule Liberal, defeated Mr. Daly, Mayor of Cork, the Home Rule candidate, by three votes. I believe the majority of votes actually given was against The O'Donoghue; but through informality in marking some of the ballot papers he was "counted in" by three votes.

constituency in Ireland made a greater sacrifice in demonstration of its Home Rule convictions than the town of Drogheda. Its representation was sought by Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, a Protestant Liberal gentleman. He was a leading merchant in Manchester, but was connected with Drogheda by family, by birth, and by the ties of numerous benefits conferred on the town as an employer and a citizen. Mr. Whitworth would be strongly in favor of Home Rule if he were sure it did not involve separation. He feared it did, and so he would not declare for the one question now supreme in the popular estimation. The disappointment, the regret, of the Drogheda people was something astonishing. There was not a man in the universe they would rather elect "if he would but say the word." Had Mr. Whitworth been like too many politicians, he might easily have managed the difficulty by a slippery or ambiguous phrase; but he was too honest for that. The constituency on their part were too regardful of duty and principle to give way. A deputation went up to the League for a "candidate," and roundly swore they would not leave Dublin without one. With some difficulty they found a gentleman who consented to stand, and they placed him at the head of the poll.

I think I may say the next most striking exemplification of the intensity of the popular feeling was displayed in my own election by the county of Louth, for which I was returned by a majority of two to one over the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, now Lord Carlingford. Mr. Fortescue was one of the leaders and chiefs of the Liberal party. He was a man of recognized ability, and filled a prominent place not only in Irish but imperial politics. He was a Cabinet minister in the Gladstone administration at the time of this contest, and, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, virtually governed the country. For no less than twenty-seven years consecutively he had represented Louth. He was brother of Lord Clermont, one of the most extensive land-owners, one of the best and the kindest, in the county. Personally no

man had a higher position or stronger claims. But he had passed the severest Coercion Bill ever imposed upon Ireland, and was of course opposed to Home Rule. The Louth contest was naturally considered one of the most important in the whole campaign. Its result, the defeat of such a man as Mr. Fortescue, created a profound sensation.

While Home Rule was placed first and beyond all public measures or subjects, there were three others, which went to make up what may be called the national platform at this election : Amendment of the Gladstone Land Act ; Denominational Education ; and an Amnesty for the Political Prisoners. These three questions commanded the individual support of the Home Rule members in nearly every case.

It was singular to note how largely Irish Protestantism had on this occasion, as so often before, furnished leaders to the national movement. The Home Rule Chief, *par excellence*, was Isaac Butt, and beside him there were Sir John Martin, Mitchell-Henry, William Shaw, and Sir John Gray, —all Protestants. Equally remarkable was the fact that the most Catholic, or, as it would be said, “Ultramontane,” constituencies elected Protestant Home Rulers. Those who believe that Irish Catholics import religious exclusiveness into politics, or doubt that Protestant lord and Catholic peasant might mingle in community of feeling as Irishmen, should see Lord Francis Conyngham in the midst of the “frieze coats” of Clare, the object of loyal confidence, hearty affection, and personal devotion.

The dissolution of 1874 was a disastrous *coup* for the great leader of English Liberalism. It resulted in the overthrow of his party. The new Parliament opened with a Conservative ministry not only in office but in power. Mr. Disraeli found himself at the head of three hundred and sixty devoted followers ; while not more than about two hundred and forty stood beneath the banner of the late Premier. As to the remaining sixty, a state of things previously unknown was about to present itself. Immediately on the conclusion

of the elections, the Irish Home Rule members assembled in the council-chamber of the City Hall, Dublin, and after deliberation earnest and prolonged adopted resolutions constituting themselves "a separate and distinct party in the House of Commons." In truth it was upon this understanding, express or implied, they were one and all returned. They forthwith proceeded to make the requisite arrangements to such an end. Nine of their body were elected to act as an executive council. Secretaries and "whips" were duly appointed. Motions and measures were agreed upon for introduction. Thus constituted, marshaled, and organized, the Irish Home Rulers took their seats in the imperial Parliament.

Serious and difficult was the work those men had entered on. It had been no light and easy task to bring the Irish millions anew to give their confidence to constitutional endeavors. The resorts of physical force they did not indeed believe in, else the Fenian enterprise had been more formidable; but not a great deal more brightly had they at first regarded the prospects of parliamentary action. Behind that Home Rule party at Westminster stood those millions, hoping, doubting, fearing; eagerly and narrowly watching every move; ready to reciprocate conciliation, but dangerously quick to resent hostility. The bulk of the nation was fairly willing to try out a reasonably patient, persevering policy, but there was a section who hoped nothing from Parliament, and who would rejoice to find the English members voting down everything with an indiscriminating "No!" The Home Rule leaders knew the nature of the elements they had to deal with, and were fully aware that events might throw the game into the hands of the more extreme and impatient section of their people. They decided to offer a bridge to the opposing forces of Irish demand and English refusal. Apart from the question of Home Rule, which they knew would require much time, they resolved to lay before the House of Commons several schemes

of practical legislation, the merits of which could hardly be contested, and the success of which might fairly be expected. The concessions of these would, on the one hand, lead the English people gradually to look into the nature of Irish claims, and, on the other hand, lead the Irish people to place more confidence in constitutional effort. It was probably the best and wisest policy such a party could devise. "You will gain nothing by it," said some among them; "you will accomplish nothing by this moderation. You will be blindly voted down all the same. It is a policy of combat you should set yourselves to pursue." "We shall try that if we *must*, but not if we can avoid it," answered the Home Rule chiefs.

Amid such circumstances, beset by such difficulties, inspired by such hopes, facing so grave a problem, the Irish Home Rule party pushed forward from 1874 to 1877, the exponents of a new policy, the representatives of a New Ireland at Westminster.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOSS AND GAIN.

IN that well-known and once seditious ballad "The Wearing of the Green," an anxious query is pressed as to how it fares with Ireland :

"And how does she stand?"

So may we, ere we close the record and quit our theme, ask, How stands Ireland in 1877? In what is she most changed? What is the loss or gain between the old time and the new?

Although, contrasted with the development of nations in the long enjoyment of healthy life, the progress of Ireland—material and intellectual, social, industrial, educational, and political—may be found sadly slow, and in some respects cruelly retarded, yet, compared with her own dismal historic standards, she has made great strides within the present generation. The really important fact is, that with the little she has gained she has done more, and bids fair to accomplish relatively greater things, than any nation of them all.

Serious and heavy are the material losses to be weighed in taking a balance and estimating gains upon this period. The country that has lost in thirty years one-third of its population—a million by famine, and two millions by despairing flight—must have received a well-nigh mortal wound. No glozing fallacies, no heartless theories, have availed to stamp upon the Irish Famine and Exodus any character less dark than that of utter calamity. Yet Ireland has survived the blow. Economically and industrially its weakening effects will long be visible; but the vitality of the nation has tri-

umphantly asserted itself. Despite all disaster and difficulty, Ireland is marching on.

It is not easy to arrive at accurate conclusions as to the extent of Ireland's material progress between 1845 and 1875. The necessary records were not in existence, or were very defective, thirty years ago ; and some of the tests and comparisons frequently applied are most fallacious. That progress depends almost entirely on agriculture, manufacturing industry being still but little known. For some years past many signs attest that the agricultural classes in Ireland have made considerable advance, and a decided increase in the national wealth has been thus acquired. But hardly any one seems to notice the important fact that this has risen less from extension of earning power, or of productive area, than from a rise in the price of certain agricultural products. A considerable increase in the price of coal a few years ago brought extravagantly "good times" to the colliers and mine-owners while it lasted, though the out-put was no greater than before. If nothing occur to send back the prices of beef and mutton, milk and butter, eggs and poultry, Ireland will have established a substantial gain in material prosperity. But this present glow of "good prices" is too commonly confounded with the solid increase of wealth that results from increased productiveness. It is in great part perilously adventitious. There are, however, numerous indications that the respite from hardship, the comparative comfort, which the farming classes have thus experienced has been turned by them to great account. These few years of better circumstances, together with the influence of certain other changes, educational and political, in the country, have had a startling effect on the agricultural population. Never again, without such struggle as may astonish the kingdom, will they submit to the serfdom and destitution of old times.

The educational progress and attainments of Ireland within the past thirty years will bear no comparison with what has

been accomplished in Belgium, America, Germany, France, Scotland, England, or Switzerland. But the effect and influence on Ireland of the measure of educational gain achieved within that period has been incalculable. It has, as I have already said, revolutionized the country. The educational facilities and opportunities within the reach of the Irish people are still—especially as regards intermediate and university education—“miserably bad, scandalously bad.” The Government holds to its determination to force on the Irish millions a scheme admittedly out of accord with their conscientious convictions; and thus the precious aid which popular sympathy and national enthusiasm would bring is utterly lost to our primary-school system. As to university and intermediate education in Ireland, the condition of affairs is a reproach to the nineteenth century. It is truly lamentable that in such a matter as education the policy of *force majeure* should still be pursued toward a people to whom such a huge arrear of educational restitution is due. This is hardly the way to make a requital to Ireland for a century of laws that hunted down the school-master and put a price upon his head.

One of the best and brightest changes visible in Ireland is the almost total disappearance of sectarian animosities, and the kindly mingling of creeds and classes in the duties of every-day life. Even still, no doubt, in one particular corner of the island, there linger traces of the old and evil spirit beneath whose accursed influence man spilled the blood of his fellow-man in the outraged name of Religion. But even in Ulster these insensate feuds are steadily giving way. Such passions do not suddenly subside. Long after better and nobler feelings have gained the mastery, the fitful spasms of expiring fanaticism will occasionally present their ghastly spectacle; but the end is none the less inevitably at hand. In Derry city the annual displays that formerly involved periodical wreck and bloodshed have for the past five or six years, with scarcely an exception, been celebrated amidst

declarations and demonstrations of mutual tolerance and good feeling. In Belfast and one or two of the neighboring towns no such happy result has as yet been safely assured ; but in these places the local leaders on each side have many difficulties to contend with. Every party and faction has its camp-followers and irregulars, who, amenable to no discipline, often stain by their excesses, and compromise by their assaults, the cause which they pretend to serve. Every season it becomes more and more plain that Ulster Orangemen and Ulster Catholics are equally desirous of terminating a state of things which was the scandal of Ireland and the reproach of Christianity.

Elsewhere, throughout the remaining provinces of the kingdom, concord, tolerance, and kindly feeling largely prevail. The coincidence whereby the lines of religious demarcation correspond, as a general rule, with the political in Ireland—Protestant being generally synonymous with Conservative, and Catholic with Liberal—is very unfortunate ; for often a conflict seems to be sectarian when, in fact, it is only political. On the whole, the painfully sharp distinctions and classifications of old times have softened down ; and the different social classes and religious denominations no longer resemble so many warring tribes encamped upon the land.

It is, however, in the domain of politics that the most serious changes are to be noted in Ireland. The gravity and importance of those changes will be recognized only when they are studied in the twofold aspect of their effect on Ireland herself, and their effect on England.

There never was a period until now, since the passing of the Union, in which the Irish representation was not amenable to the influences, and more or less subject to the authority, of the governing parties, Liberal or Conservative,—the ministerial or ex-ministerial chiefs,—in London. Had it been otherwise, many a time it might have been a serious peril for England to have had a hundred and five Irishmen

with their hands on the lever of imperial affairs at Westminster. As it was, they were merely so many imperial Whigs and Tories, whose action in the main was directed and controlled by the Melbournes or Lyndhursts, Russells or Peels, Stanleys or Aberdeens, of the hour. If the continuance or discontinuance of such a system now lay wholly or mainly in the choice of the representatives themselves, its abandonment during a year or two might be a matter of little moment, as a merely temporary variation. But a change, a radical change, has been brought about under very critical circumstances.

It is only within the past thirty or forty years that in Ireland the bulk of the people, long kept outside the pale of the constitution, may be said to have actively entered public life. That is to say, the political influence of Ireland, such as it was, even so recently as thirty years ago, was exercised in their name and on their behalf, not by the people themselves. Ten years ago the franchise was placed practically within their reach, yet its use was then, to them, too full of deadly peril to make the possession a boon. Five years ago, however, came a measure which, as if by the flash of a magician's wand, has changed the whole aspect of Irish politics. The ballot has brought, for the first time, the influence and the will of the Irish people directly to bear on the assembly at Westminster. With a marvelous rapidity they have realized the great agencies now within their control. With rather sudden energy they have cast aside the tutelage of former days. The political power of Ireland has passed for aye from the custody of leaders, managers, and proxy-holders, in the sense in which they held it and used it of old. The statesmen who have to deal with the Ireland of to-day will find that they are face to face with new elements, new forms, and forces, social, economic, and political.

It becomes of the first importance to appreciate the temper and tendency, the bent and purpose, of those millions whom

the School, the Newspaper, the Franchise, and the Ballot have made masters of the situation in Ireland. Equally necessary is it to take into view the one hundred and seventy thousand Irish voters in the cities and towns of Britain, daily preparing themselves for more complete and resolute co-operation with the efforts of their countrymen at home. As long as the working classes of England were unenfranchised, these vast bodies of Celtic material accumulated between the Tay and the Thames were of little account. But as every day the influence of those classes increased—as the franchise is extended, and school board, poor-law, municipal, and parliamentary elections admit the masses of the people to the exercise of public power—the men whom Irish landlordism swept in thousands from their native valleys in the western island will as a consequence be heard from. They are placed in all the great centers of public opinion and political activity; and some of the most momentous issues of the near future will be largely determined, one way or another, by their aid. Not in a year, nor in two years, will they be able to constitute or organize themselves, and exhibit perfect discipline and trained intelligence; but all this is plainly ahead,—is merely a matter of time. No graver anxiety can weigh the mind of a patriotic Irishman contemplating these things than that which surrounds the question as to how, and in what temper, the Irish people at home and in England may use the powers within their reach. Here and there, we may be sure, some errors of impulse, unreason, or passion will occasionally be seen; and that impatience of result so characteristic of our race—greatly but not wholly reformed of late—will betimes break forth. Above all, it must be borne in mind that, like the party of Kossuth sullenly watching the endeavors of Francis Deak ten years ago in Hungary, there are men in Ireland, in America, and in England—few, but not less determined, some of them more desperate than ever—who hope in the break-down of public effort to have another chance for the resorts of violence. But there are

abundant proofs that the great body of the Irish people, in sober but resolute purpose, are determined to work out their national policy by the agencies of public opinion and the weapons of political power. And assuredly no happier circumstance has cheered the outlook of Irish politics in our century than the daily increasing exchange of sympathies, and the more loudly avowed sentiments of reconciliation and friendship, between the peoples of Ireland and of Great Britain.

What the veil of the future may hide is not given to man to know. Enough for us that in skies long darkened and torn by cloud and storm thrice-blessed signs of peace and hope appear. The future is with God.

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