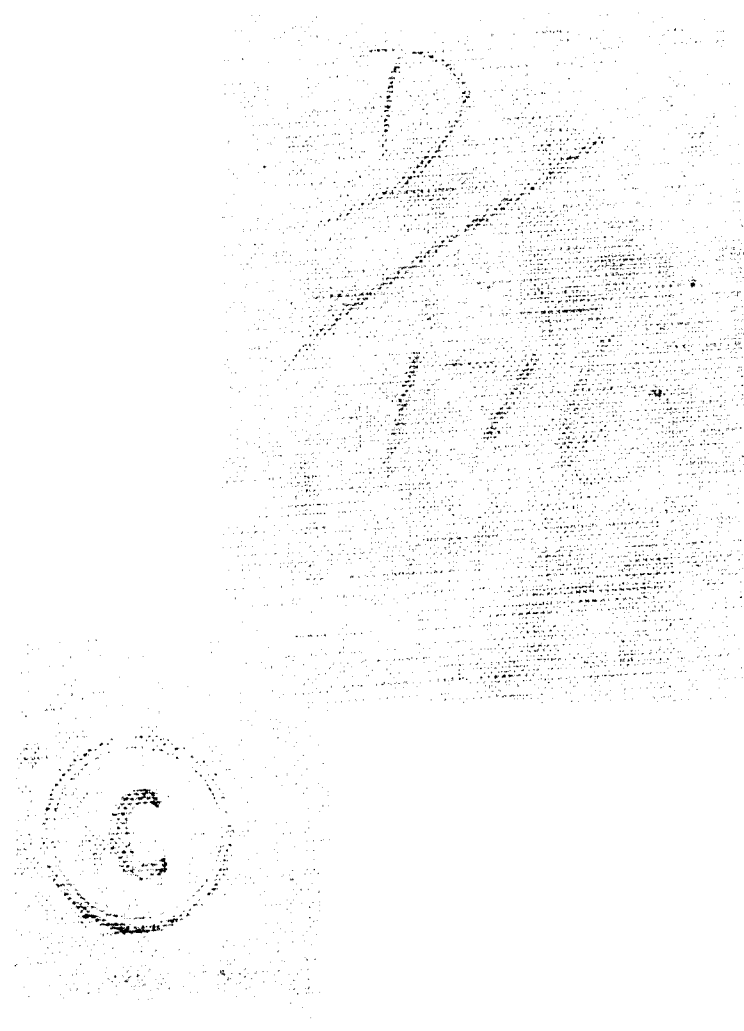






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T. M. HEALY, K.C.

LETTERS and LEADERS OF MY DAY

Volume I

By

T. M. HEALY, K.C.

Scottish Lib.
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CHAPTER I

Early Days (1862-72)

IN 1862 (when I was seven) my father left Bantry, Co. Cork, on being appointed Clerk of Union at Lismore, Co. Waterford. The retiring clerk, J. C. Hennessy, had been promoted to Waterford Union because of a tragedy which afterwards became the plot of a novel. In outline the story ran that the wife of Richard Burke, Clerk of Waterford Union, sickened and died about 1860. Her burial at the family graveyard, Kilsheelan, Co. Tipperary, was attended by the husband, who in apparent sorrow stayed that evening with her sister. Their converse meanwhile was friendly, yet in the "dead waste and middle of the night" the sister thundered at his door, "Get up, you murderer, you poisoned my sister! Get up! Get out!"

A dream, according to the whispers of the village, had inspired her. Burke tried to pacify the woman, but the only answer she made was: "Get out of my house! You killed my sister!" Then without giving him time to dress, she bundled him into the street.

In his night-shirt Burke made his way to the police-barracks, and was there accommodated till day broke. Then the sister accused him to the police of the murder of his wife, and demanded that the body should be exhumed. This was duly reported to Dublin Castle, but Burke was not arrested. Inquiries, however, were set afoot, and the Government gave permission to open the grave so that an inquest might be held. The husband nonchalantly attended the Coroner's inquiry. He drove to it from Waterford in a hired car, and the driver related that, where a view of the River Suir met his eyes, he declaimed, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," at full length.

At the inquest the doctor declared his suspicions, but medical knowledge as to poisons was not then exact. As he was unable to pronounce positively on the cause of death, the stomach was removed and sent in a jar to the Cork Queen's College. There the analyst put the jar into the laboratory, but before he could examine it, the place was burnt down. To rebuild the laboratory a vote of

Parliament was necessary, and the British Treasury was not to be hurried. When the delay in providing money ended, workmen set about clearing the foundations, and a pickaxe struck a jar in the *débris* which emitted a peculiar sound. It was lifted out, unbroken, and the analyst identified it as the jar sent to him the year before containing the stomach of Mrs. Burke.

On examining the contents he certified that arsenic was present in the stomach in fatal quantities, and after a long delay the Tipperary coroner reassembled the jury.

Meanwhile the police learnt that Burke had been friendly with a nurse in Waterford Union. They also heard from a pauper-assistant there that he had been seen to take a white powder from a vessel on the shelves of the pharmacy. So the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against him, and Burke was arrested and put on trial before Baron Deasy at Clonmel Assizes in 1862. Confident of acquittal, he issued invitations to his friends to dine with him at an hotel in Waterford after the trial. Nevertheless, Burke was found guilty. Thousands flocked to see him hanged. His execution made the vacancy in the clerkship of the Waterford Union to which the Lismore Clerk, Hennessy, was elected. The coming of my father from Bantry to take the latter's place brought me as a child to Co. Waterford.

In Lismore the people prospered under the liberal Dukes of Devonshire, while the impressions I carried from Bantry were those created by the stories of the Famine of 1846-7. My father's lips trembled when he recalled their horrors.

The graveyard of the Abbey of Ardnavaaher, Bantry, holds two "pits" wherein lie the uncoffined remains of hundreds of hunger-stricken men, women and children. Carts with a sliding-base brought the dead from the Workhouse or wayside to the Abbey. "False bottoms" in the carts were drawn out to let the bodies fall into the pits. One of the carters, being short of a corpse for his load, was said to have become so callous that he ordered a man dying in the workhouse to come with him, saying, "You'll be dead before you're down."

Fever followed famine, and smote the survivors. My grandmother told me that on her sister's farm near Skibbereen every living thing, even the cattle and poultry, became infected, and perished. The poor-rate (of which the landlord paid half) rose to 20s. in the pound. A. M. Sullivan (at that time a Relieving Officer) vouched that Lord Bantry's agent, Paine (chairman of the Board of Guardians), would not admit any woman to the workhouse unless, by lifting her skirt, she could uncover a shank shrunk from

hunger. A fellow-guardian, John Shine Lalor, described him in the Cork Press as "the thermometer of misery and weighmaster of starvation." Yet, far from being cruel, he strove merely to prevent his employer being swamped by rates.

The Government dissolved the Bantry "Guardians," and in their room appointed "Commissioners." One of these, Dr. Willis, when the death-carts finished their dreadful circuits, made the woodwork into crucifixes. He gave one to my family, and on the back is inscribed :

During the frightful famine-plague which devastated a large proportion of Ireland in the years 1846-7 that monstrous and unchristian machine, a "sliding coffin," was from necessity used in Bantry Union for the conveyance of the victims to one common grave. The material of this cross—the symbol of our Redemption—is a portion of one of the machines which enclosed the remains of several hundreds of our countrymen during their passage from the wretched huts or waysides where they died to the pit into which their remains were thrown.

T. W.

In August, 1849, Lord Macaulay wrote (*Trevelyan's Life*, p. 531) : "From Limerick to Killarney, and from Killarney to Cork, I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Hundreds of dwellings in ruins, abandoned by the late inmates who fled to America—the labouring people dressed literally, not rhetorically, worse than the scarecrows of England, the children of whole villages turning out to beg of every coach and car that goes by. I cannot mend this state of things, and there is no use in breaking my heart about it. I am comforted by thinking that between the poorest English peasant and the Irish peasant there is ample room for ten or twelve well-marked degrees of poverty. As to the political agitation, it is dead and buried."

During the famine my father, at eighteen years of age, was appointed to control relief-measures under the new Poor Law Acts, and became Clerk of the Bantry Union.

My grandfather, Thomas Healy, of Donaghmore-O'Healy, near Macroom, Co. Cork, had settled in Bantry as a teacher of Greek and Latin fifty years before. His sons learnt from him that their family had been despoiled under the Penal Laws by a relative who, to obtain their property, turned Protestant. A bronze shrine or reliquary (*Mishact*) which contained the hand of Saint Lachtin, patron of the clan (now in the National Museum, Dublin), had been in the guardianship of his people.

My father married an O'Sullivan, sprung from Murty Og, whose slaughter is bewailed in Callanan's dirge, and is noted by Froude.

His children had a Spartan upbringing. My mother died when I was four and my grandmother kindled our minds with stories of her forbears.

My father cherished the Greek saying, "Let your body fit lightly round your soul." He heard Mass daily, taught us a little Latin, played the violin with taste, recited Homer, and declaimed the sonorous cadences of St. John's Gospel so often in the original that we knew its opening words—all the Greek we ever learnt.

In politics he adhered to the 'forty-eight men, and thought Daniel O'Connell "a bit of a humbug." His son will be forgiven for thinking of him in the terms which St. Jerome applied to Nepotian as one who "by assiduous reading and daily meditations *pectus suum Christi fecit bibliothecam*."

I "finished my education" at thirteen years of age, after some schooling in Fermoy with the Christian Brothers. To Dublin I went in 1869, where I stayed for two years with T. D. Sullivan, the song-writer of the *Nation*, who had married my aunt. His brother, A. M. Sullivan, owned the *Nation* and *Weekly News*. Rhymes which I sent in anonymously were accepted by one of his papers.

A boyish note to my father runs:

Dublin,

13th October, 1869.

I was at an amnesty meeting on Sunday at Cabra, near Dublin, and not less than 100,000 people present. All the trades were there with their banners, up to 30,000. T. D. S. says it was as great a meeting as took place in "Repeal" times. Butt and George H. Moore, M.P., spoke.

I went to the opera on Saturday. It was the last night, and Tietjens' "benefit." There was a crush getting tickets. After a deal of pushing and kicking I got one. Such a house, crammed from top to bottom. My shirt and the sleeves of my coat were wet with perspiration. The "boys" from the gallery let down with a rope a splendid basket ornamented with flowers containing a dove and an address to Tietjens. This she read amid "thunders of applause." When the opera was over they dragged her carriage to her hotel.

The arbitration between A. M. Sullivan and Richard Pigott went on yesterday. G. H. Moore and Butt were the arbitrators. They will give their decision to-day.

A. M. Sullivan had asked me to carry some volumes of the *Nation*, containing refutations of Pigott's libels on him, to Butt's house in Eccles Street. The future forger of the Parnell letters in 1887 met his first check in 1869 at the hands of Butt and Moore.

When I came to Dublin the Sullivans were grieved sorely over the defeat of John Martin (of '48 fame) as candidate for Co. Longford. Martin was nominated in his absence in America, against Lord Greville's son, but the franchise being high, and the Ballot Act

unpassed, he was beaten. His supporters were dubbed "Garibaldians" and "Mazzinians" by the local orthodox. The Irish bishops were in Rome at the Ecumenical Council, and most priests supported Greville. After Martin's defeat, the *Weekly News* published a "roll of honour," in which the names of the 411 farmers who voted for Martin were set out. As the tide of Nationalism swelled up, it used to be "£50 in a girl's fortune" if her father figured on the roll—i.e., her marriage portion was swollen by an invisible £50.

In 1892, being in Longford, I asked Dr. Atkinson (whose brother was a priest) if any "Martinite" survived. He took me into the country and pointed to a house where an old man was thatching his roof. "That's a Martinite," said he, and asked the rustic to come down. As he climbed off the ladder I greeted him with, "I hear you voted for Martin?" Holding his hand a couple of feet above the ground, he exclaimed, "Woted for Martin! I woted for Martin with priests leppin' that height off the flure." Yet the pluck of a curate, Father Kit Mullen, got Martin elected for Meath in 1871. That victory was the first "milestone" in the history of the latter-day Nationalist movement.

On a Sunday in 1871 Martin unveiled the statue to Smith O'Brien, on O'Connell Bridge, Dublin. I went with him and A. M. Sullivan to the *Nation* office after the ceremony, and heard Sullivan warn Martin that Father Mullen could not speak for the Meath priests. Yet Martin won.

After Martin's election a vacancy in Limerick City occurred, and Isaac Butt, once Tory member for Harwich, became a candidate. Daniel O'Connell had prophesied of Butt in the 'forties, when he championed the Act of Union, that he would become an advocate of "Repeal."

Butt was needy, and the law enforced imprisonment for debt. On the Saturday before the election in Limerick he came to T. D. Sullivan's house in Dublin for refuge. I opened the door, and Butt asked for "T. D.," who was out. At his request I took him to the sick-room of Mrs. Sullivan, who had just become a mother. There the great lawyer sat to elude pursuit, saying kind words to my aunt. When "T. D." came in he got his fare to Limerick. His creditors sent *latitats* to the sheriff to arrest him, and these he evaded by crossing the Shannon into Co. Clare. Before a warrant to the Clare Sheriff could be made out he was returned unopposed. Such were the beginnings of the Home Rule movement.

A room in Butt's residence in Eccles Street was inset with Handel's organ, used when the first performance of the "Messiah" was given for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital.

Butt's *Plea for the Irish Race*, and his works on the Land System, were the output of genius.

Memories of Butt's spacious advocacy will long survive. He got a verdict with £270 damages in the case of a Protestant chaplain, who (before the "Irish Church" was disestablished in 1869) sued his patron—a well-known peer, for using the word "No." The slander imputed was that the chaplain asked his host at dinner, "Shall I say grace, my Lord?" To which the reply was, "No." Then the peer said grace himself. Butt swayed the jury into finding that this imputed unworthiness in the clergyman to perform an ordinary function of his office.

Afterwards he acted for a solicitor named Barry, whom the Court of Common Pleas sought to "attach" after an Election Petition at Youghal in 1869. Judges Keogh, Lawson and Morris, on their own initiative, because a newspaper published a speech of Barry criticizing a decision of Judge O'Brien in unseating Weguelin, M.P., issued a citation to compel Barry to answer for his words. Butt shamed the Court into abandoning the process. His speech became a classic.

You are grounding here a process to destroy a man on a statement behind his back, and made to his judges in chamber. It violates every principle of British law. I don't care whether it comes from judge or officer. Any judgment founded on that evidence will bring this Court into contempt. Such a judgment will go forth without authority and come back without respect. Of a judgment founded on that evidence, the least that will be said is, that it is an indictment without an accuser, a sentence without a trial, and a conviction without evidence. The public will say that, and I warn the Court against it. Where are you to stop? Do you think your judgment of to-day won't be canvassed? If another attorney goes up and speaks disrespectfully of you, and if some judge whispers to another judge that he appeared for Mr. Barry because he ran up to the Library, as gentlemen have done here, three or four times to-day, and therefore, we may assume that he is the attorney in the case, are you to commit him? Or if I left this Court and spoke disrespectfully of you, would your Lordship commit me? By taking this course you are abandoning judicial status, and placing yourself on a tower from whence you are looking out for insults, and as in the case of every one who looks out for insults, there will be abundance of them offered. You had no right, without evidence, to put Barry to answer anything. One of your orders has been misrecited in another. You have not at this moment a particle of evidence upon which you can rest the grounding of this highly penal order. I say again that it was not "professional misconduct." The Privy Council decided that "contempt of Court" was not "professional misconduct"; and whatever power you have to deal with "contempt," you have no power to deal with "professional misconduct" under the guise of "contempt." I point out the inconvenience with which this proceeding is surrounded. It affects my liberty, and the liberty of every man in the country, and if persevered in, it will gather round any offence



ISAAC BUTT, Q.C. M.P.

that may be in it, the sympathy of every man who hates arbitrary power. I hope I have not gone beyond my duty in suggesting these things. I know that the truest reverence for authority is often manifested by boldly remonstrating when it is going wrong :—

“ Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad.”

The ingredients which spiced this protest found general acceptance. Keogh had been M.P. for Athlone in 1852, and vowed with an oath that he would not take office unless the Land Bill of Sharman Crawford (an Ulster member) was passed by the Government. He threatened the landlords that “ Winter with its short days and long nights is coming.”

Yet he accepted the post of Solicitor-General, and having to stand for re-election in Athlone, gave each voter half a ten-pound note, with a promise of the other half when the vote was registered. Open voting was then the law, and Keogh, when elected, left his constituents to “ compare notes ” (or half-notes). The bribees, therefore, only received £5 each. This device was much admired by wooers of rotten boroughs in the mid-Victorian epoch. A property qualification also existed for M.P.’s, and Keogh never forgot his obligation to a London tailor who provided him with the “ fee simple ” out of his own estate.

He was a man of genius, with a country to sell. His appointment as judge discredited parliamentary representation and engendered the Fenian movement. In Ireland, history is embodied as to the Union of 1800, in the word Castlereagh; the names Cromwell and William of Orange combine the hatreds of preceding centuries, and the word “ Keogh ” summarizes the worst memories of the Victorian epoch.

As Judge, he sentenced a Cork shoemaker to penal servitude in 1867, for taking part in the “ rising ” of that year. Jeering at him from the Bench, he cried out, “ Do low fellows like you think to sever Ireland’s connection with the greatest Empire in the world ? ” From the dock came the answer, “ Humble, my Lord, but not low ! ” The shoemaker’s reply thrilled hearts which his doomsman could never pierce. It embodied the spirit of the French peasants’ protest, “ *Nous sommes rustiques mais nous ne sommes pas rustres*,” and was one of the influences which won Butt to the National Cause.

Keogh’s ill-standing even with Conservatives appears from a comment in their organ, the *Irish Times*, in 1872.

Father Healy, P.P. of Little Bray, used to dine with Keogh weekly, and he once complainingly asked, “ Have you heard the latest lie about me ? ”

"No," said the priest.

"Well, they pretend I am going to change my religion."

"Good," said Father Healy, using the Anglo-Irish idiom, "I hope it's a Catholic you'll become." Keogh had been bred a Catholic.

Charles Dawson, M.P., when High Sheriff of Limerick City, told me that at a sultry summer assize there, Keogh ascended the Bench with nothing on save his robes, in the pocket of which lay a copy of Horace.

On a "Judges' night" in Cork, Keogh retired from the Bar dinner with his fellow-Judge, but came back alone, crying, "Boys! The Judge has gone to bed, and Billy Keogh has come back."

He cut his throat at Bingen, on the Rhine, in 1878. Relatives wished to bury him in Ireland, but the Government got word that if his coffin reached Dublin it would be seized and thrown into the Liffey at O'Connell Bridge. His remains, therefore, lie in German soil.

CHAPTER II

Butt Demands Home Rule (1872-4)

IN March, 1872, I went to England to stay with John Barry, in Manchester. There unrest, racial and religious, prevailed amongst Irishmen. The execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien was not five years old, and the shooting of Sergeant Brett remained a sore subject with English citizens. Brett was in charge of a prison-van from which two Irish-American officers (Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy) were rescued in Salford. A shot fired to force the lock killed Brett, who (unknown to the rescuers) was looking through the keyhole. The jury convicted five alleged assailants, including a Royal Marine named Maguire, although it was proved that Maguire was on board ship at sea in Her Majesty's service when the rescue took place. So clearly guiltless was he that a unanimous protest from the reporters at the trial was lodged, and he was "pardoned."

Dr. Murphy, of Oxford Street, Manchester, told me that after the executions (23rd November, 1867) a tattered outcast came to him on a winter's day, with a letter from Colonel Kelly, for whose capture £1,000 reward was offered. As he opened his coat to produce the missive, Dr. Murphy saw that he had neither shirt nor vest. Yet the man could have gone to the nearest police station and drawn £1,000 by giving information as to the whereabouts of the fugitives.

Northern England was then disturbed by an anti-popery lecturer, Murphy, who infested the towns. His book, *The Confessional Unmasked*, was declared "obscene" by Lord Coleridge in the Queen's Bench. Murphy used to erect a "confessional" on his platforms, where he enacted the part of a priest, while a woman in a nun's garb appeared as a penitent. Indelicate questions were proposed by Murphy to the "nun" to provoke laughter. This masquerade aroused fury amongst Catholics. The Lancashire Irish grew restive, and the Government did their best to end the scandal, but bigotry was unchained, and anti-Catholic riots broke out in Ashton-under-Lyne. Many Irish homes there were wrecked. I visited the ruins with John Barry. On a small scale they resembled the devastated regions of France in 1918. Frontages of streets had disappeared,

and the pitiful remnants of the tenants' belongings were strewn about. The parish priest was an Italian, Canon Maglioni, whose church had been saved by the Fenians of Manchester, who guarded it with revolvers day and night, until the police got the mob in hand.

Barry discussed with the Canon in his Sacristy the chances of a fresh outbreak. Getting excited at the sufferings of his flock, Maglioni darted to the vestment-chest. There lay a Sicilian dagger with a twisted blade like a "cris." Seizing it he burst out, "If zay come again I vill give zem zis!" No mob came again, for Murphy's enormities aroused Catholics elsewhere to desperation. At Workington, in Cumberland, on St. Patrick's Day, 1872, the Irish miners left their pits with crowbars and axes to attack him. They scattered his meeting and left few remains of Murphy. The authorities felt small regret, for he made a living by promoting disorder and indecency. No one, I think, was "made amenable" for his demise.

The Sunday after Murphy's death, Barry and I called on Father John Tracy, at Heaton Norris, near Manchester. The priest described to us with a twinkle the awe of his congregation at Mass that morning, and said that his sermon never before was listened to in such stillness. Those present hoped that he would draw a moral from Murphy's departure, but he never alluded to it, and stuck to the Gospel, keeping clear of earthly topics. To show how this perplexed his flock, he called in his old servant, Anne, and put her through a comic cross-examination.

"Anne," said he, "who were those fellows who tried to break in on my breakfast this morning?"

"They said they were a 'deputation,' Your Reverence."

"What kind of a deputation, Anne?"

"They said they were sent by the congregation after Mass to ask you questions, Father."

"I know, Anne, but what did they want?"

"Well, Father, to be honest, something against attacks on religion in your sermon was looked for."

"What did they expect?"

"The deputation, Father, wished to speak to you."

"About what?"

"They wanted to know positively was Murphy dead."

"Well?"

"I let them in, and you told them you believed he was."

"Then what did they say?"

"They said they were bid by many to see you."

"What for?"

"To know if it was true."

"Was that all?"

"No, Your Reverence."

"Go on."

"Well, the spokesman made bold to say they hoped to hear that, with the blessing of God, Murphy died without the priest."

In other words, the Heaton Norris mill-workers wished for an assurance that a pretended zealot, who had persecuted them, had gone unabsolved to judgment in the world to come.

Father Tracy's brother, Mat, a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*, was a "character." He was dispatched during the Fenian Rising of 1867 in Kerry by its owner, J. F. Maguire (M.P. for Dungarvan), to report events. Mat, equipped with a musket *plus* a lead-pencil, set forth and was speedily arrested. Telegraphic communication between England and Ireland was then in its infancy, and the London Government had no details of Mat's activities. Maguire, believing in his reporter's *bona fides*, demanded in the House of Commons satisfaction for his arrest from Lord Naas, the Chief Secretary of the day. That nobleman (afterwards Lord Mayo, the murdered Indian Viceroy) effused in apology, and agreed that the arrest was an infringement of the "liberty of the Press."

Maguire urged that compensation should be paid. Lord Naas concurred. Whether £100 or £500 was given, it was too much for Mat. Friends gathered round him night after night, to enjoy his compensation and hospitality. At the end of his jovial evenings he would raise his glass in pathetic self-pity, crying, "Ah, boys! The British Government has been the ruin of me!"

J. F. Maguire, M.P., was one of a handful who, in the 'sixties, lifted faint voices in the House of Commons on behalf of Ireland. When George Henry Moore, M.P. for Mayo, ended a speech there, Maguire reproached him, saying, "Sir! You have stolen my question!" "What question?" queried Moore. "Ireland, sir," was the reply. "Ireland is my question."

In that epoch the Parliamentary franchise was limited in Irish counties to men of £12 valuation (not rent) and in boroughs to those over £4 valuation. Towns with a few hundred electors (relics of the Act of Union) sent a score of "representatives" to London. A beggarly handful in a score of places—Athlone, Armagh, Bandon, Cashel, Carrickfergus, Clonmel, Drogheda, Dundalk, Dungannon, Dungarvan, Ennis, Kinsale, Lisburn, Mallow, Newry, New Ross, Portarlinton, Sligo, Wexford and Youghal, returned a member. In these constituencies the voters, if all were added together, did not exceed four thousand. In Portarlinton they were less than

150, and no one save a Tory was ever elected there. For long after the Union, M.P.'s had also to possess a property qualification.

In 1830 an Election Petition Committee of the House of Commons found in the case of Wexford Borough that two families had arranged to divide its representation between them, and also the office of Mayor turn about. (Hudson's *Franchise*, 1832, p. 423.)

Up to 1840 Irish municipalities controlled by non-elective corporations levied and spent the rates. "Reform" in that year made councillors electable on a narrow franchise. In Dublin a "residential" qualification of nearly three years was required to secure a vote. The rate-collection of the Capital remained in the hands of an official appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant until the Local Government Act of 1898. That worthy was always a Tory, and never pressed for the rates of Nationalists until after a date when their voting "qualification" was lost.

The Poor Law system was governed under a similar or even worse rule. The composition of the Guardians may be judged by the fact that in South Dublin Union all foundlings were baptized Protestants, down to the Act of 1898. Half the boards consisted of magistrates non-elected, who acted *ex-officio*, and the other half was chosen on a franchise under which owners like Lord Fitzwilliam were held entitled to eighteen votes against one cast by the occupier.

Until the Ballot Act of 1872, every vote was scanned by the landlord's agent, both at local and parliamentary elections. In counties no popular control existed. The sheriffs who were selected (or "pricked") by the Assize Judge, nominated at their discretion twenty-three magistrates to form a Grand Jury each spring and summer, and they voted and spent the rates at their pleasure, without audit. They were not "corporations," and could not be sued for misfeasance. Catholics were not employed by them, and landlords were exempt from County Cess, except on their own demesnes.

When the Act of Union of 1800 passed, one man, Lord Barrymore, controlled the whole of the rates in the County of Cork, which he could levy or spend as he liked. Pitt and Castlereagh were willing that this jobbery should continue. Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West*, published in 1823, deplores that there was no road into Erris, Co. Mayo, although the serfs had been taxed three times to make it. The Cess was spent building demesne walls, and in diverting roads to include picturesque views from the landlord's windows, leaving the public to travel longer distances by new roads which the cottiers had to pay for. Some check had been placed on this by a Scotch Under-Secretary, Thomas Drummond, in 1837, but he was

ferociously assailed for declaring that "property had its duties as well as its rights."

Until the 'thirties, Catholics and Nonconformists had to pay tithes to the ministers of a creed they disbelieved. This, in Cork, Kilkenny, and Wexford, led the peasants to resist tithe-proctors to prevent their harvests being seized. The police were fired on with fatal results. "Sheer sacrilege," the parsons cried. Sir Robert Peel, however, took alarm when he learnt that the feeling of Catholics against being "sweated" to support a religion not their own was shared by Ulster Presbyterians. So, in 1838, he passed an Act to transfer the burden of the payment of tithes to the landlords, and they, of course, raised their tenants' rents in proportion, being afterwards endowed with new powers of eviction.

Nine years later the famine of the 'forties came with its clearances, and the emigration of millions to America. The "melancholy ocean," declared by Disraeli in 1873 to be the sole cause of Ireland's woes, was not made less melancholy by their tears.

Gladstone had saddled Ireland with income-tax in 1853, although when the Union Act of 1800 passed it was promised that this tax would not be imposed. The excuse made was that the Famine loans must be repaid somehow.

In my youth a festering discontent prevailed everywhere, but no way of relief seemed open. From the Catholic clergy protests were not encouraged by Cardinal Cullen. Resident landlords of the old sort, who sympathized with their tenants, were few, for they mostly had been sold out under the Encumbered Estates Act, or the Landed Estates Act. After the Famine few tenants could pay rent, so the owners could not meet their mortgages. Many landlords, therefore, lost their estates under these Acts. In counties like Clare they saved themselves until the tenants became solvent by hiring mobs to beat off the "mapsmen" sent down by the Dublin Courts to mark out the bounds of their properties. Elsewhere sales took place to new buyers, who raised the rents, because in the Courts' "conditions of sale" a usual headline to attract bids was, "The tenants are prosperous and the rents will bear a substantial increase."

Commercialism thus replaced feudalism, and rent-raising became general. To help the speculators, an Act was passed in 1860 abolishing ancient tenures, and declaring that in future tenants should be deemed to hold by "contract"—the grimmest joke since the Norman intrusion. It was styled "Deasy's Act," but Baron Deasy, then Law Officer and M.P. for Cork, maintained that he never drafted or approved of it. A later colleague, Baron Dowd,

used to say that its title should be, not the "Landlord and Tenant (Ireland) Act, 1860," but the "Landlords Act, 1860."

Uneasiness in Ulster became rife. An unpublished letter from John Bright, M.P., to a Presbyterian Minister in Co. Derry (written before the Dissolution of 1868—when Bright became a Cabinet Minister under Gladstone), is of interest:

ROCHDALE,
21st October, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—

I do not think the Treasury will make any advance of money to enable your tenantry to purchase their farms. The Government cannot do it without an Act of Parliament, and there is no Act to enable them to do it on the Statute Book.

But I hope if Lord Waterford is willing to sell at a price based on the rental he has been receiving, and not on the full value of the farms, including the tenants' interest in them, you will have no difficulty in providing the purchase money, from other sources. If the landlord's interest is not more than half the value of the farm, then the tenant will be able to offer the security of the whole farm for a loan equal only to one half of it, and thus he will have no difficulty in borrowing what he wants at a moderate rate of interest.

I think you must rely on your own arrangements for, in my opinion, Government can do nothing in the case.

I hope the time may come when an Act may pass to enable tenants to become owners of their farms by assisting them with funds to effect the transfer.

I shall be glad to hear from you how far Lord Waterford has done his part in this matter, and how far the farms have become the property of the tenants. When the whole transaction is accomplished, perhaps you will write to me with such particulars as may be useful to me in the further discussion of the Irish Land Question?

Very truly yours,
JOHN BRIGHT.

The Revd. Nathl. Brown,
Fairy Fort,
Limavady.

Mr. Brown claimed to be the author of the phrase, "the three F's" (fixity of tenure, fair rent, and free sale), which soon became the tenants' war-cry. Two years later, Bright persuaded Gladstone to insert clauses in the Land Act of 1870 to enable advances to be made by the Treasury to help tenants to purchase.

By this time the Fenian exiles in America had become formidable. The Civil War in the United States ended in 1865, and its Government was pressing the *Alabama* claims against Britain, and was resentful, too, because England was alleged to have connived with Napoleon III in setting Maximilian, brother of the Austrian Emperor

(shot by Jaurez), upon the tottering throne of Mexico. To appease feeling, in 1869 Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church, and in 1870 tried to deal with the land question. A "upas tree," he declared, poisoned Irish life, but conditions either in the House of Commons or House of Lords were not helpful to reform.

Until 1870 there was no measure to shield tenants from eviction. Tens of thousands were made homeless and driven abroad. Lord Atkinson, when Attorney-General for Ireland, and M.P. for N. Derry, used to say that Irish legal work consisted, "on the Common Law side," of actions by absentee landlords to eject their tenants, and "on the Chancery side" of suits by mortgagees to compel the absentees to pay their debts. Confidence in the administration of justice there was none.

To illustrate popular distrust so far back as the 'forties, Judge George used to tell that, having tried a man for murder at Mullingar, against whom no real evidence existed, he directed an acquittal. It was the last case at the Assize, and as the mail coach would not start for Dublin until two o'clock, he took a walk into the country. Outside the town he met a man running with his boots slung over his shoulder, who asked, "What o'clock is it, yer Honour?" "Past twelve," said the Judge. "Then I'm late!" he moaned. "The prisoner is done for." "What prisoner?" asked George. "Oh, Paddy —, who is on trial for his life. I was a witness to his innocence, and now he will be hanged!" "Don't trouble," came the assurance, "the Judge ordered the jury to find him 'Not Guilty,' and he is a free man." "My God!" said the rustic. "What influence he must have!" Ascendancy had expelled all hope of impartiality from peasant minds.

The late William Ryan, Q.C. (a relative of Lord Halsbury), revelled in stories of these days. His father was Registrar to Lord Norbury, whose house in Rutland Square, Dublin, became afterwards the office of the Congested Districts Board. According to Ryan, every affidavit then had to be sworn "in the presence and hearing of the Judge." Norbury, to secure the fees, screened off his dinner table from the litigants in order that they could make oath "before him." Ryan's father could thus certify that they were taken "in the presence and hearing of the Judge." The son told me that up to the Act of Union (1800), when judges were paid by fees, Norbury "charged" in favour of the plaintiff, to attract suitors to his court. When the law was changed, and a fixed salary given, he "charged" for the defendant, in order to drive suitors away!

Petty larcenies then were punished by hanging, and Ryan

narrated that Norbury, either at Mullingar or Clonmel, sentenced to death a number of unfortunates on a forenoon and appointed next day for their execution. The condemned and their families, however, made such lamentations in the cells beneath the court that Norbury adjourned business for an hour and ordered the sheriff to stop their wailings by hanging them out of hand.

Curran's jest against Norbury became famous. Asked at lunch by Norbury, "Is that hung beef?" he replied, "Not until Your Lordship tries it."

A wardrobe of Norbury's came into my possession, but in 1923 its fine front was splashed with bullets when, for the third time after my appointment as Governor-General of the Irish Free State, my house was shot up by youths obeisant to "the Republic."

After Gladstone disestablished the "Irish Church" in 1869, the Protestants grew so embittered that, in 1870, when O'Donovan Rossa was elected for Co. Tipperary, while in penal servitude, the Tory High Sheriff remitted his fees. Isaac Butt was aided by Tories, including two professors of Trinity College (Galbraith and Haughton), to start the Home Rule movement.

In England, John Barry, the ablest man of Irish blood in Britain, organized the exiles to advance Butt's aims. Barry's house in Manchester was a centre of political activity. An affable manner, great business capacity, wit, and a cheery buoyancy, made him a favourite alike with English, Irish, and Scotch. Son of a Wexford coastguard, schooled in Craster, Northumberland, without having seen Ireland, he was devoted to her cause. Yet he loved the English and Scottish peoples too, and about all three was comically quizzical. His objective was to get parliamentary candidates in Britain to support Home Rule.

The organization of the Irish vote there was his conception and achievement. No election took place after 1871 in Britain at which a group marshalled by Barry did not bring pressure on parliamentary candidates. In 1872 a vacancy occurred in Manchester, where Jacob Bright was the Liberal standard-bearer. Barry travelled to London and back three times in two days to consult Butt as to the pledge to be proposed. Finally Jacob Bright agreed to vote for an "inquiry" into Home Rule. The Conservative candidate at once became equally receptive, and Butt exultantly cried, "an embarrassment of riches!" Bright won, and his victory was the first blow struck in England for Home Rule.

All the Lancashire priests visited Barry. Their sole topic of conversation was Ireland's lack of leaders, and Butt's great age. An old ecclesiastic heartened us one day, turning his face to the

west, saying, "Let us not lose heart. Perhaps behind those watery Wicklow Hills a young man is growing up to lead the Nation." Three years later Parnell strode brusquely on to the political stage. Few had heard of him until then, and some afterwards learnt with misgiving that he was an ensign in the Wicklow Militia.

CHAPTER III

The House of Commons in 1874

AT nineteen years of age I saw the House of Commons for the first time, on the 30th June, 1874. I went to London from Newcastle-on-Tyne (where I was a shorthand writer on the N.E. Railway) to hear Butt's motion for an inquiry into the demand for Home Rule.

Gladstone had left office the previous January, being defeated at the general election, and he then broke with Ireland to attack "Vaticanism." An explanation of this was that, four years earlier, a General Council of the Catholic Church had declared its members bound in matters of faith and morals by decisions of the Pope. Gladstone waxed indignant at this. In 1873, Irish M.P.'s, on the second reading of his University Bill, voted against him. The Bill excluded history and philosophy from the curriculum of the new Body, which was to transform T.C.D. The Irish Whigs, instead of allowing debate in Committee to modify these proposals, threw the Bill out on the second reading. The "popular" Press, of course, plumed itself thereon, for priests and people swallowed the bolus administered daily via the *Freeman's Journal*. No breath of independent feeling stirred Ireland's shrunken electorate. Yet, had Trinity College been reformed, as Gladstone planned, the course of history would have been different. The parliamentary representation of the University would have ceased to be Tory, and its members would trend to the popular side. Had the Bill passed even as it stood, the damage to Catholic students from being left unacquainted with spurious philosophy and false history would not have been deplorable.

After Gladstone's defeat, in 1873, Disraeli refused to take office, but he came into power the following February after a dissolution.

So angry was Gladstone with the purblind Irish Whigs that, on the last day he held office in 1874, he refused the request of his Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Hartington, to fill a vacancy in the Court of Exchequer. The Chief Baron had just died, and the Attorney-General entitled to the appointment was Christopher Palles, a Catholic who had served the Government

well in the case of the dispersal of the meeting in the Phoenix Park when the Prince of Wales was in residence in the Vice-Regal Lodge. Palles defeated several actions against the Crown by various plaintiffs. To the urgings of Hartington to confer the post on Palles, Gladstone said: "No, I shall leave the appointment to my successors." Hartington was not an enthusiast and bore the rebuff with phlegm. On the day Gladstone left Paddington Station for Windsor to resign the Seals after Disraeli's victory, Hartington appeared on the railway platform. "Sir," said he to Gladstone, "I beg you to sign Palles' appointment." Moved by this persistence, Gladstone replied with a smile, "Well, so I should in deference to yourself, but I have neither pen nor ink." Hartington answered, "I thought of that, and here they are." So Gladstone laughingly yielded, and signed the appointment on Paddington platform. Palles was the greatest legal light in Ireland for forty years. Colonial judges when delivering opinions likely to be reconsidered by the Privy Council constantly quoted Palles to justify their conclusions.

The parliament of 1874 was a landlords' parliament and a rich man's parliament, while the Irish Cause had become a peasants' cause and a poor man's cause. Disraeli's Ministry would listen to nothing except what his Irish supporters relished, although he himself had earlier favoured Irish reform and hinted at revolution.

In June, 1874, Butt's party met for the first time at King Street, Westminster—a back lane, now demolished and thrown into Whitehall. There, on the morning of his motion for an inquiry into the demand for Home Rule, I went with John Barry to hear what were the chances of Butt getting support from the Radicals. Not a dozen of them were favourable. Ireland was taboo. The Commons debate was adjourned from Tuesday to Thursday, 2nd July, on an appeal from Butt to Disraeli to yield a second day. Old "Ben" was genial, and agreed to give up "Government time" for a further discussion on the Irish question. When Thursday came, merriment arose owing to a Press error which confused the speeches of two Irish members named Power. Richard Power, member for Waterford, made his maiden speech on Tuesday, but the *Freeman* had been supplied by O'Connor Power, M.P. for Mayo, with a manuscript of what he then intended to say. O'Connor Power, however, was not "called" on Tuesday, for the Speaker "took" Richard Power, but the *Freeman* printed the undelivered oratory of O'Connor Power and punctuated it with "cheers" and "laughter." In Thursday's debate, The O'Donoghue, member for Tralee, a Liberal, tellingly availed of the blunder to turn Power into ridicule. He was

a tall striking figure, who had spent a fortune in London and Paris on moneys derived from his Irish patrimony. His carriages in France vied with those of Napoleon III, so he was requested to leave the country. Earlier he had challenged Sir Robert Peel, the Irish Secretary, to a duel for some slighting reference to Ireland, but his politics afterwards became as unstable as his finance.

O'Donoghue's goadings galled O'Connor Power, and but for A. M. Sullivan, his career would have been blighted before it budded. Sullivan was acquainted with O'Donoghue's zigzags, and darting out of the House, he came back with a pamphlet which he placed in Power's hands. Speaker Brand now "espied" Power. Mocking cries of "Spoke! Spoke!" greeted him, but he opened with the phrase that the House had listened to a speech which had not been delivered, and he would quote one which had been made. The recital proved piquant, for he cited words of The O'Donoghue in 1861, which throw a flash-light on Irish representation before the franchise was broadened. That Chieftain had said thirteen years earlier:

It is melancholy to observe how a patriot falls. There are few to remind him of his duty, and the power of the seducer is great. It is easy to perceive that there is an interior struggle going on, for he has the look of a man who is trying to make himself think that he is doing right, but cannot succeed, and who is ashamed of himself. How the Whips first act upon him—whether they begin by sending him in the morning neatly printed invitations to come down in the evening to support the Government (which look confidential), or whether they begin by staring at him, I cannot tell. The first dangerous symptom is an evident anxiety on the part of the patriot to be alone in a corner with the Government Whips. If you happen to pass him he tries to assume an air of easy indifference, and utters a monosyllable in a loud voice. An evening or two afterwards, when the Ministry can scarcely scrape together a majority, the "patriot" votes with them, and remarks to his friend the Whip that it was a "close thing"! From bad he goes to worse, taking courage to himself from the idea that nobody knows him in that great wilderness of London. He gets up early and slips down a backway to the Treasury, and all is over.

Power's dexterity in thus extricating himself proclaimed him a coming man. The following year, on his motion for the release of the Fenian military prisoners, Lord Randolph Churchill sprang into the public eye. Power had argued that the action of Irish soldiers in joining the Fenians in 1867 was paralleled by the fact that the first Duke of Marlborough deserted James II, as he asserted the Duke then broke his oath. Thereupon, Churchill was stung into a speech which showed his mettle for the first time, although he afterwards sank into the background in that parliament.

The division on Butt's motion showed ten English members

in favour of Home Rule, viz., Thomas Burt, Joseph Cowen, C. Hammond, J. B. K. Cross, Sir Charles Dilke, P. E. Eyton, E. T. Gourley, E. Jenkins, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Serjeant Simon.

Most of these had been elected for the first time in 1874. Burt was the miners' member for Morpeth—slow of speech but weighty of word. He died a Privy Councillor, and was an effective and God-fearing representative of Labour. He was a friend so close to Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, that I heard Cowen tell his constituents on the occasion of his first account of his stewardship when the session of 1874 ended, that he and Burt went to the House of Commons daily, as if it was their business office, and remained until the close. Cowen's slouched hat (like that of John Martin, M.P. for Meath) offended decorum in those days. When he soared to eloquence—for he seldom spoke—emotion was universal. His Northumberland burr gave zest to his words. His father, Sir Joseph Cowen, M.P., talked in even a more pronounced dialect. I heard him say that when young his dinner was a "bit of dwy bweed and a reed ha'n." (Dry bread and red herring.) Young Joe helped every forlorn hope, and no refugee who applied to him was denied, whether Pole, Russian, Hungarian, or Irishman.

It was he who discovered the genius of Garvin, and enlisted him on the *Newcastle Chronicle*. He came to dislike Gladstone, but remained friendly with Harcourt. Hence he was able to give us hints of the intentions of the Liberal Cabinet of 1880-5. His clash with Gladstone came over the San Stefano Treaty between Russia and Turkey in 1878.

The British Ambassador at Constantinople, Layard, telegraphed to London that the victorious Russians were inside the city. The Russian Ambassador to London denied this, and W. E. Forster was put up by the Liberals to raise a pro-Russian debate. Cowen won tumultuous applause from the Conservatives, and fame throughout Britain, by a single phrase—"Mr. Speaker, are we going to believe the Rooshians or wor ain (our own) countryman?"

Under this taunt Forster's motion collapsed, and was withdrawn. Two days later it became known that the Russian Ambassador had spoken truth, and that Layard was mistaken. Exultant Liberals raised a fresh debate, and Cowen prepared a jewelled speech, which he delivered with intense power.

Gladstone, however, smarting under the effect of his previous intervention, affected to believe that Cowen had become wedded to Imperialism, and that his oratory was prepared for an earlier

occasion. Availing himself of a quotation from Hamlet, he insinuated that when Cowen helped the Tories "the funeral baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." This rankled in the Radical's heart.

In 1893, however, Cowen left a sick-room in response to Gladstone's request to speak for Home Rule.

Another supporter of Butt's motion was Charles Hammond, Tory member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had faithfully kept his pledge to the Irish electorate. Breezy, progressive and hand-in-glove with every one, "Charley" was locally a "draw" when lecturing on scientific topics.

Others who voted with Butt included Gourley, a Sunderland shipowner, a Radical, influenced by Cowen, Jenkins, member for Dundee, who had written a skit called "Ginx's Baby," widely read. He was an Australian Commissioner, and the House in 1878-9, which disqualified Sir Michael O'Loughlen (elected for Clare, while an Australian law-officer), held Jenkins' election valid on the ground that he held office "from," and not "under" the Crown.

Serjeant Simon, member for Dewsbury, who voted with Butt, was a benevolent Hebrew lawyer, mild and humanitarian, who seldom addressed the House, but wielded influence privately.

The careers of Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Wilfred Lawson are too well known to need recall. Of two others, Cross and Eyton, I lack memory.

My impression of the debate is that Ireland did handsomely. The stately rhetoric of Butt, his venerable figure, the by-play of his fingers twirling his glasses, the dignified consideration shown him by a hostile audience, the courtly politeness of Disraeli in yielding an additional day for further discussion, the eloquence of A. M. Sullivan, and the fine reply of the Irish Attorney-General, J. T. Ball, made a lasting impression.

After his defeat the policy of Butt changed. Bills to promote minor reforms were brought in. These provided for the equalization of our Municipal and Parliamentary franchise to that of England, the amendment of the Land Act of 1870, the improvement of fisheries, the reclamation of sloblands, etc. Such Bills were invariably rejected, and in six years the Conservatives allowed Butt only to place to his credit three tiny measures. These were one empowering Irish Corporations to confer "freedom" on notables, a second enabling them to send up three names to the Lord-Lieutenant, from which City Sheriffs should be selected, and a third repealing the Convention Act which forbade assemblies having a representative character to meet in Ireland. Outside Parliament, Butt had the

unwavering support of two professors of T.C.D., men of great distinction: the Rev. Professor Galbraith and Professor Jonathan Haughton. Despite college prejudice, they ardently advocated Home Rule. Both had won fame as mathematicians and astronomers, and their names worked magic with the people. They verified the "Annals of the Four Masters" as to the high tide in the Liffey during the Battle of Clontarf, which drowned many Danes in 1014, although the "Annals" had been rightly challenged as to chronology in other respects.

Haughton was also a humanitarian, and his experiments led to the adoption of the "long drop" in the hanging of murderers. There had been feeling in Ireland over the executions at Manchester of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in November, 1867. It was alleged that Calcraft, the hangman, swung out of the bodies to hasten death; and doubtless the short drop then used meant a long struggle for the condemned. Haughton, in 1870, when a tipsy soldier cut the throat of an "unfortunate," suggested to the Government that agony could be shortened by the adoption of the "long drop." Given permission to experiment at Richmond Jail on the day before the execution, Haughton tested the rope with a weighted sack which bore the strain. Next day the soldier faced the trap-door and his life was duly taken, but his head was sheared off. Yet Haughton's gear was accepted by the authorities, with some modifications, so that murderers are no longer strangled, but instantly killed.

Butt used to breakfast with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chief Secretary, and each gauged from these conversations how much the other could give or take. His party consisted mainly of the landed gentry, with a few Nationalists thrown in. Amongst the latter were John Martin, J. G. Biggar, P. J. Smyth (who had helped to rescue John Mitchel from Tasmania), O'Connor Power, E. Sheil, A. M. Sullivan, J. H. Kirk, J. P. Ronayne, W. H. O'Sullivan (a Fenian "suspect"), Colonel Nolan, Major O'Gorman, Richard Power, Delahunty, and Dr. O'Leary.

Of these Major O'Gorman came of a type not likely to be reproduced. Enormously fat (he probably weighed 25 stone), he whistled with a lilt that no linnet or blackbird could improve on. He seldom spoke, but when he did his humour recalled that of Sir Boyle Roche. Assured by a correspondent that "one word from him" would get the applicant a post office, O'Gorman replied, "I hereby appoint you postmaster of Ballymore!"

In a debate on a Sunday Closing Bill he narrated that he received a letter from a nephew telling him that if he became a teetotaller it

would prolong his days, and that he replied, "I took your advice yesterday and found it the longest day of my life!"

O'Gorman, at a meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin, delivered himself on the depopulation of Ireland. Without a smile, he said: "At the Union of 1800 Ireland had six millions of people, and England twelve. In 1841 Ireland had eight millions and England twenty. To-day Ireland has less than five millions, while England has forty. This demonstrates on mathematical principles that we are now worse off than an uninhabited island."

O'Gorman thought his nephew was unjustly passed over for promotion in his old regiment, so on the Army estimates he cried "Hear, hear!" at every word the Minister uttered. The Speaker protested. "I am only cheering," said he, "as I thought every one was entitled to cheer Ministers." Before the night was over his nephew got his captaincy.

Before he became acquainted with the after-midnight procedure of the House (when the Speaker postpones *pro forma* every Bill or Motion undisposed of to "this day") he tickled members by inquiring, "Is this to-day or to-morrow?"

On 23rd April, 1875, in the division on the Tichborne case in which Dr. Kenealy and Mr. Whalley were tellers, O'Gorman was the only one who supported them. There were 433 on the other side. Being asked why he voted with the anti-Catholic champions, he replied, mopping his brow, "Because I knew the 'aye' lobby would be cooler!"

A different output of the 1874 Elections was Dr. O'Leary, who ousted Whitworth, a Manchester manufacturer, from the Borough of Drogheda. O'Leary, although a Nationalist, was a fervid supporter of Tory policy abroad. His practice as a physician in Dublin rarely enabled him to attend the House, but whenever Disraeli's proceedings in Afghanistan, India, Cyprus or Turkey were challenged he was found in the Government lobby. The Tory Whips marvelled, for they then had only one Irish member in their pay, and knew that O'Leary never looked for compliment or title. In Disraeli's last year in the Commons they told him of the little Dublin physician who used to rally to his support on foreign issues. "Dear me," said the Prime Minister, "show him to me in the Division lobby to-night." There they pointed out the tiny yet dignified figure of Dr. O'Leary writing in a recess. Disraeli approached, and throwing an arm familiarly round O'Leary, exclaimed: "My dear Doctor, will you allow me to intrude myself to tell you how much you remind me of my old friend, Tom Moore, your great poet?"

After that, O'Leary would have trodden on red-hot ploughshares to vote for Dizzy's policy. These were the days when Dr. Dale (or the Bishop of Birmingham) said, "Disraeli's romances are political; his politics are romantic, and he himself is a fiction founded upon fact."

In Butt's party were some "museum pieces." A high franchise and the expense of elections bred freaks. Delahunty was returned for Co. Waterford at eighty years of age, in order to keep out a landlord's nominee. He wore a wig, and inside it kept his notes, with a mirror, a brush and comb, and other articles for his toilet. His craze was that the evils of Ireland flowed from a one-pound note currency. Such notes then were only issued in Ireland and Scotland. During the war of 1914-18, England, where sovereigns had been universal, found paper as convenient as gold.

Delahunty, however, thought the £1 note concealed a British design against Ireland, and demanded a gold currency. He had been elected M.P. just before the late Joseph Chamberlain appeared in the House of Commons, and had framed a petition for the abolition of £1 notes. This he tried to get signed by English M.P.'s. Some, out of politeness, obliged the old man, for he moaned that "the arrow which pierced Ireland's heart was feathered with one-pound notes!" On the day Chamberlain was introduced (by Sir Charles Dilke and Joseph Cowen) he was approached by Delahunty, who produced the petition disinterred from his wig. The Birmingham Republican sniffed and declined to sign. Delahunty sighed, and subsequently complained to O'Connor Power. "Ah!" said he, "these young men are too sharp."

That evening, however, he came back to Power triumphant. Doffing his wig, he produced the petition signed "Joseph Chamberlain." His friend asked, "How did you persuade him?" "Well," chuckled the old gentleman, "some are wake" (weak). The member for Birmingham had learnt something even from his first hours in the lobbies!

When J. P. Ronayne, member for Cork, died, Butt's party lost for ever an overflowing source of humour. Ronayne's leg had to be amputated and he woke up to make the dying joke, "I can never again stand for the City, but I shall stump the County!"

It was he who coached Biggar to obstruct, being himself too shy to speak. "The Belfast Pork Butcher" (as Biggar was called) was in bodily frame defective, yet his mien stamped him as a personage—a back hunched, legs small, eyes penetrating but kindly, his words sprayed forth in a harsh Belfast rasp. In courage or honesty no

one could surpass him. Not merely would he not tell a lie, but the apparatus of his mind could not frame a falsehood.

He was first elected for Cavan in 1874, and his earliest feat was to talk for four hours against the Second Reading of Beach's Peace Preservation Bill on 22nd April, 1875. About the third hour Disraeli stole in to "view" him. The story is that he said to David Plunket (afterwards Lord Rathmore): "Mr. Solicitor-General, is that a leprecaun?" The quip gained currency, and London Society chuckled at hearing that the Prime Minister was "up" in Celtic fairy lore. Attacks only gave Biggar zest for fresh feats, and five days later his "espial of strangers" evicted the Prince of Wales from the House. This came about because it was then a burning question whether the public should be excluded from the galleries of the Commons at the caprice of a member rising to "espy strangers." The tradition was that debates were private, lest the Sovereign should intimidate members, as in the reign of Charles I.

Joseph Cowen raised objection without effect. So he stirred up Biggar, who had his own way of working. On 27th April, 1875, a motion on horse-breeding set down by Henry Chaplin drew a fashionable audience, including the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII). Hardly was the Prince seated when a weird Belfast voice broke out, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!" Speaker Brand had no option save to declare "Strangers must withdraw!" and the Heir Apparent retired, with the rest.

The attacks on Biggar which followed delighted him, but the rule was modified, and "strangers" cannot since be ejected unless a majority of the House so decides. The Ladies' Gallery was not then "cleared," owing to the screen (lately abolished), as it was not regarded as being within the precincts of the House.

Whether this view will prevail in future, can only be settled when next strangers are bidden to withdraw. The point was not raised when a Labour member cleared the House in December, 1925.

A Convention of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain was held at Leeds in 1875, and Biggar was asked to preside. He consented and I heard him begin, "Gentlemen, I can't speak a damn bit!"

His favourite mentor was John Rea, a Belfast solicitor, who used to describe himself as the "Orange Fenian attorney of the North." Rea was sometimes taken by force from the Committee rooms of the House of Commons when a Belfast private Bill came under discussion. When Biggar talked on the Judicature Bill of 1875, which fused the Exchequer, Common Pleas, and Queen's

Bench Courts, Rea in the Strangers' Gallery declared that he enjoyed the "feelings of an archangel."

Biggar said that Rea laid down the view that the "opinion" of Counsel is "the guess of one man as to what another man will guess."

These two brought about the election of the first Orange M.P. for Belfast, William Johnston of Ballykilbeg. Gladstone had imprisoned Johnston for defying the Party Processions Act, so Orangemen and Nationalists combined to do him honour. The Belfast Tory managers opposed Johnston, and nominated Corry. Yet Biggar and Rea organized Catholic votes to defeat the machine. It was the first time that "Rome" fraternized with "Sandy Row." Rea had been a practitioner as a solicitor in the Belfast Police Courts with Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England. He then was regarded as the abler man.

When a Recorder of Belfast—Otway—a pompous person, ordered solicitors to wear gowns, Russell complied, but Rea brought to Court in his bag a "winsey" petticoat of his friend, Maggie Hanna, and donned it publicly. This killed the new sumptuary law!

The "Orange Fenian attorney," when the Land League was started in Connaught in 1879, was engaged to defend Davitt and Daly. The prosecution was abandoned owing to the ridicule he threw upon the magistrates.

As solicitor to the Belfast Water Board, Rea defied every onslaught, but his end was sad. At a public inquiry into the affairs of that body he suddenly shot himself. A man of mark thus perished miserably.

To return to his parliamentary ally.

At the Speaker's levee in 1874, Biggar, according to O'Connor Power, attended attired in Court dress and sword and went home in this uniform on the top of a bus!

In 1875 he joined the Catholic Church. A news-cutting of the announcement pasted on a sheet of paper was sent him by his father.

Underwritten was, "Dear Joseph,—Is this true?" The son scrawled thereunder: "Dear Father, it is."

So the correspondence ended, and father and son never met again.

I asked Biggar why, as he was not theologically-minded, he joined the Catholic Church. "Well, Mister," he mused, "I was invited to be 'sidesman' (collector) at the opening of Armagh Cathedral. The great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, preached, and laid down that the Catholic religion was the national religion

of Ireland. As I was a good Nationalist, I thought I should like to belong to the national religion of Ireland."

He was anxious as to the school to which he should send his son. I recommended a college, saying that the boy would get a good classical education there. "What's the use of a classical education?" he flung out. "Well," I answered, "it gives one a better command of the English language." He retorted, "I got a good command of the English language selling pork on commission in Belfast."

Biggar had an uncle in the Gateshead Corporation (Co. Durham), a Tory, who was a severe magistrate. Joe spoke of him to me as "me Uncle Ben." In November, 1877, Ben's term of office expired. To capture Irish votes for his re-election the uncle induced Biggar to come from Westminster to support him. I met Biggar at the Central Station, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there lamented the unpopularity of his uncle. "Ben" had sent Irishmen to jail after a St. Patrick's Day procession at Jarrow-on-Tyne, so Joe asked me to get our friends together that evening in order that he might talk to them. I yielded, but the gathering was a "frost." Joe, however, grimly earnest, went on the platform at the Gateshead Town Hall to face the opponents of "me Uncle Ben."

He said he had not come to dictate to Irishmen, or appeal to them because of his position in Parliament. He admitted "me Uncle Ben" was an honest Conservative, but "while I can't ask you to vote for him I propose to offer arguments to explain why you might be as well to support him."

Gradually, he slipped out his trump card as to why they "might be as well to do so." The audience was mainly Catholic, and nearly all hated his uncle, but Biggar seductively told them that "Tory and all as my Uncle is, he was the only member of my family, except my sister, who did not disown me when I joined the Catholic Church." Loud applause.

"Me Uncle Ben" was elected, and a London paper controlled by Sir Henry Lucy inquired how many more uncles Biggar held in reserve?

About 1884, a Miss Hyland, of Paris, took action against Biggar for breach of promise of marriage. Lord Coleridge, who tried the case, would have ruled in his favour, in the absence of corroboration, but Biggar insisted, against the advice of Sir Charles Russell, on going into the witness-box.

The jury thought his evidence afforded corroboration of the lady's story, but gave small damages. Lord Coleridge told Russell that Biggar was the most frank and truthful witness he had ever

known. He therefore charged for a small verdict. Joe went back to the Commons that evening as if nothing had happened.

At the adjournment I walked home with him, as was my custom. T. P. O'Connor joined us, avid for "copy," and inquired whether the costs would be large. "Well, misther," said Joe, "we'll talk about that another time."

Like all loser-litigants who refuse to take their lawyer's advice, Biggar protested "Russell betrayed me." This ejaculation was the outburst of a man unlearned in procedure, for Russell objected to his going into the box. Still, Biggar could never be persuaded that Russell was not false to him. Pat Egan, the Treasurer of the Land League (exiled in Paris), who had egged on the lady to proceed against him, was not blamed.

Biggar's turns of phrase were treasureable. I spent three summers with him at his Castle, Butlerstown, Co. Waterford. A gardener, whom he dismissed, came to me complaining of a "character" he gave. It ran:

"John Doyle can grow a good crop of vegetables; also a good crop of weeds."

"J. G. BIGGAR."

I reproached Joe, but not a word would he change.

He was reputed niggardly, but no one could be more bountiful, though he examined his farthings rigorously.

Justin MacCarthy, in the smoke-room of the Commons, asked him for a sovereign towards the law costs of Miss Helen Taylor (stepdaughter of John Stuart Mill), who had been cast in damages for libel. "I'll not give it, misther," he blurted out. MacCarthy's face fell until Biggar added, "I'll give £5."

Biggar declared of dancing that he had "no substantial propensity" for it. Music he hated. A harper used to play in the Ship Hotel, Abbey Street, Dublin, while lunch was served. Coming there to eat a snack with a friend, Biggar said while the most exquisite Gaelic airs were being discoursed, "Misther, let's away out of this noise!"

Once, at a party given by an admirer in his honour, the daughter of the house played Beethoven, but Joe broke in, "Stop that, miss, please, I'd like to talk to your father!"

His constant advice to comrades in the House of Commons was, "Never talk unless in Government time."

If a letter reached him on a Sunday he would not open it, even after he became a Catholic. "My father," he said, "never read letters on the Sabbath." He was the bravest soul I ever knew. A grandson of his was killed on the British side in the Great War.

His immortal saying, "Never resign anything, get expelled," was spoken to O'Connor Power in 1876. Both were members of the Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood. Charles Doran, architect of the Queenstown Cathedral, was chairman of that Council, and to him J. F. X. O'Brien (who had been sentenced to death for high treason in 1867, but escaped hanging) protested that Power, Biggar and all "oath-takers" should be expelled.

A Dublin tailor named Leavey supported O'Brien, and the expulsion of Biggar and Power was carried by Doran's casting vote. John Barry and Pat Egan thereupon withdrew from the organization. Afterwards, J. F. X. O'Brien became a member of Parliament, and took the oath of allegiance, while Leavey turned informer and became a witness for *The Times* at the Commission of 1888-9. Leavey there revealed the names of the members of the "Council" in his day, which included John Barry. After his evidence was published, Barry called to do business with the famous house of Maple in Tottenham Court Road. Its venerable head greeted him with, "John, what's this 'Supreme Council' of which you were a member?" Barry, never at a loss, broke in: "Oh, you mean the Irish Branch of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes?" Mr. Maple, kindest of souls, was content.

In the 1874 Parliament, common sense was fabled to be centred in the Conservative member for Oxfordshire, Mr. Henley. On any proposition which he thought untenable, he declared: "If my arguments cannot prevail, I will lie on my back and cry 'Fudge.'"

Small questions then loomed large. Lord Redesdale, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, would not allow narrow-gauge railways to be laid in Ireland. He was a stickler for precedent, and rebuked his clerks if they erred, with "Remember John Archbishop of Tuam!"

The explanation was that after Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Act (which forbade Catholic prelates to use territorial designations) became law, Dr. McHale's name and title were scheduled in a private Railway Bill, as "John Archbishop of Tuam." The officers of the House of Lords allowed it to pass, despite the prohibition in the public statute of the use of Archbishop's style and dignity.

In 1875 John Mitchel, ex-convict, returned from exile—having been elected M.P. for Tipperary. Beloved of all Nationalists, he to their grief had only a few weeks to live. In 1848 a Treason Felony Act was passed for his condemnation, because of writings in his newspaper, the *United Irishman*. That organ was a flaming

torch of sedition, and earned the attention of Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant.

Mitchel had fallen out with Gavan Duffy and left the *Nation* to found a more extreme journal.

A Unitarian, born in Dungiven, Co. Derry, and a solicitor, Mitchel reminded the Northern farmers that "the Pope serves no writs in Ulster." His wrath, because of the famine, culminated in the appeal, "Let every man who has no gun sell his coat and buy one." Denouncing secret societies, he told the Viceroy that he would not object to the Government settling a detective permanently in his office, "provided the man be sober and honest!"

His first number printed a letter from Father Kenyon of Temple-derry, who complained that it had been excluded from the *Nation* through poltroonery. Duffy met this charge in a pamphlet which gave a history of his relations with Mitchel, and showed that he was absent from Ireland when the letter came, and that the editor then was Mitchel himself. Later on Father Kenyon refused to help the insurgents, when Smith O'Brien, M.P., son of Lord Inchiquin, "rose out."

Mitchel's thunderous articles soon led to his being sent to penal servitude. After conviction he was deported, first to Bermuda, and then to Tasmania, whence he escaped to San Francisco.

Of the backwoods of California, he used to tell that he once came upon a party of lumberers felling trees. The men asked who and what he was. Mitchel replied that he had been driven from Ireland by the British Government. One of them, muttered, pausing in his stroke, "British Government! British Government! You don't mean to tell us that that damn thing is going on still!"

Mitchel's *Jail Journal*, and his preface to the poems of Clarence Mangan, and to the *Life of Thomas Davis*, will live as long as Anglo-Irish literature survives. Of Mangan he sighed: "There were two Mangans, one well known to the Muses, the other to the police."

Harsh as this was to the genius he loved, Mitchel atoned for it by assigning the poet's lapse to a "fair and false Frances," who, "exercising her undoubted prerogative, whistled him down the wind. . . . As a beautiful dream she entered into his existence once for all; as a tone of celestial music she pitched the keynote of his song, and sweeping over all the chords of his melodious desolation you may see that white hand."

In the *Jail Journal* Mitchel stormed and crooned over the dead O'Connell:

Poor old Dan!—wonderful, mighty, jovial, and mean old man, with silver tongue and smile of witchery, and heart of melting ruth—lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud. What a royal, yet vulgar soul! with the keen eye, and potent swoop of a generous eagle of Carn Tual—with the base servility of a hound, and the cold cruelty of a spider. Think of his speech for John Magee, the most powerful forensic achievement since before Demosthenes—and then think of the “gorgeous and gossamer” theory of moral and peaceful agitation, the most astounding *organum* of public swindling since first man bethought him of obtaining money under false pretences. And after one has thought of all this, and more, what then can a man say?—what but pray that Irish earth may lie light on O’Connell’s breast—and that the good God, who knew how to create so wondrous a creature, may have mercy upon his soul.

Mitchel’s fugitive writings sparkle with genius, and deserve better than forgetfulness. He sympathized with every lost cause. Two of his sons were killed as Confederates in the Civil War of 1862–5. Napoleon III expelled him from France.

A reply he made to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of New York, in February, 1854, is steeped in the imagery of the Book of Job, flavoured with a tinge of Thomas Carlyle.

Apostrophizing the great preacher, he wrote: “I also could find comparison in the various kingdoms of Nature for you, Mr. Beecher. I have a mind even to try your own style, to show that I have taken a lesson from you—as thus: I am a ‘rolling and resounding iceberg of the Polar Seas.’ Very well; you are a geyser, or boiling spring, copious enough to keep the world in hot water. I may be like ‘a dead tree’; but what if your Reverence is very like a whale, a whale of the blowing and spouting species—blowing and spouting as if you meant to quench the stars? Rather indeed are you like the great Sea Serpent, that dubious and mythical fish, who disporteth himself before the eye of wondering mariners, now to starboard, again to port, and no man knoweth where to have him. He esteemeth iron as straw, and the arrow cannot make him flee. He lasheth the sea with his tail, and all the morning papers of the universe resound with the splash thereof. No fisher of woman born shall put a hook between his jaws; no mortal cook shall cut him up for ever; on his crest sits Humbug plumed; from his mane shaketh boundless Bunkum; and in his convoluted spires there lurketh Capital.

“I can take my leave of you now, but what *can* I say to the pathetic adjuration with which you conclude your letter—‘Come back to us, John Mitchel; it is not yet too late!’ Ah, your Reverence will excuse me, it is not too late, but too early. You belong to a sect and school of social reformers that I have always

kept at arms’ length. By your tongue I know you. You are of the men who talk about ‘the rude ages four thousand years ago,’ as if the thing that was virtue then was crime to-day. It is you who cry out for the abolition of ‘the gallows and the barbarous rattling guillotine’—two instruments without which the planet would be uninhabitable. You are the apostle of Human Progress and Benevolism, and all sorts of moral, physical and intellectual perfectabilities, ending in loud cheers, subscriptions, toasts, tabernacles and trash. ‘Come back to you’? Why, when was I ever amongst you? What eye has ever seen me moving in the ranks of Human Progress? Who has heard me blowing trumpets at the corners of the streets, or talking the blarney of Benevolence? No! Cant indeed is strong, and the Star of Humbug is high and culminant, but at any rate a man is not obliged to make himself at home with Humbug, to fling himself into the arms of Humbug, to take up his house contentedly with Humbug.

“I will never say to Barnum, ‘Thou art my brother,’ and unto Bunkum, ‘Thou art my sister and mother.’ Neither will I say to Beecher, ‘Thou art my Pastor and Master.’”

On the Italians entering Rome in 1870, Mitchel, the Unitarian, applauded in the *New York Citizen*, the *non possumus* of Pio Nono. The Pontiff had protested against the seizure of his territory, saying, “*Non voglio, non posso, non debbio*,” and Mitchel commented: “These are noble words, and what His Holiness means is that he would see them damned first.”

At Père Loyson, the eloquent preacher of Notre-Dame, who startled Paris in 1870 by abjuring Catholicity, Mitchel mocked: “It is not the decree of Infallibility that troubles him. We have seen his photograph. He wants a wife. In fact, he wants two!”

Loyson soon married. Mitchel thus anticipated a jest of Father Healy to a Protestant bishop—“Whenever you get a priest of ours under your wing, watch him, for he is afflicted by one or other of two maladies—Punch or Judy!”

Mitchel had opposed the attempt of his comrade, Thomas Francis Meagher, to get elected for Waterford in 1848. On his own election for Tipperary, in 1875, he announced that he would never enter the House of Commons. The House expelled him, but Tipperary returned him again. The Courts, however, declared the second election invalid, and decided that his Tory opponent (Moore of Barne) was entitled to the seat. Mitchel died a month after coming to Ireland, and was laid to rest in Newry. He once soliloquized: “I have been expelled from the territories of three Great Powers, France, U.S.A., and Britain. Is it possible that these

Great Powers were wrong and that I (J.M.) alone am right?" His grandson half a century later became Mayor of New York.

The "silent system" applied to political prisoners by Sir Edward Du Cane cost Britain sorely. O'Donovan Rossa, when released, conspired to bring about dynamite explosions. As in Russia, harsh jail "discipline" implants in the mind of convicts the spirit of revolt.

Rossa's treatment was made the subject of a Government inquiry, and was condemned in the House of Commons by Conservatives. On being set free, he was refused permission to live in Ireland—where he could do no harm—and was shipped to New York, where he became a force. On the 4th March, 1875, he wrote an appeal for the creation of a "Skirmishing Fund," and £40,000 was amassed.

Most of it went to enable a man called Holland to construct the first submarine. That craft sank in the Hudson River, but the conception was due to Rossa's scheme of vengeance. Improvements in submarines, of course, came later, although England was slow to take up the invention. I heard Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, announce that the British Navy had little use for them. Yet a French submarine in Toulon had then, in mimic warfare, dived under a battleship, which the umpire "considered sunk." The inventor, Holland, came to London afterwards to press his plans on the Admiralty. Arnold Forster, stepson of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, was then Under-Secretary to the Navy, and Holland applied to me for an introduction to him. Forster, with great broad-mindedness, knowing his record, consented to receive him. What the result was I never inquired.

A sad sequel to Du Cane's prison policy became manifest in the case of Captain John McCafferty. He was a "Confederate rebel," and never saw Ireland until he landed near Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, on a Fenian foray, in 1867. Sentenced to penal servitude, he was released by the Gladstone Government in 1870.

Of him, John Devoy wrote (8th May, 1926): "McCafferty was one of the most desperate and successful of Morgan's guerrillas in the Civil War. One of his feats was getting through the Federal lines, capturing a large stock of ammunition, loading it on a Mississippi steamboat, and getting it safely down the river under fire of the Federal batteries."

When turned loose from Portland, McCafferty went down on his knees outside the prison gates, cursed the Governor, the prison system, the British Government, and vowed revenge on all.

The Governor forced him back to his cell, and wired the Home

Office for instructions. McCafferty, in consequence, had to spend many more years in Portland. Ultimately he was set free, and when he arrived in America, so secretly did he work, that his name does not appear in the list of "Parnell's American Auxiliaries," prepared for *The Times* by its experts at the Forgery Commission of 1888. He was not even mentioned by the spy, Le Caron, in his evidence at the Commission. McCafferty never attended a public meeting in America, or identified himself with the Irish movement. Whispers, however, reached us that he was thought to be an inspirer of the "Invincible" Society, which brought about the murder of the Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the Under-Secretary Burke in the Phoenix Park on the 6th May, 1882.

The Times in 1887-8 aimed at saddling Parnell with these murders.

The brief of Attorney-General Webster, endorsed by "Soames, Edwards and Jones, solicitors, 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields," mentions as "Parnell's American Auxiliaries" all released prisoners active in America, viz., T. F. Bourke, E. O'M. Condon, John Devoy, T. C. Luby, Mackey-Lomasney, O'Donovan Rossa, and Stephen J. Meany. (The last-named in the Crimean War wrote "The Red, White and Blue," once a popular chant in England.)

No one thought of McCafferty, the silent Confederate soldier. His name is unspoken and unknown. Yet, like the Persian cobbler who, with his awl, brought down the Shah's Ministers, he may have been the chief pursuer of revenge.

CHAPTER IV

Uprise of Parnell (1875-8)

PARNELL'S uprise in 1875 came a year after Biggar's election for Cavan. He was an unlooked-for meteor in the Irish sky. "Sent down" from Magdalen College, Cambridge, the cause of his rustication is in dispute. Davitt in his *Fall of Feudalism* (page 207), published in 1904, attributes it to a brawl. Parnell's sister, Emily (Mrs. Dickinson), was not satisfied with this, and years after her brother's death told a different story. In a book called *A Patriot's Mistake* (the *Irish Times* styled it "A Patriot's Sister's Mistake") she treats the rustication as the most impressive incident of his career. From the family point of view, therefore, her account cannot be ignored.

It says:

Parnell had been sent to Cambridge. During his sojourn at the University a very unhappy event occurred.

He had reached his nineteenth year. The first tragedy of his life came—a tragedy in which, alas, another suffered, though released by the hand of death from sharing the lifelong remorse which was his heritage.

Boating was as popular then as now on the Cam, and Charles was one of the most enthusiastic oarsmen on the river, spending nearly all his spare time in flannels. One of the best cultivated of sober English homesteads lay a couple of miles down the river, sloping to its bank. It was frequently passed and re-passed by the various boat clubs. In the old fruit garden nearest the river might be seen, on several days of the week, a young girl, not more than sixteen, of remarkable loveliness, engaged, basket in hand, in picking fruit. Charles had no sooner seen her than he resolved to make her acquaintance. Daisy, on her part, though apparently more intent on the plum and pear trees than ever, was for the first time blissfully aware that the dark-haired young gentleman with the inscrutable eyes, whom she had often noticed on the river, preferred gazing at her to practising his stroke. Her knowledge of the world was very small. She had no mother. Little wonder, then, that it was with something of the wonder and the thrill of a first emotion that she received the unspoken homage of a handsome youth, whom she knew to be a member of the neighbouring University, and far above her station in life.

An acquaintance was quickly made by means of a fortunate (*sic*) accident to Charles's oar, and the borrowing of some cord, and he arranged to meet Daisy on future evenings, charging her to strict secrecy in fear of his College authorities. The young girl willingly promised. The acquaintance ripened

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into a deep and trusting affection on the girl's part, and an equally strong, though less pure and unselfish passion on the boy's part. He knew it was impossible to marry Daisy, lovely and innocent though she was, as he was under age and a ward of Chancery. . . . They were lovers and happy in each other's society, until their paradise was spoiled by an impulse of young passion, and, as is usually the case, the ebb-tide, on one side at least, set in from that hour. A coldness and estrangement gradually grew between them, and an increasing wretchedness on the girl's part, who was sensitive and inexperienced. Charles was with her as frequently as ever. Though their meetings had lost their first joy, he, to do him justice, had no idea of the misery the poor girl suffered, or that she contemplated self-destruction. He was rudely awakened. One morning, on coming along the river bank, near the place where Daisy and he had first met, he caught the sound of many frightened voices. On turning a bend in the path he suddenly came on a group which haunted him for years after. A small crowd of villagers was gathered round a figure that had just been dragged from the river, now swollen with heavy rain. A woman held the head that was covered with dark masses of golden hair, and the slender, dripping form was that of a young girl. Pushing aside the crowd with a gasp of horror, Charles recognized the body of "his little wife," as he had called Daisy. She was quite dead, and, as one of the bystanders said, must have been in the water for many hours. It was a sad ending to a bright young life, and if ever a man (for he ceased to be a boy from that hour) understood the meaning of remorse, of the "worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched," it was Charles as he gazed at the lifeless form that had contained so pure and loving a soul.

His wild looks and frenzied exclamations as he knelt beside the body, excited the curiosity of the bystanders. None of them knew him as an acquaintance of Daisy's, so loyally had she kept her promise, and they had never been seen together in the village.

An inquest was held, at which he was present as a witness. While shielding the girl's name from slander, he admitted having a great admiration and friendship for her, and the shock which her death gave him.

The usual verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was pronounced. She was buried in the village. For Charles a lifelong punishment began.

Various versions of his acquaintance with the dead girl had come to the knowledge of the heads of his college, and Charles's name was formally removed from the books of his university.

He reaped the consequences of his youthful folly and selfishness, and was the frequent victim of violent nervous attacks. In these would appear before him, in the dead of the night, standing at the foot of his bed, the dripping white-clad form, with locks like a cataract of golden rain, which he had seen that morning on the river bank.

The cause of these attacks, and of his frequent fits of nervous depression, was unknown to any of his family until several years after, when an accident revealed them.

Parnell's youth explains his manhood. When his Greek professor at Cambridge corrected him for a mistranslation he replied, "You're wrong." The tutor retorted, "Well, let's look at 'Liddell and Scott'" (the Greek standard lexicon). That, of course, con-

firmed the tutor, but Parnell remarked, "You must have got hold of a wrong edition!"

When serving as Ensign with the Wicklow Militia, he captained a team of cricketers in the Phoenix Park. The umpire gave one of his men "out," whereupon Parnell led his eleven off the field.

In 1874, being High Sheriff of Wicklow (his native county), Parnell was unable to stand, but put up his brother John, who was beaten. In 1875, Parnell was defeated in Co. Dublin, owing to the high franchise. A Nationalist commented, "We had a bad candidate who could not speak." Later in that year, on the death of John Martin, the "bad candidate" was elected for Meath.

He took his seat in the House on the day Biggar delivered his four-hours' speech, and placed himself under Joe's tuition. Together they carried on the fight known first as the "Biggar and Parnell" policy, next as the "Parnell and Biggar" policy, and lastly as the "Active" policy. Parnell made his first speech four days after Biggar's monologue.

At Leeds later in that year, after a Convention there, I saw Parnell taking down instructions meekly from Biggar in a notebook, to guide him as to the methods to be adopted next day at Westminster. It was a Sunday night, and Biggar was detained by business with his Leeds agent. Joe speculated in lard and the market was drooping. I urged him to "cut his loss," but he replied, "My father was ever a patient holder."

In 1876, Butt attacked them in a protest against "obstruction." Letters appeared in the *Freeman* condemning their practices signed by Andrew Kettle, a Dublin farmer (father to T. M. Kettle, M.P., killed in the Great War). The only organs which favoured the obstructives were the *Nation* and *Weekly News*, published by T. D. Sullivan. A cartoon in the *Weekly News* depicted a huge "butt" pouring water into a "kettle" with the letterpress: "This is a very 'andy kettle!"

Early in 1877 Richard Pigott stated that Parnell suspected some criticisms upon him in the *Newcastle Chronicle* were written or inspired by A. M. Sullivan, and I wrote my brother:

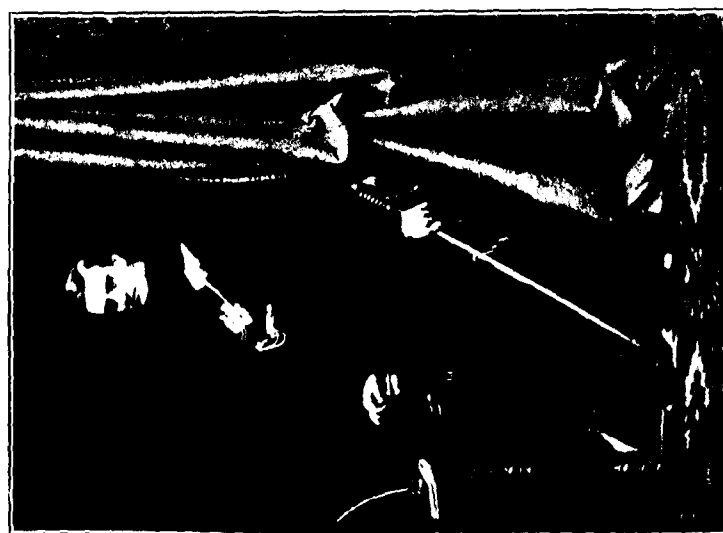
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

8th May, '77.

I had a letter from Joe Cowen, M.P., this morning, which I will hold in reserve to see what Richard Pigott says next week. Cowen concludes by saying (after denying that A. M. Sullivan wrote his paragraphs), "It is most unfortunate that Irishmen should be so prone to create differences among



C. S. PARNELL, M.P. 1884.



ENSIGN PARNELL, WICKLOW MILITIA, 1874-5.

themselves. If ever there was a people or a cause that required unity, it is the Irish."

As an explanation of the feud, or the sharp words, or the cloud between Parnell, Biggar, and A. M. Sullivan, Parnell says . . . that he believes it is A.M. who instigated Lucy's attacks upon them in *Mayfair*, and even supplied him with material for the purpose. I doubt this, but so far as I have heard of Parnell, I think he would make such a statement cautiously, and not unless he had grounds for it. Perhaps Sullivan could better realize the situation if Pigott were in the House and he saw Parnell and Biggar on terms of friendship with him.

F. H. O'Donnell was a constant correspondent of mine at this period, and was very anxious to be restored to Parliament. He had been elected for Galway in 1874 but was unseated by Judge Lawson for issuing against his opponent Joyce, a placard headed "Vote for Joyce and Keogh." Dillon, who was not in the House, in a letter to the *Freeman*, disparaged him as a penniless adventurer.

I wrote my brother :

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

28th May, '77.

In the event of a vacancy in Co. Waterford, the Bishop and priests at Dungarvan Conference are in favour of O'Donnell. He is not "penniless," nor is he an "adventurer" except in the sense that we are all adventurers (which to be sure we are). I believe he would make a valuable member of Parliament. Why did not his critics try in 1874 to prevent him getting in for Galway? . . .

O'Donnell told me that he withdrew his address for Tipperary on the advice of Pat Egan and T.D.S., and I should say he would have been a fool if he hadn't. Would it not have been an unsagacious proceeding of a future candidate, who might want the help of the *Freeman* before long, to get it into a corner? All the grand speeches of Butt in Parliament have not as yet made a single convert, and the despised "Confederation of Great Britain" has made a dozen. If we were to stop working to-morrow Butt's English supporters would thin down to about two, who support him on principle.

Owing to the disgust which many people feel at the stagnation of political affairs in Ireland through the supineness of the Home Rule League and its parliamentary representatives, I should regard it as natural, knowing the stuff our people are made of, if they pitched it to the devil.

Soon, a vacancy occurred in the borough of Dungarvan, and I wrote O'Donnell that he would be certain of success if he stood. This he did, and for the next two years was very useful in the House of Commons.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

1st August, '77.

The struggle in the House of Commons on the South African Bill should make Dungarvan proud of O'Donnell. That Gray is with the obstructives means that the avenue of the *Freeman's Journal* is closed to Butt and other half-hearts, and that the *Freeman* is muzzled. Gray's support is invaluable.

Butt was besought in vain to tolerate the "active" members. Barry, after two years' bickering, determined to call a convention of delegates of the Branches of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain. The exiles of Erin were resolved to depose Butt from the presidency and to set Parnell in his place. They met at Liverpool in August, 1877.

The Convention proved to be one of the most representative of exiled Nationalists ever held till then. Butt's declaration of policy was eagerly awaited. Features of the Convention, to which I was appointed a delegate, are described in a letter to my brother.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
29th August, '77.

I got back from the Liverpool Convention yesterday. It passed off harmoniously, and Butt had a fair reception, but he declined to give the slightest inkling of his future programme, and when he knew his words would be made public, would not make any allusion to the burning question.

O'Connor Power asked him if he would call a National Conference in Ireland, but he would give no definite reply, saying he would have to consult his friends. Biggar made a strong appeal to him to throw off the influence of the evil counsellors who have set him against the earnest men of the Party, but he scarcely made any sign, though there was no tinge of bitterness in his words. He said he could not accept the Presidency of the Confederation for another year, even if it had been offered to him, about which he expressed no opinion, and that he would have much pleasure in proposing Parnell's name for the Chair.

At Parnell's request the matter was postponed until they had had a discussion on the policy before the country, as he evidently thought they might get something out of Butt. Although this was done, nothing came of it, and the election was postponed to the second day, when Butt was not able to be present. In fact, Butt had to leave about 5.30 on the Monday. On his leaving the Chair some graceful words were said on both sides, and when he left the room the whole of those present rose to their feet. Before the proceedings commenced, however, on Butt meeting O'Donnell, he offered him his hand, but O'Donnell merely bowed low without accepting it. All the others appeared to be cordial with him.

I enclose a placard of the pro-obstruction meeting we are going to have in Newcastle.

Backed thenceforward by the Irish in Britain, Parnell's strength grew. His countrymen at home, gyved by landlordism, lay supine. Meetings in England and Scotland gave him sympathy, but, save in the Press controlled by T. D. Sullivan, he and Biggar were cold-shouldered.

Barry parted sorrowfully with Butt, who had so often defended the Fenian prisoners from 1865 onwards. In 1890, when Parnell was himself deposed, he sneered at Barry as the "leader-killer."

I wrote to Maurice:

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
31st August, '77.

I pointed out to T.D.S. that, at best, "obstruction" need only be a temporary expedient, as in the next election the Conservatives are sure to lose their majority, and the Liberals cannot do without the Home Rulers, so the latter will be masters of the situation. The keeping of the Party together is the main thing, but you must give the populace (who cannot appreciate subtlety of action) some value for their money in the meantime, and I would let the sop to Cerberus be "obstruction," to keep their appetite whetted, and prevent their growing impatient.

In any eventuality Butt is no man to lead. He is too soft and easily gammoned. He is clever, plausible, statesmanlike and eloquent, but he is *not* a leader of men. I am afraid he would, if English parties got balanced, be easily wheedled into supporting the Liberals for the sake of some Franchise Bill, or something of that kind, instead of holding out for a settlement on the main question. Whether the Party go in for obstruction or not, I would be in favour of getting rid of Butt, and the sooner the air is cleared by his retirement the better.

I induced Parnell, Biggar, O'Donnell, and O'Connor Power to speak in Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 10th September, 1877. My comments on the gathering were:

The meeting was one of the best ever held in the town. Often as I have managed these things, I never before felt the sense of responsibility in connection with them which weighed upon me in the present case. Even had it been a thin house it would have been taken as the pronouncement of Irishmen in the North in favour of Butt's policy, and a great discouragement to the energetic members. Yet the scenes through which I have gone were unpleasant. . . .

The Butt-ites are spreading charges against me. One says I have turned the town upside-down; another that I am a demon; and a third expressed indignation that, after thirty years' service in the cause of his country, he should be treated as he has been by a "boy." We gave O'Connor Power £12 as his expenses, and sent O'Donnell £8, but half of the latter would be required to pay his railway fare.

My brother and I owed much to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Physical science was taught at night in Armstrong's Works, Elswick, by Professor Rowden (a man of genius), and we got certificates in some branches. For small fees we were also able to acquire, at the Mechanics' Institute, French and a little German. To correct a stoop I joined the 3rd Northumberland Artillery Volunteers. The drill sergeant, a giant Irishman, dubbed Mac, often said to me, "You'd throw the whole British Army out of step!"

A proposal came in 1878 from T. D. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, that I should leave Newcastle-on-Tyne for London. On this I wrote my father:

NEWCASTLE,
20th February, '78.

I had a line from T.D.S. saying that if I cared to go to London he would give me a pound a week to write a "letter" for the *Nation* each week, which would enable me, if I could obtain another berth, to improve my position. . . .

In those days an offer to pay £1 a column for literary work seemed colossal, and I wondered what I was to do for it. I wrote to my father:

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
21st February, '78.

I had a note from T.D.S. to-day. Says what he wants will be chiefly parliamentary sketches, and that when the Session is over there would be plenty of other things, or, if not, I would then probably have obtained a sufficient berth to enable me to drop the letter if I thought fit, until next year. I think it would be foolish of me not to risk the change.

At the end of February, 1878, I left Newcastle for London. There I sat in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons nightly. My writings championed the "new men," and were critical of the old.

On the 16th March, 1878, I wrote my brother:

I saw A. M. Sullivan for a moment on Thursday when he got me into the House, but had no talk with him. Next day Parnell got me in "under the clock" (the best part of the House), promised me his "orders of admission" for a week, and put my name down three times for the Speaker's Gallery. O'Connor Power also was cordial. I anticipate no difficulty in getting in whenever I want.

St. Patrick's Day, '78.

The *Nation* pound a week would suffice to keep me going, and without this I have sufficient money to stand a six months' lock-out, supposing I didn't earn a penny in that time. If I could feel that the *Nation* arrangement was one which the proprietor would be as glad to continue as I should desire myself, I would have no hesitation to swap any other berth and devote myself in spare time to a little of that culture which I feel sadly in want of—trying in addition (supposing nothing else turned up) to eke out the pound with anything I could make by writing for the Press.

F. H. O'Donnell on Friday, as I was chatting with him "under the clock," went out and wrote me this letter of introduction: "The bearer, Mr. Healy, an Irish friend of very considerable cultivation in many departments, is desirous of getting a position on the London Press. He writes parliamentary correspondence for some Irish papers. I know this, for I often read his letters."

I still kept up relations with Newcastle-on-Tyne, and prevailed on Davitt, who had just been released from prison, to speak there.

I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
20th March, '78.

The St. Patrick's Day demonstration in Newcastle-on-Tyne was, I hear, a great success, which was a relief to my mind. The poor fellows there raised a great "ulagone" over my departure, and gave me a fine writing-desk. A better lot of men, taking them all round, is not to be found anywhere.

I cannot share my friends' confidence as to my capabilities for London correspondence. To do the thing properly would require much more time for hanging about the House than I command. T.D.S. will give me no instructions, beyond telling me that I need not confine myself to parliamentary matters.

I gained confidence as to the stuff I contributed to the *Nation* by the favour it received, and again wrote:

LONDON.
11th April, '78.

Parnell, in the matter of getting admission to the House, has stood to me "like a brick," putting down my name whenever there was an opportunity, and apologizing if he missed it; but I need not say this is not as a personal favour to me, but to the organ of the Obstructives.

Alfred Crilly of Liverpool, whom I met in the Lobby on Monday on Free Trade business, said my *Nation* letter was "very good." If on its literary merits it is not worth a pound, at least the toil it involves would not be compensated for by that amount.

CHAPTER V

Butt's Decline and Death (1879)

IN April, 1878, Mitchell Henry, M.P. for Galway, a well-meaning Lancashire man (who spent a million on a residence at Kylemore, Connemara), raised in the House of Commons the question of the Galtee evictions in Co. Tipperary. These had been first exposed by Sarsfield Casey, a Fenian released in 1877, whose letters signed "Galtee Boy" infuriated the agent of the estate, Patten Smith Bridge. He brought a libel action against Casey, and the trial engrossed all Ireland. Large subscriptions were raised for the defence, and after a long trial, the jury refused to find for Bridge, who had been shot at and wounded. During the debate unexpectedly raised by Mitchell Henry, Bridge sat "under the clock" beside me, and was much agitated. In the short adjournment for the "Speaker's chop" I asked him in the lobby, "Are you Patten Bridge?" "Yes," he said. "Look!" and he pulled up his trousers before all and sundry to show the scars where the slugs struck him—a grim sight in the heart of Westminster. He had been fired on near Mitchelstown, Co. Cork, with his police guard, and his driver, Hyland, was killed.

An old man named Crowe was seized on the spot by the police escort, and, being convicted, was hanged. He was an evicted tenant who became a pauper in the Tipperary workhouse. To shoot Bridge he put away his pauper's garb, and planned that the deed should take place in Co. Cork, and not in Co. Tipperary, for the Peace Preservation Act of 1875 burthened each county with an *eric* or blood-geld for crimes committed within the County area. Crowe wished to spare Tipperary the mulct which must follow the murder, by shooting Bridge in Co. Cork. After conviction, being asked by the Clerk of Arraignment what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, Crowe muttered, "I knew I had no chance when I didn't fire at him in Tipperary," meaning that he would not in that case have been tried in the Cork venue!

On the day of his execution there was led with him to the gallows a Greek youth named Bombos, doomed at the same Assizes for

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mutiny on the British ship *Caswell* in the South Seas, when its captain was slain. The late William O'Brien, a young reporter on the *Cork Herald* (afterwards M.P.), thrilled Munster by an account of the executions. O'Brien had previously won renown by his *Christmas in the Galtees*, describing the mountain holdings where Patten Bridge wrought havoc.

Bombos was a youth of good family, who left Attica through a love affair, and shipped aboard the *Caswell*. On his first trial the jury disagreed. The dissenting juror was J. O'Mara, then owner of the Royal Hotel, Mallow, who did not believe the seamen's evidence. On the second arraignment O'Mara was set aside by the Crown, i.e., not allowed to serve, and Bombos was convicted. Then for his soul's health an Archimandrite of the Oriental rite was brought from Liverpool to Cork to speed the way to heaven. The death-scene was described by O'Brien with telling artistry. He drew a picture of the Greek pope in gorgeous robes intoning canticles in the tongue of Sophocles and leading his co-religionist to the trap-door to the swaying of a thurible, while Bombos puffed a cigarette. Behind him came a grey-haired Munster peasant in his shirt-sleeves telling his beads in response to the "Hail Marys" of a plainly-surpliced priest. Neither quavered. As the "drop" fell, the representatives of the Greek and Latin rites saluted. Thus flew the souls of Bombos and Crowe into eternity. Their bodies were quick-limed in a common grave in the jail yard, and East and West were in death united.

A sequel which O'Brien could not have foreseen shed another light on the Greek's execution.

O'Mara, the dissenting juror, told me forty years later that, seated at dinner in the Grand Hotel, London, he spoke of the unjust conviction of Bombos, whereupon a lady at his table cried out, "I am the widow of the captain, and was on board the *Caswell* when he was killed. Bombos was innocent, and it was the mate who swore against him that murdered my man. Being his wife I was not called to give evidence. Several other witnesses swore falsely, too."

At the Inquest on the carman, Hyland, shot by Crowe, a woman swore she heard the volley which killed him, but thought it "keol." This Gaelic word may be translated "sport" or "music," and is in common use in Irish-English for any kind of fun. The *Daily News* Dublin correspondent, a Scotchman named Dunlop, telegraphed to his paper that she swore the shots were "music." The murder had aroused interest throughout Britain, and the *Daily News* was then the mouthpiece of Liberal opinion. So it denounced the witness

who swore such a falsehood with "true Celtic impudence." Dunlop, with Dr. Patten, Dublin correspondent of *The Times* (then editor of the *Dublin Daily Express*), used in that epoch to manufacture English opinion about Ireland. No men did more to inflame or warp it.

When Patten Bridge ceased to harry the Galtees the Lancashire cotton-spinner, Buckley, to whom he was agent, sent a consumptive clerk in his employment to look after his property. Not only did he pacify the people by kindly handling, but the English lad recovered his health, thanks to the sweet milk and sweeter smiles he received in every shieling in the mountains.

Tipperary had been much earlier in revolt. William Scully, when about to evict a family with a sheriff's posse in 1868, was fired on at Ballycohey. This the peasants likened to the affray at Carrickshock in the Tithe War of the 'thirties. *New Ireland*, by A. M. Sullivan, M.P., describes the Ballycohey tragedy with the comment that it secured the Land Act of 1870 (Vol. ii, p. 364).

Ballad rhymers sang:

At Slievenamon I met a man
Who axt, "Is Scully dead?"
I cannot give you that account,
But I hear he's bad in bed.
He turned my mother out of doors,
But I may meet him still.
We're bold Tipperary mountaineers,
Says Rory of the Hill.

Ballycohey was the forerunner of the Land League upheaval. Tipperary loosed the storm whose lightnings burst over Mayo in 1879. In December, 1881, I met in Illinois (U.S.A.) a tax-collector who told me that Scully had bought land there, which he let to tenants. So highly rented were they, that they used to urge in excuse for their backward payment of taxes, "We're Scully's tenants!"

His brother Vincent Scully (*New Ireland*, Vol. ii, p. 353) member for Co. Cork up to 1865, in his election address of that year claimed that he compelled Liverpool ships to call at Queenstown for emigrants. Parnell put forward Scully's grandson as his candidate for North Kilkenny against Sir John Pope Hennessy during the Split of 1890. His descendant did much to make atonement for the sins of his ancestors. He was not only a considerate landlord, but gave large sums to the Irish National League.

Towards the end of 1877 the murder of Lord Leitrim in Donegal made a great sensation in England. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when

Chief Secretary for Ireland, had more than once remonstrated with him privately, but in vain. Beach sensed from local police reports the danger he stood in.

In April, 1878, F. H. O'Donnell in the Commons tried to moralize on the murder, but Colonel King-Harman, a Sligo landlord, availed himself of Biggar's tactics to "espy strangers," by which means he prevented public debate. Butt refused to support O'Donnell, and would not even remain in the Chamber. I saw him, after I was turned out of the gallery, pace the lobby round and round, in anger. He spoke to me sorrowfully, and no more realized the surgings of revolt in the new generation than did John Redmond in 1916-18. Yet O'Donnell did not intend to go into the unhappy dealings of Lord Leitrim with the females of his tenants' families, as King-Harman feared.

My brother's criticism of my literary lapses now began. In answer, I pleaded:

LONDON,
14th April, '78.

I reach the House about six o'clock, and go into the Strangers' Gallery and, if there is anything interesting, stay there till 12, 1, 2, 3, or 4 a.m. This doesn't give me a great deal of time for reading. If there is nothing particular on, I leave the place and go to the City News-Rooms (admission one penny) which are about half-an-hour's walk away; and sometimes I come back to the House about eleven o'clock. On Wednesday I don't go there. Last Tuesday I had to walk down twice: and if you had to write my "letter," and get up your facts in the hours after midnight, you would be more lenient on slipshod expressions, and not be surprised that a fellow used the first phrase that came to his mind. . . .

I have had no talk with anyone about the Lord Leitrim debate. I just got in, in time to be turned out. For all Dr. Ward's opposition to O'Donnell and obstruction, Ward is a decent fellow, and I am sorry he is going wrong. My present mood towards every one but Parnell is that of suspicion, for which I have not the slightest reason. I merely state the fact as a curiosity—though I must say that Parnell's decency towards me is not the cause of my good opinion.

A champion of the Gaelic tongue, O'Neill Russell, made friends with me in London.

One evening Russell took me to Cowell's hostelry in Holborn, whose proprietor was the best speaker of Connaught Irish in London. When they had discoursed for a spell in Gaelic, Russell burst into English, saying, "Ah, man, don't tear the throat out of yourself!" and left the bar telling me Cowell's speech was too guttural.

Of Russell I wrote Maurice:

1st May, '78.

I have come across the only real Irishman I have ever met in my life. He is O'Neill Russell, secretary of the Irish Language Preservation Society, and

a Protestant. T.D.S. introduced him to me, and I have taken tea with him to-night. He is a genial fellow. I asked him why he didn't reply to my letter in the *Nation* on Gaelic spelling, to which he answered he had said everything he'd got to say, adding that he could convince me yet of the merits of Irish orthography! The most extraordinary compound of a man you ever met, and I am delighted to know him. He is lodging just opposite us, and O'Connor Power and I are going over to him to-night.

LONDON,
10th May, '78.

N. D. Murphy speaks well, and his long speech against Sunday Closing had nothing Biggar-ish about it. In fact, *The Times* paid a half-compliment to his "extraordinary oratory." He is a man about sixty, with white hair and a bald head, or—to be accurate—he has white hair on the part that isn't bald. . . .

As to my prospects of a berth, Finegan of the *Chronicle* has promised to be on the look-out. If I had to depend on my own exertions to better myself I should never get 24s. a week. Finegan mentioned that the *Daily News* allows Edmund O'Donovan £1,000 a year and his expenses in Asia Minor. The two of them had been through the French war (1870-1) and in prison together in Germany.

I don't know what is going to be done about Butt to-morrow. Re-elect him, I suppose, with all the honours. Parnell was saying to me last night he won't be there, as he is going to Liverpool to see his mother and sister off to America. Parnell said in his business-like way (after having previously "feared he was neglecting me"—which he was not) that he would take care to put me down regularly week after week in future. The "Speaker's List" Book has to be filled a week in advance, but, if one's name is not on it, and there is nothing particular doing in the House, a fellow knowing any of the members can always procure an "order" from the Serjeant if there is room, which there always is, by waiting a little.

O'Neill Russell has left "over the way" and gone back to Dublin. He is an extraordinary character, and one of the strangest compounds I ever came across. He wrote *Dick Massey*, which Tom said was good, but I have heard you pitch into it. I told him Tom's verdict, and he said the book was nothing compared to a later one called *A True Heart's Trials*, which he presented to me before he left. I have only read a few chapters of it, and think the style might be improved a thousand per cent. by hacking. His notions of Irish pronunciation are amusing. To make the word "whatever" rhyme to "whether" he spells it "wedhdher"—and so on. I haven't succeeded in "insensing" him into my views upon spelling phonetically, only I think I have left his faith in the old notation shaken. I can see from what he said that he thinks the present spelling with the present number of letters would be hard to improve on without a radical change, except by the introduction of new letters. I gave him my subscription for the Irish Language Society. I don't think he tries to get anyone to become a member, as his enthusiasm does not lie on the practical side. It was he who got from the *Revue Celtique* and put into the *Nation* last November that bit about the death of Cuhulin, which T.D.S. praised. If I could have an hour's instruction from such a man every day for a month I would soon know Irish, though I have given no attention to it these six months back. Still, I hope some day or other to master it, only I fear that "some day or other" is only "a weak

invention of the enemy." I don't have time for study after doing the necessary newspaper reading and attendance at the House of Commons.

My admiration for Parnell increases. Ministers compliment him on his "industry," but though there is always reason in his amendments, he doesn't care about anything but wasting time. He boasted to me, setting his teeth, that he would smash up all their business this session. I hardly think they will pass any measure of consequence, and if Parnell and the rest keep on "criticizing" the Estimates, it is not easy to see when they will be passed. The Government don't care very much. . . .

If Butt holds on a little Parnell will get such a hold on the country that he will inevitably lead the only men who will be worth leading, and the Conference might soon quicken that idea in the minds of the people.

No one then could have supposed that in less than a year Butt would be in his grave. As yet in the Courts (if not in Parliament) he was as vigorous as ever. At *nisi prius*—sometimes with a bottle of wine before him—Butt was the most successful orator and advocate since O'Connell. Although a convinced Protestant, his devotion to the Blessed Virgin was such that when a big case had to be argued he drove from his house in Eccles Street to the Four Courts, reciting the "Hail Marys" of the Rosary. In the end his son Robert, an ex-British officer, obtained undue ascendancy over him politically. Robert, when his father died, became Chairman of the "Kensington Parliament." I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
1st June, '78.

In a discussion with Biggar I urged on him the necessity of his and Parnell's doing something through the country to wake it up. Their hope lies in getting men returned with the necessary capacity for obstruction; but the most obstructive-minded man in the world would not be any use if he were a duffer. Carrying on the present game requires skill. It is not every fool who can obstruct. As John George McCarthy, M.P., said, it looks very like as if parliamentary business could only be attended to by rich men, or men who live permanently in London.

After the General Election the balance of parties may render obstruction unnecessary, and the fussiness of Mitchell Henry in trying to drive the Parnellites into revolt and splits is regrettable.

My admiration for Parnell grows. Yet O'Donnell's coolness beats anything. The row about the Police Magistrate inquiry was produced by him just as he strolled into the House after an absence of a quarter of an hour. He opened by asking Biggar for information upon the "question before the House." His words were not carefully chosen, but their langour was delicious. Ten men like O'Donnell and Parnell would either put an end to the House of Commons, or get put an end to themselves—probably the latter. The place is such that it is no wonder earnestness loses its edge there. If it were not for the ties of friendship and fear of libel, I would like to give some Irish M.P.'s a bit of my mind. Their childish resentment of criticism is extraordinary. I have before expressed to you my amazement that men who live in the heat of politics should be so sensitive of what is said of, or to, them.

Lucy did me the kindness to quote in *Mayfair* a bit of one of my paragraphs about Biggar in the *Nation*.

I had not then met Lucy (afterwards Sir Henry), and when I entered Parliament a few years later his Press references to me were usually kindly.

The growing popularity in Ireland of Parnell, Biggar and O'Donnell aroused the jealousy of O'Connor Power, who, being an orator, wished to retain the goodwill of the House of Commons.

To try to avert friction between them, John Barry, at Biggar's request, consented to mediate. They met in the old "Conference Room" of the House, and I waited distressfully in the lobby. After an hour they emerged looking much upset, for Power not only rejected Parnell's claims, but, being pressed for reasons, made a retort (unprintable) which Parnell never forgave. I wrote Maurice :

LONDON,
1st August, '78.

Parnell, as I told you, has a list of men and places that he means to fight, but, from his want of knowledge of these matters, he would make a bad electioneering tactician, and some of the men on his list would not be "sweet boons"—though, of course, better than the fellows now in. Biggar was kind enough to invite me to aspire to senatorial honours (you need not bruit this abroad). I told him I would respond if he gave me a blank cheque with his name on it! . . .

Parnell will take anyone he can get as M.P., so wretched is the present state of things. Anyone would be better than the miserable duffers most of these Home Rulers are.

The situation for Ireland was unpromising, and the attacks on the Parnell and Biggar policy in the *Freeman* were constant. The Home Rule League organization, which directed the movement, was completely in Butt's hands, and Butt's supporters in the House of Commons only wished to "mark time."

LONDON,
7th October, '78.

Humbug will carry the day in the Irish representation for some time to come. Butt has refused to call a Conference, saying that he and Egan had been asked to act as a sub-committee to organize a joint meeting of some sort, but Egan is better at getting up inutilities such as Judge Keogh funerals than at work which requires administrative capacity.

I wrote him as to the people on whom the responsibility of battling with the Butt-ites rested. If they don't choose to act, it is their affair, not ours. I shall try to go over to Dublin, but am not sure whether I can do so.

The allusion to Judge Keogh's funeral had reference to the plan hatched by Egan, that if the coffin was brought from Germany to Dublin it should be seized at what then was Carlisle Bridge and

flung into the Liffey. I loathed such manifestations and went to Ireland in order to understand the situation. Afterwards I wrote Maurice :

LONDON,
October, '78.

Would it be possible to get up a meeting in Lismore, and invite Parnell? The resolution I moved in Dublin at the Confederation of Great Britain was at his request, upon a suggestion of my own. If he could have O'Connor Power at his elbow continually it would be a good thing, as Power understands the necessities of agitation, and Parnell doesn't. I hope he will make a good fist of his answer to Butt, though I have never been persuaded that he shines as a letter-writer. Dan Crilly told me Parnell's first contribution to the *Liverpool Argus* (mentioned in my London letter) was not worth much, and though he promised to insert it, he has failed me.

O'Connor Power and Parnell were not kindred spirits. Power was an able and eloquent man, reeking of the common clay, at which Parnell's aristocratic sensitiveness recoiled. Of their differences I hinted to my brother :

LONDON,
24th November, '78.

I met O'Connor Power, and he was unaware, until I told him, that his name was down to propose one of the resolutions in Dublin. He expressed disgust, and said he told the Dublin people he would not go over, and that it was only another piece of their cowardice in being afraid to face Butt themselves.

I was aware of the stories told about Power, but what is the use of repeating them? Parnell has been careful to tell me his views about Power (and so has Biggar), but I have defended him to them, and think they should make allowance for his poverty and position. Parnell told Power to his face that he was "a damned scoundrel," and Power made a coarse reply. It is not safe to say hard things of friends to outsiders, and still less safe to write them, even in shorthand.

The first attempt to return a parliamentary candidate on Parnell's side was made in 1878. A vacancy in New Ross, Co. Wexford, led him to induce George Delany, a wealthy Dublin merchant, to stand. Butt, however, preferred the return of the Tory, Colonel Tottenham, and Delany was defeated. Butt managed this by sending down Michael Crean, afterwards a Land Commissioner (father of the late Dr. Crean, V.C.), to announce that Delany was a "Garibaldian."

Delany had helped some Italian artists, whose sculpture was injured in transit to the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, and for this received a decoration from Victor Emmanuel.

Crean had served in the Papal Brigade, and denounced Delany for accepting such an honour. The epithets "Garibaldian" and "Mazzinian" were then stock phrases to pelt at Nationalists.

Such nicknames captured the majority in New Ross, and the land-lord candidate was elected by the handful of voters there who profaned the franchise.

In the sessions from 1874 to 1880 the relations between ministerialists and Butt's Party were friendly. A. M. Sullivan told me that the Tory Solicitor-General, Sir John Holker, came to him in the Lobby one night with a half-crown in his palm. "Look at that!" said he, "the only honest money I ever earned!" "How so?" said Sullivan. "Well," he replied, "your hairdresser came looking for you to get in, and I heard from the police that he was a friend of yours, so I showed him round. He thought I was an attendant, and when going away slipped me half a crown. I was delighted, and shall sport it on my watch-chain."

Holker by his will left £100,000 to benefit students of Gray's Inn after the death of his wife, and the reversion fell due in 1926.

LONDON,

4th February, 1879.

It is evident that, as the General Election approaches, both parties are getting anxious, and if Butt hadn't quarrelled with Parnell there would be great things in store for Ireland. As it is Butt intends to cling to power as long as he can, in order to give his flatterers value for their money. I don't know that much good can come of anything this side of the General Election so long as he remains a brakesman to check advance.

Disraeli sees that the Catholics are the natural allies of Conservatism, and means to "educate" his Party up to this point, as it is no longer safe to ignore them, and they are likely to be indispensable. His University Bill should, therefore, be better than Gladstone's. What I am afraid of is that he will propose a County Franchise Bill for England only, and that the Irish will be constrained to let it pass, while no effort is made to improve the Irish franchise. Butt, with the help of the cry "religion first," would aid him in this. It is also likely that they will try to pass some New Rules for the conduct of parliamentary business. . . .

I got Davitt to send that affidavit-letter to the *Freeman* about Pigott. I had much work to discover Davitt's whereabouts, and at last got his address, under another name, at a Poste Restante, Paris. He returned here on Wednesday and told me that Devoy would send a "crusher" when he replied, exposing Pigott's financial foibles. My impression is (though not from anything Davitt said) that Devoy was also in Paris.

On the 8th February, 1879, Butt made his last appearance in public. No one guessed his end was near, and he was only sixty-six. He attended the Home Rule League to hear T. D. Sullivan move, and Biggar second, a demand for a more "forward" policy in Parliament. The late John Dillon, then a stripling, made a galling onslaught on him. He made a spirited reply, but soon afterwards was stricken.

I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,

8th March, 1879.

O'Connor Power had a letter from Robert Butt this week, stating his father might recover, but that he was afraid his mind was going.

The Irish Institute, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is doing well, and I am sorry Parnell gave so much umbrage. I attacked Parnell about it, but he said he did the best he could, and was sure, if I had been there myself, I would have thought so. As Parnell was in the chair at the Executive meeting of the Confederation I was unable to do much, for he forgot his chairmanship by using the chairman's power of interruption.

There will be no lack of candidates at the General Election, but an entire lack of good ones. This is deplorable, as the Tories are certain to be in a minority, and firmness on the Irish side, to resist Liberal overtures, needs to be the greater. No one not actually a witness of what goes on in the House of Commons can form a proper conception of how a dozen intelligent men could work there. Yet, as Parnell said to me, the Irish Party consists, not only of "do-nothings," but of "know-nothings." Nine-tenths of them are ignorant.

Davitt was here and says Devoy sent his letter to the *Freeman*, but couldn't get it printed, as Pigott threatened to bring an action for libel if they published anything reflecting on his honesty. Davitt read the letter for T.D.S., who says it will be a great pity if it is not published. He tried to influence Gray, but Eddy has been on the spree and didn't think he had got the letter!

LONDON,

5th April, '79.

O'Connor Power is "eating his dinners" for the Bar, but has not much energy for work. Biggar, who has not been here since before Easter, turned up at the Confederation, and I mildly inquired of him, "What is going to be your title?" Joe smiled at my explanatory information that rumour had it he and Parnell had been "squared." The truth is that he and Parnell, whose return is also expected, don't wish to give the Government any excuse over the University Bill, which is being hatched.

Dwyer Gray, with the O'Connor Don and Parnell, has been arranging matters with the Archbishop of Dublin and the Castle! Parnell formed one of the deputation which waited on Cardinal McCabe, who asked him to lessen his activities until the Bill passes.

Pat Egan was here chuckling over the idea of spoiling "God save the Queen" at the next "Command Night" at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, by means of some sneezing stuff! Did you ever know anything so childish? The idea of full-grown men engaging in such an enterprise, and talking about it gravely when they are found so unready in every weighty matter! Egan is the best of them, and of great personal consideration. . . .

I read what you wrote on Gaelic notation, and am in agreement with it. To make a good instruction-book there is a great deal in it which could profitably be brought under the notice of the Irish Language Society. If you embody your views in a letter, the *Nation* will print it, but it will be followed by a wrangle with some lunatic to whom its columns would be also thrown open.

Write an essay on the compilation of an Irish Manual. Avoid attacking existing ones, while making clear defects.

LONDON,
11th April, '79.

T.D.S. yesterday wrote that Butt's intellect had completely gone, and that it was better for him to die.

Justin MacCarthy's return for Longford unopposed was extraordinary. He had unusual recommendations before he issued his address. Lord Hartington and Lord Granard kept the Greville and Whig interest quiet.

He is an addition to the Party, and brings culture and brains to a quarter which was not overstocked.

I shall be curious to read what Parnell and Biggar say at Monday's meeting in Cavan. Parnell probably will ultimately go mad if no relief comes to him from Ireland, or break down under the strain. It is a pity he has no head for organization work outside the House of Commons. He is a child in some respects.

Butt died on the 5th May, 1879. The succession to the Chairmanship lay between William Shaw, M.P., President of the Munster Bank, and Mitchell Henry, M.P., the English notable elected for Galway, who had raised the case of the Galtee evictions.

Biggar voted for Mitchell Henry, whose tenure of the Chair was likely to be effective. Parnell voted for Shaw, whom he knew he could oust. So Shaw was chosen. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
5th July, '79.

Shaw's semi-leadership is all very well so long as there is no crisis in affairs, but his course of action would be just as unsatisfactory as Butt's. It is, therefore, desirable that men like J. A. Blake should be made to have a distinct feeling as to the leader they were expected to follow, in certain eventualities.

The Borough of Ennis, Co. Clare, with an electorate of not more than 300, now fell vacant, and I got from O'Connor Power, M.P., this note:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th July, 1879.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I regret I had not an opportunity of talking to you last night, especially about Ennis. Parnell and I have just been talking about the matter and would like to see you here this evening, if you could manage to come.

With kind regards to your brother and J. Barry.

Ever yours,

J. O'CONNOR POWER.

I wrote my father:

17th July, '79.

Power's letter, on which this is written, refers to a proposal made to me in the House on Monday night that I should stand for Ennis! Parnell promised that he would guarantee the expense, and that I should not be put to a penny outlay. I didn't intend to think about the matter a second time until Power's letter obliged me to go down to meet them on Thursday. Parnell urged me strongly there and then to wire "my address" to the

Freeman, so as to be even in the running with William O'Brien, Q.C., whose "address" we knew would appear in the next day's paper. Power also was anxious for me to go up, as O'Brien is simply a Whig, whom the *Freeman* and Gray have forced to accept Home Rule to save his bacon. I suggested that we should ask the Dublin fellows what they were doing, as I could only entertain the matter if all Ireland was so "pumped out" that a candidate could not be got to save the seat. I was anxious to get to my lodgings to write my weekly "letter." We wired T.D.S. and I told Parnell, as it was then midnight, that I would call at his house at 2 a.m. to see the reply. On going there, Parnell was depressed by the uncheering report of the constituency given by T.D.S. in his telegram, which practically would give a "walk over" to Crown Prosecutor O'Brien. Parnell said T.D.S. was a timid man, but I was glad of the excuse for gracefully retiring. I proposed to Parnell, however, that (as I had still a few minutes till the 3 a.m. post to finish my London letter to the *Nation*) he should come to my lodgings in Doughty Street and regale himself with whisky and water while I fished up a candidate. I knew Finegan got home from his newspaper about 3 a.m., so I went to his rooms, found him, and brought him to Doughty Street, where Parnell was asleep on a sofa. We then flung together any fragments suitable for a patriotic constituency which occurred to our flurried minds for Finegan's address, and I took them down in shorthand, and away we rushed to the Strand to the *Freeman* office to see if we could have them wired over that night. The *Freeman* London correspondent, like all virtuous men, finishes work before 5 a.m., but we found a telegraph operator, got him to call up the foreman printer in the Dublin office, and were informed that the paper was "at press." By putting on a little pressure, we got him to take on our message. I read it to the telegraph clerk, who worked it off from dictation, and we were informed it would appear on page 6 of the apostolic *Freeman*—where, no doubt, you saw it yesterday. . . .

I hope Finegan may win. Biggar, who has just called, tells me that Parnell will leave town to-night to support him. John Barry is away, and the Lord only knows what complications T.D.'s telegram prevented as regards myself, for otherwise Parnell certainly would have had the election address signed by that well-known patriot, T. M. Healy, in next day's paper! The sight of it would have amazed you as the first inkling of my ambitions. As Finegan will have to pay his own expenses, Parnell is a considerable saver by the exchange of candidates.

I spoke to Finegan on the "Bar" question last Sunday. O'Connor Power says when he was up for his "preliminary" a few months ago the Examiners were very polite, though he was completely ignorant of several matters. To the question, "Who was Admiral Byng?" he replied, "I really don't know." Yet they passed him. Power had been giving all his attention to Latin.

Finegan was a gallant, handsome fellow, who had served in the French Army in 1870-1. Parnell promised to speak for him in Ennis the following Sunday, with T. D. Sullivan. It was a constituency long canvassed by William O'Brien, Q.C. (afterwards judge), and all its voters were not incorrupt. A victory there would be a turning-point in Parnell's fortunes. Yet on the Friday night, when

he should have gone to Ennis, he lingered over the Army Bill in the House of Commons. Throughout that day I pressed him to keep his word to Finegan and catch the night mail for Ireland. He forsook us, but under pressure promised to go by the Saturday morning train. Still, I saw that he showed no sign of leaving the House. After midnight I went to Biggar, and besought him to keep Parnell to his word. About 4 a.m. Parnell came to me saying there was no one to "call" him for the train at his flat in Keppel Street. Said I, "Come to my lodgings in Doughty Street, and I will sit up to wake you!" After long parley he consented. I watched beside his bed in my room for the few hours he had to sleep, and before waking him sallied out to get a snack for his breakfast. A butcher's shop was open, and I bought a steak and came back to light a fire. The grilling of that steak was my first and last essay at cookery. When I supposed it was "done" I roused Parnell, who had slept in his clothes. He ate the steak without reproach. The "hansom" I had engaged stood at the door, and he caught the mail at Euston. I went in it with him to make sure, and he smiled as I handed him *The Times* when the train moved off.

His descent on Ennis with T. D. Sullivan roused the town. The *Freeman* opposed him fiercely, and Nationalists everywhere awaited the result with tense expectation. On Saturday the poll was declared. That evening I dined at Gatti's in the Strand, and read in the *Globe* of Finegan's victory. (The poll then closed at 5 p.m.) Leaving my chop uneaten and my bill unpaid, I rushed out to call on O'Connor Power at his lodgings. Power's only comment was, "What will the bishops say?"

O'Brien, the opponent of Finegan, was so sure of victory that he telegraphed to a solicitor at the Cork Assizes, "Shall be with you on Monday, and member for Ennis." He had been counsel for Casey in the "Galtee" libel case, and was not unpopular.

When I remembered that I had failed to pay my bill at Gatti's, I returned there on Monday to do so, but found the manager less concerned with taking payment than with the question who the waiter was, and what table I sat at! He would rather have punished the waiter than receive five shillings from a customer whose thoughts had suddenly reached out beyond the Strand.

On that Monday the *Freeman* published a pretended speech of Parnell at Limerick Junction, in which he was made to call his colleagues "papist rats"! This was a phrase invented by Gray, to ruin the Protestant with his Catholic countrymen.

Next day Parnell reached London, and I composed denials on

his behalf to the *Freeman*. I had to frame them so that the words telegraphed could not be turned into "pie" by the editor, with whose skill in running one sentence into another to make nonsense I was familiar. The *Freeman* also alleged that Parnell repeated the phrase at a meeting of the party in London. That its lies were treated as founded on fact by even Parnell's best backers the subjoined letter shows:

On the 3rd August, 1879, T. D. Sullivan wrote me:

This Parnell affair is bad. I don't mean the alleged Limerick Junction speech; that may have been injudicious, but it was, or would be, if spoken, true enough, and it hit only the men named. But the expressions said to have been used at the Members' meeting in London are a different thing.

If Parnell has flung the word "papist" in the teeth of Irish Catholics the people will resent it. I never fancied Parnell *could* use that Orange epithet. Every one thought he was a man of such mental balance that he could not be betrayed into the public employment of the word.

While in Ennis I noticed a want of caution on his part in one instance, but only in one. I intended to speak to him about it, but the thing went out of my mind. He, Finegan and I were talking at a time when the waiter chanced to be present. Parnell referred to the clergy as "those fellows." That was decidedly imprudent, but the present affair is far and away of greater consequence. If Parnell can be quite certain that he did not use the nickname "papist," the sooner he says so, or gets someone to say it for him, the better.

If you could aid in any way towards setting this matter right it would be a good thing. If there is no help for it, oblivion of the unfortunate affair is the best we can hope for.

Friendly M.P.'s, however, published a denial that Parnell had used the words imputed to him by the *Freeman* at the Party meeting, and T.D.S. wrote me rejoicing:

"NATION" OFFICE, DUBLIN,
4th August, 1879.

The letter of the "members" in the *Freeman* to-day is cheering. It puts Parnell right.

Gray's manifesto is dangerous. He means harm. It will not do to lose temper and go in furiously for a fight. The Whig game is to break "the party of action" before the General Election. There should be frequent consultation between "the advanced section" till we are through the critical time that has come upon us. Anything that would damage the reputation of Parnell just now, or cool the ardour of the popular regard for him, would be a national calamity, and the allegation of his use of the word "papist" was well calculated to have that effect. The contradiction by those members disposed of the malign fiction; but I am curious to see what the *Freeman's* London correspondent will have to say to-morrow. . . .

Gray's manifesto, which appears in this day's *Freeman*, looks like a deliberate opening of a battery on Parnell and his friends, to give them all the smashing possible previous to the General Election. Some people say Eddy's

design is, after having helped to put Butt aside, now to put Parnell aside, and make himself a sort of dictator worthy of high consideration from the Liberals when they come into power. I intend to write strongly on Gray's manifesto, which I consider a vicious piece of work, and one which will not serve Gray. It looks too like spite, brought out by the Ennis election.

I was then Parnell's closest counsellor, and never did an assailed man so need friends. In Barry, too, who was a host in himself, he had a seasoned and able ally.

I wrote my brother :

LONDON,
7th August, 1879.

I suppose I should begin by stating my disbelief in the words attributed to Parnell. When his resolution was rejected by the Party (insisting on the postponement of the Queen's College estimates until the University Bill was seen to be satisfactory) he told me that day privately that he had called Gray "a damned coward." He was no doubt overwrought by the conduct of the Irish members, and it was the day of his return from Ennis, but no one ever heard anything of the "papist rats" business, either as lobby gossip or in any other form, until the *Freeman* brought it out. Parnell, having to a large extent constituted me his political adviser on points of this kind, I cannot well make reference to them without an appearance of egotism. But it is a fact that for every step he has taken, either over the Gray squabble, or as to the next election, I am more or less responsible. On returning to London Parnell thanked me, saying Ennis was my victory, not his, and I got him to write and publish the letters and thanks to the Meath priests, which you will doubtless have read.

After describing my efforts to secure Parnell's support of Finegan, and the publication of his denials, I continued :

The declaration of the five members produced a great sensation in the House that night, and I was glad to see that A. M. Sullivan was quite congratulatory referring to "our declaration." Gray saw then there was nothing for it but to brazen it out, and accordingly appeared with his second assertion. On the Tuesday, having my own letter to write to the *Nation*, I spent (at great inconvenience) some hours at the House to take care that O'Donnell didn't lead Parnell into any mistaken jinks, and after a struggle succeeded in getting his inflammatory style toned down to the way in which it was published. . . .

It astonishes me how unassumingly Parnell accepts the advice of other people, and places himself in their hands. If it hadn't been for the business of last night, he would, at my request, and against his later intention, have obstructed the Queen's College estimates ; but Biggar, whom he put up to "mind cool" in the House, fell asleep, and the Chairman galloped through them, as the other Irish M.P.'s pretended they didn't know what was being done amidst the noise.

CHAPTER VI

Parnell's American Mission (1880)

IRELAND simmered for weeks over the "papist rats" episode. Gray was a Protestant who had turned Catholic. He had become M.P. for Tipperary, and Archbishop Croke was therefore able to make peace, but at the Election of 1880 Gray shifted his seat to Carlow.

Parnell's victory in Ennis was the starting-point of his ascendancy, and he and Biggar renewed to me their complaints that O'Connor Power did not yield them support in the House. Power was an indolent man, and the charge of "moderation" at Westminster spurred him on to take the lead at an agrarian gathering in his constituency at Irishtown on 28th April, 1879. Power's presence there gave birth to the Land League, and made history.

The Irish peasantry had lain prone under oppression since the Tithe movement of the 'thirties. Spurts of desperation such as those at Scully's eviction at Ballycohey in August, 1868, the attack on Patton Bridge in 1877, the murder later on of Lord Leitrim and of Leahy and Herbert in Kerry, startled the Government, but led to no reform. The farmers as a body had remained outside the Fenian movement, and a sullen resignation prevailed.

Lord Macaulay in 1849 wrote that the visit of Queen Victoria "won all hearts," but it filled no stomachs. The heavy tread of the legions of Dublin Castle crushed out hope of resistance to the agrarian penal code until the bad harvests of 1878-9, coupled with the threat of famine, provoked the defiant rally at Irishtown.

No reporters attended the meeting. Power called on me when he returned to London to give an account of it. From what he said I realized that a new portent had arisen out of a leaden sky. He related that footmen in legions and horsemen in squadrons gathered round him to demand reductions of rent. The horsemen, he declared, were organized like cavalry regiments. The police were powerless, and Power foreshadowed that Ireland was on the verge of a movement which would end a dismal chapter. Yet his meeting was unnoted, save by a local weekly, the *Castlebar Telegraph*, owned by James Daly.

King-Harman, M.P. (afterwards Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland), who read that paper, came upbraidingly to Power in the House of Commons. He and his class watched the trend of politics as stockbrokers do the money markets, for £ s. d. to them was the kernel of the Land question.

When Parnell heard of the success of the Irishtown meeting, he asked Davitt (who had been told to "boycott" it) to get up a second gathering there the following Sunday. At the second demonstration fresh speeches were made which attracted universal attention.

Davitt afterwards explained that he would have attended Power's meeting only that he "missed the train." He was a lofty and generous character, yet James Daly, who helped at both gatherings, coined the jibe that Davitt would be "father of the Land League if he had not missed the train." Power refused to come to the second meeting, but the fire they kindled spread into a blaze which inflamed all Ireland. Davitt's release from Portland Prison, in 1878, was due to an agitation kept up by Power—but prisoners, cut off for years from the outer world, cannot weigh events in golden scales.

Distress was such that William Shaw, leader of the parliamentary party (in succession to Butt), declared at a farmers' assembly in Cork that he "never met a sheriff's bailiff without wishing he could take the linch-pin out of his car." This, from a Bank President and a pious Methodist, was unexpected gospel.

In 1879 a new Chief Secretary for Ireland, James Lowther, M.P. for York, a lively member of the Jockey Club, was appointed in the room of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. His insight into the responsibilities of his office was manifested when on re-election he was asked at the hustings, "What about Ireland?" For reply he rapped out, "Oh, don't let us talk shop!"

"Jimmy" belittled the Land Agitation, and denied that want existed. He sneered at the resolutions of Davitt's meeting, saying one was moved by "a clerk in a commercial house in Dublin, and seconded by a discharged schoolmaster." Others, he said, were proposed "by a convict on a ticket-of-leave (Davitt), and seconded by the reporter of a local paper."

Yet, in 1879, the potato crop had failed in the West, and rain drenched the hay and corn harvest. Prices of all products were depressed by the importation of foreign foodstuffs—then a new factor in agricultural affairs. Irish rents had risen after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1 until 1878. Then farmers, stricken by the fall in values and shortage of crops, were so hit that a

wealthy Cork alderman said to me, "Munster is shook." How was it with Connaught?

Lowther's sarcasms wrung a protest from John Bright. Still, if the Chief Secretary did not know the significance of the Mayo demonstrations, Dublin Castle did, for the Land League was not begotten by oratory, but by economics. Parnell now put himself at its head, and attended a meeting in Westport, Co. Mayo, on 7th June, 1879. There he uttered the famous watchword to the cottiers, "Hold a firm grip on your homesteads and lands." This phrase was transmuted by the populace into the handier one, "Keep a firm grip on your holdings." I asked Parnell what suggested it to him, and he told me it came to his mind from the "grip" Biggar kept on "amendments" in the House of Commons.

Stirrings of ambition and resentment may have been ingredients in Parnell's action in joining Davitt and cold-shouldering Power, but what can lessen admiration for the pluck with which he threw himself into a movement which involved him and his relatives in danger and loss? His rents in Co. Wicklow and those of his brothers in Armagh and Carlow were at stake.

Towards the close of the session Power wrote me:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
4th August, 1879.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

Finegan told me you would be down to-night, but I have not been so fortunate as to come across you.

If you have seen my article in the *Fortnightly*, I would feel obliged by your noticing it in your letter this week. The cynical *Saturday Review* noticed it fairly enough, but I have seen no notice of it in any Irish paper.

Ever sincerely,

J. O'CONNOR POWER.

I complied, but owing to his strained relations with Parnell and Biggar, he went to Dublin to examine the position, and wrote me:

... Davitt met me on my arrival here—a reception unexpected on my part. He is writing an appeal to the Irish at home and abroad, for funds to carry on the Land agitation, and working hard to abolish the Home Rule League.

I am here just in time for Thursday's meeting, when the Home Rule League will be "tried for life" and perhaps condemned. Parnell's resolutions evidently tend in that direction.

Power's letter was written from the lodgings of Tom Brennan, who, three months later, became secretary to the Land League, when Davitt was made its chief organizer, and Parnell (with Dillon) was accredited envoy to the United States.

Power, who started the movement, was left "festering outside the breastworks," without control or influence in the new organization.

On topics less important I wrote Maurice :

LONDON,

22nd October, 1879.

I was astonished last week to hear T. P. O'Connor, Lord Beaconsfield's biographer, running down Pitman's shorthand. He had been in the gallery of the House, but had not written shorthand there, as he was merely summarizing, but he had used Pitman's as a Dublin reporter ten years ago.

He said whenever you saw a man in the House transcribing his notes, who was scratching his head over them, and could not make them out, that man was a phonographer, but he believed when he saw a man smoothly sailing along he was sure to be a writer of one of the older systems.

O'Connor seemed to think he could invent a better system himself than the world has yet seen, and, but for this fact, I should be inclined to give some weight to his judgment. However, he promised to give me his views more at large on some future opportunity, when we were better able to go into the matter. I have been giving him some tips for the "Gallery of Irish Writers," that he is doing for Blackie and Son. I think I may get him to include "Bridget," of *Young Ireland*, if we could get at her works here.

You may have seen his name mentioned as a candidate for Dewsbury, though if he cared to spend the same amount of money he could get in for some Irish constituency under Parnell's auspices. This, however, he will not do, as he is opposed to the priests. Sir Charles Dilke, or other Radicals, wish to oust Serjeant Simon, and O'Connor would go in as an English democrat. He, O'Donnell and Ward were friends at the Galway Queen's College. He is a different man from Arthur O'Connor, who recently spoke in Queen's County.

The *Freeman* takes care always to make as little of Parnell as possible. It is a rag, and if Parnell had any statesmanship he would go to Gray and insist that the paper should be properly conducted, down to the smallest details, on pain of Gray's being driven out of parliamentary life.

Were I Parnell, I would threaten Gray with standing against him myself, if necessary. I would teach Gallagher [editor] how to dot his "i's." He should be given to understand that Parnell would no longer tolerate the snub of seeing enemy paragraphs and letters get a prominent place, while ours are stuck in a back page. . . .

If Parnell goes to America and brings back money, it will be good, but he is an unmethodic man.

Gallagher, the *Freeman* editor, was a remarkable person. When a correspondent complained to him that his letter had been stuck into a dark corner of the paper, he thundered, "Sir! There are no dark corners in the *Freeman's Journal*!" I wrote my brother :

LONDON,

9th November, 1879.

I have not made up my mind about Parnell's character, and have felt inclined recently to assume a critical attitude towards his doings. As a

parliamentary leader he is unequalled, but for action out of doors he would require guidance from abler men. No sensible or sagacious politician would have gone at that Convention with a rush, as he did, without rhyme or reason. O'Connor Power says it will not now be held.

Still on 21st October, 1879, at the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, the Land League was founded, and resolved to appeal for help to America.

On the 1st January, 1880, Parnell and Dillon—its delegates—landed in New York. Their mission was freighted with the hopes of an awakening people. At home Davitt carried on the work of the League with Thomas Brennan as secretary, and Patrick Egan treasurer. Egan was described to me in 1870 by T. D. Sullivan as a "little prince." His hand was in his pocket for every good cause. John Barry told me that in 1875 Egan presided over a meeting of the Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, while two of his children lay perishing of diphtheria. Twice he was called away to say farewell to a dying child, and twice he returned stoically to resume the chair. He had even little jests to make.

A levy was to be laid on the four provinces of Ireland, as well as on the North of England, to rescue the Fenian prisoners in West Australia. The Munster representative flamboyantly promised £5,000. This was beyond the hopes of anyone, so Egan, after reciting the other subscriptions, dryly remarked, "Munster £5,000—be the same more or less!" He left Ireland in 1883, and about 1889 became U.S. Minister to Chile.

Egan and Brennan were employees of the North Dublin City Milling Company, controlled by J. B. Murtagh, a Longford man, who was foremost in support of John Martin in the contest of 1869. Murtagh possessed the largest collection of newspaper portraits of Daniel O'Connell ever brought together.

My brother, who had left Newcastle-on-Tyne for Dublin to study for his final examination as a solicitor, sent me the gossip current in Nationalist circles. I replied :

LONDON,

24th November, 1879.

. . . With regard to the Land agitation, the game is "touch and go." Vigour by the Government would squelch it. Anyone can govern with a state of siege. English opinion and the English Parliament would back up whatever was done. The Lord-Lieutenant, by a proclamation, can suspend the Constitution in every county, and arrest whomsoever he pleases, and keep them in duress, without form of trial.

What will "the force of opinion" avail against soldiers and prison bars? It's all right for Davitt, Daly, Louden and the rest to talk sedition. It is their *métier*. But I can't help regarding it as unfortunate that a man so useful as Parnell (while he remains outside jail walls) should be placed in a

position of jeopardy at a time when the elections may occur any hour. The moderation of his own language does not avail him a bit, if a charge of "conspiracy" is framed, as then one man is indictable for another's words. It is possible that the policy Parnell has pursued may carry the day; but the fact that under the Coercion Act the Executive have the movement in the hollow of their hands forewarns people who, if they are not strong, must at least be cunning. . . .

I shall be glad to have that translation of *Cæsar*. I am now at the Deponent Verbs, damn them.

Maurice must have asked me for an appreciation of Parnell's character, for I answered:

LONDON,

4th December, 1879.

I speak as one of the few persons (I dare the charge of arrogance to say it) who understand (I was going to say "see through") what manner of man is Charles Parnell. It is not well rudely to remove the scales that secure for the objects gazed upon any of the attributes of perfection, and I find no intrinsic pleasure in the functions of the iconoclast.

I need not enlarge upon those portions of the defence which I could urge; but it is permissible to express surprise that any person could, while granting to Parnell all the public virtues he so shiningly possesses, endow him with private and personal qualities of head and heart—of which they have had but the slenderest evidence.

I regard it as almost a calamity that our political interests compel us to idolize this man in public, so insecure do I feel as to the possible protrusion of those "feet of clay" at any instant before the crowd of worshippers, whom it would drive into irreverent and unriskable derision.

The tone of these remarks might be supposed to demonstrate the existence in the background of some personal griefs, but you will do me the justice to believe my assurance to the contrary. I have formed this opinion, yet (though I don't think my judgment has been hastily come to, or is illegitimately immature) would I not be anything else but glad if Parnell should finally prove himself the possessor of those qualities with which he has been gifted by friends more liberal than Providence.

As a matter of duty, I felt obliged to make like statements to T.D.S., but there would be no justification for making them known generally.

Danger was now imminent for the new movement, in which Parnell was showing the highest courage. I wrote:

LONDON,

14th December, 1879.

There is a rumour that Finegan and Parnell are to be arrested. If Parnell only is taken, Finegan is willing to go to Ireland and carry on the agitation "in remainder." He will sever his connection with the *Chronicle* at the end of the month.

How many men would make that sacrifice if they were offered the alternative of giving up their berth, worth five or six hundred pounds a year, or ceasing to attend Irish public meetings?

On 26th January, 1880, the Tory Viceroy, the Duke of Marlborough, refused an invitation to dinner from the Lord Mayor of Dublin—Gray, owner of the *Freeman*.

The letter by which friendly relations between Irish officialism and the popular Party were sundered has been misprinted in some publications. It ran:

THE CASTLE, DUBLIN,

26th January, 1880.

MY LORD,—I observe that in your official capacity as Lord Mayor you presided at a public meeting held in the City Hall at which resolutions were passed in relation to the opposition in the West of Ireland to the enforcement of the law and to the measures which Her Majesty's Government have taken for the relief of the distress existing in parts of the country.

I regret that the character of these resolutions will prevent me from having the honour of dining at the Mansion House on the 3rd of next month as it would not be in my power either to ignore them when they have received your official sanction, or to observe upon them while accepting your Lordship's hospitality.

I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

MARLBOROUGH.

That a decision so far-reaching could have been taken without instructions from London seems unlikely. It ended the pact made by Daniel O'Connell that a Tory Lord Mayor should be chosen by the Dublin Corporation in every alternate year. It also affected the policy of the *Freeman's Journal*, and swung the Irish in Great Britain to the Liberal side. Parnell made much of it in America.

On Friday, 13th February, 1880, a telegram reached me from Egan that Parnell cabled wanting me to join him, and that a boat left Queenstown for New York on Sunday morning.

On getting the message, I wired consenting, and wrote my brother:

LONDON,

13th February, 1880.

Having spent the night drafting amendments for Biggar I have fifteen minutes left.

I suppose you will meet me at Westland Row. I would feel lonely otherwise. I think I can get Mass in Dublin. If there are any books that would be useful to me look them out, and have them ready, so that I may decide whether to take them or not. . . .

I cannot understand Parnell. He should have taken Finegan with him, to begin with. Now he finds out his mistake.

Tell T.D.S. I am sorry about my *Nation* letters ceasing.

Just before I left London, the Irish Solicitor-General, David Plunket (afterwards Lord Rathmore), made an eloquent and

powerful attack on Parnell (in his absence) for a speech he made welcoming the rain which destroyed the harvests, and telling the peasants it was better their crops should be ruined for a season than captured by the landlords. F. H. O'Donnell made a reply equal in oratorical aptness.

On Saturday evening I caught the train from Euston, and next afternoon sailed from Queenstown by the *Gallia* to America.

On reaching New York I found that Parnell's campaign to collect for distress had met such opposition from the *New York Herald* that his bankers, Drexell, Morgan and Company, issued an announcement that they had returned all subscriptions sent by donors, and would no longer act for the Relief Fund. Mayor Prince, of Boston, came to the rescue with the "Maverick Bank," and Parnell was overjoyed at his intervention.

I wrote Maurice:

NEW YORK HOTEL,
25th February, 1880.

I got in last night, after a not very bad passage of nine days. On landing I made my way to the *Herald* office, asked for John Devoy, heard that he was at a lecture of Boyle O'Reilly's at the Cooper Institute, took a tram thither and made for the platform, where Devoy received me with open arms. He had, it appears, been sent down to the boat by the Misses Parnell to look for me, but somehow didn't meet me.

After O'Reilly's lecture the Parnell girls warmly gave me greetings. They had been in a great state of mind as to how I was to be prevented from losing my way in New York, and missing them. I accordingly discovered that it was something "heroic" of me to have made them out when they could not hit on me. I went to their hotel, and wired Parnell last night. He is about 1,200 miles west of here, and he wired back to me to remain here till he got me a railway pass, which, through John Devoy, I will get to-morrow to Chicago, and therefore will go on to-morrow night. Otherwise I would have left to-night.

The Parnell girls are their brother's sisters! They have a central relief office here, and Anna Parnell goes down every day, though the Committee employs two clerks, to work for hours over the Land League and Relief business. Everything to my surprise is going on splendidly, and the chill impression created in England is the result of the *Herald's* malevolence. Last night Parnell was in Chicago, where he had one of his most magnificent receptions, but the New York papers, except a small "daily" called *The Star*, suppressed every word of the report sent them by the Associated Press. The demands on Parnell to visit places keep pouring in continually, but John Dillon's capacity is referred to by Miss Parnell with acerbity, and I find to my dismay that I am regarded as a "Heaven-sent genius" to set everything right. I would not like to repeat Miss Parnell's comments on Dillon, and you need not mention this to anyone. Instead of blaming Dillon for not being what he never pretended to be, they should blame the counsels that led him to be sent along in that capacity; but otherwise he is doing Parnell good service by speaking and lecturing. Miss Parnell says a lot of



FANNY PARNELL AND HER MOTHER. 1875.

people are offended because they cannot get replies to their letters and invitations, and no one knows where Parnell definitely is, or what he is going to do.

Of course, I know he never opens a letter, and rarely a telegram, and I suppose Dillon has become struck with pen-cramp on account of all there is to do. In spite of their present graciousness and compliments, I shall be the next victim if anything goes wrong.

John Devoy has been trotting me round to-day to all the Irish newspaper offices, and has been very kind. I have not been impressed with New York, and, though the prospect of a thirty or forty hours' journey is not pleasant, shall not be sorry to get away to-morrow night. There must be an immensity to do when I get alongside of "Charles," and I don't think I shall be able to give anybody on your side much in the way of information on account of being so busy. The movement here is evidently going ahead, and is not going to stop or break down. I am astonished at what I hear and see in its favour.

Parnell won't return unless for a Dissolution. Everybody here would oppose his going back for parliamentary work, and his sister said she didn't think even a Dissolution would bring him home, but this is nonsense. However, here one loses the Irish home-feeling of the importance of and the necessity for attention being given to these things.

Fanny Parnell was a woman of fine poetic instinct.

Her verses beginning—

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory,
O my country?

will live for ever. She died in 1882 of an overdose of a sleeping draught. Parnell sorrowed deeply for her, and assured me that if he had been beside her he could have saved her life. When I met her she was gay and feminine, without a trace of the poetess or blue-stocking. She chaffed about Dillon because, she said, he left his slippers in one hotel, and his night-shirt in another. Not being tidy myself, I thought these venial sins. Then she complained that John Devoy failed to obey her mandate to steal a black cat from the *New York Herald* office, which, she maintained, brought Gordon Bennett all his luck. I gasped, but she was serious. She was womanly in providing "creature comforts" after my voyage, and loud in praise of the merits of oyster soup, which she ordered for me.

I reached Parnell at Devonport, Iowa, and pointed out that funds enough were already collected for distress in Ireland by the Duchess of Marlborough (wife of the Lord-Lieutenant), by the *New York Herald*, by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and himself; that a Seed Potato Bill had been introduced in the House of Commons by Colonel Nolan, which was certain to become law; and that he should invite subscriptions thenceforward for the political objects

of the Land League. Parnell had only been away from Ireland two months, but the situation there had so changed that this struck him as a revelation. After argument, he came round to my view, and later I heard him tell others that nothing amazed him at first more than this advice.

The *New York Herald* was as bitter as the *Freeman* against him. It detailed a reporter named Preston to belittle and misrepresent all he did or said. Preston was a genial fellow—a Yankee Catholic—who in private never reflected the venom of his employer. I spent hours in the train enjoying his yarns on the Hayes-Tilden Presidential Election. At the first Canadian Railway station Dillon left us (for harder work), and at the next stop a giant Tipperary man came up amidst the snows, demanding, "Where is the son of the great John B. Dillon, of '48?" I pointed to Preston, who was instantly surrounded by a hand-shaking, back-patting and cheering crowd. He did not resent the jest, and we moved off to Toronto amidst great enthusiasm for Preston.

Our train had started from St. Louis, where Parnell aroused a great meeting to big subscriptions. As we left there for Canada, I noticed that the sleeping-car attendant was specially helpful. So I said to Parnell, "Let's give him a good tip," "Oh," he smiled, "don't you remember him? That's the man who subscribed a hundred dollars for us last night." Even the Cause of Ireland seemed ennobled by such liberality from a train-worker in those lean days.

Mutterings from Orangemen came to deter Parnell from visiting Canada, and Archbishop Lynch wrote from Toronto to Devonport, Iowa, begging him not to risk coming. Parnell's mother in New York was nervous, because O'Donovan Rossa had shortly before been assaulted in Toronto. Parnell asked me to write the Archbishop that nothing would prevent him fulfilling his engagement. To me he said no Orangemen would attack a Protestant, and explained why the fury against O'Donovan Rossa did not apply to him. He proved right.

In Toronto we found lingering the remains of a controversy amongst Irishmen about the murder of Thomas D'Arcy Magee, the statesman poet, who did so much to promote Canadian Federation in 1867. A fellow named Whalan was hanged for the crime, and, although a dozen years had flown, a wealthy contractor named, I think, McNamee, who gave Parnell splendid help, remained an upholder of Whalan's innocence. It is due to the poet's memory, after nearly sixty years, to say that I could find no evidence to palliate the murder after sifting every story. Obscure writers

accused the Canadian Government of "faking" testimony against Whalan. This was due to political malice, and was unjust to whoever was in power. My inquiries led me to conclude that Whalan was rightly convicted. He was the agent of a gang of pseudo-Nationalists, and, being plied with drink, shot Magee as he was returning to his lodgings at night from the Ottawa Legislature.

The current excuse for the crime was that Magee, on visiting Ireland about 1866, delivered a lecture in Wexford attacking the Fenians. His MS., given beforehand to the Dublin *Evening Mail*, with which he was earlier connected, criticized their organization, but he found Wexford-men adverse to his theme, and did not speak to his text. The *Evening Mail*, unaware of this, published his MS. as they received it, and his enemies connected the murder with the supposed lecture. My information, gleaned after three visits to Canada, is that Magee was killed because he warned the local Fenians that their plans were known to the Canadian Government, whose informers hired Whalan to shoot him, in order to prevent their baseness being made known.

These wisps of history cannot of course be guaranteed. In 1914, when I visited Ottawa, the late Librarian to the Canadian Parliament, an able Limerick man, Martin Griffin, while deploring the murder, referred to Magee disparagingly. Yet Gladstone lauded his Confederation scheme, and spoke of it as "a voice from the grave."

After Parnell's meeting at Toronto we entrained for Montreal, and I doubt whether in the forty-eight years which have since elapsed such a reception was accorded there to any other man. Before stepping from the train we were invested with enormous fur-coats to protect us against the March frost. All houses were illuminated. Thousands of cheering citizens, French and Irish, greeted Parnell. Next night he met another enthusiastic welcome in a crowded theatre, and spoke fervently. He asked me to wind up the meeting, though I had then little practice in public speaking, and I ended by describing him as "the uncrowned king of Ireland." This phrase was passed into currency by Preston through the *New York Herald*, although it had previously been applied to Daniel O'Connell.

On getting back to our hotel (8th March), a cablegram from Biggar startled us: "Parliament dissolved. Return at once."

Parnell determined to go back immediately, and a farewell supper was given him that night. He proposed the health of Michael Davitt, and gave him credit for starting the Land Move-

ment. He had then been in America two months, and I only three weeks. Short as his mission was, its effect was profound. He wired Dillon to remain behind to keep the movement going, and Dillon spoke for five months after we left, in city after city—a most unselfish task.

Early next morning Parnell and I started homewards via New York.

Our train left Montreal in pitch darkness. I doubt whether we went to bed after supper. As our carriage rumbled over a huge bridge that spanned the St. Lawrence, Parnell was gloomy. I tried to cheer him up by reciting the "Psalm of Montreal," which had just appeared in the *London Spectator*. To this he listened stolidly:

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber-room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall,
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic, and no man regardeth.
O God, O Montreal!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful,
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skins of owls,
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls!
O God, O Montreal!

When I saw him I was wroth, and I said: "O Discobolus,
Beautiful Discobolus, a prince both among gods and men,
What dost thou here, how camest thou here, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?"
O God, O Montreal!

I turned to the man of skins, and said to him: "O thou man of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done this, to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins,
And he answered: "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God, O Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar,
He hath neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections,
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God, O Montreal!

Then I said: "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers,'
Therefore thou art in hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee!"
O God, O Montreal!

"Preferest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher to the
gospel of the Discobolus?"

Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty, saying: "The Discobolus hath
no gospel,
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God, O Montreal!

Parnell, unsmiling, mused, "I wonder would any man ever pay to hear me a second time!" I reassured him, and we waited for the dawn, drinking scalding coffee to keep out the cold. He hated flattery, but did not disdain an implied compliment. He deserved anything I could say of his labour skill and fatigues.

On arrival in New York that evening we were met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by representatives from many Irish Societies who came together resolved to found an organization that would embrace the Irish race in the United States. Some were opposed to Parnell, many were extremists, many moderates, and to unite them was not easy. We had to sail next day, and so could not clew together the tangled threads. On 10th March we drove to the ship in a blinding snowstorm, through which, with fixed bayonets, the 69th Regiment, led by Col. Kavanagh, escorted Parnell. On the deck of the *Baltic* he stood bareheaded under the snowflakes to salute the veterans of the Civil War. The storm delayed our departure many hours, and with difficulty I got him to take shelter below.

His young and pretty sister, Theodosia, who was going to England to get married to a Mr. Paget, was a fellow-passenger, and Parnell, during the voyage, often paced the decks with her. He told me, however, that Fanny was his favourite sister—as well she deserved to be.

My impressions of his work in America may be gathered from a letter written on shipboard to my brother:

SS. *BALTIC*,
20th March, 1880.
(Saturday.)

Having exhausted expedients to while away the few last hours' tedium of this trip, it occurs to me to try if I can think of anything likely to be interesting to you or Father. We don't expect to land until about 4 a.m. on Sunday, and I don't know if there will be anyone at that time to meet us. So lest our movements afterwards should prevent personal interchange for some time I shall set down notes of matters that you may not be acquainted with.

I think it was the day after I wrote you (Thursday) that I started for Chicago, which is two days' journey from New York, and on Saturday night I came up with Parnell in a place called Davenport, Iowa, about 1,400 miles from New York. John Dillon was not then with him, as the pair occasionally branched off to cover more ground. There were more invitations than the two together could manage, so Dillon sometimes did a smaller place.

I was surprised, and touched also, that night in Davenport seeing Parnell make his collection from the meeting for the Relief Fund—a proceeding,

however, in which, when my feelings were more blunted by custom, I subsequently assisted without remorse.

Most of the Western places were towns of not more than 20,000, but the whole population welcomed Parnell, although only the Irish element paid to attend his meetings, or subscribed to his collections. The door-money generally is supposed to go to the Land League, and the collection to the Relief Fund—the former averaging, in such towns as Davenport, about £100 English, and the collection two or three hundred pounds. These may seem large amounts to you, but you have little idea of the small value of money in America. I was appalled at it at first.

As a general rule Parnell's meetings—collection and door-money—averaged £500 a night; but in the six or seven I was at this figure was only exceeded in St. Louis and Montreal. Speaking of the value of money, I may tell you that boot-blackening, which with us costs 1d., in America is 5d.—ten cents—and is really more than 5d., when you consider that the rate of exchange of English money is four dollars 82 to the pound. Everything else is in proportion—fruit, newspapers and items of that kind.

The hotel system I think worked out cheaper, as, instead of being charged for what you get or eat, there is a fixed rate for a day, which in the best places is not more than about three dollars, and averages 2.50—less than you could get meals in England for. Besides, there are no tips to the waiters or servants, and the only "extra" is boot-cleaning, for which the inevitable ten cents has to be paid, and there is a notice in many of the hotels warning travellers not to leave their boots outside the door, as the proprietor will not be responsible if they are stolen! You are supposed to get your boots "shined" after you have put them on in the morning. There is a barber's shop to all the hotels, and baths, and they are heated with hot air, which is very comforting; only, as the whole of the American houses are stove-d in the same way, I think the race will have the blood baked out of them sooner or later, not to speak of the risk of going into the intense cold out of doors. The abolition of the "tip" system to waiters is not an advantage, as they are not made more attentive by it. I think the English system in this respect is better—at least, when you are in a hurry to be attended to. As a sample of the charges, I may tell you that in the New York hotel where I stayed, I was charged for haircutting and shaving half a dollar.

The conductors on trains indignantly refuse tips, being (as Parnell informed me when I had proposed to give one of them something after he had been very attentive) magnificently paid. . . .

The work was more than anyone will ever give Parnell credit for; and then the deputations at every roadside station, and the shaking hands in the train! It was awful for him, and we had cards and circulars to spread amongst them, letters to write, and speeches to compose, all in the cars!

The moment an hotel was reached another crowd gathered, who thought you had nothing to do but listen to their talk. A quiet half-hour or a five-minutes' rest was unknown. . . .

Perhaps I should mention, as I used the words, "spoke at meetings," that I spoke nowhere except at Montreal, as Dillon didn't come there, and as there was plenty of "talent" Parnell suggested that if I were to allow myself to be put forward and get my name known, these fellows would soon not allow me to have a minute to myself for work!

I will send you a copy of the *Montreal Post*, containing a fanciful account

of an interview with Parnell, which I don't believe he ever gave, as all the particulars are wrong, even to Parnell's looking through telegrams before handing them to me, as, indeed, he had other things to attend to. Most of the "interviews" he "gave" while I was there were given by me! Charles graciously signed—but the last, the day we left, to the *New York Herald*, is entirely and wholly mine, Parnell not having a single word to say in it! . . .

His sister Theodosia is on board, going on to Paris to a married sister there, Mrs. Thompson. They are the most extraordinary family I ever came across. The mother, I think, is a little "off her nut" in some ways, and, for that matter, so are all the rest of them! Fanny, the eldest of the New York girls, is really clever, and wrote for Parnell a very good article in the present number of the *North American Review*, on the Irish Land Question, which will probably be copied in the *Nation*—one word of which was not written by Charles, though signed by him. She has also written a little pamphlet called *Hovels of Ireland*, which has gone through several editions within a few months in New York, for the benefit of the Land League. Parnell tells me she used to write for the *Irish People*, Dublin, when she was only twelve years of age, and that that suppressed organ still owes her thirty shillings for work done!

The indifference of the family, one towards another, is amazing, and there doesn't seem very much outward affection manifested after the longest absence. John Devoy tells me that the girls wanted him, right or wrong, to steal a black cat out of the *Herald* Office where he is employed, to take away Gordon Bennett's luck. The mother supposes Parnell is continually dogged by spies, and that her own correspondence is opened by the Government. She used to wire Parnell that she had a detective of her own, detecting the Government detective!

She gave me a huge code which she advised should be used in writing or telegraphing to her, arranged somewhat in this fashion: "The main-street must depend for support on the Irish vote, which holds the balance of power—Rugose." She remarked smilingly, but in the greatest confidence, that if that happened the main-street *would* look rather rugose! About which I said there was little doubt—seeing that it might be looking that way all the days of its life before I should know any difference, or what was the matter with it! Did you ever hear such a word? She is a very amiable old lady, but why she imagines such a vain thing as that her son or I was going to write or telegraph to her is more than I can understand, as she had no previous warranty for such a supposition.

The sisters both work very hard, and take great interest in the Movement, and are mutually jealous of each other's efforts—Parnell being sublimely indifferent to them. I was surprised, therefore, to see that he showed a great deal of attention to his youngest sister while on board. She announced her intention of going to Paris the night we got to New York, and neither of the others, nor the mother, seemed in the least surprised, or to care a damn, and Parnell himself said "Ah!" though none of them had ever heard of the project before. They generally live at a New York Hotel, or in New Jersey, and one set of them doesn't seem to know where the other set is, or is living—or to care. The only religion Parnell himself has is to believe that Friday is an unlucky day, although he smilingly informed me that he was a synodsmen of the Disestablished Church. The mother and sisters share his religious condition.

We have had a pretty good passage back, though tedious enough, and all interest in life centres on meals, which I devoutly partake of. The American diversity of diet is agreeable, and I shall be sorry to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. They eat fruit at every meal, and at Montreal in March we had strawberries. . . .

If Parnell returns to America I am to come with him, and he speaks of sending me back immediately after the elections, in any case, though how that will be I don't know, as his ideas are never very determinate.

There is plenty, indeed, to do there profitably. There are organizing Land League Branches, which I am sure will be a tremendous feeder of supplies to the Irish body. Parnell's present opinion about my future occupation is that I should be engaged as an organizing secretary by the Land League, and go into Parliament! . . .

CHAPTER VII

General Election (1880)

ON the voyage home, Parnell, always temperate and economical, surprised me by ordering champagne for dinner on St. Patrick's Day, and we drank to the Cause of Ireland in mid-ocean.

Nearing land early on Sunday morning (21st March), the ship threaded her way along the coast. We rose at dawn. Parnell watched in vain for a tender from Queenstown, bearing friends to greet him. As nothing appeared, he spoke bitterly of this neglect, and asked me did his colleagues not think it worth while to meet him? His disappointment, contrasted with his usual calm, was tragic. The morning was raw, but he grew hot with indignation.

He enlarged on the work he had done in America, and said it deserved better reward than indifference.

This stirring of heart was a revelation, and unveiled the true character of one who was outwardly a man of bronze. In an instant he bared his soul and let me know that his ordinary reserve was merely a mask. The March wind heightened his petulance, and I tried in vain to soothe him.

About 7 a.m., however, a tender from Queenstown was descried rounding Cork harbour full of cheering friends. Then Parnell hardened into steel. With intent eyes he scanned the offing to see who was aboard. Cheery voices and beaming smiles from old comrades broke out, and he banished all traces of emotion and became the superman once more.

Biggar, in his shabby sealskin waistcoat, shouted us welcome. His Belfast accent sounded like music in our ears. Beside him stood Michael Davitt, Thomas Sexton, T. D. Sullivan, Finegan, and many others, making glad noises and waving handkerchiefs. Parnell, now cool as ice, received them unmoved. As he stepped into the tender no one would have dreamt that his chagrin of a few minutes before had been transformed into gratification. His acting was superb.

At Queenstown we took train to Cork, where Parnell laughingly referred to his surprise when a railway porter asked for his ticket—since he travelled free in the United States.

Cork turned out with enthusiasm, spontaneous and instantaneous in pride at his achievements.

That night we left for Dublin to take up the work of the General Election, which Parnell left in my hands. We had few good candidates and no money. The cash gathered in America had been sent to the Land League, whose leaders, being anti-Parliament men, passed a resolution that "none of the funds of the League shall be used . . . for furthering the interests of any parliamentary candidate." Nevertheless, the treasurer, Patrick Egan, helped to overcome this. Parnell argued that he was at least entitled to £1,000 to promote the candidature of supporters out of the £40,000 he had collected. His backers were opposed by Do-nothings who were well-to-do, and had failed for years to win reforms at Westminster. The *Freeman*, however, "boomed" them as political worthies.

The League secretary, Brennan, was "a sea-green incorruptible" (aged, like myself, less than twenty-five), who insisted on "the rigour of the game," and thought the decrees of his organization infallible. Nevertheless, Parnell managed, thanks to Egan, to "wangle" £1,000 of the hard-won American collections for his candidates.

On the Good Friday of 1880 the *Freeman* delivered a withering onslaught against every man he put forward. These included Thomas Sexton, Dr. Commins, LL.D., John Dillon, Arthur O'Connor, James O'Kelly, John Barry, T. D. Sullivan, and myself.

During the General Election Egan grew distressed at Parnell's wish to adopt as candidate a man styling himself "St. John Brenon," who had a pretty wife. Brenon was the son of a chorister of Christ Church, Dublin. Egan maintained that he lived by defrauding an imbecile who was given him in charge to teach.

Brenon's wife was so dainty that Parnell often went to Kingstown to dine with her while the election was in progress. She was a most virtuous woman, but her husband was hated by Egan. Once when Brenon joined our train on a Western expedition, I protested at his sharing our intimacy. He left the carriage, and one of Parnell's toadies made fun of my zeal.

Egan rightly suspected the source of Brenon's affluence, and felt indignant that Parnell was planning to foist him on an Irish constituency.

Thirty years afterwards, in the Court of the Master of the Rolls, Dublin, Brenon was held to have "marooned" in Naples a feeble-minded gentleman named Boyce, whom he had exported from Ireland.

Boyce was afflicted with the delusion that he was an artist who could paint like Raphael, so Brenon took him to Italy to study the Old Masters.

After some years he left Boyce penniless in Naples, having wasted his means. The relatives of the imbecile could not discover his address, and he was made, for Brenon's benefit, to sign agreements for the sale of his estate to tenants in Co. Cork under the Land Purchase Acts. A will in Brenon's favour was also drawn. The lodging-keeper in Naples, being left unpaid, appealed to the British Consul, who ascertained that Boyce's solicitors were Messrs. Murdock Green, Foley, of Dublin. Mr. Foley sped at once to Naples, and found Boyce housed under squalid and degrading conditions. An action was taken against Brenon, who failed to go into the witness box. A scathing judgment against him was delivered by the late Master of the Rolls (Meredith), from which he never appealed.

Boyce was bestowed meanwhile in the Stewart Institution for Imbeciles, Dublin, where he died. Brenon made no attempt to prove the will in his favour.

On Easter Sunday, 13th April, 1880, Parnell went to Enniscorthy to speak in favour of John Barry and Garrett Byrne, who were candidates for Co. Wexford. Keyes O'Clery, with Sir George Bowyer, had represented that constituency since 1874. O'Clery was a papal "Chevalier," and had passed a Bill through the House of Commons in 1879 enabling a volunteer force to be raised in Ireland. The House of Lords threw it out. Ireland was indignant, and O'Clery, through the *Enniscorthy Echo*, asked its readers to rally to his call. When Parnell's meeting began, O'Clery's mob showered on him filth and rotten eggs. Parnell's clothes were torn; he was covered with mud; and this outrage was made much of next day in the *Freeman*. Wexford priests, however, headed by Canon Tom Doyle, P.P. Ramsgrange, rallied to his side, and at the polls O'Clery was beaten. Still, the rowdiness encouraged many hostile candidates elsewhere to stand, and deplete our resources.

After the Enniscorthy riot, Parnell never uttered a complaint beyond saying that his sympathizers, who formed the bulk of the meeting, "stood like a flock of sheep and looked on." So did the police! Of course, a dozen organized corner-boys at an election are worth a hundred scattered units, and a single blackguard looms larger than a score of respectables in broadcloth.

To offset Enniscorthy, Parnell's friends in Cork poured in messages beseeching him to stand there. He agreed, and I telegraphed an address for him to the local papers. Down he went, but we lacked

cash for the contest. The sitting members for Cork (a Conservative and a Whig) were wealthy men. The Conservative was confident he must win if Parnell stood, as three opponents were in the field. Their credulity was not without justification, for the day before the polling (Sunday) an address was read at Mass in all churches from the Bishop, Dr. Delany (a Whig), accusing Parnell of trying to divert charity from our starving people. Parnell had sent relief amounting to nearly £40,000 from America, which was almost as large a sum as that raised by the *New York Herald*, then the most powerful paper in U.S.A.

Bishop Delany's aim was to help N. D. Murphy, a brewer, but the Tories put up £1,000 through T. V. Riordan for Parnell, who won. On the Sunday before the poll he made a "whirlwind" tour through Cork and aroused the masses.

That night, however, he left by special train for Mayo to become a candidate there, nominally against George Brown, but in reality against O'Connor Power, on whom he wished to be revenged. Yet Power was returned at the head of the poll. Parnell came second, but his prestige was enhanced by a triple election as M.P. for Cork, Meath, and Mayo.

In his absence from Cork I started A. J. Kettle against the sitting members for the County (Shaw and Colthurst). Their solicitor, J. G. McCarthy, ex-M.P. for Mallow, was more than a match for us, and got Bishop Delany and the other three bishops wielding jurisdiction in Cork County to declare for his candidates. Their dioceses were Cork, Cloyne, Ross, and Kerry.

A placard bearing the names of these prelates appeared to support Shaw and Colthurst, and Kettle was beaten.

Shaw was the pietist who, in 1885, brought the Munster Bank to ruin. Colthurst had voted for flogging in the Army, and after the franchise was extended in 1885, neither dared face the electorate. Their triumph in 1880 affected Irish Gladstonian policy until 1885. Had they been driven from the stage in 1880 the Government would have behaved differently. Irish churchmen, however, distrusted "new young men," and Shaw and Colthurst were no worse than the ruck of the parliamentary humbugs of that era.

After the elections Davitt came several times to Parnell to urge him to put forward a scheme of Land Purchase on behalf of the Land League. The number of years' rent to be paid to the landlords was a bone of contention, and stormy outcries came from the camps both of owners and tenants. The Conservative Government had, I think, previously appointed a Select Committee

to consider the question of price. Anyhow, on a Sunday night, Parnell, after much wrangling with Davitt, decided on an offer of twenty-five years' purchase on behalf of the tenants. I sympathized with Davitt's view that lower terms should be proffered, but after a long conflict Parnell asked me to shape and take his proposal to the *Freeman's Journal*.

I knew that he and his Party would be harmed if an offer of twenty-five years' purchase was published, and walking to the *Freeman* ruminating on this I determined to lessen Parnell's figure, lest his prestige should suffer. At Carlisle Bridge (now O'Connell Bridge) I stopped under the gas lamps and changed "twenty-five" into twenty years' purchase. I knew that Parnell, although he would not yield to Davitt, would accept the *fait accompli*. The *Freeman* editor, Gallagher (whom we called "Black Jack"), received the MS. with a scowl, and questioned me about the change. The draft was all in my handwriting, and I had been careful completely to obliterate the figure "twenty-five," so he was compelled to accept it as the decision of the Land League Executive.

Next day, when published (26th April, 1880), Parnell didn't resent my daring, and Davitt was gratified. Now that the Land Question has been settled, it is hard to realize that the purchase price was then the thorniest question of the hour. Davitt at the Balla meeting, a few days later, demurred even to the terms as reduced by me.

Before the session began, Parnell left Dublin for Manchester, where another drama was being staged. There a certain Hotel was an Irish centre. The barmaid, whom I shall disguise as "Lizzie from Blankshire," was a gracious and amiable girl. Her connection with politics seems remote, but was real. Parnell often stayed at that hotel.

After he left Ireland Shaw called the newly-elected Home Rule M.P.'s together, and they again appointed him Chairman of the Party. Dallying at Manchester during these important days, Parnell forgot ambition. When he returned we urged him to demand a fresh meeting to choose a Chairman. Shaw, deeming himself secure, yielded, and made no push to muster his friends. Parnell, however, brought up all his supporters, and displaced Shaw on 17th May, 1880, by five votes.

Shaw, in consequence, with his backers, sat on the Government Benches when the House of Commons met three days later. Captain O'Shea, who voted for Parnell, also sat there.

On 19th May, 1880, Parnell and his men went to London for the opening of the session, and sat in opposition. His lodgings

in Keppel Street were abandoned for the Westminster Palace Hotel, but a few months later his address became guesswork.

Gladstone installed W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, with Lord Cowper as Lord-Lieutenant.

Of the 103 members returned to Westminster from Ireland in 1880, thirty-three were Liberals and thirty were Tories. Forty Nationalists (including those whom Gladstone, in 1881, styled "nominal Home Rulers"), made up the rest of the representation. No Ulster County returned a Home Ruler except Cavan, where Biggar was the popular idol. Of his colleague, Charles Fay (a respectable solicitor), Biggar used to grumble that he was "merely a gold medallist."

Sexton, a writer on the *Nation*, was the most brilliant of the men newly elected. In the first session he studied the procedure of the House of Commons and reserved his speech.

Dublin City elected two Liberals, one of whom declared against Home Rule. Parnell's colleague in Cork, John Daly, scarcely pretended to support him. Less than thirty M.P.'s in effect adhered to him. Still, his qualities, aided by the ability of half a dozen of his friends, gave him a dominant position in the new Parliament.

At the opening of the session the extremists of the Land League in Dublin yelled at Parnell's heels. They demanded instant legislation to stop evictions. From their standpoint this was natural, and they carried what amounted to a vote of "No confidence" against Parnell's new party.

It was easy to raise complaints. Want devastated the West, and landlords were clamorous for rents which could not be paid. The newly-sown potato, called the "Scottish Champion," would not be ripe until August, and "hungry June and July" had to be faced.

Parnell asked me to frame a letter to squelch the fault-finders, who were only important because their leader was our late candidate for Co. Cork—A. J. Kettle. I dispatched in Parnell's name a lively rebuff.

Gladstone left Irish affairs to Forster, because he deemed the Eastern question more urgent. Forster, in the famine of 1847, acted towards Ireland like a Good Samaritan when representing the Quakers, but as Chief Secretary he fell entirely into the hands of the permanent officials, and frequented the landlords' club in Dublin.

Lysaght Finegan, M.P., advised me in 1880 to go to the English Bar. I knew little Latin, and a fortnight only remained before the June examinations. The Gray's Inn Benchers then held the

examinations in person, and I came before a kindly old gentleman, who gave me some easy sentences from Cæsar. I translated them badly. Instead of ploughing me, he was benign. Otherwise I never should have been admitted to the Bar, for try again I could not.

I wrote my brother :

LONDON,

5th June, 1880.

I have passed the Bar Preliminary examination. I only began to read for it Thursday week—eight days ago. The examination was English, English history, and Latin (Cæsar). As I had otherwise little to do I thought I might as well get it over. I received from the Land League £140 for work "at home and abroad," and have entered as a student at Gray's Inn.

I shall get just as much thanks as if I took nothing. I eat my first dinner to-night.

Thirty years later I saw a letter in *The Times* from a solicitor, referring to the days when the judges controlled the entrance of solicitors to their profession. The writer recalled that the judge who examined him asked where he came from. He answered, "Bristol." "Ah," said the judge, "there's a very fine view from the Suspension Bridge at Clifton, isn't there?" "Yes, my Lord," was the reply, and a "pass" was allowed. If I knew the name of the bland old man who let me "through" at Gray's Inn I should pour out a libation to his memory.

After two months' experience of the new Parliament as an on-looker I wrote Maurice :

LONDON,

18th July, 1880.

... The more experience I get, the more frightful becomes the impression that money, money, money, is at the root of everything, and without it the National Cause cannot be successfully conducted. If Parnell could raise, say, £10,000 throughout the world for the next election we could laugh at the crew opposing us.

The great want is a daily paper, but this might in time be established. The sum received for political purposes by the League is about £40,000, but, as I tell Parnell, it is the greatest farce for him to have exhausted himself raising this in order that it may be pieced away by a little knot of nobodies in Dublin—Heaven knows how! Without some change Parnellism will not sweep all before it at a future election, when there will be the errors and failures of the next three or four years recorded against it. . . .

Parnell has a number of enemies in the Party watching his every movement, and as this Parliament may not last, he should be preparing himself every day to make a clean sweep of them. O'Connor Power and others wish his downfall as heartily as O'Donnell or Shaw; and if his popularity does not wane before their turn comes, there may be a cry for more "heads."

As to the legal exams., I shall learn no more grammar, but will do as I did with dear delicious "Cæsar," and I feel sure the examiners won't baulk

me. My achievement in the "preliminary" was a splendid piece of fluking when I reflect on the way you, poor boy, used to fag.

Yes, Finegan lives with me, and will until his marriage. A more decent fellow, and one with more contempt for the House of Commons, I never met. In fact, he has raised the worrying of that House into a system. Villiers Stewart has become quite friendly with him on account, Finegan says, of his fears that he will roar him down whenever he rises to speak. Finegan's jeers have become an institution, and whatever he can do to bring the place into contempt, the same he will do. Any question that he puts I have drawn for him. The secret of O'Donnell's annoying the Government *vs* Challamel Lacour, the French Ambassador, was that Ministers refused to redress the grievance of his brother in India. . . .

O'Donnell will become a nuisance, and it was a mistake of his "friends" to treat him as they did on the Challamel Lacour question, as it hardened him in his determination to be a blister. It would be unwise to notice him in the Press. He is full of ability, and it is a pity that he has gone wrong. I wonder did Shaw lend him money? Shaw doesn't look at me since the Cork election! Shaw has brains, and if it were not that he would gather an ugly little party round him, it would have been a pity to evict him.

I have come to be a believer in Parnell's capacity and all-round cleverness, and don't fear that he will not hold his own, only he has not social qualities to bind his men to him, as Butt used. If Gladstone doesn't make some Land concession next year these men may break his heart.

Until John Dillon arrives it is hard to say how Parnell may determine as to returning to America. Davitt's taking up the post of permanent secretary to the League has a good deal altered the aspect of affairs, as this is such a jealous crowd they might prefer Parnell to stay at home, though, of course, I don't know that this is so, or what sort of story Dillon will relate of U.S.A. His return looks to me meaningful, for if he were to bring word that the people generally expected Parnell, and looked forward to his return to the States, that would, I imagine, decide him.

Dr. Carroll, of the "Skirmishing Fund," has taken an absurd pique against the Land League, and though he is not friendly with O'Donovan Rossa and his crowd, it is impossible to say what turn, between them, they might give things. The permanency of the Land League organization was scarcely contemplated by them, and is only too likely to be regarded now as an "opposition shop."

In 1880 Forster brought in a "Compensation for Disturbance" Bill, to check evictions of tenants under £30 valuation, but it was thrown out by the House of Lords. Lord Beaconsfield described it in his last dramatic gesture (eight months before his death) as a "reconnaissance in force" against property. I watched him raise a white handkerchief aloft and drop it on the Lords' table as he ended on these words.

The alarm amongst the propertied classes was such that a peer so moderate and benevolent as the late Duke of Norfolk travelled from Lourdes to oppose the measure.

The Irish peasantry, however, for the first time since Daniel O'Connell, stood solidly together. The Liberal Government was

helpless, for the Land League grew in strength. Its branches spread to counties like Wexford, where there was no distress.

Gladstone confessed afterwards that, having come into power on the controversy about Eastern affairs, he found that the Irish question had come down on them "like a flood," and reduced every other issue to small dimensions. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,

4th August, 1880.

I am doing an "interview" supposed to have taken place between Parnell and Redpath, for the *Tribune*, New York, and sent it off to him yesterday, and wish to make arrangements for simultaneous publication of it here.

You will observe in it a reference to myself, and I beg you to note that it has been inserted at Parnell's request, and did not stand in the original.

Parnell is an extraordinary man. He would not even give me five minutes for a real interview, but simply told me to write it, and then only made a slight suggestion after he read it, as if I, and not he, were the man who would be responsible for what appears!

Finegan has earned only one guinea at the Bar, and has taken up the defence of a poor devil who threatened Lord Oranmore, and paid the solicitor out of his own pocket.

The scene in the Commons last night over Phil Callan's suspension was painful. Afterwards he went to the Reform Club and made another row. They are talking of calling a meeting to expel him. To-day he made an apology to the House. . . .

The Land League has lately received about £13,000 for political purposes, and has spent £5,000.

Towards the close of August, Dillon arrived from America. The new M.P.'s, knowing little of his labours there, seemed to give him the cold shoulder. Yet he made no boast of his achievements, although he had been slaving for the movement in the United States since we left there in March. At the General Election Parnell wished to have him returned for Tipperary. P. J. Smyth, the other member for the constituency, used to prepare his speeches carefully, and Parnell asked me to write out some tags that would "go down" at Thurles. I had chosen for him a bit from "Eva's" beautiful lines on Tipperary, but these he forgot and fell back on Moore's which O'Connell had made familiar to the world. Parnell, however, delivered Moore in this wise:

Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first jewel of the ocean.

When he finished I said, "'gem of the sea,' Parnell." "I think 'jewel of the ocean' is better, Healy." He never owned to a mistake.

Dillon was returned unopposed, and it soon became gossip

that Archbishop Croke wanted to back him against Parnell. For this not a shred of evidence exists.

There appears in the next note to my brother an inkling of a new *amour* of Parnell's:

LONDON,
August, 1880.

Dillon will make a considerable figure in the House after a while, as his outspokenness will win him a position. T. P. O'Connor is the cleverest of them all, but he is more of an English Radical, and only stood for an Irish constituency because he could not get elected for an English one. His popularity in the House is extraordinary, and he is always listened to with interest and attention. I accused him, the other day, of ruining Parnell (in Parnell's hearing), and Parnell laughingly whispered to me (having inveigled him into some Motion or another), "I think it is rather we who are ruining T.P."

It is he who writes the weekly letter in the *Irishman*, though he takes no trouble with it, and those sketches in *Vanity Fair*, quoted in the *Nation*, are his also. He writes for the *Echo*, for the *Pall Mall Gazette* (those the *Nation* quotes), is the London correspondent of a St. Petersburg paper, and has his finger in a thousand other pies. He told me last Sunday he was making at the rate of £1,200 a year, and that a few years ago he was starving. He is very likeable.

I am glad you think Parnell has been doing well. For myself, I have been rather dissatisfied, and have told him so. Over the House of Lords business this week I certainly thought he would keep fighting a few nights to draw attention to the subject, but he absolutely discouraged anything approaching obstruction, and laughingly told Barry that, if John got up to speak, he would cry "Divide," as he wanted to take a division and go away. Why is this?

There must be a lady in the case, else he would not be in such a hurry to leave the House as he has been, two or three times this week! I wanted him badly to keep the House sitting till Sunday on the Appropriation Bill, and he almost promised to do so.

I went down to the *Freeman* office at 3 a.m., to get in the paragraph you have seen, and also went to *The Times* with Finegan, who actually cadged a reference to it, but all to no use. However, a great impression has been made on the House, and Parnell's position in it is unexampled. It might be supposed he could make effective points in speeches, but there is not a spark of anything but expediency at the back of his action.

Lord Hartington's remarks on the number of speeches on the work of the session were clever, and have established him as a power. There is more in him than I thought, but, of course, position often makes men. It gives them opportunities.

It was I who discovered "Buckshot," which has since become famous, and drew up the first question about it. I got Finegan to ask that other question since respecting "reverting to bullets."

It has been the annoyingest incident in my attendance on that House to see duffers missing all the points that might be made. ("The man on the ditch always hurls well.")

At this time we had no knowledge of Parnell's dalliance with

Mrs. O'Shea. We disliked her husband, and thought that Parnell, on account of O'Shea's whiggishness, would have no dealings with his household.

I wrote my father:

LONDON,
5th August, 1880.

I shall meet Barry at Stockton-on-Tees to-morrow, where we are to speak, and I shall be for the next two days in Newcastle-on-Tyne. My disinclination to turn my thoughts beforehand to what I have to say on such occasions remains a disability, and though I have been aware for a week that I would have to speak for half an hour to-morrow, I have not a single idea as to what I should say.

I agree with you that O'Donnell must be nearly "off his nut," though there is a great deal of method in his madness. That letter you refer to was mine, excised and cut down. Every time he gets up to speak (as last night, for instance) he inflicts wounds on the feelings of honest-minded politicians. He is ungrateful. The extension of the franchise is what he has in his mind when he flouts Dungarvan, as that borough must disappear into the *Ewigheit*.

Arthur O'Connor will turn out our best man as an obstructive, from his knowledge of the Estimates. Finegan is the champion howler of the establishment, and has the devil's pluck. About eight or nine first-rate men have been returned, but Lalor and T.D.S., honest as they are, are only valuable in council.

Callan, judged by his letters in the O'Reilly-Dease libel case, is unsavoury, but his parliamentary record is by no means bad. You will find it difficult to point out anything in it save zeal for the public interest. In '70 he was one of the few advanced members who voted against the Land Bill after mutilating alterations had been accepted. The O'Donoghue was taken back to the Party lately, though he had done more mischief to the Cause than Callan.

Taught by experience, I have no reason to suppose that Callan was not the injured party in his private dealings with A. M. Sullivan, and deserving of commiseration. It is true he is now an Ishmael, with his back to the wall hurling abuse on everything. Yet it occurred to me some months ago to organize a *rapprochement* between him and the "active section," which would be politically justifiable if it were worth while.

O'Donnell is a worse enemy, and more deserves to be expelled if there are to be expulsions, which I doubt. I had been a couple of times insulted by Callan before the General Election, but that didn't sway me.

I never understood why O'Donnell deserted us. Callan, on the contrary, quitted the Government Benches and sat with us, but he created an ugly scene with the Chair at the close of the session of 1880.

I went to Ireland at Parnell's request after Parliament rose, and wrote my brother:

WEXFORD,
23rd September, 1880.

Parnell has asked me to organize Wexford! I shall not, therefore, be in Cork next Sunday, as there is to be a meeting here.

Tell me what you think of that Redpath "interview" which I wrote for Parnell.

I cannot remember what Maurice thought of my masterpiece! Redpath was a great journalist, a Scotsman by birth, but impregnated with all the Radicalism then asserting itself in Europe. His American correspondence rendered great service to the Irish cause. I wrote Maurice:

WEXFORD,
October, 1880.

I heard yesterday from Pat Egan that the Land League last Tuesday voted me an additional £150 for my services. This was unexpected and undemanded by me, and was done, I suppose, at Parnell's request, as he was there that day, though I never spoke to him on the subject.

We had a fine meeting on Sunday, and a pleasant evening after, with a lot of P.P.'s. Father Furlong and Father Dunne are good fellows.

A large body of independent farmers cultivate this county, and are sturdy, unlike the rest of Irish tenants. There is a mixture of English and Welsh blood amongst them, as can be seen from their names, as well as from their nature.

Every day that passes, I feel the loss of Co. Cork more and more, although I don't regret that it was fought.

In Wexford, visiting a venerable farmer, I heard of a moving sequel to the 1798 rebellion. When the insurgents retreated from Vinegar Hill, a remnant escaped through Bridgetown to their homes. Afterwards one of them became noted in peace-time for his exemplary conduct, but though he attended Mass weekly and reared a pious family, he could never be brought to approach the Sacraments. This almost amounted to excommunication, but no exhortation could move him. When his death drew near, the parish priest urged him to contrition, and pleaded that he should make his peace with God. The unyielding rebel turned his face to the wall. "Oh, Michael," cried the priest, "in a few hours you will stand at the Judgment Seat of your Redeemer. Would you not, even without going to confession, tell me, as a friend, what is on your conscience?" The dying man groaned, and turning round, gasped, "Your Reverence, we were coming home after being beat at Vinegar Hill. I can't explain it, for it's about another priest." "No matter," said his ghostly friend, "go on. Don't be ashamed." After a pause the dying man brought up words like these:

"On our retreat we were attacked outside Bridgetown by yeomen. We killed them all, except one, and I had him at my pike's point. Then a priest ran out and threw himself in between us. My blood was up, for comrades lay dead and wounded around

General Election (1880)

me. The priest would not let me at him, and stood between us. Suddenly he became mute. "Well, Michael, what happened?" With a sob the answer came, "I turned my pike in the pair of them, priest and all!"

This had gnawed his heart for half a century. He sent for his wife and, thanks to her persuasions, died shriven.

Parnell, in the autumn of 1880, in Ennis, Co. Clare, had given the tenants their keynote in a speech for which he was much assailed by opponents. The measure of benefit, he declared, that farmers would get from a Land Bill would be proportioned to the strength of their agitation beforehand. At many other meetings he electrified the country. To an Athlone muster he came with his beard shaved so as to be almost unrecognizable. Though wonder was aroused, no one could explain the metamorphosis.

I left Wexford to attend a meeting in my native town, Bantry, Co. Cork, which I had not visited since I left as a child in 1862, and wrote my brother:

BANTRY,
18th October, 1880.

We had a fine meeting here yesterday, wretchedly reported. I will go to Glengariff by Wednesday, and we shall remain in the district "organizing" until Sunday, when we go to Castletown Bere.

I had spoken in Bantry in condemnation of the treatment of a farmer named McGrath, whose rent had been raised from £60 to £105. Being unable to pay in a wet season, he was evicted. Houseless, he took refuge with his family under an upturned boat on the seashore, and there died from exposure. He received the last rites of the Church in pouring rain, under the priest's umbrella. His wife, her sister, and his children, one after the other, re-took possession, and were successively sent to jail. For denouncing this I was arrested after the Berehaven meeting and was returned for trial (on bail).

The searchlight we concentrated on events like these, drew from General (Chinese) Gordon a noteworthy protest. Writing from Roche's Hotel, Glengariff, to *The Times* (3rd December, 1880), he declared: "From my own observation the state of our fellow-countrymen here is worse than that of any people in the world—let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made as we are, that they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation in places in which we would not keep our cattle. The Bulgarians, Anatolians, Chinese and Indians are better off than many of them are. I am not well off, but I would offer Lord Bantry or his agent

4.56

12.8.1

£1,000 if either of them would live a week in one of these poor devils' places, and feed as these people do."

After my arrest a vacancy in Wexford was caused by the death of W. A. Redmond. His son, John Redmond, wrote Parnell and myself, claiming the seat. John had been made a clerk in the Bill Office of the House of Commons by his father's influence. His oratorical skill I had noticed at a meeting called by O'Connor Power in the Westminster Palace Hotel to hear O'Neill Russell on the Gaelic revival.

As correspondent of the *Nation*, I foretold that a public career lay before him. Straitened means alone forced him to accept a post in the Bill Office.

When I reached Dublin, whither Parnell had summoned me, he inquired who John Redmond was. T. P. O'Connor was then with us in Morrison's Hotel, and declared Parnell must know him, "Because," said he "he hands you out the Orders of the Day." Parnell exclaimed, "What! that d——d fellow!"

I replied to Redmond that I would do my best to secure him a nomination later on. On 6th November, 1880, I wrote my brother from Dublin:

Pat Egan was seen off by me this morning to Wexford to spy out the land.

The Wexford Home Rule Club telegraphed they would have anyone Parnell sent, and young Redmond telegraphed also, that he would not stand against Parnell's nominee.

Parnell wrote telling Redmond it was important I should be returned, but that if he surrendered his claims he would not be forgotten.

The local Whigs are mad at the democratic section of the town taking control—which they are quite unused to. The Club is a new institution, but comprises something like 150 voters, all of whom are with me.

On reaching Wexford, I found the townspeople in my favour—not for anything they knew of me, but because I had been arrested, and had helped Parnell in America. I wrote Maurice:

Wexford,

10th November, 1880.

There is a capital fellow here named Laffan, who used to do all the work for old Redmond without accepting anything for it, and he has stuck to me and is working like a brick.

Redmond leaves to-day. He has acted frankly since the Club gave him his Dimittis, but had he got any encouragement from them he would have gone forward in spite of Parnell.

The farmers of the County are greatly interested in the election, and have gone around among the shopkeepers giving gentle hints (not, indeed, that they were needed) that if I were not returned, they would never deal with them again. Were I to hold a meeting here next Sunday we could bring in half the County.

Meanwhile I was announced to speak at a far-off meeting in Cullen, near Millstreet, Co. Cork. There Canon Griffin, P.P., though it was his curate's turn to say Mass, came to displace him. He denounced me from the altar, as I sat in the church, as an accomplice of Parnell, and sent a report of his "sermon" next day to the *Cork Examiner*. The Synod of Maynooth forbids such denunciations, and, on the advice of a learned priest, I stated the facts to his Bishop, without result. Canon Griffin gave evidence for *The Times* at the Forgery Commission of 1888. His parish was a hot-bed of illegality, owing to his lack of influence with his flock, but the Viceroy, Lord Spencer, paid him the compliment of a visit.

I was elected unopposed for Wexford on the 24th November, 1880. No English paper announced the fact.

In December, 1880, I was tried as a "white-boy" at the Cork Winter Assizes, with John Walsh, for my speech in Bantry, exposing McGrath's sufferings. I then gained some experience of Crown devices in empanelling juries. Our trial was fixed for 11 a.m., but beforehand the Crown indicted a horse-stealer and put twelve Nationalists on his jury. While that jury were considering their verdict, we were arraigned, and by this means the Crown escaped the odium of "standing-by" an extra dozen Nationalists.

Still, we were found "Not guilty," and Parnell used chaffingly to proclaim that I was the only one of his colleagues who had been "honourably acquitted." Peter O'Brien, Q.C. (afterwards Attorney-General and Lord Chief Justice), defended us. Later on, he was retained for Parnell and the other traversers in the Conspiracy prosecution of 1880. In that great trial, so little did defendants' counsel know of the agrarian question, that Parnell asked me to make up an historical summary to supply them with information. This I did, drawing largely on the works of Father Lavelle and Isaac Butt.

Large subscriptions towards the costs of the traversers tumbled in, and many districts, which till then hesitated, became after the prosecutions feverishly roused. Egan reproached his junior counsel, Adams, for not subscribing, and Dick satirically replied, "The next £50 you see acknowledged from 'Nemo' will be mine!"

Adams's small boy came to court on the opening day of the trial and got into the seats reserved for senior counsel. Dick sharply ordered him out. Thereupon McLaughlin, Q.C., soothed him with the sarcasm, "*De minimis non curat lex*."

The prosecution lasted several weeks. When the newsboys shouted "Trial of Parnell," Egan grew vexed, as it seemed that the other traversers were forgotten. The jury refused to find for

the Crown, and before the trial collapsed Parnell went to London with his colleagues.

Amongst their Counsel was an old gentleman in white gloves, MacDonogh, Q.C., who then made almost his last appearance. He never lost his temper, and maintained an unruffled, if artificial, politeness in every emergency. Stories about him were endless. Retained in a Tyrone poisoning case, he interviewed the accused inside the jail. The version of his visit which the Bar used to retail was that he addressed the prisoner thus:

"John, you are a Presbyterian elder, and the evidence against you is black. You may have papists on the jury. You have been kind enough to bring me down to defend you. Do you wish to be hanged?"

"Oh, no! Mr. MacDonogh, surely not! I can rely on you to prevent that."

"Then, John, will you explain to me how you poisoned Jane?"

"Your honour, I never gave Jane poison."

"Ah," sighed his advocate, "you've thrown your guineas away in bringing me here. I shall be useless, and to-morrow the Clerk of Arraignment will rise and ask you: 'What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?' Good evening, John."

MacDonogh bowed and went towards the cell door.

The accused cried out, "Come back, sir, and I'll tell you all about it." MacDonogh responded, "Thank you, John, I knew I could rely on your candour." The prisoner then owned, "One time, sir, I gave her arsenic, and another time strychnine." MacDonogh blandly commented, "I knew you would tell the truth, John, and now I hope to be able to defend you, and even to secure an acquittal. Good evening."

Next day the Crown proved the purchase of arsenic by the accused, but MacDonogh extracted from the doctor that the woman showed symptoms of poisoning from strychnine.

The prosecution had made no attempt to prove the purchase of strychnine, and the evidence, moulded by MacDonogh, pointed to a death from that poison.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and MacDonogh turned with uplifted hand toward the dock, saying, "John, did I not tell you that innocence must triumph!"

Chief Baron Palles told me that when junior to MacDonogh in a Chancery case, the latter added a plea which was successfully "demurred" to by the opposing lawyers. Palles had opposed the insertion of the plea in consultation with him. After judgment

against them, MacDonogh turned round to Palles in open Court, saying, "Young man, I hope this will teach you to be more careful in future!"

Another story of the Chief Baron's ran: "I received a brief in a case in which English solicitors were instructing the Irish solicitor who briefed me. There was a great deal at stake and MacDonogh had been retained to lead me. Everything turned upon a point of law, upon which it appeared to be impossible to discover any authority. Day by day I ransacked the 'Digests' and text-books, in vain. However, I did not desist, and in the King's Inns Library I got on the track of a ruling in 7th Bevan. It was an express decision upon the point at issue. Next morning, flushed with triumph, I went to MacDonogh and told him this. He sent for the report, perused it, and remarked, 'My young friend, you have found a treasure; and in the nick of time, for unless my memory plays me false the consultation is fixed for to-morrow evening. Keep your discovery to yourself. One never knows how these things leak out and reach the other side, who would then, perhaps, mend their hand.'

"Next night I came to the consultation at MacDonogh's. Not only was the Irish solicitor there, but the English solicitors. MacDonogh sat with white kid gloves, and, addressing the solicitors, said, 'Refresh my memory upon the salient facts.' Then, closing his eyes and putting the tips of his fingers together, he listened attentively while they ran over the outlines. 'A most interesting story,' he remarked, 'and everything turns upon a point which is remarkably free from authority. Have you been able to discover no decision upon it?' The Irish solicitor said, 'No.' Turning to the English solicitors he said, 'Have you?' They confessed they had not. I was beginning to think he had forgotten my discovery, but he looked at me saying, 'Strange; I am almost certain that I once read a report of a case on this point. Frank,' said he, turning to his man-servant, 'bring me down 9th Bevan.' There was something in his look that forbade me to speak, so I watched him searching the volume. Next he ordered, 'Frank, bring me 8th Bevan.' Once again a vain search followed. He sighed, 'No, it must have been my fancy. Yet I could have sworn . . . Frank, bring me 7th Bevan.' A moment later he announced, 'Ah, gentleman, I was right—here we have it,' and he read to the awestruck assembly the case which I had found."

At consultations, MacDonogh rang for his footman to bring the law-book he required, and would not allow anyone else to remove it from, or replace it on, his shelves. In his young days, when

the jurisdiction of the Dublin magistrates was scattered over four divisions, he went round in a chaise with his valet to each court, and seldom returned without fifty guineas in his wallet—made up of small fees.

Once an attorney's clerk brought him an affidavit to "settle." He recalled that a previous affidavit to the contrary effect had been filed. Sweetly turning to the clerk, MacDonogh asked if the former affidavit had been delivered to the other side. "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply. "Then, my young friend," said he, "would you accept an old man's advice? It is the fruit of ripe experience and easy to remember. It simply is that, when you have sworn an affidavit which is in the possession of your adversaries, never swear a second one to the opposite effect, for *that*, my young friend, would be a lie."

Biggar used to relate of him that, having been brought to Belfast in a big case, MacDonogh failed to appear in court on the second day of the trial. The perturbed attorney drove to his hotel and found him with his toes to the fire, reading a newspaper.

"Oh, Mr. MacDonogh," said he, "why aren't you in court?" "Why?" was his answer. "How could I suppose I was needed when you didn't send my refresher?"

MacDonogh brought about the disfranchisement of the borough of Sligo owing to his *largesse* as a parliamentary candidate. Speaking to a hired mob on the night before the poll, he wound up from his hotel window as a peroration to the unwashed with Juliet's farewell to Romeo:

"Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

Ireland's parliamentary representation then was mostly drawn from like material.

CHAPTER VIII

Parliament in 1881

WHEN I took my seat in the House of Commons in January, 1881, the Irish M.P.'s of note were Biggar, Parnell, Justin MacCarthy, A. M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Sexton, Dillon, T. P. O'Connor, Arthur O'Connor, M. Marum, Richard Power, Edward Leamy, F. H. O'Donnell, John Barry, E. D. Gray, C. Dawson, James O'Kelly, Dr. Cummins, Q.C., J. A. Blake, O'Gorman Mahon, O'Connor Power, and Lysaght Finegan.

The session began with the announcement of two Coercion Bills, and the arrest of Michael Davitt, who three years earlier had been released by the Tory Government on ticket-of-leave. The Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, recalled Davitt's licence and sent him back to Portland Prison. Forthwith the Land League determined to transfer its funds to Paris, where its Treasurer, Pat Egan, had already taken the precaution to reside.

To provide a substitute for Davitt as "chief organizer" of the League was urgent, but its executive dared not meet in Ireland. So, in the middle of the struggle against the Coercion Bills, Biggar, Dillon, T. D. Sullivan, James O'Kelly and myself left London for Paris to meet Egan. We stayed at the Hotel Brighton, Rue de Rivoli, kept by an Italian married to an Irishwoman, Ellen Dore. Two members of the Executive, Mat Harris and J. J. Loudon, who were not in Parliament, joined us there.

Parnell undertook to attend the following day. Yet he came not, nor sent any tidings to explain his absence. Sunday passed without news of him. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and a second Saturday went by without his coming, or a word of excuse. We saw from the London papers that he had not been attending the House of Commons, and those of us who were M.P.'s felt keenly our non-attendance at Westminster, where the fight against coercion was kept up by Sexton and T. P. O'Connor. Inquisitive pressmen from London came to Paris to try to penetrate the mystery. Our uneasiness became extreme, having waited over a week without news of Parnell. So a conclave was called on the second Saturday night. James O'Kelly, always alarmist,

thought he must be either in the Tower or at the bottom of the Thames.

Death, or duress, he declared, alone could explain Parnell's silence, as our leader would never treat colleagues so scurvily, or neglect Irish interests imperilled in Parliament by Coercion Bills. All inclined to this view, but no one knew how to trace him, or suspected the cause which withheld him from coming. After a long debate I was questioned as to whether I had any letters which would afford a clue to his whereabouts. This put me in a quandary.

Parnell had treated me with entire confidence as to his correspondence. I used to open his letters daily, yet of late I had, without a hint from him, reserved for himself packets coming in a woman's hand. A number of these had accumulated for a fortnight, and I brought them to Paris to give him.

O'Kelly and Egan pressed me as to whether I could produce any letter which would clear up the mystery. I was not a member of the Land League Executive, but Parnell had asked me to accompany its members to Paris, and, at their request, I attended the meeting called to discuss his absence.

I was driven to admit that I held letters which I did not think it right to open, and had brought them over for Parnell himself. They asked had I full authority to deal with his correspondence without reserve, and I said, "Yes." They next inquired would I break the seal of one of the reserved letters to obtain a clue? I declined. Then they pressed would I deliver one up for their scrutiny?

This was a grave business, and I answered that unless a resolution was passed by them, as the National Executive, I should refuse.

The horrid tradition of Sir James Graham's opening of Mazzini's letters was still strong, and the frequency with which the Post Office violated our own correspondence made any infraction hateful to me.

After solemn debate, however, it was proposed, seconded and carried that, in the national interest, I should hand over a letter. I then stipulated that its contents should not be made known to all the members of the Executive, but should be entrusted only to Dillon and Egan. This was agreed to, and I gave Egan an envelope in a female hand. He and Dillon mournfully retired with it to another room while the rest awaited the result. I felt that reasons overmastering obliged them to take this decision, and knew they were solely animated by concern for the cause of Ireland. I was

young—not yet twenty-six, and they wielded national authority. Besides, concern for Parnell was uppermost in their minds.

After an interval Egan and Dillon returned gloomily to renew the consultation. They proposed that Biggar and I should start for London by the first train next morning to search for Parnell at an address in Holloway taken from the letter.

Biggar copied this in a notebook, but the opened letter I refused to take back. O'Kelly, with general assent, declared that on reaching London we should set ex-detectives Druskovitch and Micklejohn to trace Parnell.

We agreed to make the journey, and after midnight the meeting dissolved in dismay. Next morning Biggar and I set forth on a chilly Sunday to catch an early train about 7 a.m. With chillier hearts we left the hotel for the Gare du Nord. As our cab reached the street from the courtyard it was crossed by another wherein sat Parnell!

Biggar crowed, "There's Charles!" and rejoiced. We told our driver to go back, and reached the door of the hotel as Parnell mounted hastily to a room.

I ran upstairs and knocked at his door. He half opened it, with a look of surprise as if nothing had happened to trouble us, and snarled—to baffle inquiry—"What do you want?"

I had come fresh from the incidents of the previous night to make him aware of what had happened, and said, "I'm glad to see you. We were anxious about you." Without reply he closed the door in my face. It was his only act of rudeness in all our relations.

That evening Parnell, having slept through the day, met his colleagues and presided over their deliberations. No explanation of his absence came, nor was any apology tendered to men whose feelings had been lacerated and whose time had been wasted. Towards myself he was profuse in courtesy and good humour.

At the conference Dillon was appointed Chief Organizer consequent on the arrest of Davitt. He went to Dublin to make defiant speeches while we got back to Westminster.

The breaking open of the letter so upset me that I told Parnell next day in the Tea-room of the House of Commons I could no longer continue as his secretary. I made the excuse that the work was heavy, and that I needed time for legal studies. I promised to find him a good substitute.

He was cordial and friendly, and thanked me for past help, evidently wishing to atone for his sharpness in Paris.

The decision of politicians, torn with distress, to open Parnell's

letter should not be harshly judged. His chief partisan, James O'Kelly, was foremost in demanding it. After the Split of 1890 Parnell unjustly blamed Dillon, for though Dillon, like others, acquiesced in O'Kelly's suggestion, he was governed solely by a sense of duty. No one sought knowledge of an intrigue.

Parnell's opponents after the Split never revealed or made use of the incident, though ruthlessly attacked, and confined themselves solely to the publicly known facts of the O'Shea case as the root of trouble.

Parnell never reproached me for obeying the order of the Land League Executive to hand over the letter. Our relations remained as cordial as ever—until the Galway Election of 1886. His delay and dalliance had smoothed the Government's task at Westminster in enacting the Arms Bill and the Suspension of Habeas Corpus.

After I resigned my honorary post as Parnell's secretary, I heard that Biggar sent a friend (without consulting me) to the address in Holloway disclosed in Paris where the forlorn lady lodged. I reproached Biggar with this intrusion, but he argued that he feared a scandal might break out if her applications for help were left unanswered.

She was "Lizzie from Blankshire," and was found in a barely furnished garret, in bed with a baby. A likeness of Parnell (cut from the *Dublin Weekly News*) was pinned to her counterpane. Though in want, she was staunch to the father of her child, and never let fall a complaint. Her needs were provided for, and she was told where to apply should she require further help. This she never did, so Parnell must have made amends for his temporary neglect.

T. P. O'Connor's *Life of Parnell*, page 133 (published in 1891), says: "It speaks volumes for the reticence and delicacy which (in spite of all their supposed garrulousness and the brutality sometimes of their political controversy) really distinguish Irishmen that this fact was never communicated for years afterwards by the men who knew it, even to their intimate and close friends in the same Party; and that the vast majority of the members of the Party never heard of it at all." The mystery of Parnell's absence from Paris had no relation to Lizzie, for he had then taken up with Mrs. O'Shea, whose name was unknown to us at that time.

One incident of the Paris visit annexed by a colleague for a different setting should be related here.

While we were waiting for Parnell, Mat Harris afforded comic relief. On the Sunday before his arrival Mat and I walked the Boulevards in a foggy frost, cursing his neglect. Suddenly Mat

asked could I get him a glass of whisky. I steered for the Café de la Paix as a likely venue, but no whisky was then stocked there. I told this to Mat, and proposed brandy. He grumbled, but I ordered a "fine champagne." The waiter poured out a tot into a tiny liqueur glass, to Mat's wonderment. "What's that?" he asked. "*Fine champagne, monsieur.*" Mat, glass in hand, surveyed him. Disdaining its insignificance, he threw off its contents, but muttered to the Frenchman, "No wonder the Prussians licked ye!"

William O'Brien assigns this incident to 1890.

Mat was a power in Connaught, and possessed a flow of humour. We youngsters sat at his feet as a veteran to hear him discourse of old times. He once proclaimed, as we pastured on soda and milk, while he drank punch in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin: "I'd rather be at my own humble fireside in Ballinasloe after my third tumbler of punch, than drinking soda and milk in the best hotel in Europe!"

In January, 1890, from his deathbed, when Biggar passed away, Mat wrote me a letter of condolence as Joe's closest friend. Its end was: "I foresee that Biggar's loss portends a great misfortune to the Irish Cause."

The "Split" took place ten months later. The hackneyed lines recurred to me afterwards:

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

A day or two after we returned from Paris I suggested to Parnell the name of a new secretary. He accepted my recommendation, so I fetched from Newcastle-on-Tyne Henry Campbell, to whom I taught shorthand in 1877. At first Parnell, who had never heard of Campbell, was dissatisfied and, despite the help I gave him for weeks, opposed his retention. Experience, however, showed Campbell's merits, and Parnell confided in him afterwards more intimately than in his predecessor. Although a Catholic, Campbell joined the Freemasons in London while Parnell was in prison to try to help him. He was initiated on the 27th April, 1882, in Skelmersdale Lodge, No. 1658. After his Chief's death he became Town Clerk of Dublin, and rejoined the Order there. He was knighted for his services to the Dublin Corporation by Lord French.

I heard Gladstone pay Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Opposition forty-seven years ago, the compliment that he was "the best private secretary I ever had." Northcote blushed, but hardly with pleasure. A tribute of praise from me to Campbell—

a youngster thrust suddenly into an almost incomprehensible situation, which he handled with tact—may be paid by his old teacher.

I recall these facts because T. P. O'Connor, unaware of them, wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* of 10th March, 1924:

Healy . . . was the most necessary secretary to the most necessitous principal that ever existed. Everybody thought that the association thus formed was lifelong, but something happened in America that produced some disagreeable impression in Parnell's mind, and he did not employ Mr. Healy again. It was a decision which, in time, was to bring tragic consequences, especially to Parnell.

That the author of this believed it to be true is clear from the fact that, in the *Sunday Times* of 21st August, 1921, he wrote:

Tim Healy has all his life been a splendid shorthand writer; he conducts all his private and family correspondence, I believe, still in shorthand. He was also a brilliant writer, and while he was still a secretary he used to write a weekly letter to an Irish paper; it was this letter that helped Parnell very seriously in his first beginnings—which were very difficult, and met with enormous opposition from very powerful influences in Irish life. . . .

I don't know why, but he and Parnell had some difference of opinion in America, and Parnell never employed Mr. Healy as his secretary again—an incident that led to mighty consequences to Parnell, to Mr. Healy, and to Ireland.

I was never "employed" by Parnell, nor got a shilling from him. My letters herein published disclose everything I received from the National Organization. I had no "difference" with him in America, and continued to act for Parnell for a year after our return. That I opposed Parnell after the Divorce case of 1890 for something that did not happen in 1881 is improbable!

The only tiff (if it can be so called) which I had with Parnell, until the Galway Election of 1886, was in June, 1881, on a private member's Bill to abolish Capital Punishment. He asked me to support it, but I refused, saying I was in favour of hanging murderers. Parnell smiled, and we went into opposite lobbies. On our return to the House he sat beside me and gently murmured, "Healy, you'll live to be hanged yet for that vote." I replied gaily, "Well, if so, I shall deserve it."

During our enforced stay in Paris O'Kelly took me to see Henri Rochefort of *L'Intransigeant* and got a hearty greeting. Rochefort shouted for Olivier Pain to join in the welcome. Pain afterwards got lost in the Sudan.

O'Kelly and I lodged together in London, and after our return he wished to take Parnell again to Paris. I protested against the

folly of withdrawing him once more from Westminster. To no avail, for before the dawn broke O'Kelly woke me to say "good-bye." I renewed my plea that the Commons and not the Boulevards was Parnell's post of duty, and as I heard O'Kelly's footfalls clatter down the stairs I thought they thudded defeat on the coffin of the Irish Cause.

The second visit was, forsooth, to see Victor Hugo, but the poet could do nothing for Ireland, and we were disgusted at our leader's neglect of things that mattered. He gave racy interviews to the French Press, then deserted O'Kelly and returned to Mrs. O'Shea—having invented a new "cover" for absenting himself from Parliament. The *Freeman* took its part in the camouflage.

In 1883-4 O'Kelly became *Daily News* correspondent in Egypt, but Kitchener stopped him at Wadi Halfa and he had to go back to London. This was years before Fashoda.

Parnell gave O'Kelly a dinner at the Grand Hotel, then newly opened, to soften his return. We waited long for Sexton to join us, but he sent a telegram saying sore eyes prevented his going out. At that moment he was strolling up the Strand past the Grand Hotel to dine at a modest restaurant.

O'Kelly had been London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and in his journalistic wanderings was condemned to be shot by the Spaniards in Cuba as a spy. He had served in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, and told me that once he debated within himself, when placed as a sentry over Moorish prisoners, whether he would shoot them if they tried to escape, but resolved that if they did he would act as a Frenchman.

Years later Gladstone asked me why O'Kelly introduced General Boulanger to the Gallery of the House of Commons and entertained him to dinner. He feared that this was offensive to the French Government and might prejudice Ireland. O'Kelly explained that Boulanger was his old commander in the Foreign Legion, and Gladstone being told this commended him to me for showing hospitality to an old Army chief, but asked why the Press had not been given the reason. Gladstone, having taken up Home Rule, had a mind large enough, and minute enough, to absorb every point that could help Ireland or shield her from hurt.

O'Kelly's early denunciations of the House of Commons led Gladstone to retort prettily. Bemoaning the ill opinion O'Kelly held of Parliament, Gladstone, in broken accents, breathed a prayer that, weighty as was his judgment, he ventured to entertain the hope that, having regard to the position the House occupied in the history of human liberties, it would not be upon an opinion such

as O'Kelly's, however well considered, that its fame in the mind of posterity "would—in the main—ultimately depend." The thrust was the keener because the Government knew, as we did, that O'Kelly became an American citizen on 12th October, 1876. The archness of Gladstone and his balanced phrases were enjoyed by all who loved drollery.

One night when we opposed a vote on Irish Local Government, as a protest against the removal of the Catholic chaplain from the Donegal workhouse by a Tory Board of Guardians, O'Kelly exploded. Having exhausted our big guns, we had been driven to spur him into action. He was a halting orator, and began, "Mr. Speaker, sir, with regard to the spiritual destitution of the paupers of Dunfanaghy workhouse." Forster jeered, and we whispered, "Donegal! James." Yet he began again, "Mr. Speaker, sir, with regard to the terrible case of the spiritual destitution of the paupers in the Dunfanaghy Union." We murmured, "Donegal! James, Donegal!" He, however, repeated a third time, "Mr. Speaker, sir, with regard to the spiritual destitution of the inmates of Dunfanaghy Union." "Donegal! James," we shouted, "Donegal!" Thereupon he roared at the Speaker, "G—— damn it, sir, these fellows won't let me speak a d—— word!" and sat down.

Mr. Speaker pretended not to hear him, as he seldom troubled the House.

O'Kelly used to dwell on the treatment inflicted on Jerome Collins—the pioneer (if not the discoverer) of weather forecasts—on board the *Jeannette*, which the *New York Herald* sent to the Arctic regions. Collins's prophecies of storms were at first greeted by jokes in the Press. Then the Hull fishing fleet, defying the *New York Herald* warnings, went to sea and was wrecked. Weather prophets now are as common as broadcasters (or blackberries).

O'Kelly told me that Collins on a bitter snowy day in London in the 'seventies, after years of wandering, descended on the *New York Herald* office in Fleet Street. He seemed icebound in an ulster sheeted with frost, but shrilled out the Munster greeting, "A fine raw day, glory be to God!" The staff laughed him a welcome.

Other discoveries than that of Collins went unregarded at first in the "so-called nineteenth century."

In 1876 *The Times* published a statement from the chief engineer of the London G.P.O. that telephones could never be more than a toy, and had no commercial value. On my uncle's book-shelves in Fermoy there lay a catalogue of the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 which declared that the breech-loading rifle might have some

little value for sporting purposes, but would be useless in war. When Prussia defeated the Danes in 1864 by the needle-gun this did not wake up Europe. Only on the collapse of Austria, when in 1866 Sadowa crashed upon the fool-experts, were the armies of the world weaponed with breech-loaders.

In 1898 Marconi brought his instruments to the Terrace of the House of Commons on the day Gladstone died. The House had adjourned. He could then barely signal across the Thames. His shares were quoted only on the Dublin Stock Exchange. The price stood at 5s., and Dunlops were 6s. London would not touch them, just as it disbelieved in de Lesseps's power to cut the Suez Canal in the 'sixties.

Incredulity of an opposite kind became known to me in 1885-6. A group of American speculators went to Paris to tell the Press and public that it was impossible for de Lesseps to complete the Panama Canal. They wanted to "bear" its shares. Their story was true, but they could not break the confidence of the French in their great engineer, who had "fixed" the Press, including the Colon correspondent of *The Times*, who proclaimed that the undertaking was certain of success. So the "bears" returned to New York heavy losers by their charitable adventure! The shares were largely owned by the cabbies and cooks of Paris, who could not be shaken out of their holdings.

When we returned from Paris the Liberals were flushed with triumph. They had carried the Coercion Bills, and appeared a solid body. On the Front Bench sat Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, Bannerman, Forster, Mundella, Dilke, Trevelyan, Harcourt, Sir H. James, and Sir R. Herschell. Noting their strength I remarked to Biggar, "That's a powerful Government." "Not at all, mister," he retorted. "That's merely a row of jealous individuals!"

In 1881 Mr. Peel was appointed to succeed Speaker Brand, and during one of Biggar's speeches cautioned him several times. We could tell by the way Peel's hand moved along the arm of his chair when he was about to strike. As Biggar proceeded it became clear that the Speaker would suspend him if a chance offered. Biggar, however, was watchful. In a fling at Chief Secretary Forster he said, "He isn't as brave in Ireland as he is in this House. Here he struts about like a cock on his own . . ." Peel's hand stretched forth like the arm of fate, but before he could rise, a roar of laughter burst out as Biggar finished with "homestead, sir!" This quaint twist saved him from suspension.

On a Saturday in 1881 Forster, to pass an Irish Relief Bill, kept the House sitting all day and into the night. To scandalize

the Scottish constituents of Mr. Gladstone in Mid-Lothian, we refused to allow it to go through until after midnight, hoping to rouse the "unco' guid" on the desecration of the Sabbath. (There was no closure until 1883.) At half-past twelve on Sunday we let the Bill pass and the remaining orders of the day were reached. Amongst them was the Sunday Closing (Ireland) Bill. Though not in charge of that measure, I got up and solemnly moved its second reading. Without appreciating the joke Phil Callan called a "count," and every one disappeared except Biggar and myself. The Serjeant-at-Arms, Gossett, being old, could not understand Biggar's sticking beside me, as he and Joe had hatched many "counts" together. So he left his chair in anger and, advancing to the Bar, shouted (contrary to all propriety), "Biggar, Biggar, come out, come out!" Joe as loudly responded, "It's all right, Serjeant, they're not forty!" The Speaker, astonished at the outburst, cried sternly, "Order! Order!" I laughed so loudly that the pressmen craned their necks from the gallery to look down.

Not one of them, however, mentioned the Serjeant's slip in Monday's papers.

In February, 1881, John Redmond resigned his post in the Bill Office of the House of Commons when the borough of New Ross fell vacant.

Parnell was persuaded to accept him, and he was returned unopposed. Twenty years later Redmond published a collection of speeches which hardly do justice to his powers. He shone by incisiveness and clarity in presentation of facts.

In 1883 he stated the case of a dismissed police inspector named Murphy in a way which, for cogency and mastery of evidence, was unsurpassed. After Parnell's death in 1891, he forsook the Bar for the less lucrative calling of politics, and though surrounded by partisan advisers, his speeches in a nine years' struggle were seldom marred by the adoption of their suggestions.

During the session of 1881 a stranger called on me in the lobby who had been a guest at Barry's in Manchester when I stayed there as a lad in 1872. This was Edmond O'Donovan, son of John, the famous Gaelic scholar. When I met him in 1872 he had just returned from the Carlist War in Spain. Before that, he served with the French Foreign Legion in 1870 as Lieutenant Eliot, and was taken prisoner by the Germans at Orleans. He was as learned a man as his father, though not in Celtic lore.

The father left him in wardship to Under-Secretary Larcom, of Dublin Castle, of whom Sir Robert Peel, when Chief Secretary, being asked how Ireland was governed, replied, "It's governed by

Mr. Larcom and the police." Larcom failed to annex O'Donovan to Castle interests, and jailed him as a suspect in 1867. When I met him in 1872 I inferred that he was organizer of the I.R.B. for the North of England. Arthur Forrester, who often called at Barry's to meet him, then was organizer for Southern England. Forrester had also served in the French Foreign Legion in 1870-1 under Bourbaki. To a lad of seventeen, as I was, their adventures rivalled those of Sindbad the Sailor.

O'Donovan carried an Arabic grammar under his arm, and in buses and trains studied it as a preparative for Eastern pursuits. He took me to the top gallery of a theatre in Manchester to see Henry Irving, who was beginning to acquire fame in *The Bells*. I asked O'Donovan afterwards what he thought of the play. Fresh from the French and Carlist battlefields, he broke out, "Absurd and unreal! Would any man show such remorse for merely killing one Polish Jew?"

He used to tell stories of McGahan, the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whose accounts of the Bulgarian atrocities in 1877 roused Gladstone's emotions and led to the emancipation of Bulgaria. McGahan now is honoured with a statue in Sofia. Further East, according to O'Donovan, more interesting experiences of McGahan began. The Sheikh of a tribe fighting against the Russians gave him valuable information, and grew so fond of him that he proposed to marry him to his daughter. "I dared not refuse," McGahan said, "so on the eve of the wedding, as I had a wife in New York, I stole a camel and made off." "Oh!" quoth O'Donovan, "the *New York Herald* would have expected better from you than that!"

O'Donovan became a *Daily News* correspondent in 1884, and was killed at El Obeid, below Khartoum, with Hicks Pasha.

Forrester was a writer of ballads, one of which, "The Felons of our Land," was widely sung. In 1918, fifty years after its publication, a London Hebrew got six months from a court-martial in the West of Ireland for chanting it.

O'Donovan came to me in 1881 to the House of Commons to say that he had travelled to Merv, where, as "Ichtiar Bahadur Khan," he was one of a trio that checked the Russian advance. He wanted an introduction to Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary. I gasped, and inquired why. He replied that if he could get 100,000 rifles into Merv he would defeat Russia's designs in Asia. I smiled, but, having no relations with the Foreign Minister, refused him a letter.

Later I was told that O'Donovan penetrated Downing Street,

where the officials thought that an ex-Fenian was not a man to be trusted. Edmond, however, honestly sought to save Merv.

I asked him what he had done for its people. He answered proudly, "I taught them the two essentials of civilization—the arts of manufacturing gunpowder and whisky!"

His book on Merv brought him £1,000. In 1884 it led Frank Power, a reporter on the *Freeman* (nicknamed Ghazi), to accompany him to the Sudan. Each vowed never to desert the other while money lasted. A festivity at Constantinople led to their being arrested for words against Sultan Abdul Hamid. But for the British Ambassador they would never have reached Egypt.

General Gordon was then at Khartoum, and when they arrived there O'Donovan and Power became his guests. Power remained with Gordon, but O'Donovan set out with Hicks Pasha for Kordofan. In a letter to the *Daily News* in the autumn of 1884 he prophetically depicted himself impaled on a "Sudanese spear the size of a shovel."

Hicks Pasha's Egyptians were cut to pieces by the Mahdi, and with them perished Edmond, son of John O'Donovan, the Gaelic genius.

Father Oberwalder, who was imprisoned by the "prophet" after the capture of Khartoum, speaks of retrieving O'Donovan's mackintosh from the battlefield. The choice of such raiment for a rainless desert sums up its owner.

After O'Donovan was killed Power wrote amusing letters from Khartoum to his friends on the *Freeman*. Gordon, on his evidence, shot four sheikhs who were supposed to have betrayed him when he was battling to repel the Mahdi's onset. Power's pluck was undoubted, but not his accuracy. I should not have accepted any story he told without corroboration, knowing that in 1881 he assured Parnell and his employer, E. D. Gray of the *Freeman*, that he had been shot at and wounded in a skirmish with "extremists" at Clontarf.

Gray got a surgeon to examine him, and Parnell told me the "wound" was a boil. Yet he persisted that "rebels" were marching on Dublin.

Before the fall of Khartoum, Power telegraphed to *The Times* announcing that he had been appointed by Gordon "Consul-General for the Sudan." London was amazed, and Dublin chuckled.

Sir E. D. Wolff, in the House of Commons, asked Gladstone who Power was. Irish members swallowed their mirth when the "Grand Old Man" replied, "I understand he is a considerable Sudanese merchant." If Power could have heard this it would have cheered his last moments. Gordon speaks somewhere of Power's present-

ing him with a copy of *The Imitation of Christ*. Power's letters from Khartoum to friends on the *Freeman* would not suggest that he had packed the volume in his portmanteau. He was killed on the Nile before Gordon met his fate.

William Redmond made an onslaught on the War Office for its failure to give a pension to Power's sisters, and kept the House of Commons going all night until a promise of an annuity was wrung from Childers, Secretary of War.

Power's sisters had not been on speaking terms with him for years, and suffered no financial loss by his death.

He was no relation of O'Connor Power, M.P.—a much abler man. Lord Oxford and Asquith in his last book mistakenly attributes to O'Connor Power the famous saying of Colquhoun of South Carolina, that his opponents were like mules, having "neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity." Its application to the Unionists was made by another Irish member.

CHAPTER IX

Gladstone's Land Act (1881)

ON the 7th April, 1881, Gladstone introduced his Land Bill. Ireland was on the tenterhooks of expectation, and Philip Callan, Member for Louth (whom Parnell denounced on 29th March, 1880), tried to get an advance copy of the Bill from Hugh Law (Irish Attorney-General) for the *Freeman*.

"I couldn't give it you," said Law. "My copy is numbered and locked in that box," pointing to a dispatch case on the table. "Mr. Gladstone, if there were any premature publication, would call in the copies circulated amongst the Ministers to see who had given it away."

Callan was resourceful. Stooping down beside the grate in Law's room, he picked up a poker, smashed the box, seized the Bill, and strode off with it to the *Freeman* office in Fleet Street. Thence it was telegraphed to Dublin. That evening Callan returned the Bill to Law with apologies for damaging the box. Nor did Callan suffer for this, being a supporter of the Liberals.

To enable me to criticize the Bill my brother (aged twenty-two) drew up suggestions. I urged him to send them to the *Freeman*. That organ refused to publish his analysis, being persuaded that young Nationalists were upstarts. However, after the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and imprisonment on "reasonable suspicion" became legal, the *Freeman* did good work.

The Inspector-General, R.I.C., issued a secret circular to stimulate arrests, worded:

"This document is not to leave the hands of the County Inspectors to whom it is addressed, and must be kept under lock and key.

"Any orders given to ensure the instructions in it being carried out must be communicated verbally when practicable to Sub-Inspectors, Head, and other Constables, as emanating from the County Inspectors themselves.

"The Inspector-General deems it absolutely necessary to convey to the County Inspectors his disappointment that the police have been unable in the majority of instances either to give ground of reasonable suspicion as to who are the perpetrators of outrages, or as to those who instigated them and used inflammatory language.

"It is most difficult to conceive that the police, with the local knowledge

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they possess of the character and habits of the people among whom they live, are not officially in a position to know at least some of those who are the perpetrators of these outrages, but it is still more difficult to understand that they fail in so many instances to give ground of reasonable suspicion against them.

"The Inspector-General can only express an earnest hope that the energies of both officers and men will be used to wipe out what must necessarily appear to those unacquainted with the difficulties they have to contend with, to be a reproach to their efficiency as preservers of the peace and detectors of crime."

On the 21st May, 1881, the *Freeman* published it.

The discovery of this incitement to arrest provoked long debates in Parliament. Chief Secretary Forster declared the circular was sent only to seventeen persons, and while admitting his responsibility, denied that it encouraged the Constabulary to multiply imprisonments.

So enraged was he that it should have found its way into the Press that a victim had to be provided. The State printers then (as now) were Messrs. Alex. Thom & Company. They declared that the document had been entrusted to a specially confidential man, a Protestant Conservative, and that he had, after setting it into type, struck off only the seventeen copies specified by the Castle. Yet his instant dismissal was ordered. The poor man, knowing himself guiltless, got into communication with the *Freeman*, and implored its proprietor, E. D. Gray, M.P., to clear his character. Gray, aware of the man's innocence, went to Forster and assured him that the dismissed printer was not the source from which the *Freeman* had received the circular, and that he had nothing to do with its publication. His reinstatement was, therefore, sanctioned.

Nobody else had handled the document in Thom's, so how did it reach the *Freeman*? Gray explained the mystery to me. On the day the MS. reached Thom's it was given to their most trusted type-setter to put into print. He worked at the end of a row of compositors, one of whom called for a chew of tobacco. The trusty "comp" engaged in setting up the circular had just taken a rough proof of it, which was smudged and defective. Hearing the call for a "plug," he, unthinkingly, rolled the discarded proof round some tobacco and threw it to the man who asked for a chew. The latter, having taken what he needed at the moment, put the rest in his pocket. A day later he saw that it was enclosed in a dirty proof. This he read, and was amazed by the find. He brought it to the *Freeman*, and telling E. D. Gray how he got it, was rewarded with £20.

The incitements the circular contained were never disclaimed

by Forster. He was merely sorry for being caught out. He had just prevented the Empress of Austria from hunting in Ireland on the pretence that her life was not safe. In 1880 this splendid horsewoman joined the Meath Hounds. In 1881 she was not allowed to come back because of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. For it would never do to have the Empress sporting amongst the "wild Irish," cheered by enthusiastic crowds, while Forster was ramming his opponents into jail on the ground that murder was rampant. The Empress, thus warned off, retorted by sending the College of Maynooth a silver statue of St. George and the Dragon, believing they symbolized Ireland. Learning her mistake, she forwarded a magnificent set of vestments and altar requisites as a memento of her happy time in Kildare. Every one knew that she would have been safer in Ireland than anywhere else in Europe, but her popularity galled the advisers of Forster, who could not venture into the country he governed without a cohort of police. Her exclusion was a business loss, as Austrian nobles had taken to importing Irish horses. One of them won so many races with our animals that the sporting authorities in Vienna made a rule that future entrants should be locally bred.

After her visit a horse-dealer, who was asked about the gain to his trade, exclaimed, "Troth, I'm pestered with princes and emperors now!" This traffic Forster helped to kill.

When the Empress went a-hunting with the Meaths, the reporter of the *Freeman*, Fred Gallagher, ravished at the style in which she took her fences, wrote of her ecstatically. At the first jump she was "The Empress of Austria." Next she became "Austro-Hungary's Queen." At the third fence "Her Majesty." At the fourth, "the Royal equestrienne." At a "double-ditch" Fred, gravelled for lack of more courtly matter, proclaimed her "The Imperial ten-stone-two!"

Gallagher was adored by the racing world. Horsiest of the horsey, he described every event in sporting terms. Visiting Belgium, he surprised the Scheldt by recording that the cows browsing on its banks "wore the colours of the late Lord Meath." Threatened with removal from a sinecure he enjoyed under the Dublin Corporation, he, after his last chance had almost evaporated, canvassed its committee unabashed. By a casting vote he secured retention, and being asked the result by an anxious admirer, chirruped, "Romped home, my boy!"

On the suicide of Fred Archer, the famous jockey, Gallagher's lament in the *Freeman* was limned by William O'Brien as a "mixture of tears and stable-dung."

Though the mistakes of Gladstone's Government in 1881 were many, its perplexities must not be underrated. The House of Lords was hostile to Irish reforms, and the Commons largely indifferent. Many Irish Members were landlords, and a county like Leitrim returned Colonel Tottenham, M.P., who declared that the "best manure for land is that it should be well salted with rent."

Gladstone, in the debates on the Land Bill, threw out delightful sallies. His reply to Colonel Tottenham as to the date when its second reading should be taken was greatly relished by Irishmen. Tottenham was the most amazing-looking person. Nearly seven feet high, splendidly proportioned, and with a scornful handsome face, he seemed to dominate the pygmies of this earth. On the motion for the Easter adjournment, he had urged that to fix a Monday after Easter for the second reading of the Land Bill was inconsiderate as it would compel Irish Members to leave their homes on a Saturday night. Gladstone, enheartened by our cheers, and desiring oblivion for the Coercion Acts, rose in a playful and bewitching manner to make answer. Words like these, musically spoken, came from his "lower register." "We have been engaged for the past three months on measures of repression for Ireland. Hundreds of suspects have been arrested, and we have watched Ireland rise from anxiety to expectancy. Admitting the grave inconvenience to the honourable and gallant gentleman from the circumstance with which he has confronted us, I would beg his attention to another aspect of affairs. Let him, I pray, consider the obligations of the Government towards his countrymen, the misery and wretchedness into which many of them have been plunged, the well-justified expectation which the most moderate entertain, the solemnity of the moment, from the view both of Irish and British policy, and let me add to this my own personal appeal and beg him to rise to the height of this great occasion and leave his home on the Saturday night!" Even Tottenham's arrogance gave way at this banter.

Yet Gladstone's Bill was coldly received by Parnell. Pat Martin, Q.C., a Whig, and M. Marum, an unwilling supporter of Parnell (both Members for Co. Kilkenny), understood its value. Martin was a shrewd lawyer and a man of the world; Marum, a lawyer, too, but one who used to spin letters about "Emphyteusis," the "Black Act," and the "Button Plea," in the *Freeman*. Parnell loved to describe Marum's method of getting a crowd for meetings to secure his election, and repeated his apostrophes to me half-a-dozen times.

Parnell declared that he got a trumpet and blew it at every

cross-roads to gather the rustics during the contest, and declaimed : "Vote for Marum, your God, and the grand old Church of Rome!"

This was the only story connected with the General Election of 1880 that Parnell cherished. As he recounted it his nose twitched with enjoyment. One of Marum's relatives was a bishop, who in the 'thirties took O'Connell's side against Rome; but three men had been hanged for shooting his grandfather, so his canvass was at times jolty. Marum would have joined O'Connor Power in voting for the second reading of the Land Bill despite the decision of the Party to abstain, but that the Speaker refused to "see" him to enable him to explain his reasons. In a huff he took up his papers and strode out of the House.

O'Connor Power, who voted for the second reading, separated himself from us three years later and joined the Liberals. He stood for Kennington (a London constituency) as a Liberal in 1885, but was defeated and never got back to Westminster. It is due to his memory to record that in 1888 he rejected overtures from *The Times* to "inform" against former colleagues at the Forgery Commission. Another ex-M.P. privately gave information to little purpose.

Parnell gave small attention to the Land Bill and seldom attended. I appealed to him, when it reached "Committee," to be oftener present, saying, "If you would only sit beside me, Gladstone will take my amendments, even though you don't say a word." In vain; his mind was far away. Yet the fortunes of half a million farmers and their families were at stake. Life or death for many depended on the Bill.

Pat Martin, Q.C., was fond of Parnell, though he sat with the Liberals, and commented on the contrast in his behaviour in the new and the old Parliament. He mournfully said that when Parnell began in 1875, he seldom spent an hour away from the House. If he left for an assignation he came back at once to attack the Government. "Now," Martin deplored, "he stays away for days, and neglects everything."

The Eastern Question then embarrassed Gladstone, while the Bradlaugh difficulty was handled so skilfully against him by Lord Randolph Churchill that religious-minded people shrank from supporting the Liberals. Quotations from the *Fruits of Philosophy*, which Bradlaugh published, offended Nonconformists and Churchmen alike. Yet London papers to-day advertise "contraception" or "birth control" (called in America "race suicide"), while an Anglican bishop and the greatest medical peer smile approval. (*Daily Express*, 8th November, 1924; *The Times*, 3rd June, 1925;

Spectator, 4th July, 1925; plus Lord Buckmaster's "triumph" in the Lords in April, 1926.)

I wrote frequently about the Land Bill to my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

24th May, 1881.

The Chairman ruled I could not put the amendment repealing the thirteenth section of the 1870 Act at the point I had it down, so I have put it at the end. I think he has done so because the Government mean to accept it, and they don't like to give the Tories to say that they had begun to accept amendments from our side. Charles Russell came to me and said not to be put out about it, as he had spoken to the Government, and told them it contained a good point.

Charles Russell was very useful behind the scenes in helping to extend the benefits of the Bill. Before its introduction he had visited Kerry in 1880 for the *Daily Telegraph*, and though many of his severities referred to the famine period, and were gainsaid by the late Lord Lansdowne, his writings made a profound impression on Liberals.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

25th May, 1881.

Judges Fitzgerald and Lawson were in the House "under the clock" yesterday. Since Forster brought in the Coercion Bill there was not such a scene during a Minister's speech. In fact, it was the most extraordinary upset I have known. We have ruined Forster. Nobody not a spectator can fancy the demoralizing effect of our baitings on him. . . .

Parnell remarked to me yesterday after the Government concession to the Tories, which allows the landlord to take a tenant into court, that we were only wasting our time trying to amend the Bill.

Attorney-General Law accepted amendments of mine in such numbers that the Tories jeered continually. Finally he hit on the device of promising to consider them "on report." Several proposals I drew were later set down in his own name and engrafted on the measure. Most of them came from my brother Maurice, who, though barely twenty-two, understood agrarian law better than I did at twenty-six.

The "Healy Clause" (protecting tenants' improvements from rent) could not have been carried but for Hugh Law. He was as keen for justice to the farmers as we were. On a Wednesday afternoon the House emptied for luncheon during a morning sitting. The sole representative remaining on the Tory Front Bench was David Plunket, M.P. for Trinity College (afterwards Lord Rathmore). He was not an expert on the land question like his colleague, Edward Gibson (Lord Ashbourne). Had Gibson finished lunch five minutes earlier the "Healy Clause" would never have become law.

Gibson's services to the landlords were immeasurable, yet his brother, Judge Gibson, a Liverpool Tory M.P., was blackballed when he sought admission to the Dublin Kildare Street Club. Edward Gibson's helpfulness to his Party appeared when Chief Secretary Forster proposed to limit the landlord's right to issue ejectments in the High Court as to farms under £100 valuation. With a strong voice and an apt readiness for law-points, he dominated Forster and compelled him to vote against his own amendment, which we refused to allow to be withdrawn.

Gibson stormed against the acceptance of any proposal of mine, and Gladstone once laughingly likened him to a "haughty beauty" who could not bear admirers to look in any direction save her own. Can imagination realize that it was Gibson's daughter who fired at Mussolini in 1926, and that his son, garbed in a kilt, refused to speak English in the House of Lords?

I was then piloting a Bill to amend the Coroners Acts at the request of M. J. Horgan of Cork, which became law. I attached undue importance to it, and wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
24th June, 1881.

My Coroners Bill I would have got through last night, only that Wharton "counted" us out after I had spent hours hanging round listening to the debate on the Turkish Convention! I appealed to Wharton not to "count," as five minutes more would have finished everything; but, as he agreed not to "block" my Bill, he said I could get the stage any night.

I got him squared by Alderman Fowler, the Tory member for the City, who is a decent fellow. I am afraid of Colonel Tottenham, however, who might "block" it.

Fowler was horrified the other night when fellows were groaning at him late and I was commenting on their "courtesy" in allusion to some sneer of Gladstone at O'Connor. I said, "I would study it at the feet of the member for the City of London, whose groan I recognized so well!"

Whereas, I was referring to Lawrence, who always yells at us. The *Echo* next day remarked that Mr. Healy, amongst his other accomplishments, possessed a fine ear for music, since he was able to distinguish amongst the groans that of Alderman Lawrence.

Now came an incident when the Prime Minister approached me for the first time and chidingly reproved my youthful ardour. I related to my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
12th July, 1881.

Gladstone took entire charge of the Land Bill last night, and Law didn't speak at all; while Johnson, who has never opened his mouth before, was up a couple of times. I don't know whether Law could have been unwell, as he was there all the time.

Gladstone came up to me last night on the floor of the House after our division against the Irish Board of Works, to make a little joke.

I had never spoken to him, and was astonished to see him sailing up the floor towards me, with a twinkle in his eye. I had been pitching into Colonel McKerley of the Board of Works, and said he was an old man, and should be pensioned off and new blood thrown into the place.

During the division when we re-entered the House from opposite doors, Gladstone opened out on me with a smiling broadside: "I quite see the force of your arguments, Mr. Healy, as to pensioning off the old man! Yes, pension off the old man."

I protested, but he rather "had" me in a playful way.

The House was in amaze to see the Prime Minister communing openly with one of its greatest horrors. Every one wanted to know what he had been saying. I gave no information, so it is reported that I can have a sub-commissionership under the Land Bill!

As the fortunes of the Bill fluctuated I wrote Maurice almost from hour to hour. Shorthand made this possible:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July, 1881.

Just as the House was adjourning after a lot of badgering, Law accepted my amendment inserting "For the recovery of rent" in the process-serving clause.

He at first contended that there was no necessity to put in my words, but in the end said they could do no harm, and agreed to them!

Again Gladstone came across the House to me to-day for the amendment I moved about "present" and "future" tenancies to know what part of the Bill it was on. When I had given him this information, Johnston [Solicitor-General] came and told me the Government will move that no "future" tenancy shall begin until the 1st January, 1883, for anything arising out of "present" breaches, which I think will be as much a smasher as we could hope to obtain.

The Government also, on my moving the amendment about "no increase of rent in the second statutory term except for landlord's improvements," put in at my suggestion, owing to the course the debate took, some capital words—which in my opinion fully make up for the mischief done to the 7th Clause afterwards to please the Tories.

They are to the effect that "no improvement by the tenant or his predecessor in title shall be taken into account in any fixing of the rent."

This is magnificent, and will make it a first-rate Bill. I am better satisfied with to-day's work than with anything we achieved.

My Coroners Bill, about which I had a lot of trouble in the Lords, went through Committee there yesterday. It will come back to the Commons amended and will become law this session.

I got Johnson to get Lord Cork to take it up on the part of the Government, on the bargain that I would get Biggar to withdraw his opposition to the Alkali Bill in the Commons, and this has been done. . . .

Apart from the Land Bill there were diversions which amused.

In a debate on the question of distress Parnell used the phrase that the Irish people were "clemmed with the cold." Having

spent six months in Lancashire, I knew it as a good dialect word. It is the shoemaker's phrase for drawing soles together—"clemming." Sexton (a purist) said, when Parnell finished, "What the devil sort of word is 'clemmed'?" "A very good word, sir," was the haughty reply. So I told Sexton it meant "pinched."

Sexton had the most exquisite choice of dictionary English. Gladstone hardly excelled him. Had he enjoyed a university education he would almost have been Gladstone's equal. As a lad I resorted to the *Nation* office in 1870, and once had a sudden sample of his powers. Taking up a pen to write a note I commented on the excellence of the ink, and chaffingly said, "This is too good for you fellows."

Sexton looked up and in a flash rejoined, "Ink distilled from amaranths that grow beside the golden gate of Paradise would not suffice for our pens." Yet as a boy Sexton only knew Gaelic, having been born on the Knockmealdown (Co. Waterford) mountain. Near by was a smaller peak, "Knockacomorthesh"—the "hill of competition," enthrallingly "Englished" by the peasantry as "the little hill that wants to be as big as its neighbour."

Electric light was first turned on in the House of Commons when the Land Bill was reached on "Report." It threw a bluish hue associated with the nether regions over the chamber, and was a poor substitute for the Bude illumination which thitherto sufficed.

In 1877-8 Palace Yard, the Thames Embankment and Holborn Viaduct had been lit by the "Jablakoff" candle, but the new experiment in the House seemed doomed to failure, and the Bude light was reverted to until invention improved.

On the third reading of the Land Bill, it was assailed by Lord Randolph Churchill with what he called "a parting kick." He declared Gladstone had yielded to the Land League everything it claimed—"the Three F's"—fixity of tenure, fair rent, and free sale. I whispered to him that Land Purchase, and not the "three F's," was our demand. "Oh!" he jerked out, "I'm only worrying the Old Man," and declaimed that "Davitt planted, Parnell watered, but Gladstone gave the increase."

O'Gorman Mahon, a veteran over eighty, the oldest member of the House, who seldom spoke, made on the same occasion a speech adjuring Gladstone to "beware of Gibson!"

He was a man of a bygone era. His unbent form and flowing white locks assorted with the stories of duelling feats in O'Connell's campaigns. Accounts that he had captained the armies and navies of South America in the 'forties made him romantic. Warlike in person, in politics he was Whiggish. Before the House of Commons



COLONEL THE O'GORMAN MAHON, M.P. Nov. 1885.

was burnt in the 'thirties he sat as a Liberal and retained after half a century his olden prepossessions. Parnell's arrest in 1881 pained him so much that he approached Chamberlain to counsel clemency. In his brusque way he guaranteed his Chief's future good behaviour (without any authority). Chamberlain inquired what guarantee he could give for Parnell, and the old warrior replied, "By G——! If he doesn't behave, sir, I will shoot him!"

O'Gorman did not stand at the General Election of 1885, but Parnell restored him to Parliament after Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule in 1886, so that the "Grand Old Man" might be encouraged by the sight of an older member than himself hale and hearty.

O'Gorman Mahon repeated to me the pretty words of his father when giving him his first pony. "My boy, whenever you see a poor man on the road, draw rein lest you spatter him."

He passed away in 1891, at over ninety years of age, M.P. for Carlow. Determined not to die in his bed, when the doctor reported that his last hour was near, he staggered to the floor to seek his revolver. Fortunately it had been removed, and he was forced back to his pillow to draw his last breath.

Shiel depicts him as a young man at O'Connell's election for Clare in 1829, saying that in the Courthouse, when O'Connell was nominated, he had chosen the most singular position. For instead of sitting in the seats in the gallery, he climbed its rail, and suspending himself above the crowd, afforded an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the High Sheriff.

He wore a coat of Irish tabinet with trousers of the same material. He had no waistcoat. A blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck. A broad green sash with the medal of the "Order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast, and a profusion of black curls curiously festooned about his temples shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude.

"Who, sir, are you?" exclaimed the High Sheriff, in a tone of imperious solemnity which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. . . . "My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply. The Sheriff said, "Tell that gentleman to take off that badge." The following answer was slowly pronounced: "This gentleman tells that gentleman that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arms of a gentleman to protect him." O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration.

CHAPTER X

Parnell in Prison (1881-2)

THE House of Lords gave the Land Bill a reception as hostile as that which it had accorded the year before to the Irish Compensation for Disturbance Bill.

I wrote my brother :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
2nd August, 1881.

The Lords' amendments to my Coroners Bill increasing the rates, were held a "breach of the privileges of the Commons." I had to move last night, at Sir Erskine May's instance, to strike them out, so that it has now gone back to them with my "reasons" for dissenting.

Sir Erskine May, Clerk to the House, was assisted by the watchfulness of a brigade of officials in determining what constituted a breach of the Commons' privileges. An amendment increasing rates was held inadmissible, and when I demanded precedents they were able to produce many.

As to the Land Bill I wrote :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
12th August, 1881.

From what the Lords are at to-night I shouldn't be surprised if the Land Bill were thrown out. Randolph Churchill tells me they are talking "very big" privately, and saying they won't yield. The Government are in a flutter, and lively times seem in store. I suppose an Autumn Session would be the next move if the Lords reject the Bill, and then a Franchise Bill would be introduced and a Dissolution would follow, on both land and franchise. . . .

Ultimately the Lords passed the Bill, and the Liberals breathed more freely. The story went round that Lord Salisbury yielded to an appeal from the Marquis of Waterford (the brainiest of the Irish landlords), although he at first intended to kill the Bill. The Marquis of Waterford, early in the morning, before Salisbury had risen, came to his bedside and almost on his knees depicted the fatal results that would accrue to his class if the Bill were rejected. Much as he hated it, and injurious as he thought it, he convinced Salisbury that, as between two evils, the lesser was that the Bill should be allowed to pass.

The peasants in Co. Waterford, unaware of this, determined

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to stop the Curraghmore Hunt in reprisal for the supposed incitements of Lord Waterford against the Bill. A number of them assembled at a meet to challenge the right of the huntsmen to ride over their fields. Two score farmers were arrested for "illegal assembly," and taken before the local R.M., Sir Owen Slacke (afterwards of the Kent Coalfields directorate). It was Christmas Eve, but the R.M. sent them to jail for a month in default of bail. Slacke had supposed that the accused, owing to the approach of Christmas, would give bail—a fatal miscalculation.

Five years later I took my folks to Butlerstown Castle to enjoy Biggar's hospitality, where one of Slacke's victims told me that, after their release from prison, they determined, because of his vindictiveness at Christmas time, to destroy the Curraghmore pack.

The death of the hounds drove the Marquis to England to hunt with the Pytchley. In a fall there his spine was injured, and he never hunted more.

To-day, happily, the Curraghmore hounds are welcome everywhere under the mastership of the charming granddaughter of Lord Waterford.

Towards the end of the session of 1881, a lobby policeman came to ask if I would show a party of Boston ladies over the House. They had been to the Holy Land, and were mature wanderers. It was the custom then to take ladies inside the door of the Chamber, and stand them on a seat from which they could peer through a glass panel into the House, although no visitor there could hear what was going on. One of the ladies so placed asked me, "Where is Mr. Gladstone? Which was the Opposition? Where did Lord Randolph or Mr. Balfour sit? Where did Parnell and the Irish members sit?"

The session was far spent and no member of the Irish Party was in his seat. Our places were occupied by most respectable Conservatives. I waved my hand generally to the quarter where the Nationalists used to sit, without explaining their absence. The Boston lady turned to her friends, saying, "Ah, wouldn't you know them, the scoundrels!"

The policeman had not imparted to them the name of their guide.

After the Land Act became law its ushering in officially led to a comical blunder. The Registrar to the Land Commission, William Smith, on the opening day, won fame awry by declaring, "The Court of the Irish Land League is now open." He should have said "Irish Land Commission," so Dublin laughed, and Downing Street frowned.

The President, Judge O'Hagan, a timid man, but an excellent poet (translator of the *Chanson de Roland* and author of that lovely croon, "The Old Story"), in an introductory address, borrowed from Alexander Pope the phrase that henceforth tenants could "live and thrive." For this he was assailed so savagely by the landlord Press that he never recovered from the shock.

In the House of Commons Sir Charles Lewis, M.P. for Derry (a Londoner), quoted his '48 ballad, "Dear Land," and the official version of O'Hagan's address omitted the heretical announcement that Irish farmers could "live and thrive." This finished popular confidence in the tribunal.

The refusal to allow leaseholders to apply to the Land Courts to revise their rents led to deplorable consequences. An Act of 1860 defined "a lease" to include "an agreement for a lease." Hence needy landlords dealing with Gaelic-speaking tenants invented "agreements" to defeat their application for "fair rents."

When the cottiers on White's Glengarriff estate went into court, documents purporting to be "agreements for a lease" were put in evidence against them. The watermark of the paper on which they were engrossed showed that it was manufactured years after the date affixed to the supposed "agreements." My brother exposed their spurious nature and Judge O'Hagan rejected them. Yet he refused to impound the forgeries or submit them to the Attorney-General for the prosecution of the landlord.

The exclusion of leaseholders from the Act was forced on Mr. Gladstone by fear of the House of Lords, and taunts as to the violation of "contracts."

Five years later this exclusion provoked the "Plan of Campaign." The Plan was declared unjust by a Papal Congregation in Rome, which based its decree on the ground that leaseholders could go into court to fix fair rents!

Agitation grew so stern that in 1887 the Tory Government conferred on most of them this right, and later on allowed all leaseholders to go into court. Lord Salisbury denounced one of the Bills brought in by his own Government to secure this resort to the Courts, but Hansard fails to record the indiscretion. The Prime Minister's remarks, however, were reported in *The Times*. It took more than a dozen years, and many imprisonments, to secure the leaseholders justice.

As engineers calculate the number of lives that will probably be sacrificed in the construction of a bridge or other work in proportion to the outlay involved, so anyone interested in the course

of Irish reforms may estimate from prison records and outrage returns the pressure needed to induce Parliament to yield to justice.

In the last hours of the session of 1881 (23rd August) Ashmead-Bartlett took the floor to complain of the iniquities of the Government from China to Peru. He spoke at length. Gladstone, dressed in a pepper-and-salt garb, donned for an early sally into the country, fumed on the Treasury Bench. Mrs. Gladstone was in the Ladies' Gallery, and both evidently proposed to catch a train about five o'clock. Hours passed, and the Premier sent up indignant glances towards her, and then shot glaring eyes at Ashmead-Bartlett, who, undismayed, held his course.

Five members only were left to listen. Wharton, ever-faithful, snuff-box in hand, with Arthur O'Connor and myself, on the Opposition side. On the Ministerial Benches sat alone the Prime Minister and Mundella.

Lack of audience never daunted Bartlett. Delighted to have a chance of harrying Gladstone at the close of the session, he coined false perorations pretending to wind up. Gladstone then would half rise to reply, and Bartlett would rebuke him cunningly with such words as "The Prime Minister should not be so eager to interrupt, or to suppose I have abridged my arraignment."

Everything, however, comes to an end on this side of eternity, and Bartlett, emptied of rhetoric, at length sat down.

The "Grand Old Man" then sprang to his feet, bent on revenge. He had missed his train and been badgered before his wife. His words, spoken in deep, baying tones, have been softened by Hansard, but I take them from the official record:

I confess I am rather at a loss to account for the speech of the hon. gentleman; but, on the whole, I think, I am not wrong in ascribing it to the ever-increasing and at length intolerable pains of prolonged retention. (Loud laughter from Mundella, and chuckling elsewhere.) All these stories, I believe, he has been amassing since the accession to power of the present Government. When I consider, sir, the nature of the materials he has been taking in, consisting, not of genial food for the mind, but of ideas and notions which are of the most painful and poisonous character, all intended, no doubt, to be vented without inconvenience to himself, if he had had an earlier opportunity, I am not surprised that he found himself unable any longer to retain them without destruction to the mind itself in which they were stored. Consequently, it was not choice, but necessity, that led him to make the speech which he has given us to-night. (Gurglings from Mundella.) My wish would have been to leave all the observations of the hon. gentleman free course over the whole world, into the minds of civilized mankind, in order that the digestion of the various cultivated races might dispose of them in the proper manner.

During this riposte the basso of Mundella filled the empty House, while the two Irishmen remaining snickered joyously.

Ashmead-Bartlett's self-esteem was inexhaustible. When engaged to speak in the provinces for his party he insisted that his name on the bills—even when Lord Salisbury was present—should appear in larger type than that of anyone else. When he went to South Africa the natives conferred on him the title of "Silomo." In the tongue of the Basutos, it was alleged to mean "a wise counsellor." On getting back he attacked the Irish Party. So I congratulated him upon the insight of the negro tribes who had dubbed him "Sapolio."

On the 8th September, 1881, Gladstone wrote Forster rejoicing at the defeat of Parnell's candidate for Co. Tyrone (the Rev. Harold Rylett, a Unitarian clergyman) by the Liberal, T. A. Dickson. He thought that Tyrone possibly reflected the opinion of all Ireland, whereas that seat had hitherto been held by a Conservative. Parnell with the leading members of his Party took a vigorous part in the contest, and Dickson's triumph was a great check to his policy. Another setback was the rush of 30,000 Ulster tenants into the Land Courts in the teeth of Parnell's advice to hold back until "test cases" had been heard. Forster was, therefore, persuaded that he could safely strike at Parnell and his colleagues.

Parnell had asked me to choose which of the Munster tenants should serve notices to fix fair rents, as "test cases." My plan of selection was to take holdings on which improvements had been made and get occupiers the benefit of the "Healy Clause," which would rescue them from rack rents.

Forty-seven years having flown, I now publish the secret document issued as to "test cases" by me. A copy of it doubtless reached Dublin Castle from the R.I.C., despite attempts at secrecy.

Strictly Private and Confidential.

VICTORIA HOTEL, CORK,
3rd October, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—

If your Branch is desirous of having a Test Case from your locality brought before the Land Court, I should be glad if you would call your Committee together forthwith and select a case.

Of the three or four different classes of cases contemplated by the Executive to be brought before the Court, the first and second classes are those to which we are now immediately directing attention. They are: 1st: Those of evicted tenants whose "redemption" had not expired on 22nd August, 1881; and 2nd: Those of tenants whose rents are not more than 20 per cent. above Griffith's Valuation.

In selecting them, therefore, *at present*, your attention should be confined to these two classes; and I shall be glad if you will request the tenant in

Class II, whose case you take up, to call on me at the *Victoria Hotel, Cork*, on *Thursday or Friday next*, 6th and 7th October, at any time between 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., bringing with him one of his ordinary rent-receipts, and the particulars of his Valuation.

If you think there would be any advantage in also sending in those evicted tenants (if any) in whose case you have filled up the forms sent you by the Executive, I shall be glad to see them at the same time.

You will, of course, allow no public reference, direct or indirect, to be made to this circular.

Yours faithfully,

T. M. HEALY.

The Land Act became law on the 22nd August, 1881, and Parnell was lodged in jail on 13th October, 1881.

As we were about to marshal the tenants into the Land Courts, Forster arrested Parnell and his colleagues as conspirators against the Act.

To imprison such a man on "suspicion" was unpardonable. He had committed no crime. At worst, he acted as Trade Union leaders do to-day in striving to get better terms for workers. No Trade Union leader is a "master" or captain of industry, though Parnell, being a landlord, could claim an analogous position to that of the assailed capitalist. His brothers, John and Henry, were also landlords.

Forster, the Chief Secretary, was a stranger to Ireland for over thirty years. He knew nothing of the new generation, which was equally unaware of his Famine charities in 1847.

He posed as a Yorkshireman, being Member for Bradford, although born in Southern England. His towzled hair and brusque manner led F. H. O'Donnell to say that "half a pound of pomatum would make an entire change in his character."

He imagined that Parnell, in advising tenants to await the result of the "test cases," and not to rush into the Land Court, meant to undermine the Act. He feared that men whose rents were already easy would be driven by the Land League to claim reductions which would be refused and thus that distrust in the Act would be confirmed.

Nothing was further from Parnell's mind. I was his chief adviser in such matters. He was a landlord anxious to get in his rents, and held a just regard for the rights of property. He abhorred the litigation threatened by the new Act, which bred nearly half a million lawsuits. Gladstone's measure had no approval from any section of Irish opinion, and it was a purely English concept. Yet Parnell wished to give it a fair trial.

Four days after the date of my circular as to "testing" the

Act, Gladstone spoke at Leeds (Friday, 7th October, 1881). There, having spoken of me as "a young man, but a very able man," he uttered his famous threat against the Land League, that "the resources of civilization are not exhausted!" Important as this was, no Nationalist paper reported it, save the *Cork Daily Herald*.

British statesmen assume publicity or knowledge in Ireland of their admonitions. By chance I saw Gladstone's threat in the *Daily Herald* when travelling to Dublin from Cork, where I had been selecting "test cases." The speech was not reported in the *Freeman*, and I therefore knew it would not be seen by Parnell, who was shooting at Aughavanagh, Co. Wicklow.

He was to speak at Wexford next day, Sunday, 9th October, and join our train at Rathdrum. Knowing his haphazardness, I put the *Cork Herald* in my pocket, marking in pencil the menacing passages uttered by Gladstone. On Sunday, Barry, John Redmond and I started from Dublin for Wexford. Parnell, with James O'Kelly, who had been shooting his grouse, entered the train at Rathdrum. Neither of them had heard of Gladstone's speech.

I read it for them, and made Parnell take down in his pocket-book in the railway carriage the heads of a reply which we compounded *en route*.

William O'Brien, who was not present, throws doubt on this incident. I mentioned it in a book published in 1898 and reaffirm it.

Wexford folk are not easy to move, being largely of Norman or Welsh blood, but Parnell stirred them to their entrails. The day after (Monday) he was presented with the Freedom of the Borough of Wexford, for which I then sat. The scene in its narrow streets as his procession wended its way towards the Tholsel was heart-stirring.

His carriage was bombarded with bouquets—"roses, roses, all the way." Women flew handkerchiefs from the windows; crowds cheered from the footpaths; men went wild with fervour. Parnell, beside whom I sat, said searchingly in a tense whisper, "Healy, we have pushed this movement as far as it can constitutionally go!" I sensed his meaning, for amidst bouquets and acclamations he foresaw that the bolts and bars of a prison loomed before him.

That night we had to speak again, to thank the crowds which surrounded the Imperial Hotel. What I uttered is nowhere recorded, but it provoked Parnell jocosely to say as I finished:

"I'm afraid your prospects of becoming Attorney-General are at an end!"

On the next day (Monday) Chief Secretary Forster crossed to London, and on Wednesday the Liberal Cabinet met to deliberate

with him. That night Forster returned to Dublin, and on Thursday, 13th October, 1881, Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham Jail.

This arrest I regard as the main blunder in England's relations with Ireland in the nineteenth century.

The Land Movement, like most trade union struggles, was one for wages—viz., how much the cultivator should receive for his labour, and how much should go to the proprietor.

The imprisonment of Daniel O'Connell forty years earlier took place at least after a public trial.

Detective Mallon, who made the arrest, states (through Bussy's book) that Parnell asked permission to send a letter before the jail gates closed on him. He obtained it and was allowed to leave the cab to post his missive. Of course, Mallon reported the fact to his superiors. Parnell's writing was well known, and his note, being addressed to Mrs. O'Shea, would tempt the Government to make themselves acquainted with its contents.

Parnell had a revolver in his pocket, and on reaching prison refused to be searched. He knew that had violence been offered him, reprisals would have followed. So did the jail Governor. For people in Dublin, who had been denounced by John Mitchel in 1848 as "bellowing slaves and genteel dastards," revolted and held the streets for three nights, because of his arrest. Lord Mayor Gray, M.P., of the *Freeman*, led a deputation of protest to Forster against the baton charges. The reply given was, "Clearing the streets cannot be a milk-and-water business."

O'Kelly, M.P., Sexton, M.P., and William O'Brien, Editor of *United Ireland*, were locked up within forty-eight hours. Dillon, M.P., who had just been released, was re-arrested. The story of these days is well told in T. P. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement*, published in 1885—the best work on the period.

I had gone to London after the Wexford meeting unwitting what impended. On Thursday, 13th October, as I lunched in the Tivoli Restaurant, I heard newsboys in the Strand shouting, "Arrest of Parnell." Straightway I went to the adjacent telegraph office and wired the Dublin detectives asking had they a warrant for me, as if so I would return. Their reply was amusing: "Not in a position to supply the information you require. Government alone can."

Next morning I started for Ireland, realizing that "my number was up." At Holyhead, I was stopped by a messenger whom Sexton had dispatched to stay me there. On the gangway of the mail boat he handed me a letter, and asked me to go back to the pier to read it. I did so, and found it to be as follows:

Thursday night or Friday morning,
1.30 o'clock.
(14th October, 1881.)

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I sit down to write to you in the hope that the bearer may be able to meet you before you have surrendered your right of *Habeas Corpus*. Do not attempt to return to Ireland till you have given us a day or two to consider the situation.

This is the unanimous wish of the Executive, and if ever friendship will lead you to attach any special importance to what I have to say, I ask you, and I do so as the responsible member of the Executive, to stay where you are till you hear again from me.

All of us here have in our minds that as soon as February comes "the old man Gladstone" will be busy at his [word illegible] suspending trial by jury in Ireland, and establishing martial law. I want, and the Executive want, you to be there to make the business hot for him. The Irish people, with one accord, would confirm this wish of ours.

I imagine the delight old Lillibulero Forster would feel at keeping you under lock and key next session. Distrust your own emotion, which prompts you to rush into the fight at any hazard. Stay where you are, I say again, at any rate till Dillon, or some of us, can go over and talk to you.

I never, as long as I live, will forgive you if you cross to-morrow.

In haste,

THOMAS SEXTON.

At Holyhead a storm blew, making havoc the greatest ever witnessed in that harbour for half a century. Three ships had run ashore. The breakwater was breached for a hundred yards, and the mail steamer had to be warped-out with ropes to prevent her being dashed against the pier. Elsewhere a hundred vessels sank at sea. Telegraph wires were down throughout England and Ireland. Humble folks said that the elements protested against the arrest of Parnell.

I disliked Sexton's message, but obeyed it, and returned to London.

In a few days I got word to go to Paris, and on reaching there wrote Maurice :

HOTEL NORMANDY, PARIS,
24th October, 1881.

I arrived here on Saturday, and yesterday came a letter from a man whom I met in London stating there were warrants in Scotland Yard for myself, Biggar, Arthur O'Connor and Lalor, which were not to be used unless we didn't keep quiet.

To-day, in consequence of the arrest of Dr. Kenny, Pat Egan suggests that Father Sheehy, who is here, and I should go to America by Saturday's boat from Havre. It is likely we will do so.

In Paris dwelt a representative of the American Clan-na-Gael under the name of Dr. Korner. I never met him, but know that

although married to a German his son was killed in the Great War fighting for France. His brother, James O'Connor (afterwards M.P. for Wicklow), in 1865 was sentenced as editor of the *Irish People*, under O'Donovan Rossa, to penal servitude. Korner, when we arrived in Paris in 1881, threatened Egan that if envoys were sent to America they would be opposed unless a contribution was first paid to the Clan. He could not have had authority for this from his organization in New York, as time would not have permitted communicating with it, unless by cable, and any cable would have become known to the London Government. His threat, therefore, originated with himself.

During the Parnell Commission of 1888 Sir Henry James cross-examined Mat Harris, one of the treasurers of the League, as to whether anything had been paid to the Clan. The other treasurer, the late John Dillon, had left for Australia. Harris declared that the figure Sir Henry James mentioned did not appear in the books of the League.

Korner, or O'Connor, died in poverty in Paris in 1899. Only for John Barry's friends he would have been hungry. Whether Egan did anything to placate him I cannot say. Despite his menace I sailed for America with Father Sheehy, P.P., who had been released from jail a few weeks earlier. Soon I learnt that Parnell felt his arrest as a humiliation. When the doors of Kilmainham closed on him, a colleague inside offered him a cigar. He took it and drove his heel against the flags, muttering, "I'll live yet to trample on that old man's grave!"

William O'Brien framed a "No Rent" manifesto as a reprisal. What remained unimprisoned of the Land League Executive met in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, to consider it. Biggar went to sleep during the discussion, but woke up when T. D. Sullivan questioned the "morality" of the document. "Oh," said Joe, "the theology is all right; let's discuss its expediency."

The Manifesto was published next day, and thenceforward it was safer for Biggar to repair to Paris.

We reached New York in November, 1881. T. P. O'Connor had then been some weeks in the United States, laying siege to the pockets of our exiles. We spoke on many platforms together. Governors, ex-Governors, Congressmen and Senators presided over, or attended, our meetings. The U.S. Militia in many towns turned out to do honour to Ireland.

Meantime Kilmainham became a Land League Academy. Prisoners entered it as "Moderadoes," and graduated as extremists. Parnell used to illustrate this by a story of a Wexford farmer, Denis

Crosby, who was arrested, although he had been boycotted for refusing to join the League. Then his resentment at Parnell's imprisonment was so intense that he attended a League meeting the following Sunday. There he was made much of, and voted to the chair, to celebrate his conversion. The Branch thereby strengthened, of course, passed a resolution to adhere to "No Rent." Next day the local Inspector of Police entrained for Dublin and came back with a warrant for Crosby, who was speedily lodged in Kilmainham. Parnell loved to contrast the old man's earlier timidities with his "riper" attitude, and told me that one morning Crosby came to him holding out the *Freeman*. "Have you seen this, sir?" "No, Mr. Crosby. What's in it?" Parnell's Cambridge accent (divine high piping Pehlevi) hindered his mimicry of the Irish brogue, but trying to copy it he told me that Crosby cried, "Another landlord shwep (swept)!"

Outrages, of course, followed repression. Forster had been assured by Castle "experts" that coercion was a panacea. Yet in his own constituency (Bradford) criticism grew so fierce that a body of Liberals, headed by the proprietor of the *Observer* (afterwards Sir William Byles, M.P.), came to Dublin to remonstrate with him. Byles told me that Forster, having shaken hands with the delegation, turned all his staff out of the room, and putting his back to the door, exclaimed, "I'm living in an atmosphere of lies!"

Still, he deprived prisoners like Parnell of petty amusements such as hand-ball. When I drew attention to this on my return from America in March, 1882, Gladstone compelled Forster to restore them. Years later I thanked Gladstone, and he remembered the incident vividly. "Yes," he said toweringly, "I told Forster while you were speaking that the basis of his Act was prevention and not punishment, and that he must allow the games to be played."

Our campaign in America was outlined in a letter to my brother:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
NEW YORK,

13th November, 1881.

We arrived on Wednesday, and had a fine meeting in Cooper Institute on Thursday. I have been kept going with callers and arrangements ever since. I made a little speech to-day to some Irish societies, but to-morrow we start on our tour. T. P. O'Connor thinks it would be better for us to separate, as there is so much ground to cover, and that we shall probably do after a while. There is great enthusiasm.

All Irish news here is "doctored," so it is desirable you should write me all you can.

There is to be a convention in Chicago on the 30th November to 2nd December, a "call" for which has been signed by P. Ford, P. A. Collins, T. P. O'Connor, Father Sheehy, and myself. The *Irish World* section and

Collins are at feud, and we have difficulty in steering clear of their rows. American politics, like English politics, are a source of division amongst our countrymen. However, they all are ready to do what they can to help Ireland. The demonstrations of their affection and patriotism are astonishing. Poor Ireland! It is a wonder how little has been accomplished for her in seven centuries.

O'Donovan Rossa spoke at meetings for the Gaelic language to-night. He made a further "amende" in the matter about which he wrote that letter which T.D.S. sent on. I don't know if you read it before sending it me. Rossa had been represented as saying, when someone sneered at me, that he knew my father, who was "a decent man." The sneers imputed to Rossa he never made. He seems a harmless fellow. How he found fame puzzles me. To-night he prophesied Irish freedom within ten years! So look out.

In Chicago, 30th November, 1881, a Convention was held which raised a million dollars for the Irish Cause.

To our hotel there a Clerk at the Table of the House of Commons, named Nicholson, was dispatched to identify us. Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, was on the alert, and charges of high treason were predicted by the *London World*. When we returned John Bright assailed us for speeches which he alleged we made at the Convention. None of us had addressed that body, though after it ended we spoke at a public meeting in Chicago.

T. P. O'Connor was impressed by the American method of rail-roading Conventions without debate. The process was most interesting. First a "temporary chairman" was appointed to "call the meeting to order." Then came a "Committee on credentials" to verify the mandates of the delegates. Next an adjournment took place until the "credentials" were accepted by scrutineers. After this the delegates assembled in "permanent session." A fresh chairman now took command, and delivered an address. Then a committee on "resolutions" was appointed and the Convention again adjourned. Everything was handled by a "rubric" as if life or death depended on the observance of form. Next this Committee hammered out during the night its proposals. We sat from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m., and sentries were posted before the doors.

John Finerty (afterwards Congressman), editor of the *Chicago Citizen*, told me that but for this precaution a reporter might put his ear to the keyhole, or get a step-ladder to reach over the "transom" (a glass panel which topped every door in American hotels). The "Committee on Resolutions" reported its conclusions on the third day. These were read to the Convention and the chairman asked, "Are you ready for the question?" Thereupon the delegates thundered assenting shouts of "Question! Question!"

The chairman smiled and forthwith put the resolutions without debate! All was over, yet during the three days' sittings individual delegates were voiceless. No one, however, left dissatisfied, and probably on their homeward journey they warbled "Sweet land of liberty, of thee we sing!" T. P. O'Connor quoted me as saying, "This is the land of liberty, but also the land of the previous question." In America the "previous question" is equivalent to what in 1883 became known in the House of Commons as "closure."

The hotel in Chicago where we stayed, and to which the Clerk of the House of Commons came to identify us, was vast. A negro porter in the cloakroom took the hats, sticks or coats of guests, and gave no ticket. Hundreds thronged on him, but when they left he handed each his proper article. Tennyson's "plump head waiter at the 'Cock'" could not have done as much.

The United States was not then a land of Prohibition, so I bear admiringly in mind the skill of two barmen in white jackets who at 6.30 a.m., after we had sat up all night on the "Committee on Resolutions," served me with a "John Collins." The Convention was next to meet at 10 a.m., and I wished for something that would send me to sleep for a few hours after the fatigue we had gone through. The barmen mixed ingredients which I cannot recall, and standing apart from one another four or five feet, they slung a liquid from tumblers to each other without spilling a drop.

We drove back at 9.30 a.m. with an Australian Irishman to the Convention. Rain had fallen and the thick black mud of the streets overjoyed him. Sticking his head out of the window of the carriage to gaze on the streets bearing ugly telegraph posts strung with wires (since removed), he ecstatically muttered, "What fine wheat soil!"

Reporters invaded the hotels for "items," and would not be denied. Ten years later William O'Brien, during the Parnell Split in December, 1890, was so worried by them that he sent for the hotel manager to beg him not to admit the Press. With a sigh the manager responded, "We had Madame Patti here a year ago, and Signor Nicolini made the same request. In homage to the Diva I agreed. Next day there appeared in Chicago papers a rumour that small-pox had broken out in our hotel, and we had not a guest for six months!" No doubt since then things have much improved.

After the Convention I went South and found the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pinafore," more popular than it was in London. Americans regarded it as a satire on the Admiralty because of the appointment of W. H. Smith as First Lord by Disraeli.

In hotels two warnings were posted inside the bedroom: "Don't put out your boots!" "Don't whistle 'Pinafore'!"

To-day in the United States Gilbert and Sullivan are old-fashioned. Only in Canada can they be borne.

I wrote my brother:

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
DECATUR, ILLINOIS,
18th December, 1881.

Travelling every day, and speaking every night, even going from one of Heaven's mansions to another would, I suppose, bother a man! I feel home-sick. The eternal brown grass of the prairies, the flat country, the wooden houses, the timber fences, the dreadful roads, make me sigh for "Banba of the Streams," with its green, green vesture.

If Ireland had any sort of a chance there would be no place like it. The roads in this State are awful. In fact, there are no roads, only ploughed land, with boggy ruts two or three feet deep. There is no stone or even gravel or pebbles in this part of Illinois. The soil is so rich that it goes down six feet, and it will take years before they have roads like Ireland's.

The expense of importing stone will be great. Hence frost and snow is the farmer's prayer here in winter; and this season there is very little of either, so all trade through the State will be brought almost to a standstill, as far as agriculture is concerned.

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,
KENTUCKY,
22nd December, 1881.

... There are Irish farmers here who came in ten or twenty miles to hear our "lectures," as they call them. They are all well-to-do. Everybody eats meat three times a day. In fact, it's hard to see what difference there is between their breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; and they drink tea or coffee at them all.

Americans think their country the most wonderful in the world. To hear them "blowing" about their railway cars, where a man is stuffed into a crowd in uncomfortable seats, you would expect the gates of Paradise were opening for you. Everybody believes it's a duty to shake hands, and to introduce you to some friend, who does likewise; and every citizen asks you the same set of questions, until you wish you or they were at Jericho.

The Irish get more American than the Americans themselves. They lose something of the politeness they possess at home, and assume a rugged independence and bluntness that sometimes tire one of these virtues. Light-heartedness seems to vanish, and they take on a sombreness which exteriorly belongs to the Americans.

An audience here is a different thing from ours, or even an English one. They seldom become enthusiastic, and rarely applaud till the end. They listen with a cruel intentness, sparing their cheers. Hence one doesn't make what you would call a "speech," but an "address."

The receipts of a meeting at a shilling a head are never less than £20, and in the larger towns they are £30, £40, £50, £60, £100; and at Boston they must have been £400. In the last fortnight lecturing in towns of not more than 12,000 to 20,000 people, I must have netted £500 for Ireland. At a few places they made no charge for admission, but took a collection

after the lecture, and it comes to much the same thing. They are a gallant lot. . . .

There is so much to be done here I shall have trouble to get T. P. O'Connor to come back with me—first, because of the service he can do here, and second, because when he goes back he expects that the work he got last session from the English Press will be withdrawn.

I will not leave America before the 7th February, when Parliament opens, in order to see whether Parnell and the other prisoners are released, and what line the Government are going to take. I shall be in New York that day, ready to sail then, or the day after. If the Government intend to take us off the vessel at Queenstown, they will not know what one we are coming by. It will be cabled from New York that we have left via Havre. Every telegram is inspected by the Government, so beware of mentioning anything that would give them a clue. During the excitement Forster caused a wire to be connected with his office in the Castle, where all telegrams were tapped and read off for him. . . .

My throat is rough from speaking every night. They haven't even given me Christmas Day off! If the Arkansas people stand it, I can. I am to be there next Sunday, with slight misgivings as to mosquitoes and the sunny south.

As to the "Key to the Land Act"—the day before I left Dublin I lunched with Dillon, whom I hadn't seen since his release, and he told me that he was very near writing to the *Freeman*, so strongly had he felt, after their article on the appearance of the "Key"—because it impliedly favoured the Land Act, and assumed that the farmers would avail of it.

Egan opposed my election on the Executive of the League on the same ground, and Dillon supported him. I would, therefore, wish you to use all your discrimination. If Gill and Son behave reasonably, and you withdraw the book, I should be better pleased. This, however, I shouldn't imagine Gill will consent to, in view of his position as M.P. [for W. Meath].

Accounts of our meetings in American papers were often odd. The reporters disdained shorthand and "just tried to get the story." In Indianapolis I referred to the causes which led to Gladstone's Act of 1869 disestablishing the Protestant Church. Next day the local newspaper (edited, I think, by Murat Halstead) announced that I was "in favour of disendowing the Catholic Church." My Irish friends were scandalized, and asked me to send what they called "a card" to the editor. So I called with a letter, and found (what is unusual in America) this gentleman rather haughty. "Oh," he piped, "I know all about you! I have read Pigott's article on the Land Leaguers." (Pigott had just made a contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine*.) Still, he printed my "card," though doubting its gospel.

Years afterwards I told this to Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the *New York Times*, little knowing that Murat Halstead was a Republican while Frederic was a Democrat, or dreaming he would print it. Yet he cabled some account of my tale to his

paper on the eve of an election. Halstead had, meanwhile, won Irish friends, and they telegraphed me asking a denial. I had not authorized publicity, and said so, for to intrude on American politics was the last thing I designed. I was glad to find no harm resulted, as Halstead became U.S. Minister to Russia soon after.

Everywhere we were hospitably entertained. In Illinois a priest (Dr. Butler, I think), who died on his way to Rome, where he was to have been consecrated Bishop, was specially kind. He had been chaplain to "Mulligan's Brigade" during the Civil War, and was taken prisoner and led out to be shot by the Confederates. He claimed that his life was spared because he told them that if he was executed, Irishmen in their ranks would drop their rifles.

He was as bitter against the South as if the conflict still raged, and knowing I was journeying towards Louisiana and Texas, he wished to infuse into my mind some of his own feelings. So he brought to dinner an Irishman who had been imprisoned in Libby. Never did I see so sad a specimen of what Edmund Spenser called an "anatomy of death." More than sixteen years had passed since his release, yet his face was shrunken and his head as bare of hair as a billiard ball. In a low monotone, but without bitterness, he told how the Northern captives were so short of food in Libby that they used to scratch the jail-yard for worms or slugs to keep themselves alive. If they went beyond an imaginary line which was called the "death line," and which Jail-Governor Wirtz refused to mark, a sentry fired to kill.

Wirtz was the only Confederate executed after Lee's surrender in 1865. His excuse was that the North refused to exchange prisoners, and that only by blockade-running could the South obtain medical stores, while it had little food.

I went south through Memphis and New Orleans to Texas. When I reached Louisiana I found our countrymen there as vehement on the Southern side as their Northern brethren were for the Federals. The late Captain John Fitzpatrick gave me a royal welcome in New Orleans, of which he was "Boss." His son, in 1925, was elected to a post resembling his father's. When I left for Texas, Fitzpatrick put me in charge of two Confederate ex-brigadiers on the steamer crossing the Mississippi. Negro emigration from Louisiana had begun and, as we stood on the poop looking down into the hold, we saw many blacks huddled together with their household goods all cluttered up. The sight filled me with sadness, for I thought of Irish evictions and their sequel.

I imagined my regret was shared by my companions, till one of them, removing his cigar, drawled, "Isn't that a sad spectacle, Brigadier?" "It is, indeed." "Yes," the other mused, "to think that only twenty years ago that lot would have fetched fifty thousand dollars!"

In Texas a cultured friend named, I think, O'Dwyer, was full of stories of the Civil War. He lived in the "Mission" region and took me to a ruined Spanish church with a sawed-down statue of the Blessed Virgin which remained in the porch.

One of his stories of the war related to a fort on the Sabine Pass where a river divides Louisiana from Texas. It was considered indefensible by the Confederates, who evacuated it when a powerful Federal fleet hove in sight. An officer named Dowling, with a handful of men, asked to be allowed to remain and defend it. Leave was granted, and by feints and camouflage they so disposed of their cannon that two gunboats struck their colours. For this the Confederate Congress, on the 8th February, 1864, passed a vote of thanks—the last before Lee's surrender.

My friend told of the jauntiness of Dowling after the surrender at Appomattox when peace came. The North feared that a Confederate remnant under General Jubal Early would retreat to Texas to fight there, despite Lee's surrender. Thither went Dowling. General Early, however, obeyed Lee, and Dowling had no resource except to open a restaurant in Galveston. Every rebel sympathizer patronized it, and his gain and fame grew great.

The North moved an army into Texas, and one of its officers thought a lesson must be taught him. So a Colonel ordered a banquet at his restaurant. Dowling prepared it richly, and at it there were loud toasts of "Old Glory" and salutes for Grant and the memory of Lincoln. When the feast ended a waiter was told that the proprietor would be paid in person.

Behind the counter stood Dowling, bowing amiably to his old enemies. The bill was, perhaps, fifty dollars, and to pay it the Northern Colonel handed out a hundred-dollar Confederate note—not worth the ink printed on it. Dowling paled and flushed at the insult to the Lost Cause. Then cheerily he broke silence, "Oh, a hundred-dollar note! Your change, Colonel," and gave him fifty dollars in gold! Texas rang with this.

Next morning, of course, the Colonel returned with apologies and "greenbacks" to square the bill.

Southern feeling still palpitated forty-seven years ago. The late Bishop Keeley, of Savannah, who served as a private with the Confederates, chuckled over a rune which he recited for me:

I am a Southern Rebel, that's what I am,
And for this fair land of freedom I don't give a damn,
I'm glad I fought agen it, and I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon for nothing that I done.
I followed old "Mas Robert" ¹ for four year nigh about,
I got wounded in three places and starved at Point Look-out.
I cotched the rheumatism a-camping in the snow,
But I killed a chanst of Yankees, and I'd like to kill some mo'.
Two hundred thousand Yankees lie stiff in Southern dust.
We got two hundred thousand before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot.
I wish it was two million instead of what we got,
And now the war is over I can't fight 'em any more,
But I ain't a-goin' to love 'em, and that is certain sure.
I want no one-horse pardon for what I was and am,
And I won't be reconstructed, and I do not care a damn.

Wherever we went, North or South, an active propaganda against the Irish Cause prevailed. All Press cables from London were adverse. An editor in Galveston, Texas, on the 1st January, 1882, showed me a message alleging that a boy at Glengariff, Co. Cork, put pins into turnips which he fed to the cows of a landlord named Lyne.

On returning to Ireland I found that such a charge had been made, but that the local magistrates (none of them Nationalists) dismissed it as absurd. It was trumped up to keep a police protection-post at some house where a profit was made out of the R.I.C.

Crimes selected for cabling to America related mostly to injury to cattle. Attacks on "dumb animals" were boomed to repel sympathy from Ireland.

Parnell had advised me that in Chicago a great journalist named Stone, of the Associated Press, refused to be bribed by the landlord syndicate to circulate false news.

¹ General Lee.

One of the ranchmen in San Antonio wanted to give me a hundred dollars "for myself." I told him to give it to the Land League, but I don't think he will!

It is hard work getting round so quickly, and if I came here again I would take my time. The country is so vast that you never get through it. Father Sheehy is ill, and had to stop speaking. I could not have stood it myself much longer, and am glad of this long laze in the train. I will probably get off and see the "Big Trees" and Yosemite Valley—700 miles south of San Francisco. T. P. O'Connor and I will meet at 'Frisco. I shall probably leave New York on the 7th February, whether via Havre or direct depends on the political outlook.

I have, since the 10th November, lectured in thirty-seven towns, netting about £1,700 for the League, apart from the Chicago Convention collection. In some places the lowest admission was a dollar, and never less than a "quarter."

T. P. O'Connor probably will have earned three or four times as much, as he went to the larger towns, and was a month longer at work. Sometimes the meeting is free, and they make a collection. £170 was raised after my speech in Joliet, a little quarrymen's town in Illinois, in a hall that wouldn't hold three hundred. I am wretched at that work.

Oratory and debating are very different things. I am glad it is nearly over, though I have never been at the pains to write out a note or phrase. If I had the patience to do so I might spout well enough.

I am struck with an infinite pity for the actors we meet in trains who jolt round the world ministering to its amusement, repeating the selfsame phrases. A man might bear to repeat Shakespeare sometimes, and not explode, but fancy "Healy" the thirty-seventh time deglutinizing his peroration and retaining his self-respect!

Adios, little Father. The train is passing a squad of antelopes.

Your vagrant but affectionate son,

TIM.

On the trip through Texas a cowboy took a seat near me with a revolver in his belt. I inquired of the conductor was he well enough off to ride on the Pullman. The smiling answer came, "Well, it's a privilege we allow them."

The throwing open of the Indian territory (now Oklahoma, a State with a University and Professors of Greek) was much agitated in those days. I asked the cowboy, "Have you fought Indians?" "No," he rippled; "but I've run from 'em."

This led me to inquire had he any plan for dealing with Indians. "Well," he mused, "I'd gather them all into one place——" and as I visioned schools and colleges to be erected, he finished, "And when I had got them all in one place then I'd shoot 'em!"

His gun was the only one I saw in four months in U.S.A. When I got to Merced for the "Big Trees" I was laughingly told to come back in three months, when the snow had cleared! A Chinese waiter in the hotel shook hands before laying breakfast, and took

CHAPTER XI

Journeys in America (1881-2)

WHEN I started from Galveston for California the Southern Pacific Railway had only been opened a week. The train was robbed the day before, and I asked the conductor of the Pullman if he went armed. "Oh, yes," he said carelessly; "my gun is in that cupboard down there."

"I suppose," said I, "you would fight if the train was attacked?" "Well, no," he drawled; "this Company don't pay me enough to fight!" At home prospective prowess would have been bragged of, yet his parents were Irish, he told me later!

The train passed through prairies where the bones of animals had been collected in heaps near each "depot."

I wrote my father:

FORT WORTH,
TEXAS,
8th January, 1882.

Having a five or six days' ride before me I scribble in the train. This nation is built up with Irish blood. I enjoyed my Southern trip. It is as warm as June, and the new route to California avoids the snow block of the Union Pacific Line. It is only open a week, and I am one of the first passengers.

We are now running over a very desolate region, with no inhabitants but prairie-dogs. The water is so full of alkali that it is dangerous to drink. "It would go through you like quicksilver," observed the conductor. But we have Pullman sleeping-cars, and are as comfortable, and more so, than first-class passengers at home. For a mile we shall, I am told, run into Mexican territory.

I have got passes through Texas, a State bigger than France and England together, and am riding on a pass to El Paso del Norte. Most of Texas is a splendid country, and it is here, and not to frozen Minnesota, that emigrants should come. I was offered 320 acres by an Irishman in Galveston to induce me "not to go home to jail."

In sooth, one might do worse than start cotton-growing instead of wool-gathering! Most of the land is rich, but fetches only ten dollars an acre. The railway companies own millions of acres, and in another generation it will be fairly settled by their efforts. Some of the best towns were not in existence ten years ago; and the talk about lawlessness is rubbish—except perhaps amongst the cowboy class, but they are mostly in the saddle among their cattle.

me afterwards to the Chinese temple. Its interior was gruesome, for the walls were covered with canvases of dragons. On each side of the "altar," however, were two flowers like lilies growing in glass vessels filled with water, having nothing save white pebbles at the bottom to maintain them. This seemed against nature, but my guide did not know enough English to explain.

From Merced I went to San Francisco. Our meeting there netted £1,000, thanks to T. P. O'Connor. He had a winsome way of coaxing subscriptions from the audience.

At a dinner given to us there the speeches were so anti-English that an old man who, I was told, was the Fenian "centre" for Sacramento, rose to offer a rebuke. He said, "I'm a 'forty-niner,' and came to this coast via Panama, after my father's eviction in Ireland. I didn't love the British flag any more than you, but we were on a 'greaser' ship, and the captain marooned us, and landed us at some town far away from our destination. For the first time in my life I remembered I was a British subject, and that there were things called British Consuls hanging round foreign parts. I looked one of them up, and told how we were swindled. 'Oh,' said he, 'I'll put you straight. 'We'll have a warship after that fellow inside twenty-four hours.'

"We had to sleep in the streets, and at daybreak our bunch trudged to a headland to scan the horizon. With no love for the Union Jack, didn't we cheer when we saw it on the man-of-war coming round, with the other fellow alongside, caught and conveyed!

"The British captain got us aboard the marooner, and followed him all the way to see we were not left a second time. That's what I have to say about the British. I like their flag no more than you, but some day you may be glad, like me, to see it once in a while."

T. P. O'Connor was fond of telling of an encounter between myself and Carney, the agitator of the "sandlots" who got the constitution of California altered and made it penal for a railway to give a pass to a member of the Legislature.

This formidable person came to our hotel to denounce men who held large properties in the State, and gave their names. "Why," I exclaimed, "the names are Irish!" "Yes," he retorted, "that's the worst of it."

T. P. quoted my answer as, "I'm damn glad!" So Carney retired.

I left San Francisco for New York, and at Ogden the train was boarded by an Indian Chief with his interpreter, *en route* for Wash-

ington to interview the "Great Father." A finer built man than this Indian I never saw. In the dining-car a negro waiter brought in a meal—then 75 cents. At the first course, the Chief, thinking him the host, rose from his chair with great dignity and shook the darkey's hand. The negro's smile remains a delightful memory, and the "car" too was inclined to cheer his tactful reception of the Indian's politeness.

CHICAGO,

2nd February, 1882.

I leave here to-morrow for Philadelphia, where I speak on Sunday, then go to New York to speak there.

If when I return they arrest me on board ship it might be a question whether that portion of the Atlantic Ocean where the arrest took place was "proclaimed" by the proclamation, referring to the County or Riding of Cork!

I hardly think they would care to haul a man off the steamer to run him into jail when he was on his way to Parliament, in view of the standing order prescribing egress and regress.

Should you come to Queenstown, be sure to have newspapers, as I shall be gasping for news.

On reaching New York I heard from home. My sweetheart (afterwards my wife) and my brother wrote. Maurice preserved my reply, but I burnt the letters to my wife early after our marriage lest they should be seized by the police when carrying out my arrest in 1883.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

NEW YORK,

7th February, 1882.

Your letter of the 11th January to hand. I shall be detained by the hope of earning £1,000 next Sunday for the Cause by something a woman in Worcester (Mass.) is getting up, so you will understand my cable as cancelling the letter from Chicago.

I have, however, definitely taken passage by the *Arizona* next Tuesday, 14th February, and should be glad if you would come to Queenstown, although it may be only for a moment, as you could give me news—not to speak of my being glad to see you.

I wouldn't care if a warrant was handed me, as I could put in a comfortable summer's work in Kilmainham Jail.

Of America in those days Sir Henry Tyler, M.P., a British Board of Trade Railway Inspector (author of the saying that "the railways will own the State unless the State owns the railways"), told a good story. He attended a Colorado State "fair" at Leadville, where its industries were represented in a garish procession. The banner of the miners bore on its front an allegory of the wealth of Colorado—its gold, silver, copper, and lead. On

the obverse flared the legend, "Modesty is a great virtue, but we get on better without it."

I bade good-bye to America on 14th February, 1882, and when the ship reached Ireland was met at Queenstown by my relatives, but was not arrested. The suspects, including Parnell, were still in prison, but Forster's position had been undermined.

The Liberal Party vaguely began to recognize that arrests would not pacify Ireland. They remembered that John Bright at Birmingham in 1880 declared "Force is no remedy," and though Bright left the Cabinet on the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, Chamberlain held on, and continued to oppose Forster.

The antagonism between these men had begun with Forster's Education Act of 1872. The Nonconformists for a decade kept up an agitation against the "twenty-fifth" Clause of that Act, and made it a burning question.

Hence, apart from Ireland, there was an acid hostility between them. Chamberlain also resented Forster's return for Bradford as a minority member in 1880. He disliked Disraeli's plan under the Act of 1867 which created three-cornered constituencies and gave the electors only two votes. He defeated that system in Birmingham by drilling the electors to vote in areas for the two persons specified by his Caucus.

By this time the Land Act of 1881 was having its effect on Ireland. Despite Parnell's appeal to the farmers to keep out of court, thousands of Ulster tenants now had fair rents fixed. The Courts, however, gutted the "Healy Clause." The question of amending the Act and the appointment by Lord Salisbury of a "watching" Committee of the House of Lords to scan fair rent decisions therefore became urgent.

The discipline of the Irish Party at this date was perfect. Every one spoke or moved "according to plan." Justin MacCarthy was a genial substitute for Parnell. After the Chief was set free Justin often said to me, "Do you remember how united and happy we were when Parnell was in Kilmainham?" MacCarthy never neglected his post, although much occupied on the London Press.

John Redmond, by luck in the ballot, won first place for a Bill to amend the Land Act, and Parnell asked my brother to draw it up. The Act of 1881 not only excluded leaseholders, but was marred by many other imperfections.

To repair them Maurice framed a Bill of fourteen clauses and visited Kilmainham with a draft.

Parnell, however, thought one of them so extreme that it would

never be entertained by Gladstone. He therefore ran his pen through it.

Argument in his cell went on, until finally he questioned Maurice, "Does that reduce the Bill to thirteen clauses?" The answer was, "Yes, but what of that?"

"Oh," Parnell protested, "what luck could a Bill of thirteen clauses have? Can't you draft a new one?" "There's no time," replied my brother. "The draft has to be posted to London this evening in order to be printed for the debate on Wednesday, and post hour is near." Quoth the Chief, "Then your damn clause must stay in, for a thirteen-clause Bill would be fatal."

The draft was posted that night, and a few years later the "damn clause" became the law of the land. It related to tenants' improvements.

The night before the debate on the Bill, 25th April, 1882,



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GETTING GLADSTONE'S COLLAR UP.

Captain O'Shea accosted me in the lobby, and, alleging that he spoke on Parnell's behalf, begged me to go with him to Chamberlain's room.

The birth of a daughter to O'Shea had been announced in *The Times* that morning. Of this gentleman a few lines should be written. He became M.P. for Co. Clare in April, 1880. Dean White, P.P. of Miltown Malbay, sadly owned that his piety in saying the Rosary every evening during his canvass imposed on him.

I had sent O'Kelly to Clare to oppose O'Shea at the Convention in Ennis in Easter Week. There, O'Gorman Mahon, the sitting member, appealed as a veteran to the delegates to select a candidate who would pay his expenses—he didn't care whom! O'Kelly would not undertake this obligation. Had he agreed he would have been chosen, but he had less adroitness and more scruples than O'Shea, who promised to pay.

Mrs. O'Shea records: "The failures of my husband's racing stable had left our finances much embarrassed. My husband and the O'Gorman Mahon had been returned together, but nearly all the expenses of the election had fallen to poor Willie's share. The O'Gorman Mahon was almost penniless, and Willie, with more zeal than discretion, had guaranteed the expenses for both, and where the whole amount (which they found totalled £2,000) was to come from, they didn't know."

The hue and cry by the *Freeman's Journal* on Good Friday against Parnell's nominees also helped to carry O'Shea.

I gave O'Kelly £300 from the National Funds to stand for Clare, and more would have been forthcoming if necessary. After his rejection he sent me a despairing telegram and I wired him to catch the next train to Roscommon. There he defeated the O'Connor Don, who had sat in Parliament for thirty years. O'Shea, instead of ranking with the Nationalists in opposition to the Government, sat on the Liberal side. Yet as a supposed member of the Irish Party, he attended its first meeting in 1880, and voted for Parnell against Shaw.

He had been put into the Hussars by his father, a Limerick pawnbroker designated by an unsavoury Gaelic nickname. He married a sister of Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. That lady was supposed to have been endowed by a banker named Christopher Weguelin, once M.P. for Youghal. When Sir Evelyn proposed the match to his subaltern, O'Shea at first pleaded that he was too poor to marry, but was assured that Miss Wood possessed £30,000.

In the divorce case of 1890 "Christopher's" name appeared in a letter which Mrs. O'Shea wrote her husband: "You did not object to Christopher," she remonstrated. O'Shea's reply was: "Christopher is dead, Parnell is not."

On 25th April, 1882, when O'Shea approached me to see Chamberlain, I told him my plan was never to refuse to transact business with an opponent when Ireland might be helped. Therefore, believing Parnell wished it, I consented to go with him to Chamberlain. Years later I suspected (for reasons which will be stated afterwards) that O'Shea was not authorized by either Parnell or Chamberlain to make this overture, and that he told Chamberlain the lie that I desired to see him on Parnell's behalf.

In a downstairs room of the House of Commons I met the Birmingham magnate immersed in a cigar. We first talked arrests, and then he asked what our attitude would be if farmers' arrears were remitted. He defended Gladstone's policy warmly, but my

replies were stiff, although the Land Bill to be proposed by Redmond next day was in jeopardy. I parted with him feeling that he was an honest man thrust into a thorny situation. In next day's debate Gladstone was considerate and admitted there was a case for wiping out arrears. He therefore agreed that the Government would bring in a measure by which landlords who forgave a year's rent should receive a grant from the Treasury of equal amount. Of this plan, Chief Secretary Forster declared his approval.

Arrears had accumulated in the bad times before the Act of 1881 enabled tenants to fix a fair rent, and for such arrears they were liable to be evicted. I inferred from the conciliatory spirit shown by Gladstone and Chamberlain that Parnell was about to give in.

On Tuesday, 2nd May, 1882, Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly were released from Kilmainham Jail, and Gladstone announced the resignation of Chief Secretary Forster and the Lord-Lieutenant Cowper. Chamberlain came to me next day and asked me to go to the smoke-room. No other room in the House of Commons was then provided where members could confer with one another on equal terms.

Three or four smoke-rooms have since been added. The "lower" smoke-room, as it was called, opened on the Terrace, and around its stove Bright, Chamberlain, Labouchere, Sexton, Lord Randolph Churchill and Parnell often chatted in 1880-1.

I assumed from Chamberlain's conversation that he was to be Chief Secretary in lieu of Forster. The day was one of bright sunshine, but gloom at Parnell's surrender filled our hearts.

Chamberlain was frank and winning, and I felt sorry at having to hold him at arm's length as I realized he was sincere.

After some talk he asked if I could get Sexton and Arthur O'Connor to join us. I did so, and in our further conversation conceived a high respect for his character. I felt that a straightforward and truthful man of business confronted us.

Sexton and Arthur O'Connor dwelt chiefly on the question of the police, whose harshness was excessive. Chamberlain said: "I'll write to Lord Spencer about that," showing that he knew Spencer was to be Lord-Lieutenant, and believed he himself would be Irish Secretary.

We parted that afternoon in the hope that he would take Forster's place. Gladstone, however, kept his intentions secret, and "made pie" of these plans.

Next day, Lord Richard Grosvenor, Chief Liberal Whip, moved a new writ for the West Riding of Yorkshire in the room of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Chamberlain's face paled, and his frame grew rigid, as Lord Richard moved. I divined disaster from this, yet not so great as befell.

A permanent estrangement now began with Gladstone, who wanted to rivet to his side the Marquis of Hartington (brother of the new Chief Secretary). Perhaps, too, Lord Spencer preferred an aristocrat to a commoner in the post, but the letting down of Chamberlain meant misfortune to Ireland.

Had he become Irish Secretary a new chapter would have opened for both countries. He was not merely a Radical, but an economist and mathematician. He saw that grievances between Irish landlords and tenants could be accommodated by a scheme such as Wyndham adopted twenty-two years later. His subsequent antagonism to Ireland was not unnatural, and it partook of nothing ignoble. He had vision, but he and Gladstone were cast in different moulds, and bred in different schools.

Gladstone was masterful by right of genius, and never forgot that Chamberlain had been the "Republican Mayor" of Birmingham. The *Spectator's* thanks for his courtesy to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) when the Prince visited that city in 1870 showed that his Republicanism was not ingrained.

High as is my esteem for Gladstone, I feel he was too dominating to consider Chamberlain's point of view from 1880 to 1885.

I used to haunt the *Nation* office, Dublin, as a lad, and learn from the Sullivans their opinions. One was that the *Nation* or *Weekly News* should never attack Dilke or Chamberlain unless religion came in question.

On the 4th May, 1882, I wrote my brother:

Some acknowledgment should be made of the way in which you have drafted "Redmond's" Land Bill, which has been so successful. You will have read Gladstone's tribute to the drafting.

On the day this letter was written Parnell entered the House of Commons after his release, striding to his place as if nothing had happened.

The suspicions which surrounded his enlargement subdued any manifestation of enthusiasm by his colleagues. His sister Anna, who took charge of the Ladies' Land League, with a woman's

instinct had scented surrender when her brother accepted parole a few weeks earlier. She knew that this foreboded mischief.

Hers was an unyielding and courageous soul. She was at the head of a formidable band of women whom Cardinal McCabe condemned as the Ladies' Land League. Yet a politician so moderate as A. M. Sullivan, M.P., challenged His Eminence, and declared he was proud that his wife was one of its members. The ladies' organization, however, in the opinion of Parnell, spent too much money, and after his release he determined to end unthrift. He asked me to criticize it in the *Boston Republic*, of which I was then correspondent.

Anna flamed up at what I wrote, and called at my lodgings shortly after my marriage in 1882, to know who inspired my statements. I gave her no information and she was very cross, but accepted a cup of tea from my wife.

The following year she braved the military escort of the Lord-Lieutenant (Earl Spencer) as he rode through the streets of Dublin. Seizing the reins of his horse, she reproached him with preventing the erection of huts for evicted tenants. Her life was thereby imperilled, but she held her ground. Earl Spencer treated her chivalrously, and no prosecution followed.

Twenty-three years after Parnell died, Mrs. O'Shea compiled a book "dedicated to love" which disclosed letters of his that would seem incredible, only that she prints the facsimile of his well-known handwriting.

In one of them, written from Kilmainham Jail, he offered to desert his colleagues and the Irish Cause for her at the crisis of the struggle.

It is the strangest State Paper in Irish history:

"MY DARLING QUEENIE,—

"14th December, 1881.

"Your second letter reached me all right, and I can read them perfectly. But, my darling, you frighten me dreadfully when you tell me that I am 'surely killing' you and our child.

"I am quite well again now, my own, and was out to-day for a short time, and will take much better care of myself for the future. It was not the food, but a chill after over-heating myself at ball. But I do not intend to go back to prison fare, even nominally, again, as the announcement that we were on it has served the purpose of stimulating the subscription.

"Rather than my beautiful wife should run any risk, I will resign my seat, leave politics, and go away somewhere with my own Queenie, as soon as she wishes. Will she come? Let me

Next day, Lord your next about this, whether it is safe for you a new writ for 'be kept here any longer.

Frederick C.

"Your own husband.

for Ireland. There can be no doubt we shall be released at opening of Chamberlain, but I think not sooner.

Ric' "Dr. Kenny was allowed to be with me at night while I was ill, and we are not to be changed from our rooms."

Thus the leader of a movement mightier than O'Connell's proposed to forsake his comrades in the most critical hour, and abandon at a woman's whim Ireland's "magnificent and awful Cause."

Mrs. O'Shea does not publish her reply.

Parnell got keys of the prison counterfeited so that he could walk free any night. O'Kelly kept them as a souvenir and showed them to me after their release.

Justin MacCarthy's account of Parnell's first meeting with Mrs. O'Shea differs from her own. He says that he was present at a dinner where Parnell was first introduced to her.

In 1885 O'Shea put out that Chamberlain promised him the Under-Secretaryship for Ireland, and he went to Dublin to see over the Under-Secretary's Lodge, which, in 1927, became the American Legation. He was so pleased with it that he wrote his wife that it was a most suitable residence for the family.

Mrs. O'Shea's allegation that her letters were opened by (unspecified) colleagues of Parnell is unfounded. A telegram (as will appear later) was mistakenly opened by Small, M.P.

CHAPTER XII

The Phœnix Park Murders (1882)

ON Saturday, 6th May, 1882, the incoming Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, arrived in Dublin. That evening as he and the Under-Secretary, T. H. Burke, were walking through the Phoenix Park to their Lodges they were stabbed to death.

The tidings so impressed everybody that it was a common saying that no one forgot where he stood when he heard the news. That morning Parnell and Dillon had gone to Portland Prison to welcome Davitt to liberty. The trio travelled back together to London, and not until Sunday were they aware of the assassinations.

John Barry and I lodged together, and we read of them in a Sunday paper. Leaving breakfast untasted, we hurried to Biggar's rooms in Ladbrooke Grove Road. Joe was at Mass and we awaited his return. Then we went with him to Arthur O'Connor's. At the suggestion of O'Connor all four of us hastened to Westminster Palace Hotel, where Davitt was staying. We found him there with Parnell and Dillon, in despair. Davitt was sketching out a manifesto condemning the crime, and in silence we waited until it was revised by Parnell. The Chief's corrections took shape merely in striking out purple patches. Without training, Parnell had a severe and just literary taste. I remarked to Dillon on the instinct this showed, and he agreed.

After the document was signed Barry persuaded Davitt to come to our lodgings lest reprisals might be attempted. The Londoners, however, with their solid good sense and traditional instinct, remained calm. Nowhere did any disturbance occur, except in Cornwall, where slight disorder took place at Camborne. Yet Camborne in 1885 sent to Parliament Conybeare, who was arrested and imprisoned in 1888 for the Irish Cause in Co. Donegal.

Davitt heard for the first time at our lodgings of the purchase of Richard Pigott's newspapers—the *Irishman* and the *Flag of Ireland*—by the Land League. He showed great displeasure at this, as, like every honest man, he hated Pigott.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan had given me a top-coat for Davitt, which he

wore the year before in Dublin, and it held in the lining, sewn as a keepsake, a lock of woman's hair. The strain of the Park murders was so great that when I handed it to him he threw aside the coil.

Next morning, accustomed to early hours in prison, he was out by 6 a.m. to buy newspapers to read the details of the tragedy. He told us when he returned that under the railway arch at Notting Hill Gate he was hailed by a costermonger with, "Hallo, old pal with the one duke! How are you?" ("duke" is prison slang for arm.) A "lag" who had spent years in penal servitude had recognized a fellow-convict.

On Monday (8th May, 1882) we went to the House of Commons and put Davitt "under the clock." The House was full. Members all wore black, and many had crape round their hats. Gladstone moved the adjournment till Thursday at 9 p.m. to enable them to attend the funeral of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Derbyshire. Parnell rose to express his sorrow, and something like a groan arose from a small section, but the vast body of the House angrily suppressed it and listened to him with respect. The sunlight suddenly shot in and made the scene less sad.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour was occupied by the sitting. At the suggestion of A. M. Sullivan, we went to his residence in Clapham for consultation. As we walked to Victoria Station, a solitary yell greeted us; but beyond that no hostile manifestation occurred.

Parnell, Biggar, Dillon, Davitt, Barry, O'Kelly and I conferred at Sullivan's. We knew that a Coercion Bill would be proposed when the Commons resumed on Thursday, and that in the temper provoked by the murders it would pass easily.

Special trains ran for Lord Frederick's funeral, which brought members of both Houses to the grave and back on the Thursday. Under such conditions mourners returning to Westminster could scarcely constitute a dispassionate assembly.

Yet Parnell was amazed at the rigour of the Bill unfolded by Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary. It abolished trial by jury and substituted three judges to try prisoners. It enabled venues to be changed from Ireland to England, established secret inquisitions, and proposed many other severities.

Baron FitzGerald, the chief ornament of the Irish Bench, resigned in protest. Harcourt then inserted alternative clauses creating "special juries," and giving the Crown the right to demand changes of venue. Baron FitzGerald, however, refused to withdraw his resignation. He had been the finest lawyer at the Irish Bar before being made judge, although for ten years after his "call" he never got a brief.

No gleam of good sense penetrated the Cabinet, wrathful at the murders. This spirit impliedly freed Parnell from his obligations under the Kilmainham Treaty. Yet his sense of political honour restrained him from accepting that view. Influenced by E. D. Gray, the *Freeman* owner, he complained of the vehemence of my attack on the Bill on its first reading.

Tricks of Police Agents in reference to the crime are disclosed in a letter to my brother:

LONDON,
12th May, 1882.

I am astonished at your writing that you received a telegram from me about the Park Murders. I sent you no telegram, and am afraid the police have attempted some dodge—as if we could have had anything to do with the awful business. Have you preserved the telegram? Do you remember where it was addressed from? I cannot imagine who here could have your new Cork address.

This murder has ruined us practically as politicians, and I have, like many others, been thinking of giving up Parliament. However, we will struggle on a while longer, I suppose.

Naturally the Tories took advantage of the embarrassment of the Government. On 15th May, 1882, searching questions were put, insisting on further information as to the "Kilmainham Treaty." The Tories were determined to get to the bottom of the secret of Parnell's release. Dislike of the transaction had grown, too, amongst ourselves, as details trickled out piecemeal.

In a debate on the matter Parnell purported to read a letter of his from Kilmainham dated 28th April, 1882—two days after the debate on Redmond's Bill—which O'Shea had submitted to the Government. Near by sat Forster, the dismissed Chief Secretary, his furrowed brow and gleaming eyes portending trouble. As Parnell ended Forster, towering to his feet, shrieked, "That's not the letter!" Hansard omits this, but records a challenge to O'Shea to "read the whole letter," which Forster then handed him.

The House of Commons has known many dramatic moments, but in my thirty-eight years there I never felt such emotion as at that interruption. Parnell paled. Gladstone's face mantled with pious resignation. Chamberlain sat erect like a soldier who knew that the password had not been rightly rendered and that the guardroom yawned for a culprit.

Parnell stammered that it was possible a paragraph had been omitted. He was sorry if the copy supplied him by O'Shea was inaccurate, and so forth. Then Forster uprose like a minister of doom and, with a powerful gesture, announced that he would hand O'Shea the true version to read to the House, because a vital passage

had been omitted. That omission was all-important. It contained an undertaking by Parnell, if his terms were granted, that he and his Party would "co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal Party in forwarding Liberal principles."

No word-painting can bring to life the sensations of that hour. We felt that the Chief had lowered the flag, and had tried to deceive alike his countrymen and the British. His attempt to suppress what Gladstone styled the "*hors d'œuvre*" filled us with disgust.

That day the Arrears Bill was introduced, and O'Shea after midnight thrust himself again on the House. Rising from the Liberal front bench below the gangway, he sought to give his account of the Treaty—a pitiful performance. I sat beside Parnell, who muttered to me as he began, "This d—— fellow will make a mess of it as usual!"

That such a man should have been chosen as intermediary with the Cabinet by Parnell can only be explained on the hypothesis that his employment veneered or facilitated the dishonour of his wife.

The House did not rise until 2 a.m. that night, and I walked with Parnell as far as Charing Cross. He spoke of resigning, but I knew this to be a "feeler." Said he, "Perhaps the younger men would prefer someone else?" and asked would Sir Charles Gavan Duffy be acceptable. I replied that the Party would not choose Duffy, who had no seat in the House. "Well," he clanked, "if the young men won't have him there is nothing, I suppose, but for me to remain."

He was then on his way, late as it was, to the Covent Garden Hotel to explain himself to an American correspondent named Balch. So we parted.

In after years he used jestingly to say, when discussing the possibility of his successor, "I wonder what damn fellow will come along next!"

The opening lines of the letter publicly read that day seemed designed to saddle O'Shea with knowledge of Parnell's position in his household, for it began, "I am sorry that you had left Albert Mansions before I reached London from Eltham." As a document likely to become public, it fixed O'Shea with connivance. Besides, it was hardly the way in which the lately-paroled prisoner would begin the letter. The 28th April was a Friday, and the letter would not be delivered in London before Saturday. Parnell was set finally free the next Tuesday, and it seems unlikely that a crisis involving the Lord-Lieutenant (Cowper), who was in Dublin, and the Chief Secretary as to his release could burst out on the Monday

without warning, amongst the staid and punctilious statesmen of Victorian days.

To me, therefore, it was plain that the so-called Kilmainham Treaty was arranged during Parnell's visit to Mrs. O'Shea at her Eltham residence. Hence his objection to the "damn clause" in my brother's draft Land Bill, as he hoped the Cabinet would be able to accept all that he proposed and so justify to the world his release.

I did not ask Parnell whether it was he or O'Shea who mutilated the letter which formed the corner-stone of the Treaty. Both hoped it would pass muster, and believed Forster had kept no copy. It was a "gamble" in which each would blame the other if it failed.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, of whom Parnell spoke to me, was the Australian ex-Minister who had played a large part in the 1848 movement, and had founded the *Dublin Nation*. Henniker Heaton, M.P., used to tell stories of his adroitness. One was that Duffy at an election in Australia was told by his committee that an important supporter had turned against him. Sir Charles in dismay asked the reason. "It's because," they said, "he has not been made a magistrate." "But he is a publican, and how can a publican be made a magistrate? It's against the law." "That's it," was the answer; "but he expected you to manage it." "Oh, that would need statute," the candidate protested, "and no such Act could pass the Legislature." "Ah, well," they sighed, "logic and legislature don't count in an election. Your supporters want favours." "I see," Sir Charles replied. "I shall give thought to the business."

That morning he had received forms from his Department which required to be signed in the presence of a magistrate, so straightway Duffy went with them to the owner of the public-house. He was received icily, for the voter blurted out, "I'm agin you, Sir Charles." "That doesn't matter," he answered in a voice of velvet. "I called on you only in your magisterial capacity to witness my signature." "But I'm not a magistrate," said the astonished publican. "Dear me," moaned Duffy, "has that been neglected? We are often badly served by our staffs. Good day, sir." Heaton said this master-stroke won over the publican and decided the campaign, for Duffy was triumphantly re-elected.

On the second reading debate on the Crimes Bill (1st July, 1882) sixteen Irish members, including myself, were "suspended." The Chairman, Sir Lyon Playfair, at 9 a.m., after an all-night sitting, "named" us, though many, like Parnell, were in their beds, and I was at breakfast in the House.

By a worse blunder Playfair voted in the division to support

ruling! This was a painful incident, and on the 3rd July Sir Edmund Wolff produced a letter from him confessing, "I have at the least recollection of having voted, though I see my name marked in the Division Lists." Playfair was a kindly man, and the consequent debate against him was not encouraged by us. Knowing at the strain of being up all night is too much for any Chairman, and that unfairness could not generally be alleged against him, most Irishmen abstained from criticism. For this Playfair thanked me the day his "impeachment" was attempted.

A mistake nearly as singular was made by ex-Chief Secretary Forster on the morning of our suspension. That statesman had stayed up till daybreak to enjoy the pleasure of voting against Ireland, and imposing on her a Coercion Bill worse than his own. When driven from office he took occasion whenever possible to gird at his late colleagues in the Cabinet. After the division to suspend us, Forster felt the heaviness of "the morning after the night before." anyhow, he strode from the "Aye" lobby and, instead of going to his seat on the Liberal side, made for the corresponding place on the opposition bench below the gangway, which was occupied by John Redmond. There he hustled Redmond out of his place with a surly ostle. Liberals looked on in surprise, and Irishmen, crowding in from the division, set up an ironical cheer. Forster then looked round in a puzzled way, and after an attempt to smile, hunched himself together and made gradually across the floor to his own corner on the Liberal benches.

Journalists in the gallery tenderly suppressed the incident.

The Irish Party, after the suspension of so many of its members, withdrew from the debate, and this soon led to a defeat of the Government by its own supporters. Gladstone, because of our arguments, wished to drop the "night-search" clause of the Crimes Bill, but the Hon. G. E. Russell and Mr. Beilby Lambton (afterwards Lord Durham), both Liberals, opposed this. Seeing the imminence of defeat, Gladstone sent Hugh Shields, Q.C., with an urgent message to Sexton and myself, as we watched the proceedings from the Members' Gallery, to come to his rescue.

Chewing the cud of revenge, we treated with disdain the appeal from a Government which had unjustly suspended us. The Prime Minister had announced that he would, if defeated, "reconsider his position." Yet Russell and Lambton acted as "tellers" against him, and the Government was beaten.

Gladstone evidently could not comprehend our abstention, for eleven years later, when again in power, while upholding Home Rule, he questioned me about it at a dinner he gave.

"You knew," he catechized, "we were omitting a clause to which your Party had taken just exception because, under it, domestic sanctity might be violated any night?" "Yes," I replied. "Then, why didn't you support me in getting it struck out, instead of allowing it to remain on the Statute Book?" "Well," I confessed, "because you said, if defeated, you would reconsider your position." "Yes," he shot out, "and so I did, but having reconsidered it, I decided to retain office. What of your abstention?" I asked, "How could we know your intentions? Had you resigned, the Crimes Bill and the Government were both gone."

He seemed mystified. Oblivious of the fact that we wished to bring about the loss of the Bill and a General Election in which the Irish Party would be strengthened, he rained further questions on me. I could not make him see our point of view, without being over-blunt. Probably he had in mind that the Arrears Bill might perish too with his resignation, and that this was a basic part of the Kilmainham Treaty.

I wrote my brother :

4th July, 1882.

I sent you the Lords' amendments to the Arrears Bill, and wish you would think of any alternative proposal consequent upon them. They have made the "hanging gale" sharper, and it occurs to me to propose to alter "November, 1881" into "November, 1882," as the date from which the tenant should pay or compound for a year's rent. What do you say?

Parnell refused to take a division against the third reading of the Crimes Bill. His Party were, therefore, forced to allow it to pass as an unopposed measure. The Speaker on the 7th July, 1882, ruled that he could call upon the "Noes" under the new Standing Order to "rise in their places." Only five were found, thanks to Parnell's surrender, to challenge its passage. Several men were hanged unjustly under the procedure it enacted.

Dr. Playfair, who suspended us, was a doctrinaire chemist of the old school. In 1890, when Goschen increased the whisky tax, he was made chairman of a Select Committee to consider the question whether "whisky" distilled in a pot-still from malt and grain should be entitled exclusively to that name, as distinguished from "patent spirits" made under Coffey's process from materials less orthodox. I had contended that the pot-still product should alone be known as "whisky," and that the produce of patent stills should be called "spirits" and that some years should elapse before sale, to give them maturity. Playfair conceived that from whatever ingredients alcohol came, its qualities were alike, and must be discerned or

governed by scientific formulæ. My chief witness, Mr. Bell (the chemist of the Customs, or Excise, I forget which), was challenged by him, and asked whether sawdust, treated with sulphuric acid, would not produce alcohol. "Yes," he owned.

"Then as whisky is alcohol, and the chemical formulæ is the same, what difference can exist in the effect on the health of the consumer as between one brand or another?"

The witness paused and answered, "I have a more delicate apparatus than any which a chemist can employ." Playfair thundered, "What is it, sir?" Bell murmured, "My head the morning after, and my stomach, too."

Still, the Committee's report did not support me. Years later another Select Committee balked at the same fence. The Government, in both inquiries, refused to disclose the ingredients from which whisky is made, although their gaugers are furnished by each distillery with the contents of the mash-tub. Trade secrets were held to be more sacred than public health.

When the tax on whisky was increased fourfold, the Immature Spirits Act, 1915, was passed (during the war) forbidding the sale of whisky aged less than three years. (In the Irish Free State the prescribed age was made five years.) Yet the House of Commons laughed, in 1875, at W. H. O'Sullivan for trying to pass a "Spirits in Bond" Bill to prevent "torchlight processions going down men's throats" (an American jest). Years of agitation and a war were needed to convince the permanent officials who control the British Parliament that raw whisky should not be allowed to injure humanity. When O'Sullivan died, Father Jim Delany, P.P., said to me, "Let's hope he has not joined the Spirits in Bond!" On the order paper on which a question of mine asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Select Committee on Bonding and Blending Whisky would be appointed, Frank Lockwood pencilled "at once" and handed me the scrawl underneath:



Bradlaugh's expulsion from the House, in 1882, was the saddest sight I witnessed at Westminster. We disliked the man for his truculent writings in the *Free Thinker*, and, as I was the only member who witnessed his humiliation, I set down that I could not avoid

a feeling of pity for him at the handling he received from the police, much as he provoked it.

The House had made an order excluding him from its benches because of his persistent attempts to take the oath, despite his atheistical avowals.

He was a burly man, six feet high, and strong as a bull. He announced that he would attend the Commons on a Wednesday at noon to demand admission. Few members were about and strangers were excluded. I was the only person save the police who saw what occurred. Inspector Denning stood on guard at the closed door of the chamber. Bradlaugh hurled him aside. Instantly half a dozen policemen sprang forward and, in spite of Bradlaugh's struggles, forced him to the members' exit door.

He fought furiously, but the constables relentlessly hurled him from one flight to another. He had no friends to uphold him, and he soon presented a shocking spectacle. His tie and collar were torn off; his shirt-front lay open; sweat poured from his forehead. I thought his agony dreadful, and felt that the police would not have handled any Irishman so ungently as that lone, friendless Englishman. With the frame of a giant and the courage of a lion, he resisted. Eight or ten policemen beset him, and it took all their strength to bring him to the bottom of the steps. Each stair he fought step by step as gamely as a prize-fighter, but the constables never slackened until they bore him outside to Palace Yard. There, crumpled and weary, the Titan shook himself free. No word was spoken on either side, and Bradlaugh, utterly beaten, hailed a hansom and disappeared. Misliking the atheist, I pitied the man. Pressmen begged me to describe the scene, but I refused, as the police were invariably friendly to Irish members. That friendship "knew no wane" till we departed from Westminster.

Bradlaugh's persistence in resisting the law led to its being changed, and soon a "declaration" instead of an oath sufficed for those who preferred to "affirm" instead of swearing allegiance.

John Bright's argument in one of the debates on Bradlaugh's case impressed me. He said, "This is no court to judge a colleague. The judges are continually passing in and out through those swinging doors. Half of them vote not knowing or hearing the arguments." This was also true of debates of Irish import.

Though most of the Irish Party voted against Bradlaugh, he never wavered in his support of Home Rule after he took his seat. In a speech he declared that he had witnessed, while serving as a dragoon in Tipperary, eviction scenes which led him to see that all was not right in Irish conditions.

Biggar could hardly be got to oppose him because he had attended Bradlaugh's lectures before becoming a Catholic. "I sat under him, misther," he used to explain.

Bradlaugh's days were those of the deification of "science" and the Higher Criticism of the Bible. Huxley and Darwin were regarded by many as more infallible than the Evangelists. Häckel published a bogus plate showing man's anatomy with the rudimentary tail. Renan based his rejection of Scripture on the fact that the Bible said rabbits chew the cud. (They do.) Tyndall shook the British Association at Belfast by a crib from Hans Breitmann. "When you and I like streaks of morning cloud shall melt into the infinite azure of the past." Carlyle croaked his plaudits of force as the supreme truth, and the world was assured that the seizure of Rome in 1870 marked the end of "Papal superstition." The "monkey brand" theory got a rest for a generation until 1927. Then Bolshevism, spiritism, theosophy and "birth control" jostled one another in crazy competition. A bishop in a moment of Brummagem infallibility dispensed Westminster boys from a belief in scripture sacred alike to Jew and Christian.

Bradlaugh's last illness was tempered by the generosity of a Tory, Sir Walter Bartelott, who moved the cancellation of his suspensions and expulsion. The House unanimously agreed to speed him in his dying moments this comfort. Sir Walter made a touching prayer for pity. This I recalled later when equally moving accents were employed by another Tory, Colonel Acland Hood (afterwards Lord St. Audries), at the outset of the Boer War in 1900. Hood, who was no orator, appealed to still the clash of controversy "when brave men are dying on both sides." This captured the Commons. Outpourings of that kind by unemotional men are always moving.

A dramatic scene in the session of 1882 arose out of the Egyptian expedition.

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Sir Drummond Wolff made pathetic appeals to the House of Commons for the reprieve of Sulieman Sahmi, an Egyptian insurgent. My memory is that as the clock approached midnight Wolff said, "It is now two o'clock in Egypt. Sulieman Sahmi is to be shot at dawn. There remain four hours for the Prime Minister to telegraph to Cairo and save him." The "Fourth Party" joined in this appeal, but Gladstone refused a reprieve. An hour was consumed in by-play and Wolff again got up. Taking out his watch he began, "It is now 3 a.m. in Egypt. There's still time to telegraph for mercy." Gladstone assigned reasons why the death sentence could not be cancelled,

and at two o'clock Sir Drummond rose once more. Drawing forth his watch again, he recited a like formula. At 3 and 4 a.m. the same liturgy was chanted. When the hour came when Sulieman Sahmi must have faced the firing squad, Wolff said, "It is now four o'clock in England, and your victim has met his fate. What a tragedy, and how little will the Prime Minister enjoy his sleep to-night!"

Thrusting his watch into his fob he left the House, and the Fourth Party with him ran down the steps to the cloak-room chuckling cheerily, for the Old Man had been upset.

When the Crimes Act and the Arrears Act became law, Davitt urged Parnell in August, 1882, to found a new organization to succeed the suppressed Land League. Parnell resisted, and Davitt made a couple of visits to Avondale before he yielded.

Parnell had asked me to take command of the Mansion House Committee for the restoration of the evicted tenants under the Arrears Act. After some weeks I told him I was going to get married and would be away some time. "How long?" he inquired anxiously. "A fortnight," was my reply. "Oh, that isn't long," he said laughing.

In August, 1882, I married Erina, daughter of T. D. Sullivan, who died in July, 1927. When I returned from the honeymoon in September, Parnell asked me to draw up a constitution for a new body to be called the "Irish National League."

On the same day Biggar appeared at the Mansion House with a parcel in his hand. "Spoons, Tim Healy, spoons! My father always thought a wedding-present should be something useful." Poor Joe! These are my most valued possession.

On the 18th September, 1882, I issued invitations for a Conference of representative men, mostly ex-suspects (as Forster's late prisoners were called), to assemble on the 17th October.

In October Parnell fell ill, and on the Sunday before the Convention he lay in bed at Morrison's Hotel, Dublin. I went there to submit to him the draft constitution of the new League. Finding him listless, I inquired what ailed him. He made little of his trouble, but replied, "Oh, something always happens to me in October." (On the 13th October, 1881, he was arrested, and ten years later he died, 6th October, 1891.)

I set to work beside his bedside at a table lit by four candles. Hours passed, and in my engrossment I did not notice that one of the candles had burnt out. Parnell suddenly sat up in bed, and leaning over my table, fiercely blew out a candle. Amazed at this, I asked, "Why lessen my light?" With gleaming eyes, he muttered, "Don't you know that nothing is more unlucky than three

candles burning?" Sarcastically, he added, "Your constitution of the new League would not have much success if I allowed you to work with three candles." He then turned his face to the wall.

The sincerity of his tone, the motion to quench the candle, the seer-like face, and the foreboding about October gruesomely impressed me. Yet I marvelled that anyone could believe that the Almighty would allow His decrees in the government of human affairs to be affected by a candle more or less.

Justin MacCarthy once told me that a Liberal M.P. said to him, "There's only one sensible man amongst you, and he is mad."

In the evening Dwyer Gray, M.P., owner of the *Freeman*, called to urge Parnell to answer attacks by Lady Florence Dixie as to the Land League funds. Parnell listened languidly in bed to his excited appeals to reveal the details of expenditure, and when Gray left, he commented, "*In vino veritas*."

Gray had been cudgelled into a grudging acceptance of the Land League policy. *United Ireland*, a weekly under the editorship of William O'Brien, blazed fiercely against the *Freeman*. Published from the musty den which had sheltered Richard Pigott, it outswayed all opposition. O'Brien was not yet a member of the Irish Party. Genius, courage, and self-sacrifice animated him. Later on, when he and I differed, I still bent in acknowledgment of his finer parts. From 1882 to 1890 O'Brien maintained the war on the Crimes Act single-handed. Dillon resigned his seat in Parliament in 1882, and withdrew to Colorado, although he had signed the "call" for a Convention.

Parnell's desire for agrarian peace at that juncture is evidenced by the fact that, to qualify tenants of the O'Connor Don and other landlords to avail themselves of the "Arrears Act," he sanctioned payments to them of rent from the League fund. This was one of the "profound secrets" of that epoch, for, had it been revealed, Davitt would have smashed the kaleidoscope!

A letter to my brother states:

DUBLIN,

13th November, 1882.

We have been making great exertions about an amendment to the Arrears Act.

I agree that there is no chance of the Government passing such a Bill this year. Still, you might draw up suggestions, and we will have it brought in next session. If I were to have made a note of all the points that came before us, it would take a Bill as long as the Land Act! The question is complicated by that of costs, and Parnell's idea is to get the Government to allow the costs, and he has some notion that they will do this next year.

He is alive to the necessities of the situation, but I don't think anything can be decided before 30th November.

Few members of the Government, Irish or English, save lawyers, knew anything of the Arrears Act.

In November, 1882, Parliament met to pass the Closure. It was made permanent, though Liberals as well as Tories disliked it.

Passmore Edwards, proprietor of the *London Echo*, M.P. for Salisbury, joined me in a talk with Sam Storey, M.P. for Sunderland, the day before the division. "I hate the closure," said Edwards, "and won't vote for it." "Then vote against it," said Storey, "as I shall do." "Ah!" Edwards sighed. "You represent a popular constituency, Sunderland, but I sit for a small borough at the mercy of a handful of voters." "Still," returned Storey, "have courage and vote with me."

Next night, so strong was party pressure, that both gentlemen voted with the Government.

In that debate Sexton made a thrilling speech. He attacked John Bright for consenting to restrictions on discussion, and spoke of a "brain once bright and glowing, but now grey and cold." I never heard him as an orator to more advantage. Yet he turned Bright's sympathies against Ireland. Bright had suffered a temporary loss of mental power which was unknown to Sexton, and had been obliged to enter a home. He was said to be salmon fishing on the Dee, and soon recovered. His opposition to Home Rule in 1886 was ascribed to the taunt of 1883, although T. P. O'Connor in 1926 took some blame on himself. Irish members then knew little of the personal or domestic gossip relating to their opponents.

Chief Secretary Trevelyan remarked to me that politicians resent slights like a *prima donna*, and are equally jealous.

The then Chief Secretary was a kindly man. He blenched under his burthen in 1882-4, and his moustache, at first black, grew white. He uttered no bitter word, and was amused at the sallies against him.

Spencer was Lord-Lieutenant and he enforced Coercion with high courage and low insight.

The impression created abroad against Ireland is shown by a letter in a Bengal newspaper, quoted in the *London Press* in 1882:

"The ill-fame of Ireland appears to have reached the natives of India. A lady in this station engaged a woman as ayah, and the agreement, regularly 'signed, sealed and delivered,' is to the effect that the woman is to go with her mistress all over the world if necessary (including Egypt), but Ireland is especially barred in the agreement, and at the ayah's request."

CHAPTER XIII

A Triple Imprisonment (1883)

PROCEEDINGS by the Crown against Davitt, Quinn and myself, for speeches in different counties, were begun in December, 1882, requiring us to give bail to be of good behaviour. Our utterances lie buried in the Law Reports, and cry out against disinterment.

My speech was made in Carlow in October, and was condensed for the *Freeman* by a Tory Scot reporter, Dunlop. The Government then got a policeman to swear that it was accurate, and the Court of Queen's Bench acted on this material. The accused were not allowed to proffer evidence to the contrary.

When I entered the Court of Queen's Bench to be tried the Attorney-General (Johnson, M.P. for Mallow) shook hands with me. For this he was pilloried in the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator*. These papers argued that he greeted a "malefactor" whom he was prosecuting. It was a good point. The case was adjourned to January, 1883, and before being resumed, Johnson was forced to resign his Attorney-Generalship and his seat in Parliament.

Thus he was hoisted into a judgeship. I was sorry for his humiliation. He was one of the fairest of the Liberals. His fees and salary as Attorney-General (owing to prosecutions due to disturbance) reached £15,000 a year, while a puisne judgeship was only worth £3,500. The difference was a big price to pay for a shake-hands.

Son of the rector at Mallow, Johnson understood the Irish people, and loved their ways. A phrase of his against Parnell became a catchword in 1881, for he declared him "steeped to the lips in treason." This was stout *nisi prius* rhetoric. Parnell did not resent it, and later on bestowed a modified encomium on Johnson, who, he said, "would doubtless become a judge, and an excellent judge, although the system he administered was 'impossible.'" On the night this eulogium was bestowed, I left the House with Johnson and remarked, "Parnell paid you a great compliment just now." "Yes," he purred; "but did you notice how Mr. Gladstone said 'hear, hear'?"

A Triple Imprisonment (1883)

Yet I once saw Gladstone, when Johnson was making a reply at the Treasury box, pull him down by the coat-tails!

When I reached Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, after the speech for which I was prosecuted, Johnson stepped from the train. Every hackney car was engaged, and Johnson seeing this, offered me a "lift" to my lodgings. As we drove off he said, "I hear you're married." "Yes," I replied. Then he quoted sadly, "A young man married is a young man marred." "Well," I answered, "don't hold my wake in your cab." He laughed, and having left me at my door, went his way to a wifeless home.

Later on he married most happily. A Bar saga told that his wife, wishing to have some plumbing done, and knowing he hated plumbers, called in one of the craft after he had gone to bed. Roused by hammering, the judge woke up, and seizing the plumber, consigned him to the police!

Loyal to Gladstone, Johnson, at dinner at the King's Inns about 1886, rebuked Judge William O'Brien (who reached the Bench through Johnson's favour) for assailing Gladstone on his adoption of Home Rule. O'Brien was the ex-reporter of the *Cork Examiner*, who stood for Ennis as a Home Ruler in 1879.

Johnson—as strong a Protestant as O'Brien was a Catholic—turned on him, saying, "Gladstone found you a second-rate reporter, and transformed you into a first-class judge!"

The London Press, which objected to Johnson's shake-hands with me, made no protest against his ascending the Bench. Ermine notoriously works a magic change in the conscience of its wearers. Years later, when Johnson was made a baronet, I had the pleasure of congratulating him in Court.

Age had begun to tell on him, and he was dubbed "wooden-headed Billy." He once asked me at *nisi prius* to take a note for him as he was disabled because of a splinter in his thumb. Denis Henry thereat whispered, "He must have been scratching his head!"

On an appeal to the Privy Council from Belfast Queen's College as to the teaching of philosophy via the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, Johnson presided, and ended matters by pronouncing, "I read his *Imitation of Christ* every morning."

Two saintly Thomases lived, but the *Imitation* is attributed to Thomas à Kempis.

Trying a dispute between cattle-dealers, one of whom alleged that a telegram had been sent from York to the other in Liverpool when the sender was drunk, Johnson called for the message. Finding the handwriting of the telegraph clerk neat, he exclaimed in my hearing, "That's not the writing of a drunken man."

I wrote Maurice :

DUBLIN,
21st December, 1882.

Parnell has been urging me to get you to come up, and perhaps he may have spoken to yourself ; but before you come there should be a distinct engagement, and none of the understandings that are likely to be misunderstood, or doing work and getting nothing for it, as is the fate of some patriots. Had the world been told how virtuous we have been, none would believe it.

I am not surprised, considering the work we have done, at the stories going round of the way we have been paid ! MacDonald (Labour M.P. for Stafford), when I was joking him about his £10 a week, said I was getting £20 ! I should be grateful if this were translated into currency !

Warren Hastings, too, was "astonished at his moderation."

Let me know what Parnell suggests.

I may here add that the landlords' propaganda then included assertions that Irish M.P.'s were paid extravagant sums. In 1885 King-Harman depicted me as smoking cigars "as long as my arm." I have never smoked.

Johnson's successor as member for Mallow was William O'Brien, whose first address to the electors on the 1st January, 1883, I heard, and thought wonderful for a novice who had never spoken before in public.

In later years O'Brien electrified many an audience, and sometimes astounded the House of Commons.

Johnson's post as Attorney-General was filled by A. M. Porter, M.P. for Co. Derry. In January, 1883, Porter recommenced the prosecution against us, and refrained from shaking hands with criminals.

Sexton urged me to attend Court and speak, as Davitt had applied for leave to address the judges.

I, therefore, defended myself, and cited British statesmen's utterances to justify my own, notably Gladstone's attacks on Austria and the Turks in 1879-80. The judges relished the sarcasms as I rolled off Gladstone's "bag and baggage" policy against Turkey, and compared the R.I.C. with the "Bimbashis and Yuzbashis" of Midlothian denunciation.

Sexton was present, and though his praise mounted high, I felt a pang because I had forgotten to quote an election "poster" issued by Porter, in his contest for Co. Derry, as Solicitor-General, the year before. Its stark simplicity outranked my crudities in Carlow, for it shrieked "Vote for Porter and fair rents."

Every landlord organ asserted that this meant that a Law Officer proposed to "rig" the courts to reduce rents, and thus bribe his way to a seat in Parliament.

Joseph Cowen, M.P., used to maintain that preparation was the best compliment a speaker could pay to an audience. I had not the gift of preparation. If I had, Porter's placard might have led Chief Justice May to refuse his motion. For I had not, I think, exceeded the standards of free speech laid down by the Attorney-General or Mr. Gladstone.

Forty-five years have since gone by, yet the point I missed still wrings my heart !

The Queen's Bench ordered us to give bail to be of "good behaviour," or in default to suffer six months' imprisonment. Of course, we refused to give bail.

Quinn was grateful to Chief Justice May because "the old chap could have turned me into ridicule by quoting my speech in a way that would have made me a laughing-stock." He had apostrophized a meeting with, "Friends ! Look on this young face and say is it that of a criminal ?" His delight that this was not cited in Court was boyish. Quinn was the kindest creature and proved a joy in prison, where he spent his leisure studying medicine.

Some years after his release, at the peril of his life, Quinn pulled up the runaway horses of the family of a Lord-Lieutenant, which "took head" in the Phoenix Park, and was sent for by the Viceroy to be officially thanked.

I advised my brother :

DUBLIN,
1st February, 1883.

I sent you yesterday draft Bills for next session. From the order served on us on Saturday they can't arrest us without making a motion for a warrant on Monday.

I promised three weeks ago to speak in Clonakilty next Sunday, and will do so. Perhaps you could run over and see me, as I will be glad to have a chat with you about our County Government Bill.

I am starting for Portarlington to speak at the Election there for Mayne.

Postscript by Mrs. Healy :

I have taken rooms opposite Kilmainham Jail, as I think I may be allowed to supply Tim's food.

After our arrests it became clear that they were merely a "curtain raiser" for a master-stroke which the Government was about to deliver.

Meanwhile, in December, 1882, John and William Redmond were dispatched to Australia to collect funds for the National Movement after William's release from prison. He was threatened with a further prosecution, and wanted to remain to "face the music," and go again to jail. I persuaded him against this, and got him to

go with his brother, as he was in frail health. Their tour in Australia was successful and each found a wife at Orange, a town founded by worthy and wealthy Irish pioneers (the Daltons), into whose families they married. The creation of Orange by the elder Dalton is one of the romances of Australia.



From *Funny Folks*, 16th December, 1882.
HIBERNIAN HEROICS.

Davitt, Quinn, and I were lodged in Kilmainham in February, 1883. The Governor, as soon as we entered, prophesied that we should not be long under him, "as we have the Phoenix Park prisoners here." This was weeks before Carey turned informer.

That day, by order of Lord Spencer, we were shifted to Richmond Prison. We soon got good conditions as "first-class mis-

demeanants." Visits, letters, newspapers, and food from outside made detention bearable.

The scope we enjoyed is shown by correspondence with my brother.

At this time the Irish Party was being competed with by the Ulster members who, like ourselves, resented the decision of "Adams v. Dunseath" annulling the Healy Clause, which vested improvements in the tenants. The Irish judges were determined, if they could, to tear asunder the Gladstonian settlement. Chief Justice Morris, in an attack on the 21st section which protected leaseholders, sneered at the "spirit of the Act," saying, "*Quod voluit id quod dixit*." Made a life judicial peer in 1888, he secretly resigned on the promise of a full peerage (now extinct). Lord Halsbury then appointed in his room Lord Lindley, contrary, I argued, to the intention of the Judicature Act, which contemplated an English, an Irish, and a Scotch Law Lord. Lord Lindley was a learned lawyer and author, but I moved the adjournment of the House of Commons in a protest based on international grounds.

I remarked that "Lindley on Partnership" should now be supplemented by one on "Predominant Partnership"—the latter, a phrase emitted by Lord Rosebery when Premier as describing the relations of England towards Ireland. Later on Mr. Balfour restored the correct position by appointing as a Judicial Peer the Irish Attorney-General, John Atkinson, whose silent service in forwarding reforms, both as to land and local government, although a Tory law officer, will never be adequately appreciated by the public. In his twenty years as Law Lord he never trespassed on the political domain in a career otherwise highly distinguished.

While Attorney-General he did not hesitate to criticize to his constituents in North Derry the attitude of the Irish Court of Appeal towards the working of the Land Acts. The Scotch judges when the Crofters' Act was passed never sought to destroy its value for the Highlands, although probably liking it as little as the Victorian judges did the Irish Land Acts. It is fair to Chief Justice Morris, however, to say that he claimed he never sentenced a man to be hanged, never delivered a political address to a Grand Jury, and never was reversed by the House of Lords—a rare boast for the judges of those days.

I wrote my brother :

RICHMOND JAIL,
4th March, 1883.

Jail makes one lazy, and I can hardly do anything except read the papers. Feelings of lassitude have come over the three of us.

T. P. O'Connor writes that William O'Brien is a great success in the

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House. It is good news. The Portarlington election was wretched. Ten Catholics voted for Brewster, and all were bribed. Three of them were the largest shopkeepers in the place. Mayne, however, will be elected for Tipperary. Three or four Protestants voted for him. I suggested that his Committee should pass a vote of thanks to the fifty-seven men who supported him. This would be an exposure of others, some of whom were his "committee" men.

Portarlington was then the smallest borough in the three kingdoms, with hardly 140 voters. It was a Huguenot foundation, and its chaplain, Canon Triphook, was in receipt of a pension from the Crown when I entered Parliament. So, I think, were some pretended servants of former monarchs.

RICHMOND JAIL,
5th March, 1883.

The drafting of the amending Ballot Bill is discreditable to the Government and fruitful only to lawyers and commentators. To save a little parliamentary time every one is to be puzzled. The Ballot Act and Corrupt Practices Act should be incorporated in one Act, as I recommended last year.

I spent my leisure in jail drafting Bills—however imperfectly—for the Irish Party. Parnell said afterwards my Councils Bill was "crude," and so it was. The jail had no library and I had to depend on memory and ignorance. Yet there was no other aspirant for the task of draftsman.

To Maurice I penned:

RICHMOND JAIL,
24th March, 1883.

The Ulster Land Bill is out and what they stole from us isn't brilliant. I have written Biggar to send it to you.

I have also told him to forward you all Government Bills.

I am interested in the Corrupt Practices Bill, the Ballot, Criminal Law, and Appeal Bills, and am sorry I shall miss the debates thereon.

If you have leisure to draw amendments I shall be glad. I will send mine to the Party when I have gone through the Bills.

In the spring of 1883 the Government imagined that Parnell was caught in their coils! The Secret Inquiry Clause of the Crimes Act had been put in force to such purpose that in December, 1882, several men were arrested for the Phoenix Park murders.

The acumen of Detective Mallon had solved that mystery. His clue was obtained after an attack in November, 1882, on a shopkeeper named Field, who had sat on a special jury in the Lough Mask murder trial for the death of bailiffs named Huddy.

The Park prisoners at first were accused of merely a minor conspiracy. Week after week they were remanded by a magistrate, while scraps of evidence were adduced, having no relation to the Park case. The Crown prosecutors were lawyers of ability and

experience. One of them, James Murphy, on an adjournment after a tedious day, exclaimed, "Next week we shall connect the accused with the Phoenix Park murders!" From the dock came a chorus of laughter.

Peter O'Brien, Q.C., who led for the prosecution, told me afterwards that the Crown advisers then had no shred of evidence to warrant this announcement. He, as Murphy's senior, reproved him for it, yet the forensic instinct of a craftsman proved true. Murphy trusted Mallon, who was confident that the "right men" were before the court, and his outburst put the detective on his mettle.

Mallon visited the cells in Kilmainham, and to Carey hinted that his comrades (especially Curley) had betrayed him. He next assured Curley that Carey had given way, and after several such interviews Carey believed Mallon, and broke down. Carey then made a statement implicating his confederates.

His collapse came on the morning when the adjourned hearing by the magistrate was to take place. The London Government at first opposed the acceptance of his testimony. Yet had he not peached, neither his comrades nor himself could have been convicted.

Lord Spencer regarded Carey's breakdown as the greatest event since the landing of Henry II, and brushed aside the hesitations of Downing Street. So before noon Murphy, Q.C., visited Carey's cell in Kilmainham, and there wrote down the wretch's confession. Thence he went into court to make good his promise of a week earlier, for by 2 p.m. Carey was in the box as a witness on behalf of the Crown.

That day in the House of Commons lobby Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, grew so jubilant that he boasted to Joseph Cowen, "the starch will soon be out of the boys!" Cowen interpreted this as implying that Parnell would be implicated.

At that date an official named Jenkinson (brother of a Clerk at the Table in the Commons) was head of the Crimes Department in Dublin, and may have wished to earn credit for Mallon's insight. Jealousy and envy being the mainsprings of human action, it is possible he may, in advising the Government, have over-estimated the importance of Carey's confession, believing that more could be made of it than subsequently resulted.

Mallon knew that he had squeezed the last ounce of information out of Carey. Yet he lost caste instead of gaining credit with the Executive. Functionaries drifted into Ireland in 1882-3, who believed in Parnell's complicity in the Park murders. This tradition persisted until it was exploded by *The Times* Commission of 1888. Lord Spencer told J. A. Blake, M.P., in 1883, that gutter-pests, to

earn money, offered to implicate the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the ex-Lord Mayors (C. Dawson, M.P., and E. D. Gray, M.P., of the *Freeman*), the most moderate of men, in the murders.

Mallon's knowledge saved the Viceroy from availing himself of the perjury of such creatures. Yet his underlings gave permission to "Red Jim McDermott," one of their New York agents, to visit us in prison. Davitt, Quinn and I were brought down to a special room to enjoy the honour of his acquaintance. The head warder came on duty to be regaled by his intimacies with us, but Davitt knew all about the fellow (whom I had never heard of), including his trial in America for murder.

So he broke off the interview, and I told the head warder that if "Red Jim" called again I was "not at home." Next day Phil Callan, M.P., published the fact that "Red Jim" had slipped an extreme Irish-American paper into his top-coat pocket in a Dublin restaurant.

When Carey passed into the witness-box he was hooted from the dock by Curley and his fellow-prisoners. Carey ejaculated to Curley: "Ah, Dan, I was too quick for you!" Curley, however, had then given no information.

Carey had been elected a Councillor for a Dublin Municipal Ward a month before the arrests. He was a builder, and had made allegations of bad workmanship in civic drain-laying. E. D. Gray, M.P., told me that when he was challenged as to what drains were ill-laid, Carey was able to go to the spot and, getting the surface removed, verified his statements. "He who hides can find," said Gray, who assigned an evil significance to this knowledge.

Amongst the prisoners was an old cabman dubbed "Skin-the-Goat," who had driven the assassins to the Park. He shouted from the Dock at Carey, "Where's your cocked hat, James?" in allusion to the headgear then worn as part of the robes of Dublin Corporators. Another of his gibes was: "Carey is adequate to swear anything!"

The last man to suffer death on Carey's evidence was Tim Kelly, of whom our warder (Foster) told me that he was a choir-singer in the Franciscan Church with Joe Brady. Foster narrated that the night before his execution Kelly spent in song. The airs he favoured were from the operas of Balfe and Wallace. When the night was far through the warder implored him, saying, "Mr. Kelly, would you not lie down to take a sleep against the morning?"

The boy smiled, and said, "I will, but let me sing one more song." Then he lilted "The Memory of the Past," and lay still to take his sleep "against the morning."



JAMES CAREY THE INFORMER.
(Taken in Kilmainham Jail, 1883.)



JOE BRADY.
(Taken in Kilmainham Jail, March, 1883.)

After the executions the informers, other than Carey, were transferred to Crown Colonies. Australia protested against their being sent there. One of the gang (Delaney) was brought forth as a witness at *The Times* Commission of 1888-9.

Carey himself was exported to South Africa, and when about to land at Port Elizabeth, was shot by a fellow-passenger, Patrick O'Donnell. It was supposed that O'Donnell sailed with Carey in order to kill him, but O'Donnell's ticket was bought at a steamship agency in London a fortnight before the Irish Government made up its mind to send Carey to South Africa. The murder, therefore, could not have been the result of premeditation.

O'Donnell was brought to London for trial and hanged, but Sir William Harcourt would have reprieved him only that he gloried in the deed after conviction. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., one of his counsel, conveyed to me Harcourt's state of mind.

In 1892 Mallon called at my house by night, after Gladstone came again into office, to ask influence towards his promotion. I had not met him before, and noted the humility with which he bore himself. He told me the usual tale of the boycotting of Catholics by Dublin Castle, and said he had been shut out from advancement.

This surprised me, for I assumed that he was their "star turn." "Ah, no," said he, "others have earned the credit of my work. Now there is an Assistant-Commissionership of Police vacant, and unless I get it under a Home Rule Government, who knows what king will reign in a few years' time?" John Morley then was Chief Secretary, and gave Mallon the post he ambitioned.

A detail in Carey's evidence throws light on the value of "expert" testimony. There were found in the house of his brother, Peter, surgical knives purchased from Weiss, Strand, London. The blades corresponded to the wounds in the bodies of the dead statesmen. Sir Charles Cameron, analyst of the Dublin Corporation, before Carey confessed, swore that the spots on the knives were bloodstains. Carey afterwards proved that the knives used for the murders had been broken up and thrown into the canal.

Sir Charles often appeared in the police courts to support milk or butter prosecutions on behalf of the Corporation. He used, therefore, to be asked roguishly by Dick Adams, when he supported a charge of excess water in butter or shortage of fats in milk, "Did you testify that the rust on the knives in the Park case was a bloodstain?" "Yes" was of course the answer, and Sir Charles had to beg Dick that this line of cross-examination should be dropped. A wag of his own profession then sent him a sample of water for

analysis in which arsenic had been mixed, and alleged that he got back a certificate: "This is a potable water."

An attempt by Ministerial whisperers to frighten Parnell now began. It is spoken of in the following letters to my brother:

RICHMOND JAIL,
25th March, 1883.

They have been having a bad time in the House, O'Brien tells me, and the efforts by private hints and innuendoes to frighten Parnell into flight have been disgraceful. He has acted magnificently. Send a subscription to his testimonial, and a suitable letter. . . .

The revelations in the Phoenix Park trials and the attacks of Forster on Parnell led to the Government tightening up their procedure against their jailbirds.

I wrote Maurice:

RICHMOND JAIL,
5th April, 1883.

The explanation of the delay in your getting my letter last week is that it was opened by the Government, who are carefully attending to our correspondence. I wish them much comfort with glad tidings of great joy. . . .

I have warned O'Brien that the Government will smash him if they can invent anything against him, as detectives display themselves ostentatiously wherever he goes. Having got so many informers, the Castle's stupidity is amazing.

The seizure of Mat Harris's private papers was "magnificent, if not war." Yet when they succeeded in convicting unfortunates like those from Crossmaglen, anything is possible. Negroes from the Sudan would be as competent to handle this country as the blunderers in Dublin Castle. They are laying up a store of trouble for themselves (and for us, unfortunately) that will last this generation—triumphant as they think themselves now. There is relief in the thought that another year or two will see the end of them, and of Liberalism for some time to come. . . .

The Slaney fishermen, whose new season began on the 1st of April, sent my wife a magnificent salmon in token of my labour on their behalf. What poor men do, they do splendidly!

I have gone through the two first Gaelic books with Davitt and Quinn, and so have picked up a little.

John A. Blake, Member for Waterford, used to visit me in prison, and before doing so would first wait on the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, who had appointed him a Fishery Inspector in earlier years. A prophecy of Blake's to Spencer sticks in my mind. He told me that the Earl praised the police, upon which Blake remarked, "Yes, a splendid force—until the moment they are seriously wanted." This nettled His Excellency. Yet Macchiavelli's satire on "mercenaries" anticipated Blake by four centuries. I told him this for his comfort.

Blake, though a teetotaller, kept a wine cellar in Westland Row,

and whenever he was allowed to see me, brought bottles of fine claret for my enflagonment. He was a tall towardly man, with a pale face that never relaxed in spite of constant jesting.

He resigned his seat in the House of Commons to travel abroad, and narrated that when in Egypt a female fakir asked him to show his palm. Blake did so, and she declared, "You have sat on green benches for a long time. You have given them up, but you will sit on them again." This turned out to be true, for Blake was so liked by Parnell that he was elected a third time to the House of Commons.

He often enlivened my cell with reminiscences. Himself a Prince Mason, although bred a Catholic, he said the rites of the Degree were such that no consideration would induce him to go through them again. Perhaps he exaggerated, for on the same occasion he narrated that his predecessor in the Irish Fishery Department, in a Blue Book, reported to Parliament, "It is a strange coincidence that since the late Harbour Master of Dublin died, the herring has deserted Dublin Bay."

In 1884 he passed away. The night before, I sat next him in the House chatting. He seemed in his usual health. It was a Friday, and the debate being dull, Blake made up for this by his chaff. He recalled that when elected for Waterford he was hunted by a mob, and had to escape through the skylight of his hotel, and fly the town, escorted by a troop of dragoons.

"Much the same will be your fate, popular as you are now, Healy," said he. "You will be hunted as I was, and your life threatened. When you got married I thought that, like the Indian wrestlers, you would fall off. Yet you have not done so, but still snap your teeth like a shark, and command an audience. How long will it last?"

The seer then went home, and died before dawn in his sleep. His last will and testament was a charming bit of fun. He left £500 each to Richard Power, T. P. O'Connor, Sexton, the late Lord Justice Barry (for "his splendid conduct when I was challenged in the House"), Speaker Brand, and myself. Having thus distributed his assets, Blake next day bought an annuity, so that not a halfpenny could come to the legatees!

To Maurice, further prison letters ran:

RICHMOND JAIL,
23rd April, 1883.

The "Council Bill" was only circulated two days previous to the debate. Experience shows that, unless men are paid for an appointed task, things will go higgledy-piggledy. . . .

This reminds me of a thought that persistently returns to my mind lately, of the way in which the Irish Movement has been managed by one man, although hundreds may be involved in responsibility for decisions that have been taken. Yet the people have been kept in the dark and never consulted.

Loyalty of the highest kind only would endure this strain, and I am not clear that it would not have been better if there had been more displays of what would be termed "vanity" or "faction." Still it may be that, without the "ring" system, it would be impossible to conduct affairs.

Father spent an hour in my cell yesterday. He was allowed up by favour of the Governor. What a wealth of talent and probity has been thrown away for a few pounds a week in his case these last thirty years! "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

If you can, go again through the Criminal Code Bill. I have made a lot of memoranda on my copy, which I will knock into amendments. It is one of the most impudent measures that has ever been presented, and if passed, would give the Irish Government a far more potent engine than the Crimes Act for crushing political opponents. Our Party made a poor fight on it. From all I hear they are demoralized by the desertions and half-heartedness of the "cods." . . .

William O'Brien is great value. He is worth a hundred trainloads of ordinary men. I hope his health will continue good.

I don't know what Tim Harrington will turn out as regards ability, and was agreeably surprised to find he was able to make a decent speech, like the one after his release. He is combative and "factious," which are great qualities for his position. I think he will make a first-rate second-rate man. . . .

It is Mayo-Irish that Davitt and Quinn speak, though they don't agree on some points. For instance, for "andiu" (to-day) one of them says "aniu," and the other "aniuf." Davitt had in his youth more practice than Quinn, but has forgotten more, as was natural. A little revives words and phrases with him.

Sexton told me some time ago that until he was thirteen he understood spoken Irish, though never having occasion to speak it he has forgotten it. What a fine thing it would be if he kept up his knowledge and could address a mob! From what I have seen of Davitt, I am sure a little teaching would revive Sexton's memory.

I applaud your determination to learn the tongue, but I hope you will not wait for my textbook! If I ever reach the pinnacle of briefless barristerhood it shall appear!

Quinn told me with emotion that the Good Friday sermon in Claremorris in 1883 was (for the first time since St. Patrick) delivered in English, although the preacher, Canon Ulick Bourke, was the author of one of the earliest instruction-books in Gaelic. Canon Bourke had lamented the decline of Gaelic in these words: "To neglect and decry the living spoken language of the present, speaks insincerity at heart, and proves such flippant eulogists of the Gaelic to be actuated for its preservation or advancement only by that kind of regard for which stepmothers are proverbial. Good wishes without practice are like flowers without fruit!"

Davitt related that the Lancashire postmaster at Haslingden in

the 'seventies acquired many Irish words and phrases—so large was the number of harvesters coming for money orders to send home. His favourite phrase to gain attention was, "Wil tu gaisthoc l'yum?" (Are you listening to me?)

The attacks on Parnell in 1883 led to the starting of a testimonial to reward him for his services, and pay off the mortgage on Avondale. T. D. Sullivan, in the *Nation*, first recommended it. The mortgage amounted to £11,000 (claimed by Paul Askin). A rescript from Rome on the 11th May, 1883, condemned the project and attacked Parnell and his *Asseclae*.

It was signed by Cardinal Simeoni, and made a big stir amongst Irishmen the world over. Bishop Butler, of Limerick, at once sent a subscription to the testimonial with a letter which touched the deepest chord in Irish hearts in vindication of Parnell. Four Maynooth professors, who later became Bishops, including His Eminence the late Primate, Cardinal O'Donnell, braved displeasure and disadvantage by also sending donations to the fund.

The Irish Cause, which lay near low-water mark at that moment, was rescued from shipwreck by these ecclesiastics. The heart-throbs which sent the blood coursing through the National veins quickened at their protests. Under the Penal Laws Irish priests and bishops resisted English monarchs. In 1883 they withstood the Vatican itself to uphold the political rights of their country. When Cardinal Simeoni's condemnation appeared only £7,688 had been subscribed to the fund. Three weeks later it had risen to £15,102, and on the 11th December, 1883, a cheque for £37,000 was handed to Parnell. Moneys from abroad arrived afterwards, bringing the total to £40,000.

We incurred the loss of prison privileges for smuggling out a subscription to the testimonial. Davitt, as we walked the jail-yard, angrily exclaimed, "It is time to draw the sword!" "Yes," said Quinn, taking out a cigar and lighting it in the presence of the warders. "I'll begin by throwing away the scabbard." Neither Davitt nor I smoked, so we could not compete in defiance. The breach of rule was amiably overlooked, and visits and newspapers were allowed after a week's deprivation.

RICHMOND JAIL,
26 May, 1883.

I must tell you a good thing our warder, Foster, said about Shakespeare. While we were at exercise, or in each other's rooms, Foster devoted his leisure to reading our books. Quinn had an old copy of the immortal William, which the warder took to studying, having, I think, previously digested what he considered the more interesting portion of our literature. After a few days' perusal of the Bard of Avon, a new light dawned upon him, and he

observed to Quinn in a tone of slight exhilaration, "Begor, Mr. Quinn, I never knew that that Shakespeare was such a lad!" Is not this heavenly?

I have drawn a hundred amendments to the Criminal Code Bill, most of which have been put down in Sexton's name, and will send them for your remarks. I don't think the Bill can pass this year.

In June we were discharged from jail after four months' seclusion. Thanks to questions in the Commons by Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, two months of our sentences were remitted.

When the news of our release reached Warder Foster, he came with tears in his eyes to bid us good-bye, saying he could no longer remain in the prison service for lack of company.

He begged for a letter of recommendation to Irish friends in Canada. This we gave him. He had been transferred from Kilmainham Jail for our benefit, being a Protestant Tory.

His stories of the Galway prisoners there, convicted by Dublin special juries under the Crimes Act, and sentenced to death, were heartrending. He said none of them could speak English, and that they bewailed their fate in Gaelic, holding up their hands to try to make him understand. They numbered their children on their fingers, and by signs tried to show him their ages and heights. Crimes Act convictions were so common then that I did not attach special significance to his accounts. One conviction, however, was soon to have a sequel which bred rancour in British parties, and led to a political change.

Foster's narratives related to men accused of the Maamtrasna murders of 1882. These were committed before the crime in the Phoenix Park, and were the worst that had occurred until then. A whole family except a boy was wiped out on a mountain-shieling in Galway, although no political motive could be traced nor any palliation suggested. The police brought the boy to Dublin.

There were whispers of trespass by sheep, but nothing more. At night, by the light of a paraffin lamp (then little used by rustics) the slaughter was accomplished. Necessarily Lord Spencer sought to bring the criminals to justice. A swoop was made, and a dozen men of the migratory labourer class, who had been working in South Shields, Co. Durham, were arrested. Taken before Mr. Brady, R.M., son of Sir Thomas Brady (Fishery Inspector), they were sent to Dublin for trial. Verdicts of guilty by special juries led to death sentences, and the condemned men were taken to Galway for execution. One of them, Myles Joyce, on the scaffold, vehemently protested in Gaelic his innocence. A few weeks later an English soldier stationed in Galway Jail vowed that on his rounds as sentry he saw Joyce's ghost at night.

This tale passed into the Press, and, coupled with Joyce's protests on the trap-door (recorded by the prison chaplain), made a deep impression. T. Harrington, M.P., was then serving a sentence in Galway Jail for a speech to his constituents. When released he raised an outcry against Joyce's conviction. This he followed up with such dexterity that, backed by *United Ireland*, the country seethed in protest.

In August, 1884, I visited the scene of the massacre with Harold Frederic, of the *New York Times*, T. P. O'Connor, and my brother. There was no road to Maamtrasna, and we had to ride on ponies up the bed of a mountain stream which in summer was dry. When we reached the place an uncanny feeling overcame us. A month later the late Edward Ennis, a barrister, who was a frequenter of Green Street Courthouse, Dublin, came to me with a bundle of papers. He had gained access to a room where Crown briefs were carelessly thrown after trial, and found the brief held in the Maamtrasna case by Peter O'Brien, Q.C. (afterwards Lord O'Brien, Chief Justice). Taking the printed "informations" from it, he gave them to me. It was the right of the accused to be furnished with "depositions." Moreover, Lord Justice Barry declared from the Bench at Limerick in July, 1891, that as Attorney-General his practice was to hand a copy of the entire Crown briefs to the prisoners' counsel.

In the Maamtrasna case the accused had not been furnished even with the "informations." The chief witness against them was an informer named Casey, who swore that Myles Joyce was one of the murder party with himself, and that all of them came to their victims' cabin dressed in black or with black overalls. The Crown brief, however, contained printed copies of an "information" by the surviving boy, who had been brought to Dublin to make it.

He swore that the murderers wore "baunyeens" (white flannel jackets)—the usual garb of a Galway mountaineer. This testimony, straight from the scene of the assassination, was in complete conflict with Casey's evidence.

The Prosecution not only suppressed it, but did not produce as a witness the sole survivor of the tragedy. Until I got sight of this "information" I never encouraged Harrington's protest. It began with the scare of a sentry in Galway Jail, whose ghost story seemed absurd. Yet it preluded a fateful series of political incidents, which helped to bring down the Liberal Government in 1885.

A startling confession was to come. A mission (or revival) took place in the parish of the informer Casey in 1884. The Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. McEvilly, unaware that anything unusual was to

happen, came to give greater solemnity to the devotions. Casey entered the church unexpectedly, and after parley with the curate, publicly confessed his perjury against Myles Joyce. With a lighted candle in his hand before the astonished congregation, he owned that to save his neck he had sworn falsely. Furthermore, he declared that the real murderer was "Big Pat Casey of Bunnacric."

Amazement stirred the Irish public mind. *United Ireland* boldly accused "Big Pat Casey" of the crime, and dared him to prosecute the publishers for libel. Again and again, for weeks, it returned to the charge, but "Big Pat Casey" lay low, and Lord Spencer refused to hold an investigation into the facts.

Harrington raised the case in pamphlet and in Parliament. Lawyers on both sides, like Sir Charles Russell, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir John Gorst, and others took the view that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and voted with us for inquiry. Gladstone was disturbed and summoned Peter O'Brien, who had prosecuted, to London, but he ended by accepting O'Brien's excuses.

Each knew that the crime was non-political, but felt that if a wrong in the administration of the Crimes Act was acknowledged, the argument for miscarriage in political cases would be strengthened. So there was no admission of a mistake.

In June, 1885, the Irish Party joined the Tories to defeat the Liberals, and the ex-Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, described the junction as the "Maamtrasna Alliance." He could not pronounce the word "Maamtrasna," and always called it "Manstrasma." Airily he used to twit the new Government with "stewing in Parnellite juice." One or two of the prisoners had not been hanged, but the Tories did not release them. Not till 1903 did the last of them get free, and then thanks only to the visit of the late Queen Alexandra and King Edward to Connemara. The wife of the surviving convict (at the Marble Quarries in Galway) fell on her knees before the Royal pair, sobbing that she was lonely for her man. Guilty or innocent, he had been twenty years in jail, and the Queen, touched by her sorrow, asked the King to telegraph a pardon. Next day the prisoner was set at large.

The Irish members had not pressed for his release—for a reason which would not strike outsiders. We knew that year after year Gaelic-speaking priests visited Maryboro' Jail to enable him to go to confession. The decrees of the Council of Trent bind Catholics annually (at least) to approach the Sacraments. This convict, the warders told us, refused to do so. That carried to our minds the inference of guilt, and, besides, showed that he was so ignorant of his religion that he distrusted the integrity of priests nominated

specially for his benefit. Coupled with the infamous nature of the crime, this restrained us from lifting a finger to hasten his enlargement.

Harrington, who relentlessly pursued the case of Myles Joyce, never contended that all the prisoners were innocent. He merely maintained that the Crown lawyers cared little whether they were guilty or not. The ghost story of the English sentry walking the ramparts of Galway Jail in 1883 bred a weird offspring in 1885.

CHAPTER XIV

Monaghan Election (1883)

A WEEK after my release from prison in June, 1883, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Monaghan because of the appointment to the office of Clerk of the Crown of Mr. Givan, its Liberal M.P. He was a solicitor, and to get the post, assured Mr. Gladstone that his seat was safe for the Government. I was at Roche's Hotel, Glengariff, Co. Cork, resting after my imprisonment, when I received a telegram from Parnell asking me to stand for Monaghan. A convention of Nationalists assembled at Castleblaney to confirm this invitation.

Before resigning my seat for Wexford I stipulated that Parnell should help me in the contest, as I was new to the North. He consented, and on arrival in Monaghan I found our stronghold lay in the barony of Farney, where the despoiled clansmen of the MacMahons still smarted under the lordship of strangers. Parnell promised to speak there the next Sunday, and a big crowd gathered to hear him. Yet he neither appeared nor sent an apology. Sexton, however, in a heart-thrilling speech, satisfied the meeting. No orator could excel Sexton at a pinch, but till he had spoken I felt miserable at Parnell's breach of faith.

Afterwards we drove back to Monaghan town, where our solicitor, the late J. F. Small, of Newry (newly M.P. for Wexford), had been left in charge of the electoral arrangements. When we got to the hotel Small presented us with a telegram, saying, "Read that." We assumed it was an apology from Parnell, but it proved to be a message to him, not from him. It ran:

"The Captain is away. Please come. Don't fail.—KATE."

I thundered at Small as to why he dared open it? His confusion was profound, and he whined that he thought it related to the contest. I ordered him to put the message back in its envelope, but he said he had torn up the envelope.

Dumbfounded at this, we could give him no advice. He besought us to tell him what to do, as every causer of blunders seeks counsel when it is impossible to repair them. We knew the mischief could not be cured, and had no advice to offer.

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Years later, I discovered that he preserved the telegram. Worse still, he handed it to Philip Callan, M.P., to whom Parnell was opposed. The Chief must have heard of this, for at the Dissolution in November, 1885, he removed Small from Co. Wexford, and gave the seat to John Redmond, whose constituency in New Ross had been abolished by the Redistribution Act.

Small was allowed to stand for South Down, but his expenses were not paid. At the next Dissolution, July, 1886, Small was displaced altogether, and no seat was found for him, though I protested against this, unaware of his having handed Mrs. O'Shea's telegram to Callan.

Before the Monaghan contest ended, Parnell arrived and threw himself whole-heartedly into it. His speeches were electrical. On the day before the poll we reached Castleblaney. It was a "fair" day at the end of June, and very hot. The hotel was crowded, but the landlord gave Parnell and myself the best rooms, 12 and 13. "Twelve" was small, so I had Parnell's luggage put into thirteen. When he came upstairs and saw the number he banged at my door, crying, bag in hand, "Look at that! What a number to give me!"

I laughed and said, "We can exchange, but you'll have the worse room." He burst out, "If you occupy 'thirteen' you'll lose the election." The room was better than twelve, and I told him so, but he maintained that the Tory hotel-keeper had allotted it to him purposely. He was not to be pacified, and without arguing any further I installed him in No. 12, and nested myself in 13.

While making the exchange, he repeated fiercely, "Healy, you'll lose the election!" Though this prophecy proved incorrect, I own that minor triumphs of his superstition soon manifested themselves.

I tried to open the window of 13 before going out, but on undoing the bolt the sash fell on my hand. Stung with the pain, I shouted for help and tried to raise it, but could not. Parnell rushed in to release me. "Number 13!" he growled. "Why do you keep it?"

Then he scurried off, telling me to get out, as if it were haunted. I refused.

At lunch we asked for soda-water. The waiters were busy, and I opened a bottle myself. My lamed hand proved awkward, and the cork flew out with a bang and struck me in the eye. "Number 13!" cried Parnell. "I tell you, Healy, you'll lose the election." "Nonsense!" I laughed.

When I won next day, Parnell was overjoyed. The victory against the Liberals, who persecuted and reviled him, gave him

profound consolation. We toured the county that evening, and from our brake he shouted to every group at a cross-roads, "Healy! Healy! Healy!" For me to part with such a leader seven years later was a cruel wrench. Without "side" or snobbery, Parnell was a *grand seigneur*.

The following week I was reintroduced to the House of Commons by him and John Barry, being the first Catholic returned for Monaghan since the Plantation three hundred years before. Never did I see a man so happy as Parnell.

He then agreed that the vacancy created by my resignation for Wexford should be filled by William Redmond, who was in Australia with his brother, but he stipulated that I should go to the borough and back him. I did so, and a hot contest ensued with the O'Connor Don. It was the last time a Liberal fought a seat in the South against a Nationalist—save Captain O'Shea's irruption on Galway in 1886. O'Connor Don was defeated, and this, with the Monaghan victory, marked the end of Liberalism in Ireland.

Four months after I resigned my seat for Wexford its generous folk presented me with an address of thanks for my three years' service, and a cheque for over £300.

On returning to Dublin after the contest I found that my family had gone to the seaside. The windows of my house were shuttered and my latchkey let me into a darkened hall. To my surprise, a knock came at once to the door. I opened it, and found a stern-faced woman outside. "I want to speak to you," she said. "Who are you, ma'am?" I asked. "The mother of Joe Brady," she replied.

I as little expected the Witch of Endor. Her son was the youth hanged the previous Whit-Monday for the Phoenix Park murders. "What do you want?" I inquired. She pushed her way into the hall, crying, "Hear me, and I'll tell you." Sensing tragedy, I said, "Come in." All was dark, and she sat down in my shuttered study. I had had no time to let in the light before she knocked.

"The hangman," she began, "took the ivory cross from my son's neck which Lady Frederick Cavendish sent him. I want it back." I told her I had no power to recover it, but to inquire of the Governor of Kilmainham Jail—where the execution had taken place. "Well," she snapped, "it's unfair that the only thing given to my dead boy is kept from me." She then produced a prayer-book of her son, with writings on the fly-leaf. I examined it, and found this script: "Joseph Brady, condemned to death by the perjured traitor, Carey." Underneath in a different hand (evidently Carey's) was, "James Carey was no traitor. He gave evidence

only when he had been betrayed himself. He saved the lives of innocent men, and one woman."

While I read this, Mrs. Brady fastened her eyes on me. I handed her back the prayer-book as she crooned, "Joe was the twenty-first of my sons. He was a good boy. He used to sing in the choir at Church Street. He was the best son a mother ever reared. When the police came for the last time to take him to the Castle before Curran, we had got accustomed to it. He always came back laughing at them. Then they took him from me for ever. Had I known it was the last time, I'd have said, 'Joe, sell your life.' He could have beaten them, he was that strong."

I knew she referred to secret inquiries under the Crimes Act conducted by the police-magistrate, J. A. Curran (afterwards County Court Judge), who questioned everyone suspected of complicity in the Park murders. Brady had been several times cross-examined by him, so I asked why he had not gone away during these proceedings. "Ah," she wailed, "Joe was waiting till Tim Kelly was 'out of his time' to the coachmaker on Redmond's Hill" (meaning till Kelly had finished his apprenticeship). "They were great friends, and Joe would not go without Kelly. I have not shed a tear since he was hanged struggling against the English, but I would like to get the cross he got as a keepsake from Lady Cavendish."

I again repeated that I was unable to help her, and sorrowfully she went away. Then I opened the shutters, glad to let in the daylight. I never heard (otherwise) that Lord Frederick's late widow carried forgiveness to the length of sending a cross to the condemned man. Forty-five years later an English officer told me that the Governor of Kilmainham, on the night before Brady's execution, asked him to visit the cell of the condemned man with him. Brady, he said, was a handsome fellow and stood proudly silent.

In the session of 1883 T. P. O'Connor got the Labourers Bill through the House of Commons. Knowing little of its details, T.P. lobbied and buttonholed every landlord opposed to it, and cajoled them to assent. King-Harman, their leader, yielded, thinking the Bill would be smothered in the Lords. T.P. handled the situation better than anyone else could. The measure had been fashioned upon an Act of Disraeli's to promote working-men's dwellings in Britain. Thanks to T.P.'s steering it got through the Commons. The House of Lords, however, was a stiff obstacle. There the Irish peers were hostile, as the Bill made a charge on the poor rates, of which they then paid half, and they feared an indefinite increase.

To appease them, I suggested that, lest unforeseen burden should be imposed, a limit to the levy for labourers' cottages of a shilling in the pound (on the valuation) might be made. I knew that once the principle of providing labourers' cottages was accepted this limitation would disappear, as it quickly did. So the Lords passed the Bill. I credit to T.P.'s genial blarney its becoming law.

The prostration of unsanitary dens and hovels soon came about. Yet T.P. never won praise for what led to the transformation of the Irish landscape. The Irish Privy Council (composed of judges and landlords), to whom the final administration of the measure had to be committed, often mauled the housing schemes proposed by the local authorities. Ultimately the Government, thanks to the Balfours, did away with appeals to that hostile tribunal.

On the 12th December, 1883, the presentation to Parnell of the amount collected towards his testimonial took place at a dinner in the Rotunda, Dublin. Every leading Nationalist in Ireland, man or woman, attended. Yet no effort to regulate the throng arriving was made by the police. A block of cabs and cars was provoked, so that ladies in thin shoes and frail garments on a winter's night had to fight their way to the doors through a dense crowd. They and their menfolk were "pivot" people, and this treatment by the authorities they never forgave. The Press protested, and officialism issued the excuse that the police had not been "invited" to help to prevent a jam.

That jam, in my opinion, was the end of Castle rule for moderate Nationalists, for they knew that confusion was connived at.

When Parnell rose to speak, the audience strained to await his acknowledgment of the testimonial. His speech, however, made no allusion to it, nor did he let fall a phrase of thanks.

Sexton, sitting beside me, whispered, "A labourer would acknowledge the loan of a penknife more gratefully." All hearers were stricken with amazement, and dispersed in that mood.

Still, Parnell's reserve may have been the grander attitude if it implied that he could not find words to thank the bishops, priests and people who had stood by him as a Protestant when assailed. In O'Connell's day, the Liberator's attacks on Cardinal Quarantotti were ill-textured, coming from a Catholic. Parnell remained mute where religious authority was in question.

When the audience left the Rotunda the police were again inert—crushing was rampant, and cabs for ladies could not be found.

Parnell's mortgage was never paid off, and after his death his estate was sold for less than the charges on it. He was not a spend-thrift, being close rather than lavish. He indulged in no expensive

amusements. He saw no society. He did not bet or gamble. Shooting grouse on his Wicklow hills did not cost much. He spent a little boring for minerals on his property, but this was his only fad.

No vast sums can thus have been thrown away. In 1889 he received £5,000 damages from *The Times*. £10,000 was sent him by Cecil Rhodes. Yet the silver casket containing the Freedom of Edinburgh with which he was presented was found in a pawn-office at Brighton after his death. Then both Mrs. O'Shea and Captain O'Shea were declared bankrupt.

In 1884 scandals in official circles provoked sensations. Important persons were accused by *United Ireland* of offences which cannot be specified. Cornwall, Secretary to the Post Office, brought a libel action against the editor, William O'Brien. The trial excited feeling higher than anything since the "Yelverton" marriage case in the 'sixties.

United Ireland accused him, with James E. French and other instruments of Lord Spencer's regime, of malpractices, and a long trial ended in a triumph for O'Brien. Several officials were dismissed or convicted, and Ireland subscribed £20,000 to defray O'Brien's costs. He was member for Mallow, and gave its poor the large moneys unspent after the case ended.

Biggar, one night, as we were going home from the House of Commons, queried, "Have you noticed that all those blackguards were musical?" To be "musical" was almost a capital offence with Joe. I answered with the quotation that those "who have no music in their souls are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," but Biggar did not agree with Shakespeare.

The belief that vice prevailed amongst officials added to the discredit of the Liberal administration. The foundation of the "Hell Fire Club" on the Dublin mountains in the eighteenth century by a Dutch artist led to the toast of the then Patriot Party under Swift and Molyneux, "Prosperity to Ireland, and may the political Ganymedes who infest our country be banished from its shores."

Joe Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, told me that the verdict for O'Brien shook the Cabinet more than any previous event. Corry Connellan, who was Cornwall's predecessor, fell in like case. Connellan had first been Private Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, and then was made Inspector to the Prisons Board. A warrant issued for his arrest was never executed, and he received a pension.

Competitive examinations happily did away with nominations

by Members of Parliament for postal appointments. Formerly, the Dublin G.P.O. was a nest of nincompoops. Lord Dunkellin, M.P. for Galway (who became Marquis of Clanricarde), when making nominations, mixed up two names—one a Catholic who could barely read, the other an educated Protestant. The latter became a postman, and the other an incompetent clerk in the G.P.O.

Cornwall was a dapper old beau with a waxed moustache, who strolled into his office about 11 a.m., dawdled till lunch, and left at 4 p.m. His factotum, Patsy Cregan, met him every morning, took his cane, and then walked before him to his sanctum like a mace-bearer. No one dared penetrate it without Patsy's leave. Cregan underwent what he called seven "finals," i.e., irrevocable notices of dismissal. Yet he never was dismissed. One day he got an eighth "final," being found hopelessly drunk, and was sent home. Next morning he penitently appeared before Cornwall and pleaded, "Your honour, will you grant me an hour's leave till I see a clergyman and take the pledge for life?" Leave was given, and Cregan came back with a written certificate that he had taken the "life" pledge. He was, however, then so drunk as to be unable to display remorse. A ninth "final" was administered, yet he died a trusted servant of the G.P.O.

The year 1883 was marked by dynamite explosions in London. One shook the crypt of the House of Commons on a Saturday when the public were admitted. It injured Constable Cole, who behaved stoically. A detective from Scotland Yard soon after called to see the Librarian of the House, Mr. Harvey, to get leave to inspect the roof. Harvey had recently come to us from service in the British Museum. He was a very handsome man, with auburn hair brushed off his fine forehead. He was blessed with courteous manners, and spoke with an Oxford accent. The detective, having examined the roof, declared magisterially to Harvey: "I would allow no Irishman up there on any account." "No," said Harvey, who accompanied him aloft, "but I'm an Irishman myself." "Oh, well," quoth the sleuth, "so am I!"

CHAPTER XV

Devices of Parliamentarians (1883-4)

IN 1884, Gladstone's Bill to extend the franchise included Ireland, despite Forster's hostility, and Irish members were thereby gladdened. A furious campaign by the Tories in Ulster followed. Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Opposition, addressed meetings in Belfast and gave Orangemen the cooling advice, "Don't fire off your guns in the gaiety of your hearts." Colonel King-Harman, M.P. (afterwards Tory Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland), told them to "keep the cartridge in the rifle."

The Orange opposition was headed by Lord Rossmore, who became so vehement that he was deprived of the Commission of the Peace by Lord Spencer, then Viceroy. His backers came to break up a meeting approving the Franchise Bill which I addressed at Rosslea, a village on the borders of Monaghan and Fermanagh. Military and police threw themselves between the rival forces, and a rattle of shots burst out. The crowd looked round to see if we were enfiladed, but a scornful voice broke out, "Ah, go on! Them's Healy's men!"

Chief Secretary Trevelyan told the House of Commons that "sackfuls of revolvers" dropped by Orangemen were retrieved by the police at another "protest" meeting at Dromore.

T. P. O'Connor came to speak with me for the Bill in Dungannon, Co. Tyrone. A counter-demonstration was organized, and the Rev. R. R. Kane, Grand Master of the Orangemen, left Belfast to address his followers there. They met at the head of a street, while our friends were shepherded 300 yards off. Dragoons were summoned to prevent an injudicious mixture.

When I left Dublin that morning my wife was ill and, wishing to send her a reassuring telegram, I walked to the Dungannon post office close to the Orange meeting. As the faces of the crowd were turned away I thought I could take that risk. The Rev. R. R. Kane, however, was speaking, and fronted me as I strolled up. He shouted to the gathering, "Turn round, there's Healy! Show him how you can cheer for the Queen!"

In a twinkling the Orangemen wheeled about and a forest of

sticks was raised. The crowd would have been down on me solidly (without cheering for the Queen) had not Captain McTernan, R.M., signalled to the dragoons, whose horses made a lane through which I gained the post office. There I telegraphed home, "Danger over."

How we lie to our wives!

A little earlier in his career, Captain McTernan, a Catholic, when stationed in Co. Clare, by his evidence sent a peasant (Francis Hynes) to the gallows. His testimony was given before a Dublin Special Jury in 1882. He swore that he found a dying man, Douloghty, on the roadside, and whispered into his ear, "Who shot you?" and got the answer, "Francy Hynes."

That Douloghty in his agony understood his question was open to doubt, as Hynes was not shown to have had any enmity against him, but the London *Daily Telegraph* published an article (then widely circulated) asserting that "convictions by hook or by crook" must be got.

After the first day of the trial the jurors were locked up in the Imperial Hotel where William O'Brien stayed. Next day O'Brien sent a protest to the *Freeman* alleging unseemly and tipsy behaviour on their part. For this publication E. D. Gray, owner of the *Freeman*, who was High Sheriff, was sent to jail for three months, and fined £500, by Judge Lawson.

No attempt to deny O'Brien's allegations was made. Public subscription defrayed the fine, and Mr. Gladstone appointed a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the facts. Little came of this, save that Captain McTernan, after Hynes was hanged, was transferred to Fermanagh for his safety. There the Orange party beset and badgered him despite his services to the Crown. His alertness in Dungannon saved me from harm.

Lord Rossmore abandoned the Orange camp in later years and trended towards Home Rule.

After Sir Stafford Northcote's anti-franchise propaganda in Belfast, his second in command, W. H. Smith (afterwards leader of the House) came to Dublin to denounce the proposed lowering of Irish voting qualifications.

Smith, a kindly and well-intentioned man, controlled the railway bookstalls in the three kingdoms. He also owned a publishing house in Dublin, and there denounced the "mud hovel suffrage." He further raised the religious cry, urging that a special objection existed to Catholics getting votes.

Coming from an amiable and good-natured soul, this astounded many. He repeated the speech in the House of Commons as a Protestant evangel. I then remembered that in my locker lay a

Catholic prayer-book called *The Key of Heaven*, and hurried from the Chamber to get it. It bore the imprint, "Published by W. H. Smith and Son, Dublin." Displaying it to the gaze of members, I asked how, if Catholics were the superstitious slaves that he alleged, a high-minded Tory politician could make profit by spreading the religion he denounced. "What is to be thought of the statesman," said I, "who would stoop to coin money by promoting an alleged 'superstition,' while he assailed as idolaters and 'unfit to vote' the deluded customers whom he supplied with Catholic prayer-books?"

Smith smarted under the thrust and blushed. Forthwith he gave up his Irish trade. He transferred the business to his Dublin manager, Mr. Eason, and the "errors of Rome" ceased to figure as anti-franchise arguments. The speech must have lost him thousands of pounds.

Lord Randolph Churchill spoke and voted for the Franchise Bill being applied to Ireland, despite his leaders' objections.

Gladstone, when urging it forward, made an appeal to free-lances to refrain from "deck loading" by airing schemes to extend the suffrage further. On the "Faggot Vote" clause he was emphatic against amendments. Yet the tiny Scotch Lord-Advocate, McLaren, suddenly rose from the front bench to propose an amendment not on the paper. Gladstone fumed, but finding that he moved merely to forbid "faggots" in *Pro in Diviso Proprietorships* his anger melted into a smile. The Scotch law term delighted him.

We were then busy trying also to extend Irish local franchises.

In February, 1884, I published a pamphlet (price sixpence) called *Loyalty plus Murder*, quoting the text of the incitements to violence by Tory leaders when the extension of the franchise to Ireland was proposed. It included the address by the House of Commons in 1836 to William IV, the King's reply, and the Treasury Minute condemning the Orange Order because of the conspiracy to set the Duke of Cumberland on the throne instead of Queen Victoria. Subsequent condemnations by the Irish Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, in 1857-8 were also given.

Of it I explained to my brother:

DUBLIN,

20th March, 1884.

Loyalty plus Murder was circulated to M.P.'s and the public by the League, at whose request I compiled it. Over 1,500 copies were disposed of.

It cost me labour over two months, day and night. I got £100 for it. By contrast it appears that your works were badly paid for.

James Duffy and Son have sent me a magnificent copy of the *Spirit of the "Nation"* because of my attack on W. H. Smith's Catholic prayer-book.

Gill and Son gave me a couple of books also. Both firms were delighted, and Smith has given orders to stop the sale of his "prayer-book."

The Redmond brothers arrived in London from Australia early in 1884.

The opening years of John's career were not enterprising. He was of a retiring disposition, and the House for long knew little of his powers.

After Parnell died, Justin MacCarthy, nettled by his assumption of leadership, asked me, "Do you remember, while we were united, that any of us ever dreamed of consulting John Redmond about anything?"

I answered, "Never." Yet in 1891 he fell easily into the rôle of guerrilla leader, and in 1900 was made chairman of a reunited Party.

William's boyish eloquence at Westminster offended Labouchere, who described him as a "blausted auss." His good nature, however, his kindly heart, and an earlier seaman's experience, endeared him to his colleagues. When we wanted to obstruct we goaded the lad with the cry of "Give them a touch of the marlin-spike."

In a year or two he became one of the most popular men in the House. He had not been a Nationalist by upbringing, for in 1881, when his brother stood for New Ross, he as an officer in the Wexford Militia telegraphed to John, "Surely you are not going to disgrace our family by joining the Land Leaguers?" Before a year was over he was arrested as a "suspect" by Forster, and spent his twenty-first birthday in Kilmainham Jail. John showed me in the lobby the message he was sending him on attaining twenty-one. It ran, "Get your hair cut!"

William's flowing locks had become conspicuous, and the phrase was a pantomime cant of the day. Their mother, a loyalist, pestered Forster to release him, without success.

Appointed travelling companion to men like Sexton, he sometimes surpassed them. Sexton received a mission to attend the Boston Convention, but it was William who took it by storm. He had become an effective mob orator.

Parnell, twitted with a speech of his before the Forgery Commission, blurted out, "You cannot put old heads on young shoulders."

At the Split in December, 1890, William at first sided with the majority, as did his brother-in-law, Dalton. Under John's influence both ended by supporting "the Chief." In that fray William proved himself a "first-class fighting man," but remained popular with all sides.

When the Great War broke out, his soldierly instincts banished the demurs of age. Without necessity for sacrifice,

"Tameless, frank and free,
He marched to death with military glee."

In one of his short "leaves" from the trenches he stirred the House of Commons with a plea for Ireland. A fine gentleman, a fast friend, and at the last, a finished speaker, his soul went out to the thunder of the German guns.

His death hastened the close of his brother's career. John Redmond said to the priest who consoled his last moments—saddened as they were by the collapse of the Conference with the Orange leaders in T.C.D. in 1918—"I am dying of a broken heart."

Here I must return to events much earlier. In 1884 Chief Secretary Trevelyan (who in the 'seventies first raised the question of the equalization of the County and Borough franchise) helped Ireland to secure an extended suffrage. We were, however, annoyed because he fell under the influence of a Temperance Association, of which T. W. Russell, afterwards M.P. for South Tyrone, was secretary.

Without consulting us Trevelyan succumbed to a plan of Russell's to extend the "Sunday Closing" of public-houses to the five excluded Irish cities. We resolved to baulk him, as Russell, though very able, was not an Irishman, and we ironically asked why should a law be made for cutting off liquor, but not cutting off evictions.

On 20th June, 1884, Trevelyan gave a morning sitting to Russell's proposal, though Cardinal McCabe declared himself opposed to it. Theorists may be shocked to know that parliamentarians are not casuists or idealists, but politicians. To discredit Trevelyan's general Irish policy was our object, and we cared nothing for the loftiness of his motives. Many of us were in favour of Sunday Closing and of temperance measures, but resented the neglect of bigger reforms. To promote obstruction I went to William Redmond and urged that he, a new member, should, as his father was a temperance advocate, speak in support of the measure. Unwitting that "Time was of the essence" of parliamentary life, he consented, and made a powerful speech for the Bill, which helped to kill it.

He upbraided me afterwards for giving him this opportunity for distinguishing himself, when he was reproached for wasting time by the promoters of the measure. I also sought the aid of Biggar, a more wary victim. He answered that he could not run counter

to his constituents, who all supported Sunday Closing. "The Bishop and my Cavan friends," he protested, "are in its favour."

"Yes, Joe," I suggested, "but could you not make a speech in support of it?" His eyes twinkled, and with glee he shrilled, "I hadn't thought of that, misther. I'll talk in its favour." Biggar and William Redmond then chloroformed the measure with prolonged approval, while O'Brien and I enjoyed what the Rev. Peter Dens, S.J., describes as "morose delectation."

Biggar's speeches always began: "Mr. Speaker, sir, perhaps I may be permitted on this occasion to make a few remarks with regard to the subject that is now before the House."

A hesitation in his delivery would consume a minute with this formula. Talking against time needs practice, and Biggar decorated his observations on Trevelyan's measure with a temperance moral.

"Once," he groaned, "I knew a man in Belfast, a sad toper. He used to declare that 'the third glass of punch only warmed the bottom of the tumbler'!" Writhing in mental pain, he denounced this treason against temperance. Next he cited other dreadful examples from Belfast.

"Can the House believe," he asked, "that a fellow-townsmen of mine laid down the pernicious doctrine that 'one is too many, two is too much, and three is not half enough'?" He next brought in the thirst caused in the Royal Navy by the consumption of salt pork, coupled with the sinfulness of a rum ration on the Sabbath. Denouncing the false nomenclature of pork supplied by the Admiralty and its effect on "my own trade, sir," he said there were three specifications for salt pork in the Navy: "prime mess pork," "best mess pork," and "mess pork." "Yet, Mr. Speaker, would you believe it, 'prime' is the worst, 'best' is second, and plain 'mess pork' is the best."

It seemed a Sabbath day's journey from the Sunday Closing Bill, yet groans from our throats in sorrowful cadence greeted his lamentations. Amidst further by-play he consumed the precious hours at the disposal of Trevelyan (morning sittings then lasted only from 2 till 7 o'clock), and the Bill sank in cold obstruction.

Four or five days later Biggar elbowed his way to me from the Commons "bar" packed to hear Gladstone on the third reading of the Franchise Bill. The House was crammed, but Biggar forced himself to my corner seat.

"Tim," said he, "here's a letter from my sister in Belfast. Read it." I did so, and found it worded thus:

BELFAST,
21st June, 1884.

JOSEPH,—

When you turned Home Ruler I did not upbraid you.

When you became a Papist I was almost alone in our family in not refusing to speak to you.

Your fall was great in both respects. Yet there was one cause which I thought you would never desert, the sacred cause of temperance. From depth to depth, however, you have sunk, lower and lower, as was to be expected.

I read in the *Freggan's Journal* to-day of you, the son of a respected father, and member of a family of Presbyterian teetotallers, that you shamelessly confessed to the House of Commons that, "in your opinion the third glass of punch only warmed the bottom of the tumbler"!

Your descent into popery and Home Rule never deceived me. Yet I reserved judgment, despite the views of our family. Henceforth I renounce you.

Your sister.

I turned to Joe full of sorrow, saying, "'Twas I brought you into this scrape." He softened, and consoled me with, "Never mind, misther, she's all wrong, and I'll just tell her I was misreported." I never knew if she forgave him.

On 27th June, 1884, a week after we had "talked out" Trevelyan's Bill, he gave another morning sitting for its discussion. Gladstone, the night before, caused to be inscribed on the journals of the House that the Franchise Bill passed *Nemine contradicente*. It was a record inscribed centuries earlier on the passing of the Bill of Rights.

Two Tory members, however, Pell and C. S. Reed, next day protested, and declared they cried "No." This gave us an unlooked-for opportunity to lame the march of Trevelyan's measure. Scientific obstruction includes not merely debating the Bill which is being opposed, but talking on earlier Bills or Motions unrelated to it—and broadening out on them, favourably or unfavourably, to consume the time allotted to what is objected to.

Gladstone, who was courtesy itself, was disposed to yield to Pell's demand that the record "*Nemine contradicente*" should be erased. At this we feigned an indignation so intense that he hesitated. As our protests grew louder and more prolonged, Gladstone's ox-eyes gleamed for enlightenment on Trevelyan, who was thinking only of his Sunday Closing Bill.

They conferred for a moment, and, though we could not hear their discourse, it was plain that Gladstone sought an explanation for our enthusiasm. Trevelyan, with a feeble smile, took up the Order Paper and showed it to the Prime Minister. The first Order

of the Day was, "Irish Sunday Closing Bill, second reading." The Grand Old Man laughed and looked playfully across at us with a boyish appreciation of our perversity. We, therefore, nailed more firmly to the mast the glorious formula, *Nemine contradicente*, and this slew the second reading of Trevelyan's bantling.

I wrote my brother :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
18th July, 1884.

Having got the Poor Law Guardians Bill through the Commons, it was read a first time in the Lords to-day. My amendment as to "qualification" was accepted instead of Trevelyan's, as we objected to his form. We were unable to fight many amendments owing to the lateness of the hour, and the fear of a "count." I am going to the Lords now to see whether Lord Waterford succeeds in persuading them to throw out the Dublin Voters Revision Bill.

This is a Bill which would never have been passed, although a Government Bill, only for me, as my dodge got it through all its stages. It would even have lapsed for non-compliance with the Lords' Standing Orders, only I watched it.

Gladstone made it clear that he has withdrawn the Criminal Evidence Bill, and this is one of the greatest victories I have had.

Parnell is far from being in sound health. He told me yesterday that the late sitting on Monday knocked him completely up, and he was not able to remain in the House last night or Tuesday, and has not come down yet.

The device by which I got through the Government Bill dealing with voters and jurors in the Co. Dublin gave umbrage to Colonel King-Harman, its Tory member. He had of old been a Nationalist, and stood as such both for Dublin City and Longford. Now he was a Die-hard Unionist. The Recorder of Dublin, Sir F. Faulkner, one of the most delightful of Tories, was sole judge as to the admission of voters, a task which he detested. Trevelyan's Bill took the revision of the lists from him and gave it to an assistant barrister.

King-Harman "blocked" the measure (by notice of rejection) and this prevented the Bill being taken after 12.30 a.m. The House afterwards declared that such "blocks" only held good for a fortnight, unless renewed. One night, therefore, I set down "blocks" in the names of twenty Nationalists to the Dublin Revision Bill. King-Harman was delighted at this, and late on a Friday night I watched him going to the Clerk of the Table to ask if our "blocks" were effectual.

Being assured that they were, he left the House without renewing his "block." When he departed I went to the Clerk and withdrew all Nationalist "blocks." This left the Bill unopposed for the next sitting, after midnight. Trevelyan then on the Monday following moved the second reading of the Bill, which became law.

The device became known as the "collusive block." Yet the measure would not have been allowed to pass the Lords, had not our Poor Law Reform Bill been down for slaughter there. The latter alone was thrown out.

In August, 1884, I attended the Dungarvan Convention, to select a member in the room of Blake. There I drew up what became known as the "Party Pledge." P. J. Power accepted it and was chosen. In 1885 I improved its wording, and it became the standard test for Nationalists at all elections.

Parnell said he would sign it when he had the signatures of the whole of his colleagues in his pocket. He ultimately did so last of all!

The Pledge embodied a declaration to sit, act and vote with the Irish Party, and to resign if the Party declared that the signatory had broken the pledge. At every election from 1885 until the Split of 1890 it was insisted on, save in the case of Captain O'Shea in Galway in 1886.

The House of Lords threw out the Franchise Bill of 1884, and Liberal protests rent the air. The Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) came to a window to watch a procession filing into Hyde Park to demonstrate against the peers. Queen Victoria wisely intervened to abate the agitation and effect a compromise.

The Tories rightly demanded that a Redistribution scheme which they could accept should be passed side by side with the Franchise Bill. Lord Salisbury, their leader, claimed the right to be consulted as to the constituencies which were to be disfranchised or created. Gladstone assented to this at the instance of the Queen, and Sir Charles Dilke was appointed to meet Salisbury. Between them they arranged a scheme which took shape in the Redistribution and Franchise Acts of 1885.

Unfortunately, Salisbury thus secured a domination over legislation affecting Irish constituencies most prejudicial to Nationalists. Coached by a Belfast solicitor—the late Shirley Finegan—he insisted that an enlarged boundary should be created for Belfast entitling it to four members instead of two, while refusing Dublin a similar extension.

A Royal Commission under Exham, Q.C., had twenty years before recommended enlargements of all Irish municipalities, but its report was not made law, yet Salisbury availed himself of the Exham Report to have it applied to Belfast while refusing to allow its application elsewhere.

Dublin, if enlarged on the same basis, would have been entitled to six or seven members, but the Tory leader scouted the analogy.

This unfairness was acquiesced in by the Liberals. They could not be pestered with "parochial" politics.

Officers of the Ordnance Survey were appointed to applot the new constituencies in Ireland, instead of Commissioners, as in Britain. Some of their schemes were fair, others absurd. We protested, and three gentlemen, two being Tories, were named to revise them. Salisbury was consulted as to their appointment, but we were not. His Lordship watched their procedure so closely that he was able to tell Sir Charles Dilke that his plan for giving Belfast four Tory members had been neutralized by the creation of a "West Belfast" area for Nationalists.

The Commissioners held public inquiries, and at most of them I appeared as Counsel. To counterbalance a Nationalist "South Reown," they rejected the Ordnance Survey configuration of "South 1stry," and fashioned one to yield a Tory result.

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CHAPTER XVI

Liberal Hari-Kari (1885)

AFTER the Franchise crisis had been shelved, a large unsettled question affecting Ireland loomed up.

In July, 1885, the Crimes Act of 1882 would expire, and Lord Spencer, the Irish Viceroy, insisted that it must be renewed. Gladstone, plied with embarrassing questions by Conservatives, stood at bay. He called a meeting of his Cabinet to decide the problem in May, 1885. John Morley, who two years earlier entered the Commons as Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, was sent by Chamberlain to Dublin to try to persuade Spencer against the renewal of coercion. I saw Morley, to my surprise, walking in the Phoenix Park as I was driving there with my wife. His visit had been kept secret, and he looked up sadly as we passed.

I stopped the car, saying, "What wind blows you here?" Morley had sought my help with the Irish voters in Newcastle on his election, and the reply he made was to jerk his thumb in the direction of the Viceregal Lodge, uttering one word, "Hopeless!"

It was as eloquent a gesture as if he squandered hours in denouncing Spencer. He had not then held office, but, oddly enough, his "Recollections" (Vol. I, page 219) give the date as 1882. He adds that two years later he was made "Commander in Dublin Castle," although he did not become Chief Secretary until 1886. Such carelessness as to dates, in one who held office, is unusual. A week after I met Morley in the Phoenix Park, Earl Spencer came to London to attend a Cabinet meeting, being determined that the Crimes Act should be renewed.

Peers of his school illustrate British tradition. They came to Ireland wotting nothing of its history, and left as unwise. Great libraries they had at home, but the books on their shelves they could scarcely mention. *Grands seigneurs*, fox-hunters, fishermen, dancers, they moved through a land in the grip of officialdom, while every step they took was eyed by the natives with distrust.

Spencer, on attending the Cabinet, found that a Radical wing led by Chamberlain had been strengthened by the presence of Dilke, Trevelyan, Mundella and Shaw Lefevre, endowed with an outlook

opposed to his. The earlier ingredients of that Cabinet in 1880, W. E. Forster, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Lord Derby, had disappeared.

Chamberlain was resolved to end the Irish trouble, but as his plans were undisclosed our Party was not grateful enough to him. He held occasional conferences with Parnell, and tried to get his assent to some modification of the Crimes Act as the date of its renewal approached. Parnell pretended pliancy, but was pressed for a written answer. This he promised, and when O'Shea brought him a copy of the Act, he took it in hand and ran his pen through most of its clauses. Then, pointing to the skeleton which remained, he said, "I will agree to these." No Bill thus whittled down would be acceptable to Lord Spencer or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the new Chief Secretary. Struggles within the Cabinet grew bitter. Spencer flung the taunt at Trevelyan, "These, sir, were not your sentiments when you were my secretary!"

Sir George, however, held firm. Despite the chasm yawning in the Government after this scene, Gladstone strode into the House to answer a question by Sir Drummond Wolff, who demanded whether the Crimes Act was to be renewed. "Yes, sir," he said; "certain equitable and valuable provisions of that Measure will be re-enacted." Conservatives chuckled, Liberals were dismayed, and the Irish were enraged.

Dilke invited me to his room that afternoon. I had held parleys with him on the Franchise and Redistribution Bills, but after Gladstone's declaration in favour of Coercion I hesitated. A second message then reached me, and I went.

Dilke's smiling assurance greeted me: "Don't mind the Prime Minister's statement. No Bill to renew the Crimes Act will be introduced. Instead we shall ride for a fall." In other words, Ministers would arrange to be defeated, and throw on the Conservatives the difficulty of renewing the Crimes Act. Both Parties would have to face a largely increased electorate in November, and this seemed "good politics."

The date of the General Election was fixed for November by the Redistribution Act. Every one knew that a transformation in the Irish electoral position would take place, and that Parnell's Party would increase from thirty to over eighty.

The fissure in the Administration was not unknown to us. A letter to Bobby Spencer from Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire), relating to a purchase of horses, written from the Viceregal Lodge, where he was staying with the Lord-Lieutenant in 1885, was shown me by Labouchere. Hartington was then

Secretary of State for India, and a pillar of Gladstone's Cabinet. A postscript to Bobby asked, "When is this damned Government going out?"

It was, therefore, discernible that a Liberal disaster impended. To attribute Lord Spencer's obduracy against Ireland to the influence of the Prince of Wales I believe is wrong. The *Life of King Edward VII* seems to imply it, but unless that view can be supported by documents I disbelieve it.

Spencer, as far back as the spring of 1883, made a speech to tenants in Co. Carlow (Gowran, where he was trustee for Lord Clifton), announcing that the limits of concession had been reached, and that farmers must expect nothing further.

In the next score years a dozen amending Land Acts and Purchase Acts studded the Statute Book. To-day, landlords have been compensated to extinction. The only measures of a remedial nature for Ireland, not yielded to crime, were those of Arthur Balfour, Gerald Balfour, and George Wyndham.

On the 7th June, 1885, late at night, I received a telegram from Parnell asking me to catch the morning mail to London. I reached there next evening about 6 p.m., and found the House of Commons almost empty. A few hours later it became a raging stithy.

When I arrived nothing electrical quickened the air. Parnell asked me who had come over, and was angry at hearing there would be two absentees, John O'Connor and William Redmond. They had remained to sleep in Dublin after a night journey from Cork, yet if either had known what was toward they would not have failed. Few realized that the fall of Gladstone's Government was impending. I doubt that the Conservatives knew it.

The mechanism of downfall was as simple as the spring of a mouse-trap. A resolution by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, condemning the additional sixpence on the whisky duty, was under debate. The Ministerial Whips were instructed not to send out urgent summonses for the division. Sir Charles McLaren, now Lord Aberconway, in a letter to the *Daily News* next day, stated that he had got no whip, which was never denied.

About 11 p.m. a languid House became interested. At 1.30 a.m. the division bells rang. Ten minutes later the Clerk at the Table handed the paper (on which the numbers appeared) to the Tory Whip. It showed that the Government was beaten, and in a minority of twelve.

Fierce cries rent the air. Lord Randolph Churchill sprang on the bench which his well-dressed form so often dignified. There, pulling out his blue handkerchief, he waved it over his head and

shouted taunts at the Liberals. Others of the Fourth Party behaved similarly. Philip Callan quenched his emotion on the aristocratic bosom of Lord Henry Thynne. Roar after roar of joy went up from the Irish benches.

Liberal Ministers thus jockeyed the Irish Viceroy and "rode for a fall." Gladstone in the commotion did not raise his eyes from the paper on which he wrote his nightly letter to Queen Victoria. With a pad on his knee he scribbled calmly as if nothing unusual was going on.

When his Chief Whip, Lord Richard Grosvenor (an astute manager), came beside him he shook his hand. Then he trotted off composedly. He had dished the Die-hards, and the Government, born in 1880 of the Mid-Lothian Campaign and the Eastern Question, ended. The Western Question had entered unannounced, and the East vanished in mist.

Irish members who had borne the burden of coercion and its jails flocked after the division to the smoke-room. With throats so strained from cheering that we could hardly greet one another, we exchanged rejoicings. At William O'Brien I flung a line from Davis's *Fontenoy*—"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as shouting he commands." All yelled thereat. Biggar came in to break the spell, peremptorily calling, "Come home, Tim!"

So finished in fever a night begun in fog. Lord Spencer's Irish "policy" perished in a whisky ambushade.

All of us except Parnell were sorry for Gladstone. His courtesy was unailing. Even to an Irish apple-woman who, when the Courts sat in Westminster Hall, installed herself near the entrance, he raised his hat as he passed in. She had known Daniel O'Connell, and that was a link between them.

Gladstone's habit was to pay high deference to Mr. Speaker, whoever he might be. He bowed lower and more deferentially to him than anyone when he came up the floor.

Labouchere once led him to the smoke-room to allow his hand to be "felt" by Stewart Cumberland, a thought-reader. The feat was designed to attest the possibility of discovering the thought of another—such as the number of a bank-note undisclosed to the medium. The smoke-room was crowded, and when the Grand Old Man entered there was no seat for him. As no one offered him a chair I gave him mine. He sent his son to thank me next day.

At this séance Cumberland asked Gladstone had he a bank-note, and in a deep voice got the answer, "I suppose as First Lord of the Treasury I should acknowledge that possession." The thought-reader then told him to think of its number, took his hand, and

without hesitation wrote on the blackboard the figures on the note. "Wonderful!" said the Prime Minister.

Twenty years later the magician gave an account of this scene in his book, which did himself injustice. Stating that he never kept a diary or made notes he adds that he relied on a good memory, yet he omitted to chronicle his bank-note, triumph, and made Gladstone the subject of a much less marvellous feat. Memory is leaky, even in thought-readers, when decades have flown.

Parnell's hatred of Gladstone since the Kilmainham imprisonment never died away. Before that, during Disraeli's administration, even while he was obstructing the Conservative Government, Parnell disliked Gladstone, who was so unpopular in London that his windows were broken during the agitation against Turkey. Parnell confided to me in 1878 that he and his sister used to walk past Gladstone's house, and that the sister had "a stone in her stocking" which she would have thrown at his window but for the police. When I entered the House I advised Parnell to make some composition with Gladstone—until he took up Coercion under the malign counsels of Forster.

As Gladstone advanced to his seat in evening dress, with a red rose flaming in his buttonhole, he made a dignified picture to look upon. Yet Parnell said to me in 1885, "Look at him! He wears spring heels in his boots to make him appear taller than he is." This was sheer imagination.

In 1885, during the Penjdeh debate (in the Russian crisis), Parnell vowed to me he would not have stayed to hear him only for the crush which wedged him in his seat and blocked the doors.

Great a man as Gladstone was, he was not without his foibles. On the Franchise debates of 1885 he brought about a defeat of his Government by a slant of acting. He had been to the Lyceum Theatre to see Sir Henry Irving, and afterwards led that fine performer to the House of Commons. To secure a ticket "under the clock" he went to the Speaker, for having admired Irving's acting at the Lyceum, he was evidently determined to give the player a chance of admiring his own performance at Westminster. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, before he arrived, had on behalf of the Opposition secured the assent of Sir William Harcourt (Home Secretary) to a proposal that the expense of the new and enlarged register of voters necessitated by the extension of the franchise should not be thrown on the local rates. Gladstone got up and ridiculed the idea, unaware that his second-in-command had assented to it in his absence. This, doubtless, gave Sir Henry Irving a taste of his quality, but indignation broke out amongst the Conservatives,

and the "country Liberals" felt sold. A division was taken and Gladstone had the mortification of being beaten by the votes of his own Party.

As for the baffled Viceroy, Lord Spencer, whose mulishness brought down the Liberal Government, he, under Gladstone's sunny influence later on, and to some extent because of Lord Salisbury's speech at Newport in October, 1885, became friendly to Home Rule. In 1886 he was boycotted by London society for accepting Gladstone's Irish Bill.

In 1885 General Gordon's death injured the Liberals, although his mission was forced on them. The expedition to relieve him by Lord Wolseley failed. In 1893 at an officers' mess in Fermoy after a court-martial, I heard the Colonel of one of the regiments (I think the 18th Royal Irish) assert that they were commanded to retreat when they were in sight of Khartoum. This, he said, was a blunder, because his regiment could have rescued Gordon had it not been ordered back.

Scudamore, son of the British Postmaster at Constantinople in the 'seventies (who published his Memoirs as a war correspondent), told me that on this expedition one of the Fanti bearers died, and the tribesmen laid on his grave in the desert a loaf of bread and a jug of water. Scudamore asked their interpreter did the Fantis believe that the dead man would come forth to eat the bread and drink the water. "No," was the reply, "but the spirit of the dead will come forth and eat the spirit of the bread, and drink the spirit of the water."

In June, 1885, the new Conservative Government was formed. It did not renew the Crimes Act, and Lord Randolph Churchill went to the India Office.

The Liberal Chiefs who supported coercion in Ireland grew enraged at having been driven from office as they watched the closeness of the Tory-Irish alliance. They winced when Parnell on the 17th July, 1885, reopened the case of the Maamtrasna prisoners. Parnell's speech was well-documented. He appealed to the new Government for clemency, but Ulster M.P.'s, on the alert to discern any trace of yielding to the Nationalists by the Tory Cabinet, took Lord Spencer's side. Sir William Harcourt and Lord Hartington pronounced eulogies on the ex-Lord Lieutenant, and by glorifying him they aimed at baffling the Nationalists and making it impossible for the Conservatives to reverse his policy. To create a diversion I called attention to an utterance in Leeds of Herbert Gladstone three days earlier, declaring for Home Rule. For the first time he revealed his father's mind, and justified the Tory trend towards a

similar policy. I argued that Home Rule, and not Lord Spencer's administration, would be the issue at the Dissolution (only four months off), and asked the admirers of Lord Spencer if they agreed with the declarations of Gladstone's son. His words, now commonplace, were then a new evangel in British politics. He said:

"Let them then end the mockery of what was called constitutional government in Ireland, and let them form a system of government which was based entirely on popular wishes and popular sentiment. . . . His experience of what twenty or thirty determined Irishmen could do in the House of Commons showed him that eighty could make our present system of government practically unworkable. . . . They must either satisfy the reasonable demands of the Irish people or eject them from the House and govern the country by martial law. If then the Irish nation desired a parliament upon a Federal basis, if the Irish leaders agreed that they could formulate and work a practical scheme—and he believed they could—if they loyally accepted the supremacy of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament, then in God's name give them a parliament in College Green!"

This shattered the effect of the Hartington-Harcourt onslaught, and amazed their following. Scarcely had I sat down when Lord Randolph invited me to his room. He thanked me warmly, for his Whips feared that the Whigs had arranged to spring a division on the Government to snub and outnumber it on an Irish issue. Randolph said I had sent wobbling Liberals home, fearing to take part in the intrigue. He seemed afraid of Michael Davitt's extremeness, for he asked me if I would go to Co. Kerry, where disorder was feared, in the autumn to address the people. Davitt was not an obstacle to peace, as Randolph supposed. I mentioned his suggestion to William O'Brien, who had then achieved the peak of popularity, and he agreed to join me. Randolph made no pledge on Home Rule to me, nor did I ask for any. This was Parnell's business, and the new Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carnarvon, had been authorized by the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, to meet him. In October, 1885, at Newport, Salisbury used language consistent only with the grant of Home Rule.

The ejection of the Liberal Government (amongst other upheavals) put the late Ashmead-Bartlett into a minor post. Bartlett being an American, a skit on him in *Punch* showed on his breastplate the legend, "We came over with the Cunarders." He received a post in the Admiralty, and brought in a Chelsea Pensioners Bill, which readily passed the Commons. He forgot, however, to propose a series of clauses which the draftsman wished inserted. Yet in the

Bill as printed in the Lords these appeared, although they had not been passed by the Lower House. Wharton, M.P. for Bridport, detected this. He was a faithful Tory, and asked my opinion of the lapse. I expected Home Rule from the Conservatives, and Wharton a job (which he got), so we decided jointly and severally to hold our tongues. The Salisbury administration would have been discredited had such a scandal become public, for, though the Bill was harmless, both Houses of Parliament had been deceived.

At no time has either House any proof of what the other passes, beyond parchments tendered by the Clerks of each Assembly to one another as they come to the Bar. In both Houses the Clerks were able and seasoned officials. Milman, the Junior Clerk in the Commons, had a greater grasp of parliamentary practice than the Senior Clerk, Sir Erskine May. At first Milman was bitter against Ireland, and tried to render our questions ineffective by excisions. After twenty years he softened so much that, when an effort was made to put a junior over him (nephew of Sir R. Webster), my support was asked for, and he said to a colleague, "I knew I was safe when dear Tim took my side."

In a previous generation Isaac Butt, when an attempt was made to appoint Mr. Erskine Serjeant-at-Arms over the head of Captain Gossett, an older servitor, took a like stand, and as successfully. A dozen years after Butt's death Gossett retired, and Parnell in 1885 made a most charming speech in support of the vote of thanks and the pension to Gossett. He recalled that though the late Serjeant had several times helped to eject us from the House, yet because he sat near our benches, he had gradually become *Hibernicus ipsis Hibernior*.

Gossett told me he commanded the dragoons who arrested Smith O'Brien, M.P., in 1848. He used to spend his holidays off Wexford, conger-eel fishing. In his room he kept a keg of Irish whisky for the entertainment of his friends. In prompting "counts-out" he was a sworn ally of Biggar. The promotion of Mr. Erskine, a most dignified, just and gentlemanly Serjeant, was not too long delayed. Such men never appear in the limelight, yet they have their place in history. Erskine had been page to Queen Victoria, and but for Disraeli's influence with Her Majesty, she would not have yielded to Butt's intervention, as the office was in her gift.

In those times there was a stricter code amongst Ministers and members as to work than that prevailing in a later generation. Week-ends were unknown. Gladstone held his Cabinets on Saturday. No one left town over Sunday. Yerkes, the American railway

magnate, complained twenty years later that he could not do business in London between Thursday night and Monday morning; whereas in New York, if he neglected his railways for that space of time they would be stolen from him! Everybody (who was anybody) wore a silk hat. The "topper" went out when the "safety" bicycle came in about 1887. I heard Lord Spencer tell Gladstone in 1892, at a dinner given by Arnold Morley, M.P., that the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) begged him to ride beside him in Rotten Row (at the request of the hatters) in a silk hat. They rode for a week so apparelled, but could not restore the old headgear. After the safety bicycle, came the motor, which further changed the countryside and the habits and fashions of town.

The Liberals in 1885 sustained a heavy blow in the fall of Sir Charles Dilke. Crawford, a Scottish M.P., claimed a divorce from his wife, and named Dilke as co-respondent. Gladstone was much upset, for Dilke had become a power. Outwardly cold and passionless, Dilke's sympathies ran with the under-dog. He came to Dublin on a Royal Commission with the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), and was so shocked at the workers' homes that, to help them in a small way, he utilized a Rathmines Private Bill to enlarge the municipal franchise in that township. No Irish member then had the parliamentary knowledge which he used, to engraft an extension of the ratepayers' vote on a Bill which had nothing to do with the franchise.

Whatever clouds lowered on him afterwards, his earlier memory deserves respect. When Dilke's fate loomed darkest, Gladstone sought out Labouchere, saying, "Can nothing be done to prevent the ruin of such a pillar of Liberalism?" He had just left office, and Labouchere replied after parley, "Well, sir, I'll do my best." Labby failed to move the aggrieved husband, and again met Gladstone, who asked, "Have you managed to make a settlement?" "No, sir," he answered, "but I have tried," and told the story that Crawford wanted too big a price. "What price?" queried Gladstone. "He actually wants a judgeship," said Labby. "A Scottish judgeship, I presume?" remarked the old man. "Oh, no; he demands to be made an English judge, which, of course, I told him was impossible." By this yarn he hoped to be spared a further unpleasant errand, but Gladstone said, to his amazement, "Why impossible? Can any good reason be brought forward against his being made an English judge?" Filled with admiration at such a burst of compassion for Dilke, especially considering that the disparity in years made improbable their further personal co-operation, Labby promised again to find Crawford, but had at

length to confess that from the outset he refused any terms of accommodation.

Parnell, unwarned by the Dilke catastrophe, pursued blindfold the "primrose path" to Brighton and Eltham. When Chamberlain in 1889, after the collapse of *The Times'* charges against Parnell, discussed matters with O'Shea (as javelinman), can it be doubted that they bore Dilke's disaster in mind?

Crawford was a friend of Earl Spencer, and in 1893 came to me as to a charge of connivance I made against the late Viceroy nine years before. I had said that one of his officials, called French (against whom *United Ireland* made a serious accusation for which he was suspended), had sworn an affidavit declaring he was not suspended, when in fact he was, and that Spencer must have known this to be false, yet took no action upon it. The case of "Cornwall v. William O'Brien" had set Ireland agog, and we believed that French's perjury must have come through the Press to the Viceroy's notice, and that in any event his subordinates were responsible for condoning a lie to deceive the courts. No Nationalist had any idea that Viceroys were "run in blinkers" by their underlings. But Crawford assured me on the Earl's behalf that he had never seen or heard of the affidavit. So I at once made a public *amende* to the ex-Lord-Lieutenant, although surprised that he should be unaware of a cardinal feature in the trial of one of his chief officials, which was blazoned in the Dublin newspapers.

Towards the close of the session of 1885 the Scotch manager of the Munster Bank, Farquharson, closed its doors in Dublin, though the concern was absolutely sound (as its liquidation proved). Ruin befell many. The object Farquharson had was to smother up his own defalcations. He fled from Ireland, but no effort was made by the authorities to arrest or extradite him. This favouritism corroded the Irish public mind, and had a powerful political effect. People recalled the case of John Sadleir, M.P. (a Lord of the Treasury), on the failure of the Tipperary Bank in the 'fifties, whose abettors also slipped through the meshes of the law. Yet in England Jabez Balfour, M.P., was brought back from South America by the law officers of the Liberal Party, to which he belonged, and sent to penal servitude for fraud. They ordered things differently in Dublin at that date.

When the Bank failure came, I recalled that in 1883 I saw a gentleman-like fellow exercising in the Richmond Jail yard and pitied him. I said so to my warder Foster. "That's Lodge," he replied, "the clerk who robbed the Munster Bank." Farquharson had procured Lodge's arrest for theft. Before his trial a dog nosing

along the edge of the Grand Canal rooted out the notes which the accused was alleged to have stolen, and he was acquitted.

When Farquharson absconded it was feared that the fall of the Bank would affect similar institutions. There was in our Party then a director of the Hibernian Bank, Nicholas Lynch, a wealthy man, who, on the hustings or in the House of Commons, was unable to open his mouth. His Bank, like the Munster, circulated the notes of the Bank of Ireland. If credit were curtailed by the latter Bank a panic might force the Hibernian also to close its doors. Lynch, fearing this, begged me to get a meeting of the Party to insist that if it were threatened with a "run" the Bank of Ireland should come to its aid. Accordingly, a scratch meeting of the Party was got together, and Lynch, hitherto its silent ornament, made one of the most eloquent and moving speeches I ever heard, appealing to us not to allow his institution to be ruined by what he called "Farquharson tactics."

Parnell was in the chair, and though few were present, we authorized Lynch to proceed to Dublin and tell his directors to inform the Bank of Ireland that if a "run" were attempted on the Hibernian any failure to come to its assistance would be met by us by a manifesto to the people to refuse Bank of Ireland notes. The result was no "run" took place. The Bank of Ireland, as a precaution, imported a million sovereigns from London, the insurance of which alone cost £40,000.

So unjustifiable was the closing down of the Munster Bank that its liquidator, Mr. Murphy, ultimately not only paid twenty shillings in the pound, but founded in its stead the powerful "Munster and Leinster Bank" which to-day possesses over ten millions to its credit.

CHAPTER XVII

Legal Memories (1884-5)

I WAS called to the Irish Bar in November, 1884. The learning of its members astonished me. One of them, Edward Cumming, where a beginner needed help, could not merely give every case, but would name the Law Book and sometimes the page at which it was recorded. There were few Nationalists then at the Bar.

In December, 1884, at the Dublin Winter Assizes, I got my first brief in a murder trial. The late Dr. Falconer led me. The Crown alleged that the prisoner, whose Christian name was Maurice—a gardener to a gentleman in Kildare—had killed his wife. Proof turned on a question of time. The accused had to ring a bell at one o'clock for the dinner hour of his master's workmen, then go to his home a mile away, and return by 2 p.m. to ring a second bell.

In that hour he was alleged to have murdered his wife, and to have set fire to his house to make it appear that the crime was the work of tramps. The prosecution therefore had to rebut the defence that the crime was the work of tramps and was not done between 1.15 and 1.45 p.m.

The chief Crown witness was a blind beggar-woman, tall and gaunt, whose face was scarred into ugliness by the pittings and blotchings of confluent smallpox. She was the most repellant female I ever saw.

She swore that, passing the prisoner's cottage, she heard his wife's voice, which she knew, crying, "Oh, Maurice, Maurice, don't kill me!" At the inquest, however, she had told a different tale. The contradiction she explained by admitting that she had committed perjury before the coroner, but had gone to the Sacraments at Easter and been warned in Confession to tell the truth.

Next, two urchins were called, who said that, coming from school, they meant to steal gooseberries in Maurice's garden, but drew back because one cried to the other, "There's Maurice!"

A question as to the admissibility of this evidence arose, but Judge Murphy allowed it. The murder must have been committed about 1.30 p.m., and Dr. Falconer asked one lad if he was in a hurry home.

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"No, I wasn't." "How far had you come since one o'clock?" "A mile. There were crab-apples on the road, and we pelted stones to get them down."

In the gentlest voice Falconer inquired, "Who told you to tell the story that you said to your comrade, on reaching the garden, 'There's Maurice'?" The boy answered, "The sergeant, sir."

"What? Sergeant Blank of the R.I.C.?" "Yes, sir."

Verdict, "Not guilty."

It was Christmas Eve, and as I left court through the throng a clammy hand was thrust into mine, and a husky voice muttered words of gratitude. Great was my disgust when I found that the released prisoner had clasped my hand. The people of his locality refused to associate with him afterwards, and he had to fly to America.

Carson, the eminent Law Lord, had won an assured position at the Irish Bar before I was "called." In 1881 he used to appear for tenants applying to the Land Courts to fix fair-rents. My brother (apprenticed to a Lismore solicitor) sometimes instructed him. The landlords soon descried his genius, and engaged him on their side.

The trial which brought Carson to the front was that of a Miss Anthony, known afterwards as the "Lady Litigant." She lived in Tallow, Co. Waterford, and, travelling in a train without a ticket, was ejected at Dungarvan by a railway porter. She received injuries, and Carson fought her battle so stoutly that heavy damages were awarded. The Railway Company appealed, and a litigation long drawn out began, but the lady won.

Miss Anthony then started sham suits and conducted them herself. She pledged a ring with a trader in Tallow to procure bacon. To get the ring back she threatened an action for illegally taking pledges, and retrieved her property.

Flushed with success, she proceeded against her parish priest for slander in that he prevented her becoming a "choir nun." The priest, she alleged, passed her over at the altar rails when she presented herself for Holy Communion. She sued for the alleged ill-fame implied in the refusal. The priest naturally compromised. Next she attacked a rate collector for "excess" in his collection. This action she lost, and to save her goods from seizure, she persuaded the Christian Brothers in Tallow to take her sheep into their field.

She also borrowed money from them on the security of the sheep. To evade paying the Brothers she sued them for the recovery of the animals, and terrorized them from going into court.

She next served a writ for slander on a Dublin solicitor, who threw it into the waste-paper basket, having never heard of Miss Anthony.

She got judgment, "in default of appearance," for £1,000. The solicitor moved to set this aside, and though his motion succeeded, she was allowed costs.

In many feigned actions for years Miss Anthony figured. She travelled free on the railways, as the companies deemed it cheaper to allow this than to defend her suits.

I saw her about 1886 in the Court of Appeal in front of a row of law books. Lord Justice FitzGibbon asked would she not allow her counsel to argue the case? "Oh, no," she replied, "I only employed Mr. Blank to bring down the books from the library!"

When her victims were exhausted and the Courts grew tired of her, she went mad and became an inmate of the Cork Lunatic Asylum. There she hanged herself. No newspaper dared mention the suicide lest she might have circulated an unfounded rumour in order to take proceedings for libel!

This is, therefore, the first obituary notice Miss Anthony has received after thirty years!

In England a litigant named Chaffers, who revelled in suing judges and officials, provoked the passage of an Act to suppress the nuisance unless the Attorney-General previously sanctioned such procedure.

We refused to allow it to apply to Ireland, and Lord Alverstone (then Attorney-General Webster) agreed to this exclusion, as we feared that the business of Resident Magistrates might become a "sheltered industry."

At the Cork Assizes, 1885, I was counsel against Dr. Cross, of Shandy Hall, defendant in an action by Phil Connell, a farmer, who had objected to Cross hunting over his land. Cross, with a blow of a whip, struck off Connell's ear, and rode on.

The wounded man recovered £200 damages.

Two years later Cross stood in the dock accused of poisoning his wife, sister of the widely-known M.P. for Brighton, Sir William Marriott.

The trial attracted general attention. Marriott had hit the Gladstone Government hard about 1881 by resigning the seat he won in Brighton as a Liberal, and recapturing it as a Tory.

Cross was notable in Co. Cork as the son of a father who used to drive a tandem composed of a horse and bullock to every Assizes, Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions as a litigant.

The day after his wife's funeral he married his children's gover-

ness, and suspicion was excited. Sir William Marriott wrote him for an explanation, and deeming Cross's reply unsatisfactory, demanded the exhumation of his sister's body. The local district inspector of the R.I.C., an able Englishman (Tyacke), had won a reputation for fairness and uprightness. To arrest Cross, however, without convincing evidence would throw a slur on his caste, especially after the verdict against him for the assault on Connell. Yet Tyacke was undaunted, and the coroner, M. J. Horgan, a Nationalist solicitor, helped him.

Horgan had been Parnell's election agent in 1880, and Parnell acted as best man at his marriage.

Cross explained to Marriott, by a letter read at the inquest, the hasty burial. It set forth that his wife's death occurred on a Friday, that the remains would not keep till Monday, and as Sunday was "the great day for Popish funerals," he was forced to hold the interment on Saturday.

The body was exhumed, and when poison was found at the post-mortem, Cross was arrested. There was evidence to show that the doses were small, and that the victim might have been hurried off by being smothered under a pillow.

Cross was tried in Cork before Judge Murphy, an able and relentless lawyer. The prisoner was defended by John Atkinson (now Lord Atkinson). While awaiting the verdict the accused sent for his solicitor, who hurried to his cell, thinking he had some last point to urge. "Deyos," said he, "after yesterday's proceedings my dinner was cold, and I should feel obliged if you would take care that to-night it will be kept hot!"

A moment later he was called back to court to hear the dread verdict of "Guilty."

An English M.P. who was present at the trial told me that nothing convinced him more of the necessity for a change in Irish administration than the fact that the Court was thronged with hangers-on of the landowning class who sympathized with Cross, and desired his acquittal.

Judge Murphy charged against the accused. On the night before Cross was hanged, the late Sir Denis Henry (afterwards Lord Chief Justice, Belfast) dined with the judge. When about to leave, his host asked, "Denis, must you go to town to-night? Could you not stay?" "Why?" said his guest. "Well," he replied, "Cross is to be hanged in the morning, and I need company."

The judge had been a leader on the Munster Circuit, and probably was often counsel for or against the father of Cross.

The Dublin Conservative organ recorded the execution with the

eulogy that Dr. Cross faced death with the courage he showed in the trenches before Sebastopol.

Twenty years later a youth made his way to Cork from abroad to interrogate a solicitor upon the mystery which shrouded for him the deaths of his father and mother.

He had been brought up in ignorance of the tragedies. The man of law soothingly sent him away as little informed as he came.

Stories about the elder Cross were a Munster Bar tradition. He sent a pack of hounds to Liverpool for an English hunt, but scarcely had the ship arrived in the Mersey than the hounds dashed ashore and scattered through Lancashire.

Cross took action against the steamer company, and the trial took place in the Court of Passage, Liverpool. He swore that the hounds were worth £10 or £12 a couple, or more. The opposing counsel stood up to cross-examine, and said, "You have stated that the hounds are worth £10 or £12 a couple?" "Yes, I swear it," said Cross.

"Thank you, sir; you may go down." Cross glared at him. "Are you done with me?" he asked. "Oh, yes." "Ha!" roared Cross, "that's not the way they'd cross-examine me on the Munster Circuit!"

In July, 1885, I was Junior Counsel for prisoners called Sheehan and Brown at the Cork Assizes in a case known as "the Castletown-roche murders."

Brown was a neighbour of Sheehan, who wished to marry his sister. The girl's fortune was small, and Sheehan's family were opposed to the match. Sheehan's mother, sister, and brother disappeared in 1877, and he told his manservant that they had left for Fermoy. He added, "There will be plenty of room for the girl now." Three weeks later Sheehan married Miss Brown.

Six years after, in July, 1883, Sheehan was evicted for non-payment of rent, and went to New Zealand. No suspicion of foul play as to his relatives entered the mind of anyone. Domestic crime was rare in Ireland, and the police only busied themselves with political charges or agrarian disturbance. After Sheehan emigrated, his successor in the summer of 1884, finding that a well on his farm was nearly dry, began cleaning it out.

At a depth of 80 feet the skeletons of two women and a man were found. These were proved to be the remains of Sheehan's mother, sister, and brother.

Policemen who knew Sheehan then sailed for New Zealand and arrested him. He dwelt far inland in a forest. His wife, when he

was accused, declared she suspected he intended to murder her. Brown was arrested as an accomplice. Beyond the finding of the skeletons, however, proof of the murders was slight.

John Monroe, the new Tory Solicitor-General, went to Cork to prosecute. He visited the well, and affected by the horror, fell in a fit. The trial was, therefore, postponed till the Winter Assizes of 1885.

Unaware of Monroe's illness, I, with other defending counsel (D. B. Sullivan and Dick Adams), drove to the well on a sunshiny Sunday.

Our solicitors were my brother for Brown, and MacMahon, of Fermoy, for Sheehan. After the drive and a swim in a stream, Dick Adams determined to break the Sunday Closing Act. A wayside public-house was nearby. When we entered, a peasant sprang out on the clay floor in an attitude of hatred towards MacMahon.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "You sold me to my landlord!" "What?" exclaimed MacMahon.

The fellow shrieked, "Yes, I was the tenant of Clonmore, and applied for a fair rent, but you sold me and got my rent raised."

Then he drew himself up as if to strike MacMahon, while we in wonderment took a posture of defence.

MacMahon, rooted to the ground, remained without reply. Enjoying our consternation, the pretended assailant now burst into a laugh. Holding out his hand to MacMahon, he asked, "Sint, don't you remember me? I'm the fellow yer honour got the grand reduction for. I never thought you'd be humbugged by me playing acting!" This was a great relief, and the playboy insisted on paying for our stout. It was the "Abbey Theatre" a generation before the Dublin Players began! We reached the well of tragedy to find it so gruesome that Monroe's seizure was easily accounted for.

Five months later Sheehan and Brown were arraigned separately before Judge O'Brien at the Cork Winter Assize. I was unable to attend owing to Dublin business, but Adams told me that the Crown case had meanwhile been greatly strengthened.

Two informers, a father and son—the latter a convict—were enlisted for the prosecution. They swore that on the 22nd October, 1877, a dance on Sunday night took place at Sheehan's home, which his family attended, and that Sheehan decoyed his brother when the music and gaiety were at their height to an outhouse and slew him, and that he next brought his sister and mother to their doom. Then after the dancers left he carted the bodies to the well.

The jury disagreed on the first trial, but on the second hearing

Sheehan was convicted. When asked after the verdict what he had to say he declared, "Brown is innocent."

Brown was next arraigned. Adams and D. B. Sullivan appeared for him. My brother at Petty Sessions had cross-examined the Crown witnesses, and thus enabled Counsel from written depositions to contrast inconsistencies between the evidence then given and that finally tendered.

When the case for the Crown closed, the Crier, Ford (a crony of the Judge), came with a meaningful air to warn Adams, "Call no witnesses."

Believing the hint came from his master, Adams acted on it, and no witnesses for the defence were examined.

The Judge's "charge," however, pressed powerfully against Brown, and he commented severely on the failure to call witnesses. Adams was panic-stricken, and when the jury retired he turned on Ford, protesting, "Why did you tell us call no witnesses?" The Crier trolled out, "Because I hate *alibis* and perjury."

Adams threw up his hands and told him to let the Judge know that the prisoner's counsel wanted to see him. Regarding themselves as misled, they begged O'Brien to modify his charge. He refused, but Brown was acquitted. His gratitude towards his lawyers was such that he would not pay a copper for his defence, though it cost my brother hundreds of pounds. In those days every one prosecuted by the Crown held himself out as an *enfant de* *and-trie*.

My brother's boldness in the case led me later to take risks in defending another prisoner. An old man was found dead in his parlour near Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin, with his skull battered in, and the Crown asserted that his brother committed the murder. The chief witness was a gravedigger from Glasnevin, who swore before the magistrate that he saw the accused leaving the house on the night of the crime. Unless this story could be shaken it meant that the accused would hang. I believed the accused did not intend to kill, but that in a moment of passion, having been refused money, he struck his brother without premeditation.

So I cross-examined the gravedigger at the magisterial inquiry as to the darkness of the night, the shadows cast by trees, and the doubtfulness of identification by one who had never seen the prisoner before. Then suddenly I asked, "Do you realize that your evidence, if true, will put the rope round the prisoner's neck?"

"I do," came the husky answer. "Then," I said, "will you swear positively that he was the man you saw leaving the house?" The witness hesitated, and falteringly answered, "No, I will not.

I am not sure." This reply, appearing on the depositions, was fatal to the Crown case.

At the trial the jury found the accused "Not Guilty." He then took out probate to his brother's estate and became the sole inheritor of his means.

The Crown could often have got verdicts of "manslaughter" in Ireland from juries which shrank from convicting prisoners on capital charges, but its Counsel pressed for the "rigour of the game."

When I had been some years practising in Dublin, Sir Charles Russell, in his masterful way, almost ordered me to come to the English Bar and promised that he would get me briefs. I was doing well at home despite frequent absences in Parliament, and did not like to make the change. Years afterwards he scolded, "Healy, why didn't you come to England when I promised to get you business?" "Well," I answered simply, "I thought you merely wanted to pay me a compliment."

He was furious and, turning on his heel, growled, "I never pay compliments!"

A jest of Baron Dowse was then potent. "An Irishman thinks himself a big chap till he reaches the Kish Lighthouse on his way across the Channel."

I got "silk" in England under the Chancellorship of Lord Loreburn. Meeting me in the Commons corridor after his appointment, he said, "Healy, can I do anything for you?" "Well," I laughed, "are there any vacant bishoprics?" "No," he murmured wonderingly. "Then," said I, "since you can't give me lawn, you might give me silk!" He smiled, for, as Bob Reid, he, too, often urged me to come to the English Bar. So I became a King's Counsel in England as well as Ireland.

Monroe, who prosecuted the "well" murderer, had been counsel for Parnell at the State Trial of 1880. In 1883 he became the Tory candidate against me in Monaghan. An election joke of his deserves remembrance. He told the Orangemen: "Parnell beats the big drum; Sexton plays the clarionet; and Healy blows his own trumpet!"

In 1885 he stood as the official Conservative candidate for Armagh, but was opposed by Colonel Saunderson as a Tory Independent. Saunderson had been Liberal member for Cavan in 1868-74, and during the contest against Monroe did not mince his words.

Criticizing the new Irish Tory policy, Saunderson declaimed: "Nothing delights England more than to wipe the tears away from

the eyes of Erin, but she always takes care to make Erin pay for the pocket-handkerchief."

Monroe was beaten again. Afterwards he was made a judge and was respected by all for his impartiality and good humour. His son became Prime Minister of Newfoundland in 1925, and, after attending the Imperial Conference of 1926, spent a week-end with me in the V.R. Lodge.

CHAPTER XVIII

Ireland and the Vatican (1885)

IN October, 1885, I went to Kerry, as Lord Randolph Churchill asked, with William O'Brien. O'Brien possessed the larger concepts of statesmanship. He could stifle the fires of jealousy (ever latent in politicians' hearts), and backed up as willingly as myself the Tory policy of peace. On a Saturday we took train for Killarney, and his speech there next day had a powerful effect. It kept Kerry quiet, save for one horrid crime, but an unruly element showed itself at the meeting. As it dispersed a voice cried, "Three cheers for 'ox-tail soup'!" This was a hit at myself.

Five years earlier in Bantry I had condemned the mutilation of cattle by cutting off cows' tails, which I jestingly attributed to the desire of the constabulary for "ox-tail soup." This gave offence to the police, but when George Wyndham became Chief Secretary he had to dismiss Serjeant Sheridan and other constables in 1904 for perjured evidence which sent to penal servitude innocent men convicted of cutting off cows' tails, which crimes Sheridan and his sub-constables had perpetrated.

Meanwhile an event, apparently remote from politics, had taken place which profoundly stirred Ireland. Cardinal McCabe, the last pro-English Archbishop of Dublin, died, and the filling of the See was fraught with consequences akin to those which arose in England when Thomas à Beckett, the first Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury after the Norman Conquest, was appointed. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth, was nominated almost with unanimity to the see by the clergy of Dublin, but British pressure at Rome became intense, and the intrigue aroused Irishmen the world over.

On the intervention of the London Government, Pope Leo XIII cabled to Australia inviting Dr. Moran, Archbishop of Melbourne, to repair to the Vatican. Dr. Moran was a most worthy and eminent prelate, as well as a faithful Irishman, but being the nephew of Cardinal Cullen, an earlier Archbishop of Dublin, lay suspect. Dr. Cullen had assailed the Fenians, and in 1862 refused to allow the coffin of T. B. MacManus, a '48 exile (which had been brought from San Francisco), to rest for a night in his cathedral. Dr. Moran's

writings on the Irish martyrs proved his devoted scholarship, but in the popular mind he was London's nominee. Besides, contradictory Pastorals of his when Bishop of Ossory in 1880-1 on the Land Movement were recalled, whereas Dr. Walsh never wavered in the Cause, whatever storms buffeted, and was a gallant soul.

Leo XIII had previously been misled in Irish affairs. Poisoned by the tales of Errington (M.P. for Longford), a Liberal envoy to the Vatican, His Holiness forbade (as already told) the Parnell testimonial in 1883, in terms unusual in churchmanship. When Dr. Healy was nominated for a Bishopric, His Holiness at first said, "I won't appoint any member of that family"—thinking he was a relation of mine! Ireland, therefore, palpitated with anxiety as to the filling of the Dublin see. Dr. Moran's appointment seemed certain, but suddenly a telegram from the Pope stayed him at Malta, and in a few days the Press announced that Dr. Walsh was to become the Metropolitan Archbishop. His Grace, on receiving the news, selected my poor home for his first visit. Dr. Moran was created a Cardinal, and returned to Australia, where his services to religion and civilization became, if possible, more zealous than before, while his devotion to Ireland stood unabated.

Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the *New York Times*, laughingly maintained that, as Rome was then full of American bishops, and the Vatican throbbed with their remonstrances at the proposal to appoint Dr. Moran, his Press messages to New York appointed the new Archbishop.

The outflow of enthusiasm in Ireland at the defeat of the intrigue against Dr. Walsh cannot be realized to-day. I was dragged from the office of *United Ireland* by T. P. O'Connor to the Cathedral at Marlborough Street to make a speech of welcome to His Grace. I had not a moment to think what to say, but wound up with a prayer that he might live "to lift a venerable hand to bless a liberated people." He died just before the Peace Treaty of 1921 was signed with England.

London could not understand in 1885 the significance of the ecclesiastical revolution. Henry II would have appreciated it in an instant, whether before or after Beckett's murder.

Something of what went on in Rome as to the appointment I learnt towards the end of that year at a dinner given in Monaghan (where I was M.P.) to welcome Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, on his return from a visit to the Vatican. He informed me that Leo XIII made him aware of how his purpose changed. Said His Holiness: "We were determined to appoint Moran." (Dr. Donnelly interrupted himself to remark, "He never put a tooth in it.") The

Pope then told that at midnight before the day on which Bulls were to be approved for the vacant sees of Christendom he hesitated, and went down to pray at the tomb of the Apostles. There he told his beads. He revealed to Dr. Donnelly, "When we finished the Rosary we rose up determined to appoint 'Valsh.'" His Holiness added, "Next day Cardinal Simeoni presented to us the names of the bishops for the vacant sees, and when 'Dublin' was reached we said 'Valsh.' Simeoni queried, 'Moran, Your Holiness?' 'No, we mean Valsh.' For," concluded Leo XIII, "we had guidance at the Tomb of the Apostles."

In the 'sixties, Pio Nono declared that there was no ecclesiastical vacancy within the British Empire in his gift for which its Ambassador at Rome had not a candidate. Yet while the Pope was thus besought for favours by a Protestant Power, bequests for Masses in Great Britain and Ireland remained illegal. Gifts by will to Catholic Communities under vows were held void also by the terms of the Emancipation Act of 1829. To-day, however, these blots have been removed. Moreover the Privy Council pronounced cheerfully on the "personal" rights of a Bengal idol (28th April, 1925, *Nullic v. Mullic*).

Dr. Donnelly was a veteran in Church and State. As a priest he begged through America for funds to erect the Monaghan Cathedral. He would declaim fervently against the late Lord Rossmore for pulling down his schools and using the stones to build Orange Lodges. When I addressed my constituents he used to load me up with anti-Rossmore stories, and then come to a house where, from a window near by, he could drink in what I redistilled. Flattering me that I had greatly bettered his promptings, he would take me back to dinner.

Before he died Lord Rossmore changed so much that the kindest relations prevailed between them—an improvement due to a local Christian Brother.

In January, 1885, when I had only been sitting eighteen months for Monaghan, its open-handed priests and people tendered me a complimentary address, accompanied by a presentation of over a thousand sovereigns. Their gratitude on being freed from serfdom knew no bounds.

After the triumph at Rome, Ireland looked with derision at the wriggings of the Tory Government, soon to be beaten at the polls. Before the Dissolution we were aglow with hope and enthusiasm. An incident at the West Belfast Revision Court may be cited to reproduce the prevailing spirit. The Conservatives there were represented by an able solicitor, Wellington Young, and the National-

ists by my brother. Devices by claimants on both sides to secure votes on shaky titles were common, and an old Nationalist, who had never had a vote, was inspired to claim, through the Tory solicitor, as an Orangeman.

Surnames in Belfast give no certain clue to religion or politics, and the old fellow got into the witness chair under Wellington Young's auspices. He took him through his qualifications, walking delicately, and when he finished, my brother did not cross-examine. The Revising Barrister, Milo Burke, allowed the vote.

"Have I got it safe?" asked the claimant. "Yes," said the Judge. "Is that true, Mr. Wellington Young?" "It is." "Is that right, Mr. Healy?" "It is." "I can't be struck off now?" "No, no," said Burke. "Go down." Leaving the box, he turned round to Young with a scornful laugh, shouting, "Another vote for Parnell!"

In October, 1885, the unexpected news came that John Dillon was returning from America. His ship was delayed, and O'Brien penned an article in *United Ireland* combining anxiety with welcome. Next day, walking through Stephen's Green on a sunny Saturday, I told him I disliked it. O'Brien declared that Dillon's desertion of the Party in 1882, when the Crimes Act became law, should not be remembered against him. I replied that I never had a difference with Dillon, but could see nothing save harm if a man so self-centred was again allowed to get a grip on the levers.

Vanity lurks in every man's knapsack, but Dillon's self-esteem, I thought, outdistanced his power of vision. When O'Brien secured the Wyndham Act of 1903, Dillon denounced it as leading to "national bankruptcy," and parted with the colleague to whose genius and generalship his standing was largely due.

O'Brien held every one as honest as himself. A larger experience armoured him with a saner criticism. He believed Dillon (with whom he had not then sat in the House of Commons) as unselfish as he deemed Parnell. O'Brien would thrust his hand into a furnace if it would serve Ireland. Others whom he adored would not have suffered the loss of their finger-nails.

A committee of the Party in 1885 met daily at Morrison's Hotel to select candidates. It consisted of Parnell, Gray, Dr. Kenny, Sexton, O'Brien, O'Kelly, Harrington, John Redmond, Biggar, and myself. Dillon, who had just returned from Colorado, was also invited. Henry Campbell took shorthand notes. Parnell wished to oust Phil Callan from Louth, having opposed him in 1880, when Callan was beaten in Dundalk. Hearing this, Gray brought Sir Joe McKenna, M.P., before the committee, to remonstrate, and

foreseeing an ugly outcome, I tried to get Parnell to yield. He sternly replied, "Healy, you know better than anyone else that, except for the time Callan was in South America, the secrets of this Party were never for a day withheld from the Press."

He afterwards went to North Louth to oppose Callan, who, when beaten, made an allusion to Mrs. O'Shea, which was the beginning of Parnell's end. The *Irish Times* alone reported Callan's words, and these gave the world the first glimpse of the skeleton in the cupboard. When I vainly pleaded that Callan should be spared, I was unaware that he had been supplied by Small with the telegram to Parnell at Monaghan from Mrs. O'Shea in June, 1883, previously mentioned. I knew, however, that Callan was wont as a journalist in 1880-5 to inspect the book in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, where members wishful of obtaining admission for women signed their names. Callan, in quest of paragraphs for the Press, noted the frequent entrances of Mrs. O'Shea's name, under the sign-manual of Parnell. He knew that her husband could have got her admission, as M.P. for Clare, and came to the conclusion that more than a platonic friendship existed. Thus began the Parnell-O'Shea scandal, for Callan did not keep his suspicions to himself.

In November, 1885, the Dissolution came, and as a trumpet-blast to herald it, a manifesto to the Irish voters in Great Britain was launched against the Liberals by T. P. O'Connor from London. The names of several colleagues were appended, including my own. The first I knew of it was to read its contents in a Dublin evening paper. I had not even been consulted as to its flaming verbiage.

During the General Election, the late Alex Blane, a tailor, was returned for S. Armagh as a member of the Irish Party. At Parnell's urging I went to the Convention there, which was to choose the candidate. He wanted to keep out a man named Dempsey, although Dempsey had been his nominee for Co. Derry in 1882. Meanwhile, he was supposed to have become a Davittite. An anti-Davitt prejudice swayed the minds of James O'Kelly and T. P. O'Connor, who had become the inspirers of Parnell in such affairs. Their nominee was Ivor McGuinness, of Poyntz Pass. Objections were raised against him, and I avoided putting the issue as long as I could as the Armagh priests favoured Dempsey. For this the late Canon Quinn, P.P., described me as the "most tyrannical chairman he ever knew." His attack was just, but he knew nothing of my "sailing orders." Parnell's dislike of Dempsey had been fanned, on anti-Davitt grounds, and I dared not allow him to be accepted as a candidate, if a substitute could be found.

In my perplexity, after some hours' contention, I turned to Father McElvogue, C.C., and asked, "Have you no local man on whom you could unite?" He replied, "Did you see a chap on a ladder in his shirt-sleeves putting up the decorations as you came in?" "Yes," said I. "Well, that fellow is good at registration and election work. His name is Alex Blane. He is a tailor, and his father was a Protestant."

I conferred for a spell with Biggar, Reynolds, and Small—the other Party representatives—to ask them why we should not have him. It was an "affair of Arcola." Blane knew nothing of our intention to nominate him, but I faced the Convention to announce, "In view of the differences that have arisen as to the candidates, the representatives of the Party here submit to you as M.P. for South Armagh the name of Alex Blane." The delegates gasped, but surprise conquered. They swallowed the dose. I put the motion forthwith, and it was adopted without debate. Naturally, Canon Quinn for thirty years harboured against me a dislike well-grounded.

The Tory who ruled Armagh then was the Town Clerk, T. G. Peel. I went to him fearing that Blane would be treated as an "outrage," to offer that if the Orangemen would refrain from starting a candidate in S. Armagh, where we held a big majority, we would put up a Nationalist in Mid-Armagh to defeat the Gladstonian nominee, James Wylie, Q.C., afterwards judge. It was with pain I opposed a man so honest and high-minded as Wylie. My situation, however, was forlorn if Blane were opposed, for nobody knew him, and snobbery was rampant. Peel was sensible and agreed, so Blane next day was elected without a contest.

That night Peel came to me in the dark. His friends, he mourned, were suspicious because they had seen us talking together. Said he, "You'll be speaking to-night to celebrate Blane's election, and I'd like you to give me a few 'touches' just to show the Nationalist hatred of me." I gladly agreed, and before the meeting assembled I got "made wise" on Peel's seed, breed, and generation. I descanted, therefore, on his misdeeds, past, present and to come, to the delight of the crowd.

Next morning, on leaving Armagh, I found Peel at the railway station. Greeting me ruefully, he took me to the waiting-room and complained, "Oh, sir, I asked you to give me a 'few touches,' but I didn't expect such a scourging!" "Well," I apologized, "how could I gauge what would dispel the suspicions of your friends? Now they can't blame you for a little talk with me!"

I told him Leamy, M.P. (who had no chance of winning), would

be put up for Mid-Armagh, and this forced Wylie to withdraw. So Peel's nominee was returned.

While in Armagh, Leamy and I were entertained by the venerable Primate, McGettigan, one of the most hospitable of men. He showered such kindness on us that we were made to feel what a "Northern welcome" meant. A native of Donegal, he had as a priest been sent to jail for refusing to disclose (in a lawsuit about property) confidence which he regarded as having been reposed in him in his capacity as a priest. He swore he felt it was entrusted to him under a seal as sacred as that of the confessional, but the Judge ruled this to be "contempt of Court." If so, it was never purged!

He became Primate unexpectedly. His predecessor in Armagh wanted as "coadjutor" a cleric whom he liked, and the parish priests assembled to make a choice. They knew his leanings, and almost unanimously voted for his friend. When the votes were to be counted the Bishop of Dromore, who presided, asked for a box in which the papers should be deposited. A cry arose, "Your Lordship's hat will do." "Oh, no," he said. "The law prescribes a box, and the votes must be placed in a box and then counted by me." No box was forthcoming, and while one was being searched for, a telegram arrived from Dundalk announcing the death of the Primate. The Bishop then ruled that a "coadjutor" to a dead man could not be appointed, and declared the proceedings at an end without counting the votes.

At the next meeting of the clergy they cast no votes for the previous favourite, and Dr. McGettigan, who had not been previously thought of, was declared "Dignissimus." He was loved by everyone, and the only failing he showed was want of confidence in the railway viaduct which spans the Boyne at Drogheda. Here he would leave the train, take a car to the next station and get a slow train home.

When he became old, his priests selected another Donegal prelate to rule them, Dr. Logue, who was soon made Cardinal. That eminent man in his later years also asked for a coadjutor, and a third Donegal bishop, the late Dr. O'Donnell, was translated and became Cardinal. Thus three Donegal ecclesiastics in succession have ruled as Primates in Armagh for half a century.

If the Bishop of Dromore had not insisted that a "box," and not a hat, should receive the votes of its clergy, things would have been otherwise.

When I reached Dublin after the election of Blane, Parnell greeted me mockingly, "Healy, who the devil is this tailor you have

brought in on us?" I turned on him with the thrust, "He's as good as Gilhooly who was forced on you at the Cork Convention yesterday."

He said no more, and I blamed O'Kelly for inspiring his sneer.

My "tyranny" in securing Blane's election was chiefly due to a letter in shorthand which I received the year before, from Henry Campbell conveying that James O'Kelly and others were prejudicing Parnell against the agrarian activities of O'Brien and myself, alleging them to be "disloyal to the Chief." Parnell, ensnared in Capua, would not attend meetings in Ireland, and his jealousy was fomented at whatever we did. So Campbell wrote me recommending that when next I addressed a crowd I should pay Parnell a tribute as the leader of the Movement.

On this suggestion at Killucan, Co. Westmeath, I quoted a line from Thomas Davis's *Dirge for Owen Roe*:

"Sure we never won a battle;
'Twas Owen won them all."

This smoothed matters, but O'Kelly's bellows-blowing to fan Parnell's jealousy kept on. When Parnell came to Ireland to prepare for the 1885 Elections he was perturbed, because he could not find a seat for Captain O'Shea. He sent T. A. Dickson, M.P., to Mid-Armagh, to see whether O'Shea could be nominated there. Mid-Armagh was a constituency which might have returned a Nationalist if the boundaries settled by the Ordnance Survey had not been disturbed by Dilke's Commissioners.

So I was anxious at the South Armagh Convention that no one should be selected who, rightly or wrongly, was under suspicion of being hostile to "the Chief."

Blane, true as the needle to the Pole, afterwards described himself in *Dod's Parliamentary Guide* as "an electrical engineer."

When Parnell saw him for the first time he asked Henry Campbell, "Who is that convict-looking fellow?" Yet at the Split of 1890 Blane stood by Parnell against all persuasion.

In January, 1891 (after the Split), at a meeting in his constituency in favour of Parnell, women shouted at him, "Who spoiled (spoilt) the Primate's breeches?"

In the Commons tea-room Blane, sitting opposite Sir Richard Temple and another Indian authority, who were discussing the famine in Hindustan, exclaimed, topping his egg, "I presume, sir, you were a famine clerk out there?" Temple's companion coldly replied, "Sir Richard was Governor."

Blane spooned in silence the remainder of his egg.

In 1885, Parnell, though hating the idea of associating himself with O'Shea, was driven to speak and work for him in the Exchange Division of Liverpool. O'Shea stood there with the support of Gladstone and Chamberlain. Under such auspices, and with the help of T. P. O'Connor and John Redmond, he nearly won.

I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,

21st November, 1885.

I was sure you heard from Parnell and had been adopted for Cork. Yet I would rather you were not Member there for reasons I explained to you. Parnell begins to take opportunities of snarling at me, and these strained relations will increase, instead of diminish, as I am not a man to make any overtures or explanations. Let him take his own course.

In our electoral committee, knowing nothing of Small's disclosure to Callan of Mrs. O'Shea's telegram in 1883, I supported the retention of Small in his Wexford seat, and advocated that John Redmond (like William) should attack an Ulster constituency. This angered Redmond, who complained to me of unfriendship. I tried to soothe him by saying I was mindful chiefly of the Ulster situation, but he would not be pacified.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,

22nd November, 1885.

Deasy goes down to-morrow to have you put in nomination for Cork. The matter was discussed at a meeting last night, but Parnell had gone to Liverpool to try to elect O'Shea, and Campbell read a memorandum from him saying that either M. J. Horgan or Maurice Healy was to be the candidate, and that he had no preference one way or the other. I regarded this as an expression in Horgan's favour, but the Party were all for you.

Greatly as we rejoiced in the appointment of Archbishop Walsh, it led to an unlucky change in the "Educational Endowments Bill." Lord Randolph Churchill had accepted Sexton's amendments, including one which doubled the commissioners' salaries. Father Finlay, S.J., a Professor in the Royal University, was to be named as a Commissioner. The Archbishop preferred the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., a genial soul, as fit to cope with the chairman, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, as a shrimp with a shark. The Erasmus Smith Endowment was a vital question. Its funds came mostly from rents paid by Catholics on confiscated estates. Yet no Catholic was educated in its schools, and, though forty-four years have since flown, things as regards that endowment remain as they were in 1885.

CHAPTER XIX

Captain O'Shea, Nationalist or Liberal? (1886)

THE elections of November, 1885, swelled the Irish Party to eighty-six. Irish voters in Britain backed the Conservatives, and Gladstone declared the boroughs there "spoke with an Irish brogue." Still, when all was over, the Tories had only a majority of one over the Liberals, even if our eighty-six votes were counted with them.

Lord Randolph Churchill said to Justin McCarthy, "We've done our best for you. Now we shall do our best against you!"

Randolph on the hustings had flown a democratic Tory flag, but Lord George Hamilton, M.P., told McCarthy that the Tory appeal lay to the middle classes, "the villa people." As M.P. for Middlesex, Lord George knew their ideas.

The Tory leaders at once swung round to hostility against Ireland. Gladstone invited Arthur Balfour to join in a Conference to see if the Irish question could be settled by consent, as the Franchise and Redistribution controversies were disposed of the year before by a conference of adverse chiefs.

Balfour refused, and his decision gave Conservatism power for thirty years. His Party was thus able to side-track British democratic demands, and save aristocratic influence for a generation.

Labouchere's *Life* (1913) discloses that before the election he sent me letters from Gladstone evidencing the old man's trend towards Home Rule. Parnell preferred to trust the Viceroy, Lord Carnarvon, as the agent of Lord Salisbury, and considered himself bound to the Tories. I knew he would not welcome Gladstone's overtures, and when T. P. O'Connor's manifesto against the Liberals appeared in October, 1885, I returned Gladstone's communications to Labouchere without keeping copies.

In November, 1885, I was elected for South Derry by a majority exceeding the combined polls of Liberal and Tory, but eight months later was beaten by a hundred votes because of the Home Rule Bill.

After the 1885 contests Parnell replied to a request of mine thus:

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9 BRIDGE STREET,
LONDON, S.W.,

17th December, 1885.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I enclose you the letter you desire for Father Quinn.

Your victory in South Derry was a very great and decisive one, and you have my best congratulations, but great as it was, I believe that if you had gone to North Tyrone you would have carried that constituency also, and that a less strong man could have won the three-cornered fight in South Derry.

I wish you would use your influence to impress upon those newly-elected Members with whom you may come in contact, the necessity of avoiding the use of violent, boastful and extreme language.

I notice amongst examples of speech to be avoided a paragraph of J. Clancy, M.P., in which he is reported to have said that "we must take the English by the neck and wring our rights out of them." Of course we know we must, but there is no use, but much mischief, in saying so.

My remarks of two months since as to the necessity of moderation in speech and action in our movement are in as full force as ever. An article in *United Ireland* inculcating this would do good—also strongly denouncing outrages which appear to be extending from Kerry to Limerick and Clare.

Tenants ought not to be encouraged to refuse reasonable abatements, even though not so large as necessity of times indicates.

We shall get no settlement of National questions from the Tories, but it is exceedingly probable that they will try to keep themselves in office on proposals to renew Coercion, and on the anti-Irish cry.

Show this to O'Brien, and consult him.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

The Tory Government called Parliament together on the 21st January, 1886, to declare a Coercion policy for Ireland. Lord Carnarvon, the Viceroy, resigned in protest, but was prevailed on to postpone the announcement.

The Chief Secretary, Sir William Hart Dyke, retired at once, and W. H. Smith was sent to take his place in Dublin.

The Irish Party then coalesced with the Liberals to put the Tories out. An amendment to the Queen's speech, moved by Jesse Collings (a supporter of Chamberlain's "unauthorized programme"), brought about their dismissal. On my recommendation they were not defeated on an Irish issue, but fell on an amendment to endow labourers with "three acres and a cow." Gladstone had during the General Election, carped at Chamberlain's programme as "unauthorized." It was put forward while Gladstone was yachting with Tennyson and Sir Donald Currie in Norwegian waters. This afforded the first evidence of the "rift in the lute" between these powerful men.

On the Tory Government being thrown out, Parliament adjourned

to enable the new Liberal Ministers to be re-elected. By the end of February, 1886, an administration was patched together. When Gladstone started by train to present the names of his Cabinet to Queen Victoria many of those on his list had not agreed to join, and he only received some acceptances by telegraph just before he saw Her Majesty.

Those of his old colleagues who held aloof were Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Sir H. James. Unhappily, Chamberlain, who consented to serve, got only a minor position—Secretary to the Local Government Board—instead of being appointed a Secretary of State. He smarted at this slight, for he had earned a higher post. The humiliation thus inflicted cost Ireland dear, and kept us thirty years in the wilderness. The only concession made him was that his friend, Jesse Collings, obtained a small office.

Why Chamberlain's character and talents should have been under-valued by Gladstone I never understood. He was a man of absolute probity, politically and personally. From his letters to Labouchere I knew he was willing to go great lengths to meet Ireland's claims, though opposed to the proposal to set up a Dublin Parliament.

In his early days I overheard him reprove a stranger in the lobby in a way which impressed me. He was showing some constituent the Speaker's Procession, headed by the Serjeant-at-Arms with the Mace, as they enter the House of Commons. The stranger sneered, and I caught Chamberlain's reply, "I object to no homage that is paid to democracy by officialism."

Sir Charles Dilke was unseated in 1886, and only for this would have served as a link between Gladstone and Chamberlain during the friction provoked by the Prime Minister's acceptance of Home Rule.

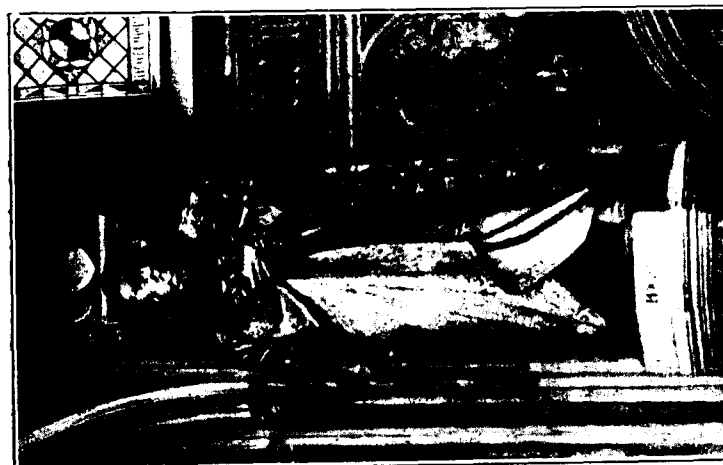
Morley tried to help Gladstone by intercourse with the Birmingham leader, but the grudge he nourished cannot be clothed in words. Chamberlain felt that if the Irish policy he had been pressing on the Cabinet for years had received consideration, the crisis which was about to rend the Liberal Party would have been averted.

In this welter another storm broke out. T. P. O'Connor had been elected for two constituencies—Liverpool (Scotland Division) and Galway. He decided to sit for Liverpool, and light-heartedly assigned his seat in Galway to the late Thomas Quinn, who had been kind to him in sorrow.

T.P. had been jilted by May Carroll, an Irish-American actress, and for this desertion Quinn tried to console him. There was no objection to Quinn from any point of view, and he was afterwards



WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER.
(Statue on Thames Embankment.)



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.
(Statue in the House of Commons.)

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made member for Kilkenny, but Parnell was left out of the calculation. I was startled by a telegram on Friday, 5th February, 1886, from T.P. announcing that Parnell was putting forward Captain O'Shea for Galway, and declaring he would resign in protest if I would join him in resignation.

This was a thunderbolt. Being unaware of T.P.'s attachments, I replied agreeing. May Carroll had just sailed for New York, and letters of hers to the late John Barry show that Barry advised her to accept T.P.'s offer of marriage, but that she refused.

Had he published his telegram to me and my reply, Parnell's adoption of O'Shea would have been upset, but instead he sped to the Metropole Hotel, London, where Biggar lay abed with a cold, woke him up, and urged him to go with him to Galway.

Biggar sleepily consented, and rose to catch the mail. He would not, however, agree to go farther than Dublin, as he wished to consult me before going to Galway.

T.P. then telegraphed me:

PARLIAMENT STREET, S.W.,
5th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Great Charles Street, Dublin.

Biggar and I will cross to-night. See Gray [owner of *Freeman*] at once. An article to-morrow would kill the whole thing.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

I showed this to Dr. Kenny, M.P., William O'Brien, M.P., and Sexton, M.P. Sexton preferred a candidate named Kennedy, and from T.P. came this telegram:

MILLBANK STREET, S.W.,
5th February, 1886.

HEALY, M.P., Great Charles Street, Dublin.

Have accepted Sexton's friend Kennedy. Try get him, Sexton and O'Brien to Galway to-night.

Strongly suspect Chief crossed this morning. Beg Gray insert nothing in to-morrow's paper to help intrigue.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

This readiness to accept any candidate to save Galway from degradation led me at 11 p.m. that night to send the *Freeman* a protest, in which I wrote concerning Captain O'Shea:

Of course it may be that he intends to hold himself out as a Nationalist but in that case the atmosphere of defeat must have forced his conversion with hot-house rapidity. It is not two months since he presented himself to an English constituency as a Liberal—armed in his enterprise with letters of marque from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Richard Grosvenor (Liberal Whip). For six years he sat in Parliament on the Government side of the House, and on nearly every critical occasion he either voted against

the Irish Party, or else kept prudently away from embarrassing divisions. If now that he has failed to secure a seat on any other conditions, Captain O'Shea announces himself as a Nationalist, prepared to take the pledge of the Irish Party, the deathbed character of his repentance would be so apparent that his sincerity would at once be questioned. . . .

Gray had no love for Parnell, but he realized the completeness of his defeat after the Ennis contest in 1879. He, therefore, came to the Imperial Hotel, where Sexton, O'Brien, Dr. Kenny and I were parleying, to say he was reluctant to publish my letter. At 4 a.m. he left, and soon came back with a telegram announcing an election address from O'Shea to Galway, asserting Parnell's approval of his candidature. He, therefore, refused to publish my protest, having evidently been in telegraphic touch with Parnell.

At dawn we went home to bed. Hardly had I lain down when a knock came to the hall door. I went in my nightshirt to open it, and found T. P. O'Connor and Biggar outside. They had read O'Shea's address in the *Freeman* at Kingstown Pier. I had not seen it. Biggar, however, declared it made no difference, and that he would go to Galway to oppose O'Shea if we would join him. T.P. then changed round, and said that though O'Shea's candidature was disgraceful, he would not, in view of Parnell's endorsement, resist it.

The train for Galway was timed to start in half an hour, and after T.P.'s desertion Biggar appealed to me to go with him. I could not refuse, and therefore dressed for the journey, while he called a cab.

As we left, T.P. from my doorstep implored us against the enterprise which he himself had launched.

On our way to the railway station we visited Sexton to learn his mind. He was abed, and refrained from saying anything by way of approval or disapproval.

So Biggar and I trundled off to the Broadstone Station to take train for Galway. Neither of us had money to pay our fare, but Biggar had wired Kennedy (afterwards Lord Mayor of Dublin) to meet us. He came to the station and lent us cash for our tickets.

Thus, while Gladstone's Ministry was being formed in London for the accouchement of Home Rule, the husband of Parnell's mistress provoked a crisis.

We reached Galway on Saturday, 6th February, 1886, and found the borough in uproar. The people were determined to back a local Nationalist named Lynch as their candidate, so Kennedy was dropped. O'Shea had come by an earlier train to commence his canvass.

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Biggar and I addressed meetings in favour of Lynch, and Biggar did not shrink from scorching allusions to his opponent. I persuaded the reporter of the *Freeman*, W. H. Brayden, to omit these, but they set the town agog.

The Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Carr (soon to be translated to Melbourne as Archbishop), told us that O'Shea had gone down on his knees before him and vowed there was no truth in any allegation which connected his wife's name with Parnell.

Four years later, when O'Shea began divorce proceedings, the writ assigned the dates of his wife's misconduct to occasions after the Galway election.

Later he applied to the Court for leave to amend the particulars so as to enable him to allege prior offences. Leave was granted.

Telegrams to Galway poured in on us :

DUBLIN.

Received Galway, 6th February, 1886.

To T. M. HEALY, M.P., Railway Hotel, Galway.

We entreat you do nothing pending further communication.

T. P. O'CONNOR, GRAY, LEAMY, KENNY, DEASY, O'BRIEN, HARRINGTON.

Chance, M.P., wired :

DUBLIN.

Received Galway, 6th February, 1886.

To T. M. HEALY, Esq., M.P., Galway.

Just heard. Recollect I am at your disposal if I can be useful.

P. A. CHANCE.

Next day messages came :

HEALY, M.P., Galway, 7th February, 1886.

One last word of entreaty. Is it possible you do not see how you are victimized? It is a question of life and death. Your dearest friends will be against you.

O'BRIEN.

DUBLIN.

Received 7th February, 1886.

To T. HEALY, M.P., Galway.

We have read telegrams from other friends and concur in every word. No one agrees with you.

J. DEASY, E. LEAMY.

[Whips of Party.]

DUBLIN, 7th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Galway.

I think you believe me true friend. I would prefer to see you dead than pursuing present course.

[Dr.] KENNY.

DUBLIN, 7th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Galway.

For God's sake remember our position. You both stand against whole party to-morrow. We assure Parnell our allegiance as against you both.

HARRINGTON.

On Sunday morning I sent a note to Colonel Nolan, M.P. (who had been dispatched by Parnell to support O'Shea), explaining my views, in the hope that he would counsel O'Shea to withdraw.

No reply came from Colonel Nolan, and a meeting was held.

Parnell then forwarded a telegram to Lynch:

Handed in at VICTORIA, L.C.D.R.

Received 7th February, 1886.

I am informed that you are being urged to contest Galway in opposition to Captain O'Shea. Before you decide, it is my duty to inform you that I leave for Galway to-night to support O'Shea's candidature, and that the responsibility resting upon you or anybody else who attempts to weaken my power and influence at present juncture will be grave.

PARNELL.

He did not leave London that night, but sent Biggar a telegram marked "Private and confidential." It recalled their long comradeship, the combats they had endured together, the fidelity which each had shown the other, and implored him that now when the Irish Cause approached the winning-post he would not thwart the purposes of his old and faithful friend.

That such messages could be delivered on a Sunday, when the post office was ordinarily closed, needs explanation. Parnell made arrangements with the Government to have the Galway office kept open "after hours." The Postmaster sent me this intimation:

From Post Office, Galway.

7th February, 1886, Sunday.

To T. M. HEALY, Esq., M.P., Galway.

I beg to inform you that the Telegraph Office will be open all day to-day for the receipt of telegrams.

Your obedient servant,

T. KEATING,

Postmaster.

Biggar proposed to reply to Parnell: "Mrs. O'Shea will be your ruin." He showed me this, and after persuasion I got him to soften it into: "The O'Sheas will be your ruin."

When we came to dispatch the message we saw O'Shea in the telegraph office, and Biggar ejaculated, "I'd give sixpence to know what that fellow is sending." "Oh," I said, "make it a sovereign." "No, misther," said he, "sixpence, and no more."

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Outside the office someone suggested "arbitration," and Biggar delivered himself of the dictum, "Never leave anything to arbitration, misther, unless you have squared the arbitrator!"

Telegrams from O'Shea to Parnell came to my knowledge later. They were five in number, and four of them urged Parnell to come to Galway. The fourth, dispatched on Sunday, concluded thus:

All hope gone unless you can come at once. Things have gone so far that the presence of anyone except yourself would not save the situation.

O'SHEA.

On Monday, 8th February, Lynch was nominated against O'Shea, who wired Parnell:

Private pressure has been placed on Lynch without result, and even if he retired another candidate would be immediately forthcoming. So the fight must be faced.

O'SHEA.

In Dublin, T. P. O'Connor was not idle. That day nearly all members of the Irish Party received telegrams such as follow:

DUBLIN, 8th February, 1886.

To MURPHY, M.P., Dartry, Rathmines.

Parnell has intimated to us his leadership at stake in Galway contest. Healy's speech has created impression that party generally is against Parnell. Will you authorize us attach your name with ours to public declaration upholding Parnell. Awaiting reply. Wire.

T. P. O'CONNOR, SEXTON, ESMONDE, LEAMY, T. P. GILL, T. HARRINGTON, WM. O'BRIEN. Imperial Hotel.

Murphy refused to append his name.

On that day, in Eyre Square, Galway, I met Sir Thomas Brady (Fishery Inspector), who had called on O'Shea and advised him to withdraw. He answered that Parnell was coming to his relief, but Sir Thomas laughed incredulously.

O'Shea scolded him at the hotel-door in this wise: "Do you see that boy running errands across the square?" "Yes," said Brady.

"Well," O'Shea boasted, "I'll make Parnell run faster on my errands to-morrow than that fellow is hopping now."

Lynch's nomination led to further telegrams:

DUBLIN.

Received Galway, 8th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Galway.

Parnell telegraphs following to Gray: "Advise friends that I have promised, if certain person [Chamberlain] adopted his Chief's views regarding Irish Government, O'Shea should have my strongest support. I consequently

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feel bound if not returned to resign my seat. Ask friends if under these circumstances feel desire to see me."

DEASY [Party Whip].

DUBLIN, 8th February, 1886.

To T. M. HEALY, M.P., Galway.

My information to-night convinces me of the vital importance of carrying out Parnell's policy and of the ruinous effect of defeating him. I entreat you to reconsider your action before it is too late, and to subordinate your personal feelings to those of Parnell and to try and induce Lynch to retire. Office open.

GRAY [Freeman Owner].

Even if we believed the taradiddle which Parnell wired to Gray about Chamberlain (I had previously read sheaves of Chamberlain's letters to Labouchere against Home Rule), it was impossible to withdraw a candidate who had been legally nominated.

A message from Liverpool on the 8th February to Lynch ran :

Resolution passed meeting 600 Nationalists that we humbly endorse the action of Healy and Biggar in going to Galway to oppose O'Shea's candidature, and trust the Nationalists of Galway will by returning honest Michael Lynch remove once and for all a mischievous Whig intriguer from the field of Irish politics.

MULHALL, Secretary.

Two final wires were sent me by William O'Brien :

DUBLIN.

Received at Galway, 8th February, 1886.

Message from me to-night. Do not, this evening, make conciliation impossible.

O'BRIEN.

8th February, 1886.

Don't take any action till you hear from me again.

O'BRIEN.

Then Parnell wired O'Shea for the first time :

LONDON, 8th February, 1886.

Will arrive Tuesday morning. Believe can overcome difficulty.

On the same night William O'Brien descended on Galway. He informed us that seventy members of the Party had signed a protest against our action in response to telegrams sent out by T. P. O'Connor and himself. Biggar went calmly to bed.

Next day the Party manifesto appeared in the *Freeman*. As soon as O'Brien arrived, he received from T. P. O'Connor this telegram :

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DUBLIN.

Received Galway, 9th February, 1886.

O'BRIEN, M.P., Railway Hotel, Galway.

Am personally in favour of Parnell's acceptance of settlement outside Galway. Will telegraph to Athlone immediately after seeing him.

O'CONNOR.

Mat Harris, M.P., who had been T. P. O'Connor's main helper in Galway in 1880, wired :

LONDON, 9th February, 1886.

TIMOTHY HEALY, M.P., Galway.

If you give way to Parnell now and make provision for liberty by giving selection of members in future to committee elected by the Party you will accomplish a great work.

Compromise on this basis, as public feeling here is strongly against disunion. Lynch is my friend, and an honest Nationalist. I ask him to do what in like case I would do myself.

Do not be led astray by excitement of the people. Their course is right but inexpedient at present. Answer.

MAT HARRIS,

(M.P. for Co. Galway).

Mat Kenny, M.P., telegraphed :

9th February, 1886.

HEALY, M.P., Railway Hotel, Galway.

Three men passed bogus resolutions, Kilrush. They received twenty pounds from O'Shea eight months ago in view General Election. I wired Biggar that my name was placed on Declaration only on condition of your and his approval. Will withdraw if you advise, and take any course you wish. Wire reply.

M. J. KENNY,

7 Danes Inn, Strand.

A message from T. D. Sullivan, M.P., ran :

9th February, 1886.

To T. M. HEALY, M.P., Galway.

I wish to say that I do not think the question at issue in Galway is rightly stated in the document signed by certain of the Irish members in this day's *Freeman*. In the present circumstances of the case so far as they are known to me I would regard the election of O'Shea as a grievous injury to the Irish National Cause.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

Ecclesiastical communications declared :

LIMERICK, 9th February, 1886.

HEALY, Railway Hotel, Galway.

No question of union or disunion. Beg you consider position. You have done your part. Am joined by Archbishop of Dublin.

BISHOP CARR.

LIMERICK, 9th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Galway.

Wire Thurles how matters stand and likely end.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

Parnell's Belfast agents telegraphed without giving their names:

WARING STREET, BELFAST.

Received Galway, 9th February, 1886.

To HEALY, M.P., Galway.

At Belfast Commercial News Room, admiring crowd reading exultantly each arriving telegram detailing Galway split, crying out "*esto perpetua*." There is end of Home Rule. Healy said often, Parnell always right. Let Healy again merit nation's gratitude and submit. Respect his chief Ireland's trusted leader. Messrs. Healy and Biggar ought not satisfy heartfelt desire of Roaring Hanna and Grandmaster Kane.

On Tuesday, 9th February, 1886, Parnell arrived in Galway squired by James O'Kelly, T. P. O'Connor, Sexton, and others.

A hostile crowd met them, and Parnell, seeing their anger, doffed his hat as if they came to give him welcome. He then withdrew by the subway to the Railway Hotel to discuss the situation with Biggar and myself.

He came on the train that bore the *Freeman* which published the signatures of the majority of the Party in support of O'Shea's candidature. We soon sat round a table in the hotel to discuss the position, and talked with due restraint. Suddenly Parnell put forth his arm with an eloquent gesture, declaring, "I hold an Irish Parliament in the hollow of this hand. The man who strikes at my hand strikes at the hopes of the Irish Nation!"

He knew my affection for Biggar, and believed that Biggar would not persist if an accommodation with me could be patched up. Parnell's earlier thought was to detach Biggar from me by telegram. When that failed, he resorted to other devices to spare himself the humiliation of coming to Galway. O'Shea's grip on him, however, was too tight, and the boast to Sir Thomas Brady by O'Shea was too true, that he would make him run on his errands.

Biggar was disdainful of Parnell's sophistries and threw off all respect for him. He cared little about his relations with Mrs. O'Shea, but revolted at his years-long neglect of Ireland and his duty as leader.

Parnell's intrigue should not, Biggar said, be allowed to stand in the way of political obligations, and no seat should be sold to a worthless woman's husband. Biggar was not a purist, but urged that private vices should be kept private, and ought not to be imported into political issues. He was prepared to bring about the

downfall of Parnell, in spite of the fact that Gladstone was in treaty with him for a Home Rule Bill. I differed.

Neither of us had calculated that Parnell would face shame in coming to Galway after Lynch's nomination before the Sheriff. We believed his messages and threats were mere devices to compel us to withdraw.

Lynch could easily have been elected, but I thought once Parnell appeared in person to support O'Shea his defeat would be harmful to Ireland. Gladstone had taken office to propose Home Rule, and mischief might ensue if Parnell's prestige were hurt. Biggar disagreed. Both of us failed to realize the depths to which the "Chief" had sunk.

Biggar wanted to thwart him, and though I held Joe's opinion higher than any man's, the decision of the majority of the Party bound me, as I was the author of the "Pledge." Biggar's courage and strength were superb. We loved each other, and in atonement to his memory I allow that he was right in 1886 (save for the declaration of the Party) in wishing to hold out against O'Shea.

No gain for Ireland came by propping up Parnell's worm-eaten pedestal, and within four years O'Shea remorselessly overthrew it.

After long discourse with Parnell, I agreed that, if he addressed a meeting of the citizens and secured their approval, I should withdraw from the contest if Lynch was given a seat elsewhere. Biggar had often told me that Parnell would go from bad to worse, and was "used up," but I never expected this scandal. Having made a protest, however, I felt that the infamy of acquiescence was not ours, and that we were fettered by the decision of the majority of our colleagues. Parnell promised Lynch the next vacant seat elsewhere, and the news of the compromise spread like wildfire. Half an hour later the hall to which the burgesses were invited was packed.

O'Shea sank out of sight, and though Lynch had been nominated, electoral law vanished. In a low-ceilinged building, formerly a chapel or priory, the voters met. Parnell assumed the chair. Someone saw a police inspector from Ballinasloe in plain clothes enter the hall as if he were an elector. Parnell was told this, and a voice from the platform cried, "Would District-Inspector Alan Bell of the R.I.C. kindly retire." He left hastily.

Although a Home Rule Government was in power, this officer had come twenty miles out of his beat to spy on the meeting. His fate was tragic. Selected to assist J. A. Curran in 1882-3 in the secret inquiries as to the Phoenix Park murders, he was promoted for efficiency. In 1888 Dublin Castle entrusted him with the files

regarding Irish crime, which he brought to London to help *The Times* in the Forgery Commission. This enabled him to draw fees from the Secret Service fund and from *The Times*. Next he was rewarded by being made a resident magistrate (stipendiary).

He held the secret inquiries of 1920 in Dublin. There he was taken from a tramcar near Ballsbridge and to the cry: "Now, Mr. Bell, get out!" was shot. His widow received the largest compensation paid to the relative of any victim.

Parnell's speech in Galway began with a reference to his position, his hopes for Ireland, his responsibilities. Its peroration was:

"If my candidate is defeated, the news will spread round the universe that a disaster has overwhelmed Ireland. The world will say, 'Parnell is beaten. Ireland has no longer a leader.'"

The audience swayed under this fudgy oratory. Men's faces paled and flushed and flushed and paled. A hum of voices arose. Then Lynch came forward and withdrew. The meeting grew unanimous, save for one great soul. A humpbacked figure strode to the front of the platform. It was Biggar, and despite every effort of Parnell to restrain him, he insisted on being heard. He declared, "Mr. Chairman, all I have to say is, I can't agree with what you state, and if Mr. Lynch goes to the poll I'll support him!"

I have heard ten thousand speeches, but this was the staunchest to which I ever listened.

His words made Parnell's face contract. Ashen cheeks displayed emotion, and in a hollow voice Parnell put the question that the husband of his mistress should become the "National" candidate for Galway. With a gulp he declared it carried, and doubtless then felt assured that he had purchased unassailable relations with Mrs. O'Shea. If his heart-strings writhed, his stoicism did not fail.

That night, before Biggar and I left for Dublin, he begged us to dine with him. We could not well refuse. It was a sad feast—to which O'Shea was not invited.

We caught the night mail, by which Sexton and O'Brien also travelled. Parnell stayed behind with T. P. O'Connor to help O'Shea, because, as he pleasantly remarked, "I have to undo the effect of many powerful speeches!"

On our journey to Dublin Biggar slept, yet would wake up occasionally and, smoothing his sealskin vest, denounce in turn O'Shea, his wife, and T. P. O'Connor.

Mutteringly he repeated, "I took a ticket from London to Dublin. T.P. took a ticket to Galway. I went to Galway. T.P. stayed in Dublin!" He added other pungent sayings—alas, unprintable.

Next day (10th February, 1886) Parnell assured a Galway

audience: "I take this opportunity of telling you that if I had known that Mr. Lynch was coming forward I should have cheerfully accepted him, because I believe him to be in every respect an honest man and a gentleman, suited in every way to represent with honest ability the people of Galway. In the duty which devolved upon me as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and of the Nation, to advise the people of Galway with regard to the selection of their candidate, it became necessary for me to inquire some ten days ago as to whether there was any local candidate in existence who desired to offer himself to the constituency, and I was informed, on authority, by Mr. O'Connor, that the only local candidate, Mr. Lynch, would not offer himself, that he had expressly declined to come forward, and that he did not desire, and could not be induced under any circumstances, to offer himself to the constituency. It, therefore, became necessary for me to look around for some outside person not connected with the town, and the best candidate that I could find was Captain O'Shea."

No one of course believed Parnell, but a lie never daunted him.

The undertaking to Lynch, as a term of his withdrawal, that he would be nominated for the next vacancy, was broken. Lynch had been mistaken enough to ask his new member for help for some local supporter, and O'Shea published his letter in *The Times*, as evidencing the character of "a patriot proud and pure." O'Shea also wrote that he was returned as a Liberal, and not as a Nationalist.

Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* gave an account of the election, which led T. P. O'Connor to issue a writ in 1898 for an injunction to restrain the circulation of his book. I did not then know Barry O'Brien, but he wired me that his publishers would withdraw the work, unless I could help him. I sent, therefore, the telegrams printed herein, and his publishers defied assault. A few days later the *Freeman* announced that T. P. O'Connor, having consulted Sir Edward Carson, decided to go no further with the suit.

After I quitted Galway, William O'Brien asked me to attend an election meeting next day to support the late Stephen O'Mara, a veteran Nationalist, as candidate for Queen's County. I did so, but on returning to Dublin that evening I informed O'Brien that I could no longer write for *United Ireland*.

He sent me a message begging me to see him, and I went to his office. There I persisted in my refusal, and left him with a feeling of a broken friendship. No two men had worked in closer relations. In the five years of our collaboration he never changed a comma of anything I wrote, save once. That change is in a small way historic.

In the autumn of 1885 a proposal for a compromise on Home

Rule appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, written (if not signed) by the late Sir George Fottrell. It suggested the creation of Provincial Councils in Dublin and Belfast, with possibly a Central Council. (I write from memory.) It was on the eve of the General Election, and the article was asserted to have Chamberlain's approval or inspiration. I framed a "leader" for *United Ireland* assailing the scheme. On the "proof" coming to O'Brien he showed me a letter from Parnell asking that no attack on it should be made, and begged me to change what I had written.

I refused, but told him that, as editor, the responsibility was his, not mine, and that I should not care what alterations he inserted, though for myself I would not change a word. O'Brien then made omissions and additions, as he was entitled to do. To Parnell his devotion was akin to that of the Old Guard towards Napoleon. The incident had created no friction between us, and I went on helping him as before, until the Galway horror brought my contributions to an end.

CHAPTER XX

First Home Rule Bill (1886)

THE Irish Party had been strengthened by able recruits after 1880. John Redmond in 1881, M. J. Kenny in 1882, O'Brien, Harrington and William Redmond in 1883. Other men of remarkable mould joined up afterwards. Few countries flung forth more powerful types in the same period. Afterwards Davitt, Crean, Mat Harris, P. A. Chance, Vesey Knox, Dan Crilly, Pope Hennessy, Maurice Healy, Swift MacNeill, J. E. O'Doherty and F. O'Driscoll fell into the ranks. Lord Balfour, in a generous speech in 1922, extolled their discipline and efficiency.

In March, 1886, when we were on the eve of the Home Rule Bill, Parnell assembled a few confidants at the Westminster Palace Hotel to hear the result of his conversations with Gladstone. Justin MacCarthy, James O'Kelly, Sexton, William O'Brien, Dillon, E. D. Gray and I were of the trusted.

Redmond had no status at that time, and was not invited. I am not sure if T. P. O'Connor was there. Parnell after the Split said Davitt attended, but he was mistaken. What happened was that Davitt came by request to the first meeting of the Party on the day the Home Rule Bill was introduced, although not then an M.P., and Parnell confused the two events.

We met on a raw, foggy night at the Westminster Palace Hotel with hearts aflame. The thought that a British Prime Minister had agreed to realize the dream for which Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt in vain had striven quickened our pulses. As Parnell unfolded details, however, we grew disheartened at the niggardliness of Gladstone's offer as regards finance.

To our murmurs he replied, "Gentlemen, I share your regrets. I took up my hat to-day at one point to leave, and break off the negotiations with Gladstone. If any of you wish to resume them, and you think you can do better, take my place." Toward midnight, chastened, we went out into the fog and frost.

Before the Home Rule Bill was introduced, Gladstone addressed a letter to Lord de Vesci inviting information from every representative person capable of enlightening him. He especially wished

to meet Lord Cloncurry, but could not remember more than the first syllable of his name. So he told Mrs. Gladstone to find out a peer whose name began with "Clon," and invite him to breakfast.

In the "guide to the peerage" she lit upon the late Lord Clonmel, and that nobleman received an invitation to breakfast with the Prime Minister. In amazement he took it to Lord Randolph Churchill at the Carlton Club, saying, "I don't know anything about Home Rule, and wish you would tell me something to convey to the Old Man." Randolph called in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and as a joke they told Lord Clonmel, "Be here sharp at 9 o'clock to-morrow and we shall give you every information for the breakfast." Next day Randolph blended Lord Clonmel's knowledge of Ireland with so many brandies-and-sodas that he had a difficulty in getting into the hansom which drove him to Downing Street.

On arrival there his Lordship pulled himself together and took a seat at the breakfast table. He had wit enough to keep silent until the Prime Minister began to ply him with questions. The first was: "What now, my Lord, do you think is the present condition of Ireland?"

Lord Clonmel gasped, "Oh, hell, sir, bloody!" Gladstone realized the situation, and after the meal his guest, without being further interrogated, was bowed out.

When the door closed on him the Old Man sighed to Mrs. Gladstone, "I'm afraid, Catherine, we've invited the wrong peer!"

Gladstone's thirst for information was such that John Morley (Irish Secretary) used to wail to Labouchere, before the Home Rule Bill was brought in, "He sets me sums."

On the morning the Bill was introduced, members came down to secure seats at 3 a.m., 4 a.m., 5 a.m., and 6 a.m. By 8 a.m. the overhanging galleries of the House were black with silk hats left by their owners to entitle them to places.

On the floor, chairs were set to accommodate members. It was the only occasion on which such a device had become necessary. A prank of the young member for N. Tyrone, Lord Frederick Hamilton, amused many. He deposited in the members' hats tracts against Home Rule. This delighted us, but British Liberals deemed it a trespass.

At 4 p.m. Gladstone, arrayed in furs, drove to Palace Yard with Mrs. Gladstone—his noble face reflecting the gravity and dignity of the occasion. Causton, ex-M.P. (now Lord Southwark), approached his carriage as he alighted and convoyed him to the private stairs used by Ministers.

The speech Gladstone made occupied hours. Every one hung

upon its majestic phrases. When he sat down members poured out. Sir Edward Clarke rose to reply, and I chaffed Biggar with, "Well, Joe, is he still your 'industrious man but dishonest'?" He purred, "Well, he's industrious, anyhow."

Next day shadows of antagonism to Home Rule from the Liberal side began to cloud the sky. W. T. Stead, pontiff of Non-conformity, headed his article on the Bill in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "This won't do!" His objections related to the fact that the Bill abolished Irish representation at Westminster.

On the other hand, Lord Rosebery sent Labouchere a reassuring note as to Scotland's fealty because the *Scotsman* (afterwards so unyielding) received the proposals kindly. Gladstone sat for Mid-Lothian.

Still, the fact could not be blinked that Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan had resigned. Free from Cabinet fetters they began to "caucus" with Lord Hartington and John Bright—both of whom had refused to take office when the Ministry was formed. A fierce struggle sprang up. Chamberlain, at the outset of his speech after resignation, tried to give reasons for withdrawing from the Government. Before he could complete a sentence Gladstone interposed to ask, "Has my right hon. friend obtained Her Majesty's permission to make a statement?" The Irish cheered, and the House felt it was "first blood" for the "old parliamentary hand."

On the night of the first reading Parnell asked me to come to the Library when the House rose, to go through the draft of the Home Rule Bill before it was circulated officially by the Government. Until day broke we stayed poring over each clause and line, while weary policemen rattled keys, and thrust sleepy faces through the doors to hint that such a vigil was unfair to them.

The emotions of the period are portrayed in a letter sent me by an intimate of Chamberlain's:

36 CAMELFORD STREET,
BRIGHTON,

March, 1886.

Did I not tell thee, O my friend, that Gladstone would be the real St. Patrick if his day came?

Give my congratulations to Tim Healy. His speech was like a lyric of Deborah when Israel was freed. It is the finest Irish speech in my time. The day of liberty and the lifting up of a great Nation has come. Hurrah!

Thine always,

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

W. H. Duignan, Esq.,
Walsall.

The debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was maintained for a week. Meanwhile Chamberlain's plans to capture

John Bright were skilful. A committee on "procedure" was sitting upstairs, of which Bright, Chamberlain, Beach and the Marquis of Hartington were members. So was I.

Nominally we all were occupied by the reform of parliamentary rules, but our hearts were far away. Chamberlain continually took Bright out into the corridor, and with intense earnestness argued and expostulated with him. Bright's waverings became visible in his weighty gestures of doubt. I saw this whenever I had occasion to leave the Committee Room. Lord Hartington had been separated from Chamberlain by a quarrel which arose in 1878 on a motion of Parnell's against flogging in the Army. Chamberlain, then in a thin House, spoke of Hartington as "the late leader of the Liberal Party" because he supported flogging. His frigidity when he dropped these words was awesome.

Both men afterwards sat in the Cabinet of 1880, but the feud between them was only made up in their resistance to Home Rule. In 1886 the Liberal phalanx of dissent was organized by Chamberlain. No other opponent could have marshalled it.

Gladstone in the previous five years had dominated his Party so that few could believe he would be defeated.

In the debates on the Home Rule Bill T. P. O'Connor saw otherwise, and made a speech suggesting compromise. This offended Parnell, who said to me, during a division, "It isn't T.P.'s Bill we want; it's *this* Bill," slapping the text against his hand. Nevertheless, T.P.'s judgment was sound, and I told Parnell so, but he was unable to forecast the Unionist-Liberal strength.

During the crisis Chamberlain came to me to ask if I would dine with him. I felt this most embarrassing, as I had never met Ministers or accepted their hospitality.

I had attacked him previously, but feared that a refusal might add another brand to the flames. I, therefore, reluctantly consented.

Then Chamberlain told Morley that I was to be his guest, and Morley carried a tale of "intrigue" to Parnell. Morley boasted later that his own friendship with Chamberlain survived their political differences and that they continually dined together. Yet he fell into a "taking," because I agreed to consume a Birmingham mutton chop!

Parnell asked me to break the engagement, and I acquiesced. Chamberlain then was as wishful to help Ireland as Gladstone, though by different plans. Davitt records that Parnell said he had caught me "intriguing with Chamberlain"—in other words, that I was willing to incur indigestion for the sake of Ireland.

Morley had then only been two months Chief Secretary. He seemed like a hen that had hatched out a clutch of ducks and was beside herself when the brood took to the water.

When appointed Irish Secretary in 1886 he was said to have disposed of God by spelling the Holy Name with a small "G." Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, mildly protested, but made clear that no personal or political unfriendliness was imported.

Judge Dodd used to tell that at a dinner he gave to some Ulster Presbyterians, one of them asked me, "What religion does Morley profess?" and that I replied, "He is a pious Atheist." We hailed Gladstone at that date as the "Grand Old Man," but Morley lies embowered in my mind as the "Grand Old Maid." His stamina is measurable by his resignation in 1914, on the eve of the Great War, when statesmen were needed.

In 1886, before the division on the Home Rule Bill, Chamberlain's supporters held a meeting in Committee Room 15. John Bright showed hesitation and favoured abstention. An impassioned speech from Sir George Trevelyan swept objectors off their feet. He urged, "Are we who have made such sacrifices for England, the only Party to show no convictions? Conservatives are opposed to Home Rule and will vote 'No' to-night. The Irish favour Home Rule and will cry 'Aye.' So will the followers of Mr. Gladstone. Are Liberals like us, who are Unionists and have given up office and friendships, to stand neutral and declare we have no convictions?"

This speech carried the day, and brigaded doubters against Gladstone. While the meeting was in progress the House was nervous and listless. Chamberlain's friends slowly glided back into their places, and we knew that the fate of the Measure was sealed. I had bet the late Lord Portsmouth £10 that he and his friends would not muster fifty in the lobby. He knew better, and I paid.

On the last night of the debate Parnell got a message from Gladstone which, if acted on, would have baffled the Opposition and averted calamity. Knowing that Lord Carnarvon, the Tory Lord-Lieutenant in 1885, had had an interview with Parnell on behalf of Lord Salisbury to discuss an Irish Parliament, Gladstone wished to avail himself of this crushing fact. Salisbury's complicity was evidenced by speeches at the Mansion House, and at Newport, in which he foreshadowed a Central Government for Ireland.

The provincial assemblies which Chamberlain favoured were not mentioned. A disclosure of the Carnarvon interview would have smashed opposition to the Bill. Hesitating Liberals (who were many) would have flocked into the Government lobby in spite of Chamberlain.

Gladstone, before rising to wind up the debate, sent his Chief Whip, Arnold Morley, to me saying that in the course of his speech he proposed (if Parnell agreed) to ask him for fuller information about the Carnarvon interview. He felt that if it were made known before the second reading of the Bill, at least an adjournment would be demanded to sift the Tory intrigue.

Arnold Morley begged me to get Parnell to respond to Gladstone's proposed challenge and make an avowal. Just as he beckoned me out, Gladstone rose. If Parnell consented I was to signal the G.O.M. by dropping a sheet of paper from my hand to show that his request for information would be favourably answered. After a hurried conference with Arnold Morley I went to Parnell on this great business, but found him limp and irresolute.

He dreadingly talked over the pros and cons, but concluded nothing. The interview with Carnarvon was no secret, and Gladstone again and again darted his eyes in our direction, questioningly, to see would I make the signal. It was never given.

Next day Carnarvon told the House of Lords the story, but the Home Rule Bill had been beaten in the Commons the night before, and a Dissolution lay in front.

Had Parnell made on the Monday the disclosure Lord Carnarvon made next day, it would have changed the course of history. Gladstone would have handled the case like a Napoleon or a Nelson, and either the Opposition would have been routed, or an adjournment carried.

In the latter event a Select Committee would have been set up by the Liberals to investigate the relations of Tory Ministers with Irish politicians, and the fatal Dissolution would have been averted.

Yet Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell*, vol. ii, p. 92 (published in 1898), condemns him for "the most serious offence of his political life" in disclosing "to Parliament the conversations with Lord Carnarvon, which were essentially private." This is absurd. Parnell made no mention of Lord Carnarvon, or the conversations with him, until they were first disclosed by Lord Carnarvon himself in the House of Lords. The furthest he went (on the last night of the debate) was to say:

"When the Tories were in office we had reason to know that the Conservative Party, if they should be successful at the polls, would have offered Ireland a statutory legislature with a right to protect her own industries, and that this would have been coupled with settlement of the Irish land question on the basis of purchase, on a larger scale than that now proposed by the Prime Minister."

Does this warrant the stricture by a friendly biographer that it

was "the most serious offence of Parnell's political life"? Taunts were thrown at Parnell after he spoke, but his reticence was maintained.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach protested:

"I must, for myself and for my colleagues, state, in the plainest and most distinct terms, that I utterly and categorically deny that the late Conservative Government ever had any such intention."

Parnell: "Does the right hon. gentleman mean to deny that that intention was communicated to me by one of his own colleagues, a Minister of the Crown?"

Beach: "Yes, sir, I do (cries of 'Name'), to the best of my knowledge and belief; and if any such statement was communicated by anyone to the hon. member, I am certain he had not the authority to make it. (Renewed cries of 'Name.') Will the hon. member do us the pleasure to give the name to the House?"

Parnell: "The right hon. gentleman has asked me a question which he knows is a very safe one. (Cries of 'Oh!') I shall be very glad to communicate the name of his colleague when I receive his colleague's permission to do so." (Cries of "Oh!" "Name!")

Beach: "Insinuations are easily made. To prove them is a very different thing; and I have observed that the rules of the code of honour of hon. members below the gangway step in at the point when proof becomes necessary."

Men unapprenticed to parliamentary situations, with their causes and effects, fail to grasp the importance of apparent trifles. The science of the prize ring, the devices of the betting paddock, the skill of the billiard champion, the calculations of the Stock Exchange, the advocacy of the Law Courts, have their counterparts in the House of Commons.

Parnell was a master of technique, but at the supreme moment Capua overcame his judgment. Had he been quick to appreciate Gladstonian strategy, before the Liberal split, Ireland would have been spared dire consequences. His mind and heart were not at Westminster, but at Brighton.

His inertness may be excused by ill-health. He was visiting, under a false name, a doctor who knew him well. The fool-public, of course, was kept in darkness.

After an assault such as Beach's, who could have blamed Parnell if he had stated the facts? Yet he kept Carnarvon's secret.

There is not on record a complaint, whether from Liberal or Tory chroniclers, of a breach of faith by the Irish Party towards English Ministers or politicians. "Deals" or bargains often had to be made, but in my thirty-eight years in the House of Commons

no adversary alleged that the humblest Irishman had broken his bond, or been unfaithful to confidences reposed in him.

A Tory Whip, Lord Edmond Talbot, who became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland as Lord FitzAlan, proclaimed that this was the unbroken experience of his Party and of the Liberals. The breach of this tradition in 1921 in the attack on the plenipotentiaries who negotiated the Irish Treaty may be cited to the contrary. This, however, was led by Mr. De Valera, whose foreign extraction unfitted him to understand Irish traditions. It cannot tarnish the repute for the observance of honourable understandings by native Irish representatives for one hundred and twenty years.

On the night the Home Rule Bill was defeated, O'Shea grinned down on us from the Gallery gloatingly, in derision. He refused to vote, despite Parnell's sacrifices for him in Galway.

Although Gladstone was beaten, the service he rendered to Ireland was immeasurable. Gratitude cannot repay him. To blazon his achievement in converting world-opinion would need the harnessing of a lightning flash. Sneerers allege his change was due to "votes" and greed for "office," as if that were a plenary summing-up of a great mentality. Irish strength in the House, it is true, was an argument by which he persuaded his colleagues. His own genius was not moved by such considerations alone. They operated, as every factor operates, to make up a situation, but Gladstone's mind had long been working and expanding under Irish artificers.

On the night the Home Rule Bill perished, my brother and I drove away in dejection with a well-known authoress who had been in the Ladies' Gallery. I then foretold that it would take thirty years to undo the disaster. To Liberals or Tories it only meant a change of Ministers. To us it was the triumph of Cromwell's Ironsides. T. P. O'Connor correctly judged the situation during the debates, but Parnell and William O'Brien had more rosy expectations.

Before long every one realized that another generation of struggle lay before the Irish people. Gladstone at the polls was beaten in July, 1886. The marshalling of forces against Home Rule was overwhelming.

Riots broke out in Belfast. Orangemen murdered policemen, and the R.I.C. shot Orangemen in reprisal and were dubbed "Morley's murderers." On the day I lost my seat in South Derry in July, 1886, I came on a police party sheltering from a shower behind a gable in Magherafelt. An Orange mob howled at my heels, but despite their jeers the constables, as I passed, came to the salute.

Could any beaten man in such an hour forget this homage by the R.I.C. to the Cause of Ireland?

Sir Thos. Lea, of Kidderminster, a Liberal-Unionist, defeated me. At my election the year before the "Covenanters" abstained from voting, as their creed obliged them to take no part in political or civic life. They were a remnant of some ancient Presbyterian body, and would not serve as magistrates or jurors, or vote at elections. After the introduction of the Home Rule Bill their authorities passed a resolution declaring that Ireland's woes were due to the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and that the Penal Laws should be restored.

In my second contest some of the Covenanting Ministers preached on the Sunday before the polling that their flocks must vote for Lea, as it was now a question between "Christ and Healy."

In 1885 the Ordnance Survey delimitation of South Derry yielded a constituency overwhelmingly Nationalist. Hence that boundary was set aside by the Commission appointed under the Liberals.

In August, 1886, Parnell told the new House of Commons (to which I had not been elected) that I had threatened Chamberlain and Dilke if they came to Ireland they would be "ducked in a horse-pond." This was a *riposte* for Galway. I was in Scotland when he spoke.

I did not take the trouble to find out what foundation Parnell had for his statement. Three months previously, when Colonel Saunderson made a rattling attack on us by means of a quotation from *United Ireland* against Gladstone, I asked William O'Brien, "Is that mine or yours?" "I don't know," said he, "till I examine the file." Next day he shook his head mournfully, saying, "I'm the culprit."

Soon there reached me letters of O'Shea to Labouchere proving that Parnell had fathered Chamberlain's stunted proposals of 1885 in the *Fortnightly Review*, which I had been restrained from condemning in *United Ireland*. O'Shea wrote:

I ALBERT MANSIONS, S.W.,
November, 1886.

DEAR LABOUCHERE,—

In writing to Chamberlain to-day I mentioned our correspondence of Monday. In the negotiations which you carried on during the debates on the Home Rule Bill you stated by instruction that Mr. Parnell repudiated all connection with the Irish scheme in the "Radical Programme" which had been supported by Chamberlain, and you were induced to suggest that the information which I had given Chamberlain on the subject was false. The frequent reiteration of Mr. Parnell's repudiation and the necessary con-

sequences having at length exhausted a patience which is long, I recently took an opportunity afforded by a paragraph in *Truth* to tell you that I was in a position to establish not only that Mr. Parnell had approved of the scheme in question, but that he was the originator of it. "It came to me from an Irish source," said Chamberlain in the House of Commons. That source was the fountain-head.

On Sunday I showed you, in Mr. Parnell's own handwriting, that it was he who proposed the scheme. You know him so well that I could not deny that if challenged he might possibly use the quibbles you so amusingly suggested. But the case was disposed of when, with the cynical *persiflage* which is one of your greatest charms, you acknowledged that it was "weak" of him to write that he had "proposed" the scheme with which he was afterwards to say he had had nothing to do.

W. H. O'SHEA.

P.S.—You understand, of course, that I have no wish to carry the matter further.

To Labouchere's reply (not preserved by me) O'Shea answered:

I ALBERT MANSIONS, S.W.,
1st December, 1886.

DEAR LABOUCHERE,—

I have no doubt that I have fully accomplished my object. That object was solely to give you just so much information out of a mass of irrefutable evidence as to render it impossible for the gentleman [Parnell] to repeat, respecting a political business with which I was connected, the error into which through no fault of yours (except misplaced confidence) you were betrayed. There was no misunderstanding whatever.

Such an explanation as you now suggest would hold no more water than a denial of an officially reported speech at Cincinnati. Twice over his own signature you have seen that through me Mr. Parnell himself proposed to "our friend" a scheme of Irish administrative reform. Dare he say that "our friend" was not Chamberlain, the scheme not the subject of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*? If not, who was "our friend," and what was the scheme which Mr. Parnell proposed?

Any quibble thus tumbles over at a whiff. Dare Mr. E. D. Gray [*Freeman* owner] deny that he was cognizant of the nature of the scheme and of the negotiations?

Yours truly,

W. H. O'SHEA.

Although Chamberlain might have exposed Parnell in the matter, he kept silent—doubtless to avoid the imputation of a breach of private confidence.

The defeat of William O'Brien in South Tyrone and that of myself in South Derry were made up for by the return of Sexton in West Belfast. That victory was so great that "personation" was alleged and an election petition was lodged against him.

O'Brien was beaten by a Scotsman of ability, T. W. Russell, and I by an Englishman with money, Sir Thomas Lea, of Kidder-

minster, who had sat for Donegal. Of Lea there is nothing to tell, but Russell had brains and a history. He was secretary to the Dublin Temperance Association, and a vehement opponent of the Licensed trade. Devoid of the geniality and humour of his race, he sported a bilious face and splenetic manners. In his absence one morning from Licensing Sessions, Dick Adams, counsel for the Vintners, made great headway with Recorder Falkiner. Russell came rushing in, and Adams's face fell as he growled to me, "Here comes Russell with four fathoms of bilge-water in his hold."

Russell was given an Under-Secretaryship by Lord Salisbury about 1895, but on the complaints of the landlords in 1900 he was deprived of his post. Then he turned Home Ruler. Before that his biggest feat was to supply Chamberlain in 1893 with material to unhorse John Dillon. Accused of excessive language by Chamberlain, Dillon interrupted to say that his hot words were wrung from him because of the Mitchelstown massacre (when the police fired on a crowd and killed three men in 1887). Russell darted out to the library and came back with Hansard, which he thrust into Chamberlain's hands. It showed that the Mitchelstown shootings were after and not before Dillon's speech. As Chamberlain received the volume no smile lit his face, but in icy tones he proceeded to twit Dillon, who became an object of general compassion. So great was the effect that Gladstone sent for Dillon and insisted that an apology to the House must be made. Next day Russell listened mockingly to his contrite appeal for forgiveness.

When Gerald Balfour's Land Bill of 1896 was under discussion Russell showed himself so open a supporter of the tenants' claims that he cheered something spoken on our side. Thereupon Walter Long, who was the only other occupant of the Treasury Bench at the moment, shouted, "Damn you! Get off this bench and cheer elsewhere!" Russell kept silent, and after the next Dissolution lost his job.

Walter Long, though thoroughly honest, was a very high Tory. When he left Ireland for the Colonial Office a special wire connected him with Dublin Castle to enable him to overpower the Chief Secretary. He had been member for South Dublin, and Chairman of the Irish Unionists. A landlord himself and a connection of the Fitzwilliam-Dick family (Co. Wicklow), he naturally cherished landlord sentiments. The question of rent as between owners and occupiers, though akin to that of wages between employer and workmen in Britain, was not so regarded by English Trade Unionists.

In 1880, Walter Long accused Parnell of rack-renting and

evictions in Carlow, saying he had given him notice of the attack. Parnell stayed away as usual from the House, and I ran to his hotel vainly to try to find him. Next day he appeared and showed that he was only a bare trustee of the Hacketstown Estate of his brother Henry (for conveyancing purposes) for one day. Thereupon Long handsomely expressed his regret.

Long kept up for years the closest intimacy in the Smoke Room with a modest Nationalist, Donal Sullivan, M.P., who never spoke and rarely appeared in public. When he died Long wrote a touching letter of sorrow to his family.

In the autumn of 1886 I was busy helping to uphold Sexton's election in West Belfast, where a petition had been lodged. Its main allegation was that voters had been personated. So they had, for Tory wire-pullers there managed to get the Liberal Government of 1886 to shift the Antrim Militia to Tregantle Fort in England to prevent Nationalists amongst them voting. Their calculation was that their own Militiamen could be spared at the Dissolution. When the General Election came this plan broke down, for Nationalist partisans revenged the transfer by personating Orange Militiamen. The Conservative agents were outwitted. They were alert to prevent the personation of Nationalist absentees, but did not dream that their friends in the Militia would be voted for. Until then personation of opponents was unheard of, and those who got the Militia drafted away provoked many an irregularity.

We reached Belfast after a victory in the Derry Petition, when Sir George Lewis threw up the sponge and yielded to Justin MacCarthy a seat which the Tories had held for centuries with only a single break. In both petitions the MacDermot, Q.C., ex-Attorney-General, and D. B. Sullivan led for the Nationalists. I was Junior Counsel. MacDermot's handling of the Belfast case was superb. The town was seething with excitement after the riots, in which scores had been killed on both sides. Many, to hide their dead, buried them in back yards. Yet we walked to and from the court without molestation, knowing that an Orange rioter never moves without orders. Unlike the Nationalist mobster, he is a disciplined unit. Orange leaders control the rank and file when they get out of hand by touching the "soft pedal."

The Counsel against Sexton were John Gerrard, Q.C., and Kisbey, Q.C., who had appeared for the Orangemen at Judge Day's inquiry into the riots. They could not connect Sexton or his agents with personation, but strove to wipe out his majority of 100 by invalidating votes wrongfully cast. Personation was proved in some two score cases, but the petitioners stopped there after a

week's inquiry. They then applied for a subpoena to the Rev. Patrick Convery, P.P., President of the Nationalist organization, to produce the books of the League. It was a disturbing demand, but MacDermot's motto was "steady riding." We knew that no personation which could wipe out Sexton's majority had taken place, but we also knew that someone might be held to be his "agent," and that if an "agent" abetted a single offence the seat was forfeited. We dared not inquire of Father Convery what his evidence would be, or what his books might disclose.

This devoted priest was dubbed by the Orangemen "Black Pat." At that time the darkness of his hair and the bristling stubble (now, alas, white) justified the nickname. On the Saturday he entered the witness-box, his face was so pale that no one could think of him under that sobriquet. We assumed "the other side" called him with knowledge of some incident to which he must make a fatal avowal. The galleries of the court were thronged by hundreds of his parishioners—visibly disconcerted.

An election petition at a critical moment surpasses in thrills everything in prize-fighting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, horse-racing, cricket, football, tennis, golf, or the tables at Monte Carlo. Even in murder trials the audience has time to steady itself after the jury retires to consider the verdict. In election petitions the lightest word of a witness may convulse a constituency, and in Belfast might have provoked flashes from the guns.

The first question Kisbey put was, "Father Convery, have you brought the books and documents of the National League?" "Everything," he replied, and pointed to bundles weighing at least a hundredweight, which it would require a month to examine. "Are those they?" asked Kisbey, annoyed. "Yes," answered the witness.

The books were being shepherded by our solicitor, McGough, who blandly inquired, "Which do you call for?" "Oh!" poohed Kisbey, exasperated. Thereat we, as became opposing Counsel, laughed in derision. The parishioners of Father Convery in the gallery laughed louder.

Then the MacDermot broke in, "Is this a fishing inquiry?" The priest by this time had regained self-possession, and overcome the strangeness of his surroundings. Again he became "Black Pat."

Kisbey proceeded, "You know, of course, Father Convery, the seriousness of the offence of personation?" Instantly MacDermot raged to his feet in protest. The judges were Baron Dowse, a famous Liberal Attorney-General, and William O'Brien. The former used

to tell us at dinner that the most painful moment of his life after being elected for Derry was when, on being petitioned against, he heard the newsboys shout under his hotel window, "Trial of Dowse."

His fellow-judge, the Unionist-Catholic William O'Brien, who had been defeated in Ennis in 1879, would have unseated Sexton if he could. So the MacDermot vehemently intervened with the protest: "My friend has made Father Convery his witness, and he has not proved hostile. Personation is a grave electoral crime, and a felony. Can he cross-examine his own witness? Let him put a straight question to Father Convery and ask, 'Has he connived at, paid for, or encouraged personation, directly or indirectly?'" "Quite right," Baron Dowse briskly acquiesced. "Mr. Kisbey, you must put your question in some other form."

Father Convery, of course, had not been party to any illegality, and Kisbey, instead of renewing his examination, murmured, "Very well, my Lord, the witness may go down." Adroitness and a knowledge of the tribunal count in advocacy more than any mastery of law. The petition was dismissed with costs.

Baron Dowse was a learned lawyer, but could hardly utter a sentence without a joke. In the 'seventies he was law officer under Mr. Gladstone. Being attacked in the House by Bernal Osborne, a wit, who sat for Waterford, for a speech he never made, he lay supine on the Treasury Bench. Someone passed his assailant a note telling him he was mistaken, and Osborne stammered, "Mr. Speaker, I find I must withdraw what I have said against the Irish Solicitor-General," and sat down. Dowse rose with a grin and chirruped, "Mr. Speaker, as the hon. gentleman has withdrawn what he has said about me, I withdraw what I was going to say about him!"

In 1888, Dowse, in the Exchequer Division on a Habeas Corpus Motion by me to discharge a prisoner convicted by "Removables" under the Coercion Act of 1887, paid me the compliment of asking, "Do you go to sleep with your books, Mr. Healy?" "No," I replied, "for Blackstone declares that 'the law is a lady that loveth to lie alone.'"

His colleague at the Belfast Petition, Judge O'Brien, was a buyer of rare books. His Munster phraseology was blended with a fine literary taste. In spite of the law then prevailing, he left his library to the Jesuits at his death, although he knew the bequest (if attacked) could not stand. A patient man on the bench, he saw red politically and religiously. He told a friend on the Northern Circuit, "I was glad to be able to decide to-day against that

blackavised Presbyterian Edward Cumming." "Judge," came the reply, "Cumming is a worse papist than yourself!" Cumming hailed from Armagh, and was a profound lawyer with a dry wit.

One day Adams praised to him the scenery of Bantry Bay whose waters washed his birthplace. Cumming responded, "Yes, where every prospect pleases"—and broke off.

Bishop Heber's verse concludes, it will be remembered, "And only man is vile."

The MacDermot had been satirized by Dick Adams as "the only Irish chieftain who never offered hospitality." No man, he declared, "ever saw the froth on his pint, or the bead on his naggin." My experience was different, for the MacDermot was the only client I ever had who rewarded his Counsel beyond his fee.

I was retained by him in a Purchase case when a cranky rector sought to acquire in perpetuity a portion of his estate. Believing that Bar etiquette required that I should give back fees from a fellow-practitioner, I returned them to his solicitor. Many adjournments had taken place, and before the final hearing the MacDermot came to me angrily saying, "I hear you have returned your fees." "Yes," I said. "Well," he retorted, "unless you take them I will engage another Counsel. I charge my own relatives, even the O'Connor Don, for my advice, and will not allow you to act for me without a fee."

Wishing to beat his opponent in the last round, I consented to take the cheques. Next day I won, and that evening there was delivered at my house a case of old champagne from the MacDermot. The man alleged to be "near" proved to be the most generous client I ever fought for.

A Bar story about him was that as Counsel defending the Midland Railway of Ireland, after the plaintiff's case opened, he said, "My Lord, I warn the other side that I shall put in evidence the report of the guard of the train as to the accident."

"No, indeed!" said his opponent. The report would have been fatal to the Railway Company, and the MacDermot trembled lest it should be called for!

CHAPTER XXI

The Pigott Forgery (1887)

IN October, 1886, *United Ireland* published an article styled "The Plan of Campaign," signed by Tim Harrington, M.P., Secretary to the National League. It appeared while the Election Petition in Belfast was pending, and Sexton urged me not to support the Plan. He said Parnell had not been consulted, and would resent my doing so. I followed this advice, and at the next meeting of the National League in Dublin avoided the topic. O'Brien reproached me for not endorsing the Plan.

A chance remark of Parnell to me after his release from Kilmainham in 1882 had suggested it. Embittered by the failure of the farmers to obey his "No Rent" Manifesto (except on his own estate), he vowed, "I will never head another agrarian movement unless the tenants lodge in a common fund 75 per cent. of their rents." I told this to Harrington, who embodied the idea in the "Plan of Campaign." Meanwhile, times had changed owing to Gladstone's acceptance of Home Rule, and Parnell disapproved of the new movement.

The rejection of his Tenants' Relief Bill by the House of Commons in September, 1886, did not shake him, though a Royal Commission which sat later under the ex-Viceroy, Lord Cowper, justified to some extent the "Plan." Parnell, within a month of its Report, sent a communication to the Press from the Euston Hotel, London, saying that he had been suffering from a "gastric attack and complications," and was lying under his mother's care.

He declared he was not responsible for the "Plan," and had not been consulted about it. He told Davitt that the Plan would be an embarrassment to Gladstone and a hindrance to Home Rule. His illness provoked scepticism, as it was suspected that he was trying to find "cover" to escape criticism for the acts of his subordinates.

A postcard from F. H. O'Donnell, ex-M.P., was sent to the extinct Ladies' Land League from Germany, satirizing Parnell:

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Aachen.

21.12.'86

THE LEADER'S MAMMA.

Who is the Being sent to guard
My freedom from a prison ward,
Perhaps my pate from truncheon hard?
My Mother.

Who fondly nursed my gastric pain,
While Dillon roamed the Connaught plain,
And Bill and Timmy bawled in vain?
My Mother.

Who kept newspapers far away
That might have forced me plain to say
My mind upon the coming fray?
My Mother.

I rest my head upon her knee,
And thank my stars—oh, gratefully!
That heaven still preserves to me
My Mother.

"O'D."

Parnell, however, was really ill, and continued to consult a Harley Street doctor under an assumed name.

Chief Baron Palles, when deciding against the legality of the Plan, said it emanated from "a master mind." Parnell's was the mind, and the hint to Harrington started it.

At the close of that year I got a note from William O'Brien:

Christmas Eve, 1886.

MY DEAR TIM,—

I don't suppose it is necessary to assure you that in anything I said to-day in the course of our chat I was not complaining of your action, but only showing that we were not to blame. Your feeling that there was, or is, any desire on our part to act without your cognizance or advice is one absolutely baseless, and I hope you will dismiss it from your mind as a mistaken one.

The only possible ground of estrangement between us (and it is with the utmost sorrow we ever saw its shadow come between us) is as to Parnell—as to whom there is nothing more unalterably fixed in my mind than that he is the corner-stone of our Cause, and that the moment I would feel bound to renounce a frank allegiance to him would be my last in public life.

Pardon this (no doubt) superfluous explanation, and put it down to my anxiety to remain as I ever was,

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The Plan of Campaign, like all surges of popular protest, was not without provocation.

The Land Act of 1881 denied to leaseholders and many other tenants the right to fix a fair rent. In 1886 the seasons bore hardly

on farmers. Yet their leaders were prosecuted and imprisoned for advocating relief to the excluded tenants.

Without knowledge of Irish law a condemnation of the "Plan" by the Holy Roman Inquisition was issued in April, 1888, at the instance of English Catholics. Unaware of the exclusions, Pope Leo XIII summoned Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin (scarcely two years in his See), to Rome to question his support of the Plan.

Catholics know that the Vatican continually has theological problems submitted for its judgment. Its replies by expert theologians as to the lawfulness of a practice or omission guide confessors throughout the world, and are published in ecclesiastical magazines. Protestantism, being without a school of casuistry, remits everything to what is called "private judgment"—or, as that great Protestant, John Mitchel, styled it, "the right of private stupidity."

A British agent submitted to the Holy Roman Inquisition abstract questions from the landlords' point of view as to the validity of the "Plan," omitting relevant facts. The Inquisition advised the Holy Father that (in the premises) the Plan was unlawful. Leo XIII told Archbishop Walsh that when their advice reached him he was distressed that a bald pronouncement should be issued to a people like the Irish, who, for 1,500 years had owned the sway of the wearer of the Fisherman's Ring, and had borne privations for the Church. His Holiness, therefore, sent back the proposed decree, unapproved, to his Cardinals, with the suggestion that "reasons" should preface its promulgation by the Inquisition.

Cardinal Monaco, their head, was misled by English advisers into stating that Irish tenants could resort to a court to fix fair rents. This was both true and untrue, for some could and some could not. The Plan was started because the Land Act did not allow leaseholders to resort to the courts. The reasons furnished to the Holy Father for condemning the Plan were that "for the settling of such contests courts have been established which—allowance being made even for failure of crops, or of disasters which may have occurred—reduce excessive rents and bring them within the limits of equity." Yet the agitation began because of the denial to leaseholders of the right to apply to the Land Courts.

Archbishop Walsh told me that, although he was in Rome and within call when the decree was drawn up, he was never consulted.

Cardinal Moran, in his preface to Bishop Rothe's book on Irish persecutions in Stuart days, exposes the prejudice of Vatican notables centuries ago, against Ireland, owing to the misrepresentations of her enemies.

The only Bishop to defend the decision of the Inquisition was

Dr. O'Dwyer, of Limerick, who nicknamed the Irish Party a "Conciliabulum" (thieves' kitchen), for pointing out the absurdity of the Roman reasons for the decree. A quarter of a century later His Lordship was acclaimed a bulwark of the extremists.

Parnell, at a dinner at the Eighty Club in London, repudiated the Plan, declaring it had been started without his knowledge when he was dangerously ill. His speech made havoc amongst his Party, and William O'Brien wrote a farewell article for *United Ireland* announcing his resignation from the editorship, and from Parliament, and left the office. Much being at stake, his foreman, Donnelly, went to Harrington, M.P., and got it suppressed. Although attacked on flank and front, O'Brien was persuaded not to quit the Movement, and withstood Parnell as he had withstood Crown Prosecutors who consigned him to many terms of imprisonment.

An arraignment of the "Plan" by the Government soon began. O'Brien, Dillon, William Redmond, Mat Harris, Sheehy, Condon, Crilly and other M.P.'s were indicted for conspiracy. The police seized the Plan moneys and made arrests. Counsel for the defendants were the ex-Attorney-General, Samuel Walker, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Chancellor), the MacDermot, ex-Solicitor-General, Dan O'Riordan, Q.C., D. B. Sullivan, Q.C., Richard Adams, Q.C., and myself. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (whose icy exterior concealed an honest heart) was Chief Secretary, so we tried a "preliminary canter" by subpoenaing him to the Dublin Police Court, where depositions were being taken.

He attended there in a foetid atmosphere for hours. At last he came to me, saying, "I've a lot of work to do. Could you let me off till I am needed, and I will return?" "Of course," I said, and forth he went. When we sent for him, he came back meekly to submit to examination as to the meaning of his phrase about "putting pressure on the landlords within the law."

Political interest in that trial has evaporated, so I shall touch only on its lighter side. The night previous to the arraignment of the defendants at Green Street before Judge Murphy, we held a consultation at Walker's in Rutland Square. The accused attended, but grew wroth on hearing the technique of the defence. It consisted in "challenging the array," i.e., objecting to the validity of the jury panel, and "challenges to the poll" (objecting to jurors individually). Dillon, with beetling brow, questioned Walker (a subtle lawyer and the mildest of men), "Is this the way we are to be defended?" Walker, like a frightened rabbit, shrank from attack, and stammered, "Well—yes—at the outset." "If so," said Dillon, "we have no business here." Then he arose and called

on his fellow-traversers to withdraw. In Indian-file they left the room, deriding our legal subtleties. When the last of them had passed out, Adams, watching the final coat-tail disappear, and thrusting out his broad shoulders against the door, shouted, "By G——, I'd rather defend a menagerie!"

Next day the trial in Green Street began in the court where Robert Emmet met his death-sentence from Lord Norbury in 1803. The lawyers on both sides were numerous, and seats were unobtainable. The space allotted to the defendants' counsel was diminished by a burly barrister, Charles Teeling, who was not retained. Our solicitor, Val Dillon (hailed by T. D. Sullivan in 1880 at the trial of the Land League traversers as "Val de Traversers"), was a man of portly build. He asked Teeling to make room or withdraw. Teeling refused, and high words begot a scene out of which Adams saw a chance of making fun. He scribbled a note in Teeling's name to Val Dillon apologizing, and begging him to shake hands, and watched the result. Val at once thrust his digits under the table in forgiveness.

"How dare you touch me, sir?" growled Teeling. "Touch you!" said Val. "Didn't you ask me to shake hands?" "Never sir, never! What do you mean?" "There's your note," replied Dillon. Teeling, knowing Adams's writing, shrieked, "That scamp Adams!" and retreated from the Court.

Dick's next prank was to use me as an instrument to discomfit his seniors. I was not three years at the Bar, but had raised a point which weighed with Judge Murphy. When the case was adjourned in the evening, Adams hastened to the Four Courts to make merriment. There he arranged with a group of barristers that they should meet his colleagues and bombard them with questions such as—"What about Healy's point? Why was it left to a junior like him to make it?" Adams, from the gallery of the Law Library, surveyed the scene, chuckling at the mortification of his touchy friends.

The trial ended in a disagreement of the jury, and afforded an excuse for a new departure in Coercion.

First, it led to the resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as Chief Secretary on the plea of failing sight. He was disgusted with the Irish landlords and wrote to Lord Clanricarde to that effect. He was piqued too that when Randolph Churchill threw up the Exchequer, he was not thought of before Goschen became Chancellor.

His place in Ireland was taken by Arthur Balfour, the most remarkable of Irish Secretaries. Balfour brought in a perpetual Coercion Bill for Ireland in March, 1887. On the day fixed for its

second reading in the House of Commons (Monday, 18th April, 1887), *The Times* published a forgery of Parnell's signature to a letter containing an admission of guilt in connection with the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke—the Chief and Under Secretaries for Ireland slain in the Phoenix Park (6th May, 1882).

Mr. Lawson (now Lord Burnham) challenged me as to the concoction as I entered the House (I had been re-elected a little earlier for Longford). His seriousness and apparent acceptance of the "letter" astounded me. On going to the Terrace I found Sexton much distressed. Then I went to the Reading-room to see *The Times*, and came back to tell Sexton that had the "letter" been witnessed by an archangel I should not believe it was genuine. I knew Parnell was incapable of writing anything so stupid.

Labouchere asked me that day who I suspected to be the forger. I replied, "Richard Pigott." In Wednesday's *Truth*, which Labouchere owned (dated Thursday), he ascribed the forgery, on my advice, to Pigott. A week later Pigott sent from Paris a feeble denial begging *Truth* to insert it, lest he might be murdered by the "Invincibles."

This shook Labouchere, but I steadied him with the reminder that if Pigott were innocent a writ for libel would have been served. I own that if Pigott then had the pluck to assail *Truth* in the law courts he would have won. We had not a shred of evidence against him, but conscious guilt withheld the wretch. He returned to Ireland and daily took his swim in the sea off Kingstown. However bad the weather was Pigott would breast his way against the roughest waves with the airy corpulence of a porpoise. He enjoyed the society of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, ex-M.P. for Kerry, President of Cork Queen's College, and other Unionist "go-betweens." I saw them often travelling together on the mail-boat to and from London.

Pigott loved wine, with other alliteratives, and the sensation his handiwork created was as musk to his nostrils. To ensnare a newspaper like *The Times*, a leader like Parnell, and baffle a genius like Gladstone, by a device which a schoolboy would have thought clumsy, was a gamester's apotheosis.

As far back as 1878 Bennett Burleigh, the well-known lobbyist and war correspondent, told me that when Scotland Yard raided a dealer in indecent literature in Holywell Street, the largest customer in his books for filth was Pigott. Burleigh added that the seizure was so extraordinary that the Home Secretary (afterwards Lord Cross) invited Disraeli with his Cabinet to see it. Pigott was

both a vendor and a purchaser of indecencies. He had also a taste for well-bound books—which he never read.

When the forgery appeared, Pat Egan, ex-treasurer of the Land League, sent me from America a packet of Pigott's letters. These enabled Sir Charles Russell to smash him on cross-examination. Parnell's denial of the letter in the House of Commons the day it was published was clumsy and unconvincing. He based himself largely on the fact that he never made an "S" or an "L" like those in the signature which appeared in *The Times*. Next day Mr. (now Sir Henry) Norman, who represented the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the lobby, showed me a genuine letter of Parnell's making an assignation outside Chelsea Hospital signed in the exact style of the forgery.

Then commenced a drama as moving as the opening of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The British Parliament and Press vibrated with the clangour of controversy. The Act of Union of 1800 which Mr. Gladstone had partly undermined was at stake, and the Tories declared it must never be repealed. Irish landlords, fearful of losing rents, marshalled themselves behind the Government. Attacks were launched against the Irish Party, charging them all with complicity in outrage. Articles in *The Times*, written by Woulfe Flanagan, son of an Irish judge—said to be the most brilliant of its staff—heralded the onslaught. These were entitled "Parnellism and Crime." I learnt their authorship through an Irish waiting-maid, who overheard Flanagan's wife tell a guest of her husband's achievements. (Years later Sir Robert Anderson, a Home Office Secret Service agent, in a magazine article, claimed the discredit of penning some of them.)

The object of the Conservatives was to ensnare the Liberal-Unionists, led by Chamberlain and Bright, into their fold. Without them they had no majority. Many of these M.P.'s were not pro-Tory, and were only anti-Liberal and anti-Irish on the question of Home Rule. It was necessary, therefore, to "ginger them up" by exhibiting Irish members as monsters, and their leader as an inciter to assassination of Liberal statesmen. To secure the second reading of the Coercion Bill without their adhesion was impossible. So on the day fixed for the division (after seven days' debate) the Pigott forgery embellished the pages of *The Times* (18th April, 1887).

Until then few Liberal-Unionists outside Chamberlain's entourage were cordial to the Tory administration. The forgery was timed (as a bomber times a fuse) for the day of the division. But for it, the majority of 101 could not have been obtained. Previous Coercion Acts had been limited in duration to a short period, and,

therefore, Ministers feared that Liberals adhering to Chamberlain might be deterred from voting for a measure intended to be perpetual. Late on the night of the second reading, a Cornish member, Borlase, the learned author of the *Dolmens of Ireland*, said to me bitterly: "This is my last night in the House of Commons. Before resigning I travelled 200 miles to give a final vote for Ireland. After the division I found one of your men, Quinn, snoring in the smoke-room without having taken the trouble to vote." The unconscious absentee was T. P. O'Connor's nominee for Galway, who was given a seat in Kilkenny after O'Shea's election, although no constituency was found for Lynch, despite Parnell's promise. In the next division, in which Quinn voted, I trolled for the benefit of his patrons a parody on a stave from a well-known ballad:

"Sing, oh hurrah, let England quake,
Tom Quinn's awake, Tom Quinn's awake!"

When the Coercion Bill was carried, Sir Charles Lewis, Tory Member for North Antrim (who had been unseated for bribery in Derry a few months before), took action on the 3rd May, 1887, as to Pigott's forgery. He moved that a publication of the previous day by *The Times* imputing to Irish members a conspiracy with criminals, was "a breach of privilege." His party had arranged a meeting in London, to be presided over by a member of the Government, demanding investigation. Ministers, however, opposed Lewis's motion, although Sexton, in what W. H. Smith, leader of the House, called an "impassioned speech," accepted it on behalf of the Irish members, and demanded a Select Committee to inquire into the charges.

The Government, on the other hand, maintained that a Select Committee was unfit to investigate allegations against members of the House, and suggested that the right course was to prosecute *The Times* through its counsel the Attorney-General, with the assistance of Counsel appointed by the Irish Party! Parnell was absent, but he telegraphed his acceptance of an inquiry by Select Committee.

On the 6th May, 1887 (the anniversary of the Phoenix Park murders of 1882), the House, after a debate of three days, declared by a majority of 84 that *The Times* article of 2nd May was not a breach of its privileges.

Then there came in aid of the Government a litigation which seemed at first freakish and only calculated to arouse banter. It was a libel action by F. H. O'Donnell, ex-M.P., who pretended that he was implicated in *The Times* indictment of the Irish Party. The intrusion of the "Derby dog" in the great race at Epsom would have been more appropriate.

O'Donnell had not been in Parliament since 1885, nor had he held any position in politics thereafter. He was a writer for the English Press, born in India, the son of a Scottish officer. Entering Galway Queen's College, he registered his name as "Francis MacDonnell." In 1874 he was elected for the borough of Galway as "Frank Hugh O'Donnell," but was unjustly unseated by Judge Lawson on the ground that he had issued a placard, "Vote for Joyce and Keogh"—Joyce being his opponent, and Keogh the unesteemed judge.

O'Donnell felt that he had been hustled from the House of Commons, and that had he been allowed to remain undisturbed he might have become the Irish leader, instead of Parnell, or at any rate have had a "good start," for Parnell was not elected until 1875, and at first was not vocal.

In 1876 O'Donnell was returned for Dungarvan at my suggestion, and at first backed Parnell and Biggar. However, in April, 1880, after the General Election, he surprised every one by an unprovoked letter to the *Freeman* declaring "there was patriotism in other halls than those of Avondale" (Parnell's home).

In November, 1887, having been two years out of Parliament, he launched against John Walter, of *The Times*, an action for libel as to the articles "Parnellism and Crime," in which he was nowhere attacked or even named.

His case was tried and dismissed in July, 1888, but its consequences were grave. These will be described later. Meanwhile Coercion was upon us.

When crossing to London to oppose the 1887 Coercion Bill I got shaken in a collision at Euston and was compelled to take a rest. I visited Germany and Switzerland.

I wrote my brother from Cologne:

22nd June, 1887.

You will not forget Balfour's promise on 17th May to give an appeal from all sentences, and this should be extended to those of ordinary magistrates. Cumulative sentences should also be put to an end.

The only disappointment we had was the town of Strasburg, which, though the old "Lied" calls it a "wunderschöne Stadt," is nothing of the kind. The famous clock I would not cross the street to see, and the Cathedral is not much. The town is dull and lifeless, and the people don't seem to know the bombardment is over yet.

We came from there through the Black Forest. The scenery along the railway is splendid, and the engineering wonderful, for at one moment you can see the line above and below you and at each side of you, and it is the same line all the while—such are the twists and turns and ascents it has to take. Constance isn't much, and we are going away to-day.

Parnell has got a fixed idea that Gladstone is so certain to live long enough and to secure a majority, that he himself need not make much further fight

either in the House of Commons or in Ireland. He must be more or less enervated by ill-health, and the stupid laudations of mistaken friends are not calculated to rouse him, or to warn others in time of the possibility of there being anything wrong. . . .

The breach by Arthur Balfour of his promise to allow an appeal from sentences by Resident Magistrates who inflicted a month's hard labour weighed on me. I knew from letters by his followers in *The Times* that he had weakened, and wrote Maurice:

INTERLAKEN,

5th July, 1887.

I read your letters in the *Daily News* and *Standard*, and to-day I saw yesterday's *Times* with Balfour's reply. His breach of faith about "appeals" I should have thought incredible. He has given way before the protests of Baumann and F. Fulton. I kept the portion of Hansard containing his promise. It was sent me on account of my own interruption, but I did not correct the mistake in their report of what I interjected as I don't correct any stuff they send me. I thought there might be some attempt to minimize the effect of Balfour's promise, but I never expected it would be thrown overboard. It is evident, from *The Times* comment, he has been placed in a fix. I suppose it is too much to expect that Lord Spencer in the House of Lords will take any action upon it. . . .

CHAPTER XXII

"Parnellism and Crime" (1887-8)

BY the time I was able to return to London the situation had been straightened out. Arthur Balfour had refused to make good his promise to grant an appeal from sentences of one month by Removable Magistrates, but this was the only instance in which he failed to fulfil an undertaking. The strength of the pressure against him by extremists cannot now be realized. A quarter of a century later under the Bill of Mr. McKenna, Home Secretary, I succeeded in getting an appeal from all sentences by magistrates.

I wrote my brother :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th August, 1887.

With regard to the Bantry Abbey cross, I gave the order for it. The design was a Celtic cross about ten feet high, I think, and I have not considered the inscription, which must be unobjectionable to Payne [Lord Bantry's agent]. I know the delay is mere obstruction, and that there is no trustee question involved. When they give the site I will direct the cross to be hewn. . . .

Barry tells me T.P.'s paper project is practically off, as last night Williamson [afterwards Lord Ashton], who was to give £10,000, would only do so on condition that the directors had full power of dismissal, and that T.P.'s salary should be £800 a year, and that he should surrender all other work. The *Echo* could be bought for £100,000, and they are thinking of this now. I hope T.P. may be able to get matters patched up afresh. H. Frederic has been writing a sketch of us in the *New York Times*, but is hard on T.P.

T.P. surmounted all difficulties and edited the *Star* for years. Afterwards a cabal was got up against him, and he appealed to me to overcome it, saying Biggar was his principal opponent. Joe nourished resentment against him over the Galway election. T.P. had married a beautiful, amiable and cultured Texan lady, Bessie Paschal, and Biggar transferred some of his dislike of T.P. to her, which was undeserved and unjust. Critics of their management of the *Star* secured Biggar's sympathy, and T.P. begged me to persuade him to cease attack. I thought Biggar wrong in joining the Liberals who financed the paper against a colleague, and yielded to T.P.'s appeal to try to blunt Joe's comments.

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The best time to take him was after dinner. His only luxury in the twenty-four hours was half a glass of whisky at that meal. We dined together nightly, and I watched for the moment when he placed his knife and fork crosswise on his plate to signify that he had finished. Then I began. "Joe, you are being blamed for injuring an old colleague?" "Which one, misther?" "T.P.," said I. "I'll continue to criticize him, sir, and give him worse!" was the answer. I remonstrated, "Why should you do this before English friends, even if you think he deserves it?" "I'll not stand him," he retorted. After a pause I replied sorrowfully, "I'm afraid, Joe, there must be a break in our friendship." "Not at all, misther!" he answered. "Yes," I said, "It must come. Have I ever made a request to you before?" "No," he agreed. "Then you refuse me the first time I ask you a favour?" "I can't grant it, misther," he firmly replied. "Joe, must I bid you good-bye?" "I can't yield, sir," he blurted out. I rose from the table, saying, "Good-bye, Joe." The next moment he called out, "Come back, Tim," and drew me near him again. He burst forth, "I'll consent on one condition." "Well," I assured him, "T.P. will agree to any condition you make." "I'm not so sure of that, misther." "Now, Joe," said I, "this is a serious business, and you have only to name your terms." He laughed and launched this sally, "My terms are simple, misther. Let him send Bessie back to Texas!" In other words that an admirable wife, attractive in every way, should be abandoned at his whim. The drollery in his eyes left me without argument. To convey this to T.P. was impossible, and Biggar's hostility was maintained to the end.

Afterwards a tragedy was enacted that stirred Biggar. May Carroll, whose jilting of T.P. led to the Galway fight over O'Shea, committed suicide in an hotel in Chicago. A paper which was sent us depicted the poor girl laid out a corpse in her ball dress. She had turned on the gas flares, cut a square out of her bodice and fired a "derringer" at her heart. I showed Biggar the gruesome picture. His extraordinary comment was, "Hang that Bessie, misther. I prefer May."

Yet Mrs. O'Connor never had wronged him, or meddled in our affairs, and was always helpful. The trail of "Galway" was over it all. I told Biggar bluntly that my sympathies were with Bessie and her husband, despite his unfounded prejudices.

My letters to Maurice continued :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
2nd September, 1887.

I shall meet you in Dublin to discuss the Labourers Bill. I don't mind what the Tories say about Parnell's arguments. . . .

I am going to defend Tim Harrington on Monday, and therefore cannot go to Cork to defend Hooper. I don't like the job, yet what can I do? Still less should I like defending Hooper, as he has no possible defence, whereas Harrington had nothing whatever to say to the offence with which he is charged, yet doubtless he also will follow his brother to jail. Ned, I believe, has donned prison garb, and evidently Tim regards him as an "enfant terrible." . . .

Ned Harrington was witty, and so was his wife. When I came to Tralce to defend him he said, "I hear that when I am convicted the name of this street will be changed from Denny Street to Harrington Street." "Yes," said his wife, who was childless, "It's time there was a christening in the street!" The Gaelic locution was merry. Before evening closed, poor Ned got six months' imprisonment. In these days Coercion and Fair Rents were the chief topics of interest, and I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,

22nd December, 1887.

John Sullivan's Habeas Corpus case, and the prisoner's release, is a bad stick for the Crown. Every barrister in the Library advised me that it was hopeless, but I went on and won. My descent on the Castle to-day "fluttered the doves," and I also warned the three Dublin jails against taking in Blacksmith Sullivan, so he lay in an hotel.

This referred to an application I made to the Exchequer Division (having been refused by Chief Justice Morris in the Queen's Bench) for a writ of Habeas Corpus in the case of the conviction of a Kerry blacksmith named Sullivan by Resident Magistrates. The quashing of Sullivan's conviction fettered the Coercion "Removables," who until then could inflict sentences of a month's imprisonment at their whim without appeal.

In 1888 the enforcement of Coercion led to much controversy in the British Press and in Parliament. A sample of the style in which Irish members were described is clipped from the London correspondence of the *Sheffield Telegraph* (29th February, 1888):

On the Irish benches it seemed as if a nest of cobras had been roused to sudden anger. Such writhing and squirming, such cobra rattling and splutter and angry passions, such flushings of faces, such spasmodic jerking forward of heads hooded with alarm and hate, such snaky sibilations sharpened into spiteful scoffs, had rarely been known in the House, even among the reptile-brood introduced to Parliament and there self-exhibited—by grace of American dollars—uncaged.

The owner of the *Sheffield Telegraph* had just been given a baronetcy by the Government, and the abuse was "propaganda"—a certain-raiser for what was soon to be staged.

In July, 1888, O'Donnell's action against *The Times* was tried

before Lord Coleridge. The plaintiff did not go into the witness-chair to explain how he was aggrieved by *Parnellism and Crime*. His counsel called no witnesses nor tendered any evidence save *The Times* publications. Thereupon, according to settled practice, the defendants should have applied for a "direction" to the judge, as no libel against O'Donnell had been proved. Instead of acting on this rule of procedure, Sir Richard Webster (Attorney-General) began a speech in which for three days he hurled against the Irish Party (who were not cited or represented) terrible charges. He read nearly a dozen fresh forged letters, but offered no evidence in their support, and only when he had bespattered the Irish Party with vile accusations did he ask for a "direction."

In this mock trial, therefore, neither plaintiff nor defendants called witnesses! Yet Webster's speech was made the basis of an Act of Parliament. For the highest law officer of the Crown, in broadcasting forgeries against absent [men], was engaged in no reckless manœuvre. His strategy was well considered. He was drawing up the framework of an indictment against opponents to which he intended to compel them by statute to plead, or else to lie prostrate and shamed before the world.

The dismissal of O'Donnell's suit was not the object of the speech, for that could have been had for the asking. It was solely directed to buttress *The Times'* allegations against Parnell and his followers.

O'Donnell's *bona fides* may be judged by the fact that thirteen years after Parnell's death he unloosed a torrent of bitterness against him in a pamphlet purporting to analyse Mrs. O'Shea's *Love Story*. It was published in 1914 by Murray and Co., 180 Brompton Road, S.W., price 6d. Therein he invented a charge never before made, viz.: "We know that £5,000 were granted to found the Invincible Society" (page 8).

This fabrication was emitted a quarter of a century after *The Times* had failed to connect Parnell or his colleagues with the crimes of the Invincibles.

O'Donnell's vanity is displayed by a less harmful fiction: "In 1877-9 I taught Parnell all that he was ever able to understand of the active policy which I alone had first explained in the Home Rule Conference, 1873." He afterwards wrote a volume (unread by most people) assailing Parnell and his Party.

To bring a libel action against *The Times* required means, and O'Donnell had none. The reader must, therefore, make up his mind as to whether, in provoking this bogus trial under the pretence that he had been attacked, O'Donnell was merely spiteful, or was an agent for (or in collusion with) an undisclosed principal.

Parnell, on the 9th July, 1888, renewed the demand for a Select Committee of the Commons to inquire into the forgeries. W. H. Smith, on 12th July, knowing the havoc wrought in the public mind by Webster's arraignment, refused, but said the Government would appoint a Statutory Commission to inquire into the charges against the M.P.'s named in "O'Donnell v. Walter." This revealed the basis of Webster's tactics. Smith carefully limited the scope of the proposed Bill to charges against "M.P.'s," but when his offer met with acceptance, additional effrontery was displayed. The measure as introduced by the Government applied to "M.P.'s and other persons"—an inclusion nation-wide.

Gladstone vainly protested. The extension involved Irish members in the crimes of every outlaw whose offences could be raked up by *The Times*. It was wholly beyond the scope of the charges against Parnell and his friends. Moreover, it threw a burden of investigation and expense on men without access to official records, and without a staff of exploration or means of organizing one. The period even of Titus Oates affords no precedent for such a process. Yet the poison-gas of the forgeries enabled the Government to carry into the lobbies the entire body of their supporters. What Burke declared impossible a century earlier, "an indictment against a nation," was begun. The Commission was designed to blast Parnell's reputation and that of his followers. "Other persons" were added to blast Ireland's hopes of liberty, whether Pigott's letters were genuine or false.

On the 16th July, 1888, the Bill to constitute the Commission was read a first time. On 24th July, Parnell allowed it to be read a second time without a division, after the names of the Judges (Hannan, Smith, and Day) were announced.

Apparently, when *The Times* was befooled by Pigott, the Government was persuaded that the "Thunderer" would not have accepted the forgeries without evidence. They, therefore, scourged John Walter into accepting the Commission. Walter had "chanced his arm" against Parnell, believing that he could not, owing to the O'Shea scandal, go into court.

Yet Walter disliked the procedure of the Government. Indeed, his solicitor, Soames, wrote denouncing the appointment of the Commission. Later on, Soames complained of the treachery of Dublin Castle in leaving him to prove, without the help he looked for, the allegations put forward by his clients. The British Cabinet, however, gave him ample assistance.

In accepting the tribunal, Parnell was misled by a suggestion thrown out by Chamberlain and a minor M.P., that the Judges

would be bound to bring first to a head, the question of the forgeries, and that the words "or other persons" were negligible. Parnell, therefore, did not oppose the second reading. His followers were enraged at this acquiescence, but the spells of Queen O'Shea bemused him.

The strain through which he had gone told on his health and judgment. His disdain, as a gentleman, of attack tended to lead him to belittle the efforts to besmirch him. Pigott's forgery outraged his pride and self-respect. He conceived that it was concocted to compel him to bring an action for libel against *The Times*, wherein his relations with Mrs. O'Shea would be exposed in cross-examination. This led him to under-estimate its public effect which bulked large in the politics of the time. His failure to bring a libel action determined the Salisbury Government to strike, and to appoint judges to inquire into Pigott's concoction. Parnell was then unable to come to decisions with his former masterfulness, and in the feebleness of that period he believed Captain O'Shea to be the forger. He used to lurk outside Peter Cowell's hostelry in Holborn and another tavern in the Seven Dials with a coster's cap over his eyes to trace some connection between O'Shea and the extremists. The diseases of the great often shape the course of history.

The debates on the Parnell Commission Bill were said by Lord Courtney, then Chairman of the Commons, to be the stormiest he had ever known. When all was over and the bubble burst, Lord Randolph Churchill remarked, "The Irish Party naturally shrank from an inquiry so tremendous and extensive." Lord Randolph had, in 1885, "discovered" Webster, and made him M.P. and Attorney-General.

When the names of the Judges who were to investigate the Pigott forgeries were made known, Dick Adams, who had sat with one of them (Judge Day, a Catholic) on the Belfast Riots Commission of 1886, wrote to John Morley describing him as a "Torquemada" and anti-Irish. Morley read his letter to the House of Commons withholding the writer's name. Angry cries of "Name" burst forth. Morley wilted and divulged that Adams was the writer. This drove Dick into a mental home. The breach of confidence on Morley's part was inexcusable. When Adams recovered, and Morley again became Irish Secretary in 1892, Dick was made County Court Judge for Limerick.

After the Pigott Bill became law orders were obtained by *The Times* for "discovery of documents" against eighty Irish members. We were required, despite the vagueness of the Statute, and the

still greater vagueness of the "form" in which "discovery" was sought, to produce for the benefit of *The Times*, letters and documents in our possession "relevant to the issues to be tried." I amended my affidavit by adding after "issues to be tried" the words "so far as I am acquainted with the same," and declared I had no documents appertaining thereto. What the "issues" were no one knew, except the genuineness of letters forged by Pigott. *The Times* advisers evidently hoped that scandals might come to light through the disclosure of private correspondence, but this drag-net when hauled in, did not empouch a minnow.

A letter of Mr. Gladstone shows that he thought our counsel were to be the Scottish ex-Law Officers:

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
14th August, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

My sole motive in proposing that Hawarden should be taken on the way to Dublin was that I thought you and your friends would be able to make the excursion without the trouble of a journey *ad hoc*, which I fear would not be worth your and their while. The Channel has still terrors for many—I for one among them.

But if you find it can be conveniently arranged a little later pray let me know.

I hardly like to name November just before the adjourned meeting, as the season will be so far gone; but if you like that time I have no doubt I could arrange for it just before going to Birmingham.

Do not take the trouble of writing until you see your way.

I hope and think that Mr. Parnell's case will be in good hands with Messrs. Balfour and Assher.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Messrs. Balfour and Assher were not retained, and I never heard why Mr. Gladstone thought they would be, though they were learned and devoted men.

The Irish Party now had a battle to fight on "two fronts"—in London against *The Times*, abetted by all the power of the Government; and in Ireland against the Government itself. Parnell took little interest in the non-London side of the campaign, so the struggle at home had to be kept up by local men.

The Coercion Act of 1887 made it illegal to print reports of meetings of "associations" declared suppressed by Vice-Regal proclamation. T. D. Sullivan defied this ukase in the *Nation* and was, while Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1887, sentenced to three months' imprisonment. To separate him from his family he was transferred from Richmond Prison, Dublin, to Tullamore Jail, where he wrote

amusing verses on prison life. The cupboard in which his food was kept he styled the "Holborn Restaurant," and addressed it floridly in rhyme.

A more prosaic journalist convicted for a like offence was Ned Walsh of the *Wexford People*. He served six months' hard labour for publishing reports of meetings of local branches of the League. His conversation was embellished by a stutter. On release from Kilmainham he called on me for a meal. I inquired as to his treatment there. Instead of complaining he cheerily said, "The s-s-salt was splendid!"

In 1887-8 William O'Brien's refusal to wear prison garb led to his clothes being taken away at night. A storm raised by this treatment blew hard against Arthur Balfour (Chief Secretary) who brought from Liverpool a Doctor Barr to Tullamore Jail, to report on O'Brien's health. In debate Balfour quoted in the House of Commons a line from Barr's report, whereupon I took the point that a Minister could not quote from a document without producing it in its entirety. The Speaker upheld me and ruled that the whole report must be laid on the table. That night when the House rose, as I was going away, the Conservative Whip, Akers Douglas, ran after me. He said to my amazement that the Chief Secretary wished to see me. I had never spoken to Mr. Balfour, and our relations were hostile, so I refused. The Whip was not to be rebuffed and plied the argument, "Mr. Balfour's wish to see you is due to anxiety about one of your friends, Mr. O'Brien, and he begs you to meet him." Struck by this earnestness I hesitated, and in the end said I would go to the outer door of the Chamber and await Mr. Balfour there. All other members had left, and the place was almost in darkness. The Chief Secretary came to the door-keepers' mat, at the entrance to the House and earnestly said, "I ask you not to press the point which the Speaker ruled in your favour an hour ago. Dr. Barr's report on Mr. O'Brien's health has embarrassing phrases, and I leave it to you to say whether its full production may not vex Mr. O'Brien. Dr. Barr did not write for publication and employed a technical term common in life-assurance, as he never dreamt that his report would see the light. My slip in quoting from it, and your insistence on the production of the full report, may hurt Mr. O'Brien's sensitiveness." "What is the case," I asked, "that could offend him?" "Well," he answered ly, "the report states he has 'a bad family history,' and this seems offensive." "Surely not," I retorted. "O'Brien knows I weigh the value of words as well as you or me." "Then you don't think he will feel hurt?" "No, Mr. Balfour." "Thank you,"

he answered, "you have relieved my mind." So we parted, and for a dozen years I had no further parley with him. Owing to O'Brien's struggle, political prisoners were then allowed to wear their own clothes.

Conybeare, M.P. for Camborne, Cornwall, with Lord Charnwood (afterwards member for Oxfordshire), as a looker-on, came to help tenants on the Olphert estate in Donegal in 1888-9. Conybeare was arrested, and with him a Land League organizer, John Kelly of Bantry, and charged with conspiracy. They had fed tenants about to be evicted by throwing loaves of bread into their cabins over the cordon of police. For this, Resident Magistrates sentenced them to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. An appeal was taken, and I was asked to fight it. When I reached the hotel in Letterkenny, Judge Webb, the County Court Judge, to whom the appeal lay, sent for me. In his bedroom he imparted the information that I might argue till I was tired, but he would not shorten the sentence. Webb was an old acquaintance of mine, and we could speak freely. I said this was "discouraging to advocacy." "Well," he mused, "I will do something for you. I will take off the hard labour." Burthened by this confidence I got his leave to tell the accused. The news cheered Conybeare, but Kelly growled, "That's very awkward for me, as I had made all my arrangements in Derry Jail with the hard labour division." Kelly was a man full of fun. He had often been in prison during the Land Agitation, and knew the Derry warders.

Sir John Ross's Memoirs suggest that Judge Webb prepared beforehand a warrant for my committal for contempt. Webb was an English gentleman and had presented me with his translation of Goethe. I was on friendly terms with him and he was incapable of foul play. Possibly some Crown lawyer may have brought down such a warrant in his brief-bag, but Webb knew nothing about it. Sir John Ross prosecuted Conybeare.

In earlier days, Webb's defence of Joe Poole, a prisoner hanged for a murder under the railway arch at Seville Place, Dublin, made a great impression. The crime arose out of a dispute between two factions, and although the victim was killed by a bullet, no drop of blood flowed. He was hit in the spine, and died of shock. Webb came to me often in the Four Courts Library to register his opinion of Poole's innocence. The priests and nuns who consoled Poole in prison and on the scaffold took the same view.

In 1888 the late Canon McFadden, P.P., Gweedore, Co. Donegal, was consigned to Derry Prison for an agrarian speech. After his release the local Resident Magistrate ordered him to be again arrested.

His parish was the most barren and hunger-stricken I ever visited. He had been refused a site for a chapel by the landlord, and therefore built one across a stream in a glen on a selva of No Man's Land. A few summers later the brook swelled to a torrent, and on a Sunday during Mass flooded the chapel, drowning several of the congregation. No vestry or sacristy was attached to it, and Father McFadden had to put on his vestments in his own cottage near by, and disrobe there after Mass. Inspector Martin, a "ranker" in the R.I.C., was deputed to re-arrest him after his next Mass. The priest in his vestments and biretta, bearing the chalice in his hand after the Holy Sacrifice, was proceeding from the chapel to unvest at home when Martin rushed at him with a drawn sword. Some of the dispersing congregation shouted in Gaelic, "Wul shay an sogart lesh an clai!" (He struck the priest with the sword) and fell on Martin as the perpetrator of a sacrilege. Rooting up the palings from the priest's garden, they battered in Martin's skull. The Constabulary escort took to their heels and did not return until long after the crowd melted away. Then they came back and made Father McFadden prisoner, accused of "illegal assembly." Other alleged participants in the tragedy were also arrested. To try them the venue was changed, under the Coercion Act of 1887, from Donegal to Queen's County, a hundred miles south. There special juries, from which every Catholic was excluded, were impanelled in Maryborough, the Assize town. The first prisoner arraigned was convicted. His defence was conducted by the MacDermot and Dr. Houston, Q.C., seniors of experience.

On the trial of the second prisoner the MacDermot asked me to reply to the Crown case. I did so, and stressed the fact which impressed Judge Gibson, that as it is "high treason" to strike a judge in his robes, the indiscretion committed by Martin in raising his sword over the head of a vested priest with the sacrificial chalice in his hand, was to the Donegal peasantry a treason to religion. The judge was affected, his charge was clement, and the jury disagreed. The Prosecution then told MacDermot that, if the prisoners would plead "guilty," mild sentences would be passed, and we met to consult on this offer. I had only been four years at the Bar, and opposed the plea. My seniors were men of over twenty years' experience, and I was overruled. The late Father McFadden was present, and consented to plead guilty on a minor count. Next day the plea was put in and the priest was set free under a rule of bail, while the other accused received sentences of varying degree.

When the Parnell Split occurred, two years later, I was accused by the *Freeman* of accepting a bribe from the Crown to induce the

accused to plead guilty, although I had resisted the surrender. No slander against my seniors appeared.

The libel on me was first launched at a meeting in Parnell's favour in Dublin on 2nd December, 1890, while the debates on his deposition were going on in "Room 15." It was subsequently fathered by Parnell himself in Kilkenny after his downfall. This, however, anticipates events.

CHAPTER XXIII

Collapse of Pigott (1888-9)

I USED to take my family in summer to Biggar's castle, Butlers-town, Co. Waterford (bequeathed to him by a relative named Ferguson). Thence I wrote Maurice :

31st August, 1888.

Joe has come from London and says Parnell said something about engaging me to attend the Forgery Commission with English counsel, but I have heard nothing.

Also that Parnell was looking for Chance the night he went away, and in his absence went to Macartan.

In October I toured Spain and Portugal with John Barry. Before going abroad I received a retainer from Sir George Lewis with this letter :

10 and 11 ELY PLACE,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.,
4th September, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I have had several conversations with Mr. Parnell, who is strongly of opinion that your services before the Commission will be of very great advantage, not only on account of your great knowledge of the history of the Land League and National League movements, but also of your professional knowledge.

My object in writing to you is to ask you whether you would wish to hold, professionally, one of the briefs before the Commissioners, and I need hardly say that if you are of opinion you can do so, nothing will give either Mr. Parnell or myself more satisfaction.

It is right I should point out that you will be one of the members against whom "charges and allegations" will be made, and that you may therefore wish to appear in person, or may wish to be represented by the counsel already retained. You will also in your own defence be required to go into the witness box, and this fact may enter into your consideration in forming a decision. I do not, however, see any reason why you should not accept a brief, and in the event of your doing so, I should hope to have the benefit of your services some time before the inquiry commences. The Commission meets on the 17th instant for the purpose of hearing preliminary applications. It is my intention to apply for particulars of the members charged, the "charges and allegations" made against them, with dates, also for inspection of the forged documents, with the right to take photographs, or to be furnished with the photographs, also for a Commission to America to examine Mr.

Egan, and in addition, for the release of Mr. Dillon on bail to enable him to prepare for and attend the trial. If there is any other point which suggests itself to you will you kindly write to me?

I may mention that I abstain from asking for an affidavit of documents, because the other side might benefit more by discovery of documents than we should.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE M. LEWIS.

T. Healy, Esq., M.P.

I answered accepting the retainer, and got this acknowledgment :

10 and 11, ELY PLACE,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.,
7th September, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 5th, and I thoroughly agree with your decision that the fact that you may be an attacked party in no way precludes your giving your professional assistance to Mr. Parnell during the sitting of the Commission. It is a great comfort to me to think that we shall have the benefit of your services.

It was never my intention that all the counsel retained should act in one body for the whole of the parties accused. I think it will be necessary that counsel should separately represent some of the accused parties, but until I succeed in getting the names of the members against whom *The Times* makes charges and allegations, and the charges that they make, it is impossible to arrive at any conclusion, and even then it will be necessary to have a conference with the whole of the counsel to finally determine how the briefs shall be distributed.

At that conference I hope you will manage to be present. It is not at all necessary for you to come over unless you like to do so, and you will be able to take your holiday, although I fear there is very little chance of my getting any change or rest, which I much need. However, I ignore this, because I am determined to win this case if possible, and have the fullest confidence in establishing that the letters purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell, and by Mr. Egan to Sheridan, are forgeries.

You are perfectly correct that any one party can cross-examine any other party, but no question can arise as to the rights of cross-examination provided you are acting as counsel. The Commissioners cannot limit the speeches to two on each side, because every person accused might, by counsel, solicitor, or in person, address the Commissioners in his own defence, but of course this would not be expedient, still the right exists.

It is essential that a Commission should be asked for the examination of Mr. Egan; there are facts within my knowledge which you do not at present know, which make this step absolutely necessary, and I would only ask you to trust to my experience without giving you further reasons for asking for the Commission.

Sir Charles Russell is of my opinion, so is Mr. Parnell.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE M. LEWIS.

Timothy Healy, Esq., M.P.

I did not keep a copy of my answer, but append that of Lewis :

10 and 11 ELY PLACE,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.,
19th September, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I am in receipt of your note of the 18th instant. I quite agree with you that it is of great importance that Father — should make the inquiry referred to in your letter, although I am by no means sure that *The Times* will produce the witnesses in question. It may be that it was only a piece of by-play, inasmuch as the application followed ours for the release of Mr. Dillon, still it would be unwise not to take advantage of the opportunity of obtaining all the information possible. If, therefore, you are in a position to give some hint in the matter I shall be very grateful to you if you will kindly do so.

I thank you for your kind congratulations upon the results of Monday's proceedings. They were most successful, and place *The Times* in an utterly ridiculous position.

I feel every confidence in winning this case upon all the broad issues that may be submitted to the Commission. Although I do not suppose you entertain any doubt, you may rely that the letters purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Egan are forgeries, and will be conclusively proved to be such.

I am looking forward to the pleasure of making your acquaintance, but pray take your holiday, as it is not necessary for you to come to London until a week or so before the Commission meets on the 22nd October. Then I shall be very glad to have your opinion upon the division of counsel for the different parties, and upon the case generally.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE M. LEWIS.

T. M. Healy, Esq., M.P.

The fact of my retainer was made public by Parnell's advisers, but in spite of this I received on the 3rd October, 1888, the following :

10 and 11 ELY PLACE,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.,
2nd October, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I have had a long talk with Mr. Parnell to-day, and he considers that the case, so far as it affects him, has taken such a turn that it is desirable you should appear only as counsel for yourself, and in that capacity it is Mr. Parnell's wish that I should deliver to you a brief upon the usual professional terms.

I need not say that I personally regret this turn of matters, as I have anticipated the greatest possible assistance from your knowledge of public affairs and of the matters to be inquired into.

It will be necessary for you to make an affidavit of discovery, and as I understand you have no documents in your possession, nor have had any, referring to the matters in issue in the Commission, I have prepared an

affidavit which will be sent to Mr. McGough [Parnell's Dublin solicitor], who will communicate with you in a few days' time.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE M. LEWIS.

Timothy Healy, Esq., M.P.

My comment on this to my brother was :

KIRKCALDY,
5th October, 1888.

I suppose you will be as surprised as I was at reading enclosed from George Lewis. I cannot give any explanation of Parnell's conduct, unless he was annoyed at my recent speeches on the Plan of Campaign. I shall not reply to Lewis further than to wire him that I shall be passing through London to-morrow, and ask him to send a clerk with the draft affidavit of discovery to the National Liberal Club. If he sends anyone who can give an explanation my view may be altered, but both Chance and Barry agree that it is at present susceptible of no other interpretation than hunting me from the case.

I could not appear for myself on a brief from a man who regrets he is not to have the assistance of my services, as if I was not being discharged he would have asked me to appear for someone else of the eighty-six, besides Parnell. It may be that Parnell is acting *bona fide* in the matter, but I doubt it, as I think if he were he would have instructed Lewis to use some other expressions, or would have written to me himself. My present inclination is not to attend the Commission. My name mentioned as counsel was put out from London, and not by me. I will drop you a line to-morrow in case Lewis's clerk communicates anything of what is in Parnell's mind, as with a man like that it is impossible to say what he is thinking about, or doing.

Probably we shall leave London for Paris to-morrow night, and are likely to be staying on Sunday at the Hotel Binda, Rue de l'Echelle. Barry seems to think it important to go to Lisbon, and now that I am not likely to be needed for the Commission I hardly feel like returning at once.

Keep the enclosure, as I shall treasure the correspondence.

On the 6th October, 1888, I wrote my wife from London on my way to Spain a note which she passed on to my brother, who preserved it :

Lewis sent a clerk with a letter requesting that I should see him. I spent an hour with him, and the result is to confirm my worst ideas about Parnell's motives. He says the letter was written and the words practically suggested by Parnell, who gave him no explanation. Lewis was most apologetic and friendly, and, I could see, depressed at the turn affairs had taken. Whether Parnell gave him any clue to his purposes, and that he concealed it, I cannot fathom. I don't believe he did. I could extract nothing. I pointed out that Lewis himself had been the man to publish my retainer to the Press, to which he said that he had been delighted to do so, and that Sir Charles Russell was also very anxious to have me, and that my engagement originally had been at Parnell's own suggestion.

It seems he said to Parnell besides, that it would be unfair not to have an Irish barrister get some fees out of an Irish fund, and that Parnell said he didn't object to my getting fees, but that I was not to be engaged for any

of the Party. "Then," said I, "may I not appear for any of the eighty-six?" "Oh, no," said he. "Mr. Parnell's desire was that you should appear only for yourself." I asked him how I could appear in wig and gown for myself, and he shrugged his shoulders and said he had pointed that out to Parnell, adding, "But can you come over and help us generally? The Irish public will be expecting your presence."

I replied I could not consent to appear on such terms, and was not so poor as to accept fees under such equivocal employment. He then said he would see Parnell on Monday, but thought I ought to write to him. I said I would not do so, that I had not sought the engagement, and was at a loss to know what explanation I could give publicly of the transaction. We then talked generally about the Commission, and he is confident of being able to prove that the letters are Pigott's. He seems to be solely resting on the letters, while *The Times* will try to give these the go-by, and enlarge on other matters.

The fact that Parnell has kept the case in his own hands so completely, building solely on the forgeries, will militate against rebutting other important allegations.

Nothing could be kinder than Lewis's tone towards me, and even from a professional point of view, I could see that his regret was genuine.

John Barry is indignant, and says I am taking things too philosophically. He has written to Biggar saying it is intolerable that Parnell should take the control of the fate of eighty-six men into his own hands, and assign them their counsel—or rather, reject a particular counsel without consulting them, and without cause assigned.

Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell*, vol. ii, page 334 (1898), suggests that my exclusion from the case was due to the "objection of Michael Davitt."

Fifteen years later Davitt wrote me :

Barry O'Brien says in his *Life of Parnell* that it was I who objected to your being included in the Counsel for the defence against *The Times* charges. This is absolutely untrue. I pressed it and Parnell declared emphatically against you. This is not the only one of B.O.B.'s statements I shall have to nail in telling the story of the Land League fight.

Davitt's *Fall of Feudalism*, published in 1904, states at page 543 :

I strongly pressed for the employment of Mr. T. M. Healy, but Mr. Parnell's recollection of the Galway election incident intervened, and the able services of one of his most brilliant lieutenants were, in a measure, lost, though Mr. Healy attended the Commission occasionally to watch his own case. The late Mr. J. G. Biggar and myself dispensed with legal assistance and defended ourselves.

I asked Labouchere to find out why I was retained first and discharged afterwards. He replied :

24 GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.,
10th October, 1888.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I have been in the wilds of Wales, so only got your letter yesterday. I saw Lewis to-day. He said that he really did not know—that he had written

the letter to you by Parnell's direction, and he had not told him why. I also saw Parnell. He said that if you would write and ask him, he would be ready to tell you, and I could not well press him to tell me.

I think that we shall smash up the letters. If I had my way after that, the Counsel would all withdraw.

Look me up when you are over here. Come and take pot luck at dinner.

Yours sincerely,

H. LABOUCHERE.

I never sought to extract from Parnell his assorted "explanations."

Sir Charles Russell wrote me :

10 NEW COURT,
LINCOLN'S INN,
16th October, 1888.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I am greatly disappointed to find that you are not to be instructed by Mr. Lewis. I had fully counted on your valuable help. I hope that even yet you will appear instructed through some other channel. You will have seen that in the "particulars" all the Irish M.P.'s practically are included!

Faithfully,

C. RUSSELL.

No further explanation was forthcoming. I wrote my brother :

DUBLIN,
21st October, 1888.

I saw Harrington in London, and he told me he knew nothing of the reasons Parnell had, but that he had several times endeavoured to open a conversation on the subject, without success; and that O'Brien, who had been over, was indignant, and had called to see Parnell at Lewis's, but Parnell left without giving him an opportunity.

Parnell has not told his solicitor his case, but is keeping it to himself, and has managed the whole thing himself. Lewis is in terror of him, Harrington says.

The brief, which was to be delivered to me "on the usual professional terms," has, of course, not arrived, although one would fancy that some idea of the matters affecting myself or yourself should be furnished by "our solicitor," from the gentleman instructing him.

Biggar, who had written Lewis refusing to allow him to act for him, writes that Labouchere wired him that Parnell would explain everything on Monday (to-morrow), and that Parnell had written him a private letter of remonstrance at his action, but gave no explanation of his conduct towards me. In Parnell's career there has been nothing more monstrous than his action in taking this whole business into his hands without consulting anybody. He is the last man I would select to entrust with such a business.

I had a letter from Sir Charles Russell regretting the action taken excluding me from the case, and saying he hoped I would be instructed by some other solicitor, as the whole Party was incriminated. This is pretty plain hinting. Parnell hates Russell, and distrusts Lewis, although that he distrusts him more than he does the rest of mankind I cannot say.

Chance refused to allow Lewis to act for him.

Biggar wrote :

NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB,
22nd October, 1888.

MY DEAR TIM,—

I to-night saw Labouchere, who thinks you ought to come across.

I think both you and Chance ought to come. Parnell is shuffling. Lewis told Labouchere on Thursday last that Parnell would to-day satisfy me he was right in refusing to have you in the case. He followed me to the Club, pressed me a good deal to be represented by his gang, but I refused. He also refused to tell you his reason, although last week he told Labouchere he would give you the reasons if you wrote asking for them.

Labouchere thinks if you now write, he will evade giving you any satisfactory reply.

Parnell talked of its being possible you might get into the case when it had gone partly forward.

That pretence is no better than that given to Lynch of Galway, who is now indignant no seat was got for him.

All well, I hope, at home?

I am, my dear Tim,

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH G. BIGGAR.

John Barry in the same spirit urged me to appear for him. I sent these letters with the following comment to Maurice :

DUBLIN,
23rd October, 1888.

I enclose letters received to-night from Biggar and Barry. You will notice Parnell now entirely changes his hand, and refuses to disclose the reasons even to myself, although he promised Harrington to do so as lately as Thursday last, and Labouchere wrote me previously that he had told him he would do so if I wrote and asked him. This is, of course, owing to the fact that, since the trial opened, he has changed his mind on the point as to which he dismissed me, but is ashamed to admit he was mistaken, or else it is that from the first he was influenced by pique alone.

His refusal to tell myself creates a change in my obligations towards him, and I have wired Biggar that I place myself in his hands if he is still of the same opinion to-morrow. Therefore, should I receive a wire from him at the close of to-morrow's proceedings, I will go over. Barry from the first has been anxious that I should act for him, altogether apart from the present scrape. I fancy Parnell will say, if anything goes wrong, that it was due to the course we have taken. He must be hard set when he can't invent a lie to explain matters to me, especially as I should be easily imposed upon. If he had come to me, or written cordially, and without assigning any cause said he had reason to suppose it would be a mistake for me to accept the original retainer, I would never have questioned his opinion. It is the naked manner in which the thing has been done that has given rise to suspicion. Wavering often as to this extraordinary man, I am reverting to the notion that it must have been my Wicklow speech as to the "Plan" that provoked the *congé*.

I wrote my father :

DUBLIN,

23rd October, 1888.

I have heard from Biggar, who says Parnell pressed him strongly not to appear for himself, but although Parnell had, through Labby, promised to satisfy him about my dismissal from the case, he refused, and said he couldn't even tell myself. Harrington four days ago wrote that, in an interview with Parnell, he promised fully to "satisfy" me of his *bona fides*, and he previously told Labby that, if I wrote, he would reply and tell me. I have therefore no conclusion to come to except that, if he had a good reason, he would give it. It is an unpleasant business, but fathom it I can't. I would not worry you about it, but that you would know from the papers all was not right.

I enclose Harrington's letter, which please preserve. He offered to throw up his brief if I wished, but I would not ask such a thing. Still, take his letter as being subject to his anxiety to smooth matters.

At the request of Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Asquith, his junior, visited Dublin before the Commission opened to see Harrington, Secretary to the National League. At their interview, according to Harrington, Asquith, in the bluntest way, put the question, "How many murders or crimes will be brought home to the League?" "Not one," was the reply. "Oh, nonsense!" scoffed Asquith, who had recently been elected to the House of Commons, but scarcely knew any of the Irish members. "Will you allow me to inspect your private books?" "Certainly," said Harrington; "call for any records or letters, on any day, week, month, or year you like." On this Asquith named the period for which he wished to search, and the covering documents or copies which reached the League (or were dispatched by it) were placed before him. He sat down at a table and was soon deep in his investigations, which he pursued for hours. Finding his quest vain, he rose to leave, saying to Harrington, "Yours is a very much maligned Organization." Harrington's smile as he told me this conveyed the amazement he felt at one of their counsel *a priori* conceiving them guilty.

Spencer Wilkinson of the *Manchester Guardian* and of the "Navy League" tells in his book that he conducted a similar inquisition. He induced Harrington to accept him as clerk to the Organization so that he might see everything going out and coming in. Wilkinson had written works such as *The Command of the Sea*, *The Brain of a Navy*, *The Brain of an Army*, *Imperial Defence*, and therefore was not likely to be a biased, much less an incompetent, inquirer. Yet he, too, gave the Organization a "clean bill of health."

When the Commission assembled, I described its opening in a letter to my wife :



J. G. BIGGAR, M.P. 1880.



JOHN BARRY, M.P. 1881.

LONDON,

30th October, 1888.

The Court has just risen at four o'clock, and I have walked down with Biggar, and have to leave the Club immediately to call on Sir Charles Russell at his Chambers at five, so I just send you a scribble. Biggar really had no necessity to bring me across, as far as I can judge, except to talk matters over. He showed me a private letter from Parnell, written three weeks ago, saying that I "knew his views," and that under no circumstances could he consent to have me in the case, and that it was very improper of me to try to get to act for Biggar and Barry. Joe wrote him back saying that, instead of doing this, I had written refusing to do it; and that it was Chance who initiated the business, and that I had gone away to Spain, and knew nothing of the matter.

Parnell came into court to-day at three o'clock, and sat second next me, but I took no notice of him, although he addressed some words to me while I was making some remarks to the court—by way of giving me assistance, I think. I didn't, however, hear what he said, and I made no sign. Davitt, who was over in the boat last night, although we did not speak on the way, nodded to me in court and, as I was next him, we became as friendly as if nothing had happened.

You should read the report about the Hibernian Bank bringing over their books within the jurisdiction of the Commission, and the way their English counsel got pranced on. It was the stupidest performance I ever knew. It will be nice to have my bank account, which has nothing to do with politics, investigated by *The Times*, and for anything I know, published to the world. I was going to say in court that the only thing they would discover was that it was overdrawn, but I did not do so! I am glad I came. Lewis was very friendly, and all the counsel were too, and said they were delighted I was defending myself.

From what Harrington says, no fee is marked on any brief, as I suppose they are waiting to see how the "collection" goes. The way they have allowed *The Times* to do as they like would never have been tolerated by Irish counsel, and even to-day there was no application that the forged letters should be immediately taken up. I have a better opinion of the style in which we should have managed.

I lunched with Harold Frederic, who is doing the correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, and says he wrote a great attack last week because I was left out of the case.

The Times solicitor expected when the League accounts were disclosed that they would have been fruitful, but a sorrowful letter from him to one of his agents repined:

58 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,

30th May, 1889.

The books which have been produced are four in number—a cash book commencing 8th October, 1881, and ending 12th November, 1881, and three other books which are in effect no more than the transcript of the banker's accounts with the addition of the names of the payee and of certain branches to whom grants were made. In no instances are the purposes of the payments

stated, except in the first-named cash book. No entry in the last three books, if I recollect rightly, is beyond the month of August, 1881. In a negative sense these books will be useful to us, but I fear not otherwise. Not nearly all the money received is accounted for in them.

Yours,
JOSEPH SOAMES.

The Times, through agents in America, tried to sustain its far-flung charges. They even sought to bring members of the American Clan-na-Gael to appear to support the case of a conspiracy against Britain. Sir Robert Anderson, of the Home Office, produced a spy named Beach who, under the name of "Lecarron" or "Howard," passed himself off as a Fenian in America, and had wormed himself into the counsels of extremists. British interests necessitated secrecy as to spies, but Anderson cared little for that, provided Parnell could be discredited. Beach, therefore, was shipped from the U.S.A., and became the "star" witness at the Commission. To tender such an agent as a witness to help a newspaper was a step unprecedented.

The Times also sought to secure the evidence of P. J. Sheridan, a Land League organizer, who was mentioned in the letter of 1882 which Parnell addressed to Captain O'Shea for submission to the Liberal Cabinet, outlining the Kilmainham Treaty. An envoy named Kirby was dispatched to see Sheridan in Colorado and coax him to come to London. I got hold of the code cablegrams to Kirby and decoded them in the *Freeman's Journal* to make his plans known. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* gives their text. They disclose that Sheridan proposed £20,000 as the price of his testimony—half to be paid in New York and half when he reached England. Sheridan, had he shipped from New York, could have given no evidence of value, but he played on the gullibility of Kirby. When I exposed these activities in the *Freeman* Kirby sent a cablegram to *The Times* solicitor worded in a code so difficult that I was unable to decipher it. I asked Harrington for help, and he submitted the message to Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace sat up all night to effect its decipherment, and next day gave us the transcript. The clue he had was that the letter E is the most frequent in English, and he then worked on to the next most-used letter. By this method Kirby's message became clear—like the Rosetta Stone to Champollion. I published the decoded message in the *Freeman*.

This decipherment led to a total change in the telegraphic methods employed by the British Army, Navy, and R.I.C. Their codes thenceforward were framed so that no one could make them

out unless in possession of the key. That was the sole gain to the State from the Forgery Commission.¹

Sheridan had no intention of journeying to London and never left Nebraska. Parnell, however, asked Davitt to go to Paris and cable thence to Chicago to Alexander Sullivan, a leader of the Clan-na-Gael, the contents of Kirby's cablegram. This unwisdom caused deplorable results. Sullivan's enemies pretended that Davitt's message was an incitement to the murder of a Dr. Cronin, who had been decoyed to a lonely house on the pretence of a sick call, and slain. A book published in 1889, *The Clan-na-Gael and the Murder of Dr. Cronin*, by John T. Ennis (chapter ix), bases its narrative on a version of the evidence of Lecarron.

It asserts in a form here condensed and needing scrutiny:

Lecarron said there were four spies in the Irish revolutionary camp wearing the livery of the Revolution for the purpose of betraying it.

Did Lecarron give the four names? Sir Charles Russell probably saw the names.

Dr. McGahey, one of the men closely associated with Cronin on Sunday, 27th October, 1889, furnished the press of Chicago with a document as an enemy of Alexander Sullivan. A witness testified before the Grand Jury that Alexander Sullivan told him Dr. Cronin was not dead, but was on his way to London, and would be heard from in a few days. Sullivan alleged that he had received a cipher telegram which, as he was unable to understand it, he repeated to Patrick Egan, at Lincoln. Egan translated it and sent him a copy, which read as follows: "Another witness for *The Times* will leave about the middle of May. This may be your doctor. (Signed) B."

Sullivan told him that "B." was an English member of Parliament (not an Irish member). A search among the files of the Telegraph Companies failed to show the receipt of any such cipher or any cablegram signed "B." or of the translation from Egan.

On 6th May Davitt was in Paris, and as soon as the news of Cronin's disappearance reached him he sent Sullivan a cablegram intended to be used as the basis for the report that Cronin was a spy and had sailed for England—the intention being to have the message repeated from Chicago to Egan. Sullivan received the cablegram and changed two words to make it more plausible before sending it to Egan. It was not signed "B." The sender feared to sign his name. He, therefore, sent it anonymously, viz.: "Paris, 6th May. Alexander Sullivan, Chicago. Wire Chancellor [P. Egan, ex-treasurer, Land League], as follows: 'Reliable information, suspected person taking advantage absence of books offered enemy's agent April 5. He will come over for £20,000, half payable in advance; proposes leaving 12th May. If books could be found his story could be disproved and his coming neutralized. Hope receive further information shortly whether offer accepted. Same agent acted before at Pueblo, 6th April [Sheridan's ranch], and cabled for £10,000, part payment advance to be sent the Bank Montreal,

¹ *The Life of Archbishop Walsh*, p. 393, published 1st October, 1928, glances at his feat.

Chicago, and £500 contingent expenses to be sent to Colorado Springs. The offer made by Buncomb [Sheridan] may be a game to get money, but desirable take precaution. You may buy correspondence of agent with Buncomb at any price you think right. If possible postpone departure [as ambassador to Chile] and send Tom [Brennan, ex-secretary, Land League] or some reliable friend to negotiate for correspondence, otherwise cable London name of representative. Don't reply until you see Tom."

Sullivan had wired to Egan :

CHICAGO,
6th May, 1889.

Am directed to repeat important telegram to you. Shall I send it to Lincoln?

By that date Egan had left New York on his way to Chile, as United States Minister. His son answered :

Lincoln, Neb., 6th May, 1889. Alexander Sullivan. Send cablegram to Lincoln. I will send it to him. Frank Egan.

The book further blunders :

It was the second move in the great conspiracy [to kill Cronin]. Its essential part is in the first few words, "suspected person proposes leaving 12th May." All the rest is merely padding to make it sound well. 12th May was the day that Long, Starkey *et al* were prepared to swear that Cronin had left Montreal. The morning papers of 6th May which contained the announcement of Cronin's disappearance, also contained the announcement that his friends had determined to solve its mystery. Egan read them before he received the Paris cablegram.

Despite all this nonsense the author confesses :

There is a possibility that Davitt's cable meant a well-known Nationalist in Colorado (Sheridan). Time will tell.

Another book on the Cronin murder by H. M. Hunt, copyrighted in 1889 by Köchsperger, avoided these allegations.

Sheridan, and not Cronin, was the man about whom Davitt cabled. Yet his message was treated in Chicago as a link in the conspiracy leading to Cronin's assassination.

Sullivan was arrested, but never tried. Egan's name was dragged in by political enemies, because the Republican President of the United States accredited him as Minister to Chile. Opponents in the Democratic camp, wished to force his recall in order to prejudice the Republican administration. No one in Europe can comprehend politics in the U.S.A. It needs not only a life-study, but a study from day to day.

When the murder of Cronin was reported, Soames, *The Times* solicitor, consulted the spy Lecarron, who wrote him :

LONDON,

15th May, 1889.

Dr. Cronin is a man shrewd, intelligent, well educated, possessing a fine tenor voice, known amongst his enemies as the "Singing Doctor," a good forcible speaker always desiring to be foremost in all—aggressive and quarrelsome to an eminent degree. He is tall, possessing a fine presence, married, and has no family.

He is chronically hard up. He was sued for rent by Dr. L. Burlingham, owner of his late residence, 351 North Clark Street, Chicago, in December, 1887, the suit being settled by his brother-in-law, T. H. Conkwin, who is one of the wealthy saloon-keepers of Chicago, since which date he has resided with his brother-in-law in the Windsor Block, same street.

He was elected Junior Guardian of Camp 96, Chicago, in 1881, and became Senior Guardian. He is Superintendent of the Dynamite School, being a good chemist, he made it a study and gave lectures on explosives to a class weekly. He was a delegate to the Dist., V.C. Convention in 1883, at which Sullivan and William Mackey Lomasney were elected, made a lying report to his "camp" thereon, and charges were preferred against him through Sullivan, and he being a Senior Guardian at the time, his trial-committee were all Senior Guardians, of which I was one (*vide* evidence).

They unanimously found him guilty and expelled him from the organization.

While I know that the Chicago "gang" would like to see, and are bad enough to put him out of the way, he has enough friends to post him and thwart their murderous designs.

I don't think him dead. . . .

His whole conduct for years past shows him to be bitterly opposed to the acts and administration of the Irish Party in power. Yes, even on both sides of the water, by Parnell and Co., endorsing and not opposing the corrupt party in America.

He is so bitter that, in my opinion, for a money consideration he would be willing to pose as a real friend of the Irish Cause by exposing the true inwardness and corruption of the administration. He is an egotist of the first water.

To return to O'Shea. At the opening of the Forgery Commission, he swore to the genuineness of Pigott's handiwork. When his cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell closed I rose. Parnell clutched me nervously. "What are you going to ask?" he gulped. I said, "Don't be afraid!"

My questions were few: "Captain O'Shea, were you a candidate for a seat in Galway in 1886?" He replied, "I was." "With whose support?" "Mr. Parnell's." "Who opposed you?" "You and Mr. Biggar." "Thank you," I said, and sat down.

O'Shea's backing of Pigott cannot be palliated as a reprisal for domestic dishonour. The divorce proceedings only began in December, 1889, after Pigott's attack had failed.

Writing to my wife, I said :

LONDON,

31st October, 1888.

O'Shea's examination to-day will repay reading. He has not hurt us, but I don't think Parnell's character will be improved by the close relations he has held with the Eltham household. It would have been a great mistake if O'Shea had been allowed to go away without cross-examination on the plea that they were not ready. I told this to Parnell, who was sitting next me, and had made some remark about O'Shea's evidence previously, but Parnell was against cross-examination on the spot. Fortunately Russell, on account of the judges, went on, and I think, so far as the Cause is concerned, no harm has been done, while some good might result.

Parnell sent George Lewis to me to say he supposed I was not going to cross-examine O'Shea, and I said, "As at present advised, not"; and then he asked, "Is Biggar?" To which I replied that I thought not. When, however, Russell was finished, and O'Shea began to get out of the witness-box, Russell expressed his surprise that I had not asked him anything. I told him why, and he replied Lewis's remark only applied in case they had not examined him themselves to-day. So I got him recalled, and then Parnell apprehensively asked what I was going to ask. I said, "I shall ask nothing sensational, but merely confine myself to showing that Biggar and I opposed him in Galway." "But you will confine it to that?" he asked. And I replied, "Yes."

I am glad I was there, and am sure every one will appreciate our moderation after the way we have been dealt with. O'Shea gave his evidence with cleverness, but I think, after to-day's proceedings, *The Times*, having gone into important evidence, will soon be compelled by the judges to come to the point; and I don't think they have much point to come to. In fact, I am hopeful that they will get a dreadful smash-up. Parnell and Lewis say that their case on the question of the forged letters is overwhelming, and however far afield *The Times* may wish to roam, they will soon be brought to a narrower tether by the court. The judges, or at least Hannon, are not courageous. The other two don't say a word. I shall have a better opinion of Irish tribunals for the future.

Russell's cross-examination of O'Shea did not astonish me by its ability. Of course—sour grapes! I am satisfied at my exclusion, and feel no regrets. I shall go back and attend to my humdrum cases in Dublin.

Davitt last night and Arthur O'Connor expressed themselves kindly towards me, and strongly disapproved of the way I had been dealt with. I saw Russell last night at his chambers with reference to the cross-examination of some of the witnesses. All the others were there, and I shouldn't have gone if I had known what he wanted me for.

Parnell has not alluded to the withdrawal of my retainer.

To Maurice I wrote:

DUBLIN,

12th November, 1888.

Harrington tells me that Parnell thinks it was a great mistake having English counsel! This is charming, and I have no doubt he would say, if necessary, that this was forced on him by his intrusive followers. Whether like the fox that has lost its tail or not, I didn't think, with the sole exception of Russell's outburst last week, that he has much to congratulate himself on.

The tactics displayed, and the submissions without protest, were extraordinary.

Hishon told me to-night that Harrington mentioned to-day that William O'Brien was swearing at Parnell for doing nothing in Ireland, and said he would insist on his moving! If I had said a word, William would maintain that Parnell's Fabian tactics were the wisest on earth. For years I have never flinched from the opinion that any step would be justifiable to compel Parnell to take action in consultation with his Party, as his unaided evolutions are generally hurtful, and he does hardly anything right. He was disgusted with Charles Russell for "treating O'Shea like a gentleman," and wanted to cross-examine him himself! He has now re-subpœnaed O'Shea, who is a broken reed.

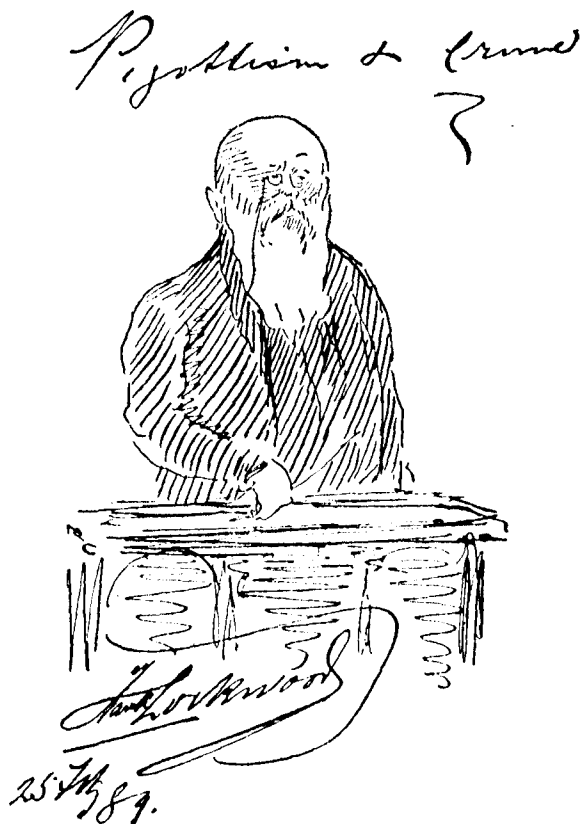
Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell* states (pages 216-18) that in November, 1888, a month after the Commission opened, he called on Russell, who declaimed: "Your friend Parnell has been acting very badly. He is a selfish fellow. He thinks only of himself. He takes no trouble about any part of the case except the forged letter. There are specific charges against others, and against the Movement generally which have to be met, and Parnell ought to trouble himself about these charges and ought to help us to meet them, but he will not even come to consultations, except to discuss what directly concerns himself. Parnell ought to throw himself into the whole case, and he does not."

In saying this, Russell knew nothing of Parnell's weakening health.

When the case had further progressed a minor incident occurred which urged Parnell to bestir himself. A *Times* witness swore that a meadow which he had rented on an evicted farm had been "spiked" so that it could not be mown, and that this was done by the orders of a Co. Cork branch of the League, which paid a smith £5 to make the spikes. For these rustic bodies the Central Organization had no responsibility, but the judges ordered that the secretary of the branch should appear before them within forty-eight hours and produce the books. The "rattenings" in Birmingham and Sheffield by Broadhead and Co. were present to judicial minds, and Parnell, in tremor, came to my brother saying that after a year's investigation this was the only case in which a crime had been brought near anyone connected with the League. "I want you to go to Cork to-night and examine the books of the branch, and warn the secretary to obey the orders of the Court, whatever the consequences."

Maurice telegraphed the secretary to attend him in Cork next day with the books and set off from London. The "grabber" whose meadow had been spiked was specific as to dates, so when the

secretary came to Cork, Maurice was able to con the books for outlay relating to the accusation without disclosing his object. An item of £5 paid about the date to which the witness swore was found marked, "For a charitable purpose." So the secretary went to London with the books, which were inspected by *The Times* lawyers and the judges. He was not called, nor were the books put in evidence. Charity covereth a multitude of sins!



Pigott, on the 23rd February, 1889, having been partially cross-examined, fled to Spain.

The letters by which Russell broke him up were preserved by Patrick Egan, who had negotiated the purchase of Pigott's newspapers on behalf of the Land League in 1882. Later, when Pigott attacked the League, Egan published some of them, and these exposed the wretch so completely that Chief Secretary Forster stopped the payments he was making him as a "loyalist convert."

The British Government often provided needy journalists with rewards for the defamation of popular Irish leaders from Secret Service funds. In 1848 Birch took action against Lord Clarendon, then Lord-Lieutenant, for an unpaid balance of the "work" he did against John Mitchel and the patriots of that epoch.

Pigott, knowing how profit could be harvested, "collaborated" with the Unionists as soon as he sold his papers to Egan. His new friends included men who, however honest themselves, were prepared to believe any evil of their opponents.

After Pigott was exposed by Russell before the Forgery Commission he spent the evening at the Alhambra Theatre. An acquaintance accosted him, saying, "That was a brilliant cross-examination of you to-day by Sir Charles." "Ah," he sighed, "not at all. He had such splendid material!"

Next morning he left for Paris, *en route* for Madrid. His disappearance startled London, but Scotland Yard remained supine. The judges issued a warrant for his arrest, and two days later it was announced that he had shot himself in an hotel in Madrid.

Shot, indeed, he was. Suicide, I doubt. Although Pigott was a monster of selfishness and immorality, no Extradition Treaty existed between Spain and Great Britain which would have authorized his arrest.

When his death became known, his house near Dublin was raided by the curious. His diaries, books and newspaper cuttings were sent to Michael Davitt by Val Dillon, solicitor. His children were said to have been given names by which their parentage could not be traced. The charitable, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, looked after them.

When Pigott confessed that he was the author of the forgeries, *The Times* apologized. Parnell then recovered £5,000 damages by consent. The Attorney-General, hitherto so confident, became unctuously tearful. The Irish people had raised £42,000 in defence of Parnell and their representatives.

Pigott had been a clerk in the *Nation* office, like his father, under A. M. Sullivan. Afterwards he started a paper of his own and made it more saleable by libelling Sullivan. When both were sent to Richmond Jail in 1868 for articles on the Manchester executions of 1867 (when Allen Larkin and O'Brien were hanged), Pigott affected friendliness to Sullivan. All gifts or alleviations showered on that popular orator were thenceforward shared with Pigott. After their release the old libels were furbished up, so Sullivan addressed a friendly remonstrance to him. His reply was:

SIR,—

If you wish to know the writer of the comments of which you complain it is

Yours truly,

RICHARD PIGOTT.

After he fled from justice I did not attend the Commission, save to urge that the defendants' counsel should withdraw. Labouchere agreed with this policy, and so did Parnell. Yet counsel remained.

The victory over *The Times* was largely due to Pat Egan's foresight in preserving Pigott's correspondence.

I may now recall a story of his as Ambassador to Chile. During Balmaceda's attempt to prolong his term as President, Egan received refugees in the Embassy from both sides. The Chilean Army supported Balmaceda, but the Senate and the Navy opposed him. Egan granted sanctuary to each faction as victory alternated, and I think Balmaceda killed himself in the American Legation. Mobs gathered before it demanding the surrender of prisoners, and Egan's life was in danger. He sent telegrams to Washington telling of his dire extremity, and a battleship, captained possibly by the famous "cursing admiral," Bob Evans, hove in sight. Egan's enemies circulated the lie that when he summoned a warship he did so to affect the "exchange" in Chilean currency. The Admiral on arrival gave notice that if the square in front of the American Legation was not clear by 6 p.m. his guns would play on the rioters. At 6 p.m. the square was free, and Egan sallied forth with the Stars and Stripes on his shoulder to the jetty and put off in a launch to thank the Commander.

On reaching the warship he made an eloquent speech.

To appreciate the Admiral's reply it should be explained that in Chile garlic is universally esteemed. Young couples who become engaged sometimes exchanged a piece of garlic touched by the lips.

The Admiral answered, "Your Excellency's words move me. I can only say that if, at 6 p.m., the square in front of your residence had not been cleared, all hell would have smelt of garlic!"

CHAPTER XXIV

Parnell's Triumph (1889)

ON the sixty-third day of the Forgery Commission Sir Charles Russell, rising to address it for the defence, avowed that "the utter absolute collapse of the forged letters has taken out of this inquiry its pith and marrow."

Yet a defence was begun with Parnell's reluctant acquiescence which occupied sixty-three sittings after the forgeries had been blown to pieces. The Irish public thought everything was for the best, as the *Freeman* did not condemn this stupidity.

The Times meanwhile secretly built on a letter of 24th March, 1889, from the Bank of England to Colonel Howard Vincent, of Scotland Yard. It forwarded a letter from Havre of John Walsh, late of Middlesbro', dated 22nd March, 1883. This stated that Walsh lost two £10 Bank of England notes, Nos. 47LL of 7th February, 1882, and 76216 of 6th April, 1882. The Bank enclosed to Colonel Vincent a further letter from Walsh dated 26th March, 1883, explaining that he could not return to England to make good his claim, as he would be arrested in connection with Lord Frederick Cavendish's murder because of James Carey's evidence. Great weight was attached to these facts by *The Times*.

On the day Parnell was cross-examined by the Attorney-General he was caught out in a stupid misstatement. He came to me in distress to complain that his lawyers had not intervened to save him. To suppose that when he had blurted out something foolish his counsel could have come to his rescue, or that if they attempted it, good would have resulted, was childish. I did not invite his confidence, but he coursed me up and down a corridor of the House of Commons, aimlessly unbosoming himself. Every friend save his London advisers had begged him to retire from the proceedings when Pigott broke down.

The Commission held its last public sitting on the 22nd November, 1889, and when all was over a Cockney wit summed up the case with the jest, "*The Times* proved Parnell's case. Parnell proved *The Times*' case."

The Judges pronounced him guiltless of writing the forged

letter. Despite this triumph harassing domestic and political anxieties were wearing him out. He suffered more from attacks owing to a frailer physique than O'Connell, Butt, or Grattan.

When the Commission reported him innocent, Lord Randolph Churchill (who, when the Bill creating it was introduced, supported the Government) denounced its proceedings. His attack was a stirring declamation. In the midst of it he asked for a glass of water. Bauman, a Tory, went out to oblige him, and when he returned with a carafe, was sardonically cheered by the Opposition. As he handed the tumbler to Randolph, the noble Lord said, "I hope this will not injure you with your Party!"

After Pigott's flight, the attitude of Speaker Peel softened towards us. Before that, we had the sympathy of every official in Court, and the audience, as well as of the "man in the street."

The House of Commons gave Parnell a noble welcome after the collapse of *The Times*. The Opposition rose to cheer him when he took his seat. That was his last scene of triumph.

He was cynical about his legal advisers. He told me, "Lewis pays Russell refreshers in the morning, and wins them from him at night at cards." Yet he thanked Sir George publicly for the moderation of his charges.

The value of the interception of Kirby's messages being great, I asked Parnell to present the cable clerk with a gold watch, inscribed with his name. He had ample funds, and promised to make the gift, but he never sent even a line of thanks to the man who risked his post to serve the Cause.

During the Commission amusing incidents occurred. The examination of a Kerry witness, taken in hand by Sir Richard Webster, had not finished when the Court adjourned. At the week-end *The Times*' agents "shadowed" him and when he reappeared in the box Webster asked, "What were you doing in the Strand on Saturday?" Thinking he was being asked about his native shores his reply was, "Gathering say-weed, yer honour!" (In Irish-English "strand" is used for "beach.")

Another witness, a Dublin barber, gave an answer which supplied the London pantomimes with a catch-phrase. Webster examined him about a revolver being placed at his head, and wrung the confession that he ran away. Sir Richard commented, "Oh, you played the coward?" "Well," the answer came, "better be a coward for five minutes than be dead all your life!"

During the sittings Dillon and O'Brien, who had been in jail in Ireland, were brought to London by order of the Court.

Imprisoned in Holloway at night, they were allowed freedom by

day. To break the tedium I had them to lunch at the Café Royal with Dr. Kenny, M.P., and T. P. Gill, M.P. Once, as we emerged into Regent Street, a waiter ran out to ask me to return and see the manager. Had I given a false coin? I asked myself. I went back and found a polite gentleman who made an appeal, and not an accusation. He said that two years before a dinner was given to General Collins of Boston (then American Consul-General to London) by Parnell, costing about £70. An account had been sent in several times, but it had not been paid. I had suggested originally to Parnell that the Party, and not he, should provide hospitality, but he said expansively, "Oh, no, I'll give it myself." Yet the Café Royal was left without payment. Dr. Kenny, treasurer of the League, met the bill forthwith out of the funds of the Organization.

William Murphy, M.P., to whom I told this, narrated that Parnell, on being elected for Meath in 1875, attended an auction at Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, where the gear or plant used in building a mortuary chapel was to be sold. Murphy asked him what he wished to bid for, and in order to spare him delay, said he would buy it in. Parnell was grateful and told him he wanted a weighing machine, and went his way. It fetched £12, or £15, and Murphy gave a cheque to the auctioneer, and dispatched it (carriage paid) to Avondale. Parnell never acknowledged the courtesy or the machine, and Murphy disdained to dun him.

The Commission hit *The Times* hard, but the Irish people de-frayed the costs of their representatives. W. H. Smith, leader of the House, approached me with an offer that the Government would pay the expenses of both sides. I refused to convey this to Parnell (although it would have placed our Party in command of large resources), saying that Smith should see Parnell himself. Smith, overawed by his personality, never did so. *The Times* outlay was over £200,000, while ours was less than £40,000.

W. H. Smith was a likeable man. When moving the "closure" he used to repeat a settled formula without dreaming it could grow stale. He declared it was essential to "promote the business of the House and the interest of the country."

Of his early days as Minister it is recorded that, being reproached by Disraeli for his absence from a division in 1874, when the Government was beaten on a question about herring-branding in Ireland, Smith replied, "This is a neglect that shall not occur again." If he had told Disraeli that he was dining at the St. Stephen's Club, opposite Palace Yard, and that members deemed this "safe," relying on being warned by the electric bells, it would have been the fact. The electric bells were a new installation, and were

intended to clang in the Club when a division was called, but J. P. Ronayne, Member for Cork, a wag and an engineer, severed the wires with a pliers, and the Government was defeated.

Smith once came to me to announce that, if I would move an address to Her Majesty for the removal of a Cork County Court Judge, suspected of irregularities, he would undertake that a similar resolution should be carried in the House of Lords. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." The Judge was a Conservative, but he had been considerate to tenants in fixing fair rents. I, therefore, replied that such a motion should be proposed by a law officer of the Crown. I expected he would ask a member of his own Party to move it, but he allowed the peccant Judge to retain his office until death—showing that his sins cannot have been very heinous.

In later years Smith suffered from eczema. Yet though in torture, he would sit on the front bench with a rug round him, and he died a martyr to duty. He might have gone away on the yacht he was so fond of, but he preferred death in harness to the prolongation of life at ease. His splendid fortitude and self-abandonment were an example to many, and often-times when we were incommoded by the call of duty to Ireland we thought of his sacrifices.

George Augustus Sala, Labouchere's witness to Pigott's confession, was a journalist of renown. He was sent by the *Daily Telegraph* to Russia in the 'sixties "with the pay of an ambassador." Author of *A Journey due North*, he founded the *Temple Bar* magazine, with an imaginary quotation from Dr. Johnson on the title-page. He wrote a novel, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, and enjoyed literary fame. He had photographs of all famous pictures in each gallery in Europe, so that he could at a moment's notice describe them. When he fell into ill-health Labouchere supported him. He married his nurse, and after his death letters from Labouchere to Sala appeared in a paper called (I think) *The African Critic*. Its editor, Hess, had been convicted owing to Labouchere's exposures, and he published these letters in a pamphlet which, as Sir A. Robbins narrates, was sent to every member of the House of Commons and House of Lords. My memory is that they were dated between 1874 and 1877, and ran:

DEAR SALA,—

Next week the *World* is going to announce that the Atlantic Cable will be bought by the Government. Buy.

H. LABOUCHERE.

The following week a note to the contrary effect came:

DEAR SALA,—

The *World* is going to announce next week that there is no foundation for the rumour that the Government will buy the Atlantic cable. Sell.

H. LABOUCHERE.

After their publication by his enemy, Labouchere did not again stand for Parliament.

He was a devoted follower of Gladstone, blending his admiration with a tinge of cynicism. In 1886 his semi-French intellect led him to tell the G.O.M., "The Union was carried by corruption. It must be unmade by corruption"—meaning that promises of titles should be held out to wavering supporters. This plan Gladstone refused to entertain.

Labouchere frequently told stories against himself. While a young attaché at the British Legation in Washington he and a colleague went off for a spree to Boston. They spent all their money, but wanted to dine before taking the train back, and on entering a restaurant found the waiters unusually attentive. Labouchere intended to leave his watch with the proprietor as security for payment, and after dinner called for the bill. As he fumbled with his watch the host came up. He had mistaken Labby for Thomas Francis Meagher, a rebel of 1848, and a gallant general who commanded the Irish Brigade in the Northern Army during the Civil War. "No bill, sir," said the proprietor. "You will never pay me. It is sufficient honour that General Meagher should dine in my establishment." Grasping Labby by the hand he bowed him out. Meagher was the most eloquent of the '48 men. His "sword" speech in opposition to Daniel O'Connell's "no drop of blood" policy is a telling piece of declamation, and moved Irishmen for generations.

After the Civil War Meagher was made Governor of Montana, then a territory. He disappeared from the steamer on the river Missouri on which he was travelling to take up duty. In 1925 a paragraph appeared in the Press stating that a man confessed when dying that he had pushed Meagher overboard.

When Labouchere contested Middlesex, he told me he was assailed with the cry, "'Ow's 'Enrietta?"—the lady he married. To end this, before the speaking began at the county town, he came to the front of the platform and smilingly announced, "I wish to convey to you all the gratifying intelligence that Henrietta is quite well!" No further interruptions were attempted.

A charming girl, afterwards Marquise de Rudini, was his daughter. About 1886 he told me that he said to his wife, "Henrietta, does it occur to you that when our girl grows up she can hardly

find a match in England acceptable to us?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well," he replied, "it follows she must marry on the Continent." "Very good." "So she should then be brought up a Catholic?" "I suppose so." "Is there any convent in the neighbourhood to which we could send her?" "Yes, the Convent in Kensington Square." "Let her go there to-morrow morning." So it was done.

In the 'forties his father was Chief Secretary for Ireland, but Queen Victoria refused to receive the son as a Minister. Gladstone, therefore had to deny him office in 1886. I conveyed this to Labby at Morley's request. Mrs. Labouchere was present, and they received the decision with phlegm. Lord Rosebery in 1895, when Labby wished to become Ambassador at Washington, refused him the appointment. I once daringly asked Lord Rosebery the cause of their antagonism. His reply was, "I have to-day corrected the proofs of a paper relating to the matter, and locked them in my safe for publication after my death."

I had been a critic of Lord Rosebery, but his charming son, Neil Primrose (killed in Palestine), who was devoted to his father, begged me one night to dine and cheer him up. I refused, but Neil grew sad, so I yielded. I found Lord Rosebery's interest in everything connected with Parnell was intense. As Neil and I were about to hurry back to the House of Commons for a division, his father said, "I could sit up all night listening to stories about Parnell." He called Neil back on the doorstep, who, when I fumed lest we should be late for the division, laughingly explained the delay by saying it was to ask what wages he was paying the chauffeur.

In 1889 the Conservative Government, despite the opposition of Labouchere, determined to make further provision for the family of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. The Prince protested to Labby, "Do you suppose I should drown my children like puppy dogs as soon as they are born?" "No, sir," was the reply, "but Your Royal Highness should live within your income."

W. H. Smith privately proposed to Gladstone that a Select Committee should be appointed to consider Royal allowances—the proceedings to be secret and unrecorded. Gladstone assented, and nominated from his own Party "safe" ingredients. Parnell and Sexton were asked by him to represent the Irish Party, although at that moment they were being indicted by the Attorney-General before the Forgery Commission. The Prince invited Parnell to lunch at the Marlborough Club, and he, with Richard Power, M.P.

for Waterford, attended, for the sake of Home Rule. The Radical members of the Committee were Labouchere and Thomas Burt. Labby used to chuckle over a scene at one of its secret sittings at which he harpooned W. H. Smith, who made an incautious admission about the Crown revenues. At this, Gladstone's eyes blazed angrily, and Labouchere, noting the fact, further embarrassed Smith, who, to defend himself, blurted out, "I never said anything of the kind!" Amazement sat on Gladstone's brow, and Labouchere, pursuing his advantage, lashed out, "The First Lord denies in vain. I appeal to my right hon. friend, the Member for Midlothian, to corroborate my statement that the words were spoken." Instantly Gladstone's leonine visage fell and he crumpled up (said Labby) like "She" in Rider Haggard's novel. Putting an open hand to his ear, he asked feebly, "What did my hon. friend say?" Labouchere repeated his assertion as to Smith's blunder, and Gladstone in a quavering voice, simulating acute senility, stammered, "If my hon. friend desires corroboration for any statement as to some supposed remark of the First Lord, I would invite him to appeal to someone whose sense of audition is more acute than mine." So the family of the Prince got the increased grant of £36,000 a year. Labby's opposition was merely a pose. At heart he was a Royalist—in public a cynic and a critic for journalistic and electoral purposes only.

Gladstone's loyalty to the Crown was part of his nature. When the Duke of Edinburgh became Prince of Saxe-Coburg about 1893 or 1894 he refused to cut down by more than half the Duke's British allowance of £10,000 a year. Yet His Highness had become a subject of the Kaiser. Radicals rained brimstone on Gladstone, but he withstood all assaults. Admiral Field, a bitter Tory, sat next me in the debate, and I could hear him murmur again and again, "What a loyal old chap!" Yet Queen Victoria, according to the *Freeman's* London correspondent, in her dislike of Home Rule, kept Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone standing outside her tent in the rain at the Jubilee celebrations of 1887. This allegation by the late J. M. Tuohy was never corroborated or reaffirmed to my knowledge.

Her Majesty, however, was dexterous in dealing with "Parliament men." British members were once resentful of their treatment by Buckingham Palace servants at a function which Queen Victoria gave on her Diamond Jubilee. The complaints came from Liberals. Hearing of this, the Queen ordered a garden-party or reception for the Commons—I think at Windsor—where the utmost deference was paid to them. I recall that Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., a court

official, solemnly handed me in the lobby a card of invitation, as a bailiff might serve a writ.

The only Nationalist who went was Sam Young, M.P. for Cavan, aged over eighty, but hale and hearty. The Queen inquired if any of the Irish Party were present, and being told Mr. Young had come, desired him to be presented. Sam's reply was perfect. He excused himself "with his humble duty," saying to the royal messenger, "Tell Her Majesty that it might embarrass us both!"

When his age reached into the nineties, seeing him dining alone in the House, I went over to him (although he was opposed to my views) to congratulate him on a birthday. "Thanky, sir," said he in an accent that reproduced Biggar's. "A'm ninety-three, but let me tell you that, old as I am, I still have an eye for the turn of a woman's ankle!"

I owed Sam a courtesy, for before he entered the House the report of my Select Committee on Alcohol led the Excise to stop the "grogging" of whisky-casks which he imported from Scotland. Such casks on arrival in Belfast were steamed to extract the spirit which had soaked into the wood. It passed duty free and was used to blend or "fine down" the product of his own distillery in Limavady. Mr. Young attended the Select Committee and afterwards declared I had inflicted on him a loss of £4,000 a year. Of this I was unconscious when I stopped "grogging." I did not know him then, nor that Mr. Joseph Devlin had been a member of his staff. After he was elected for Cavan he was naturally disposed to criticize whatever course I proposed in politics, and in reply to an unexpectedly "forward" speech of his I described him as the "fiery distiller of the North." Although a Protestant, he published letters defending the cause of the Northern Catholics, and it was by way of "ingeminating peace" that I tendered congratulations on his birthday which he received so cordially.

In 1888 Goschen's Bill to convert "Consols" from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent. led me into a speech which pleased Gladstone greatly. He came out to waylay me in the corridors and insist that I must come to dinner. "You've always refused my request to visit Hawarden," he said, "but after your speech to-day you must dine with me to-night. I will take no refusal." He had winning ways, and I yielded, though feeling shy. Henry Fowler was of the dinner party, and as we walked back afterwards to the House, Gladstone, in the moonlight, harangued Fowler on the iniquity of Goschen's proposals, and under the shadows of Westminster Abbey, pledged him not to exchange any trustee securities he might hold, except for cash, and to refuse to "convert."

Biggar died in January, 1890, suddenly. I had arrived in London the day before on a summons from Parnell. Biggar took me into the "No" Lobby, his eyes filled with tears, and he mournfully said, "Tim, I must resign my seat. The doctor tells me my heart has given out, and that I can't stay in the House!" I tried to reassure him, but in vain. That night, again at Parnell's request, I found myself obliged to return to Dublin to appear for his secretary, Henry Campbell, in a libel suit against a Belfast paper next day.

Biggar "told" for his Party for the last time that night. Speaker Peel noticed that he made a much more lowly bow than usual as he advanced to the Chair with the other tellers when the division ended at 2 a.m. Three hours later he had given up his soul.

Parnell did not attend the funeral, or go near the church in London where the body lay. The remains were conveyed to Belfast, and the wreath Parnell sent would not have been in time had not the steamer bearing the coffin been delayed by fog. It was a shabby tribute to the great heart which Carnmony encloses. Belfast Catholics were afraid lest his sister might, as next-of-kin, demand a Protestant service at the graveside. She did not do so, and Biggar's funeral was a splendid tribute to his granite-like personality. As the coffin passed along the streets of Belfast respect for him was shown by all classes.

To my father I wrote:

DUBLIN,

28th February, 1890.

Poor Biggar's death is the greatest blow I have ever received. After yourself he was the best man I ever met. His kindness to me was unspeakable and his loss to the Party inestimable. I would have made some public allusion to it, but I could not trust myself to speak—as yet, at any rate.

We were afraid that we could not get him Catholic burial in Belfast owing to his sister, but she did not interfere. Realizing now the clan he sprang from, the greatness of the man becomes more apparent. I was aware of all his affairs and how his will stood for many years back. He made a will every year. It was Mr. Ferguson's wish that Butlerstown, which he left Biggar, should ultimately go to the Church, altho' himself a Protestant.

Cardinal Manning revealed to Arthur O'Connor what T.P. told him of the cause of Biggar's death. I will not record it.

Biggar and I used to spend the New Year with John Barry at Bogey, in Fifehire. In December, 1889, he came to the steamer at Belfast saying he dared not travel because of his heart. I was distressed, although I little knew he was near his end. O'Shea's writ against Parnell had just been served, and he discussed it sadly.

The previous New Year, when we made merry at Barry's, a robin came and perched on his shoulder. The bird would not leave him, and he sat like a statue for fear of disturbing it. How the robin got through the closed and curtained windows cannot be known. It was his last night in Bogey.

Goschen's Budget of 1890 furnished the occasion of an unusual parliamentary stroke. He increased the whisky duty by 6d., and in a separate Bill proposed that the revenue thus obtained should form a fund to compensate publicans for the extinction of licences. The latter Bill was opposed by the Liberals and in critical divisions majorities fell as low as seven and ten. Goschen then announced that the Bill would be hung up, and the money accumulated for a future scheme. I had suspected that his Measure could not be carried, and earlier in the Session entrapped him into accepting an amendment to the Budget (Section VII) providing that the new taxation should only be appropriated by "any Act passed in the present session." My taunt that he would find it impossible to pass the precious Bill that year so piqued him that he was led self-confidently to accept these words. Perhaps, too, he may have wished to use their insertion as a lever against reluctant colleagues in the Cabinet to force them to agree that he must get time to carry out his scheme.

Parliamentary time was then more precious to ministers than gold. However, on 24th June, 1890, he found his programme so overcrowded that he announced the dropping of the Licensing Bill. He outlined that it would only be deferred to next session, and that the new taxation would be "pooled" until then. The consternation of the Tories at this was only equalled by the jubilation of the Gladstonians. On a point of order I asked Speaker Peel whether Goschen's plan was constitutional, and pointed out that the "Common law of Parliament" required that moneys raised within the year should be spent within the year. I relied also on my amendment to Section VII of the Budget, which Goschen apparently had forgotten, but which became law on 9th June. The Speaker upheld this contention, and in a ruling of great gravity said, "The Member for Longford has raised a question the importance of which I do not think he has overrated. I know of no precedent for such accumulation."

W. H. Smith, as leader of the House, and Balfour were heard *contra*, but the Speaker held by his decision. The Government took two days to consider their course, and on the 26th June, 1890, announced the dropping of the "pooling" plan. That night Sir William Harcourt was gleeful and expressed his satisfaction to

a London audience that the Bill had perished to the "throw of an Irish spear." The "whisky money" was then applied to education.

The engrafting of my amendment on Clause VII of the Budget was a mere fluke. An American visitor, whom I had taken to the Terrace on a sunny Wednesday, asked me, when I afterwards put him "under the clock," to "get up and say something." I went to my seat and got hold of the Bill to see what I could do to harry Goschen. I had given notice of no amendment. Yet the Chancellor accepted words not on the Notice Paper, and this led to his undoing.

Goschen returned good for evil. When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898 Biggar's executor, P. J. Power, M.P., asked me to request him, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to send a warship to protect the convent at Manila, in the Philippines, where the late Miss Biggar was Mother Superior. He cordially agreed saying, "I'll send a gunboat to-night." On another occasion, on his own initiative he assembled the Coast Guards and all the British naval forces in Ireland to attend the funeral service in Youghal of an Irish stoker who had been parboiled by steam when shutting off the valves of a destroyer to save his comrades, after an explosion. Earlier in his career he was so hostile to Ireland that Gladstone in 1881 sent him to Constantinople as Ambassador to get rid of his opposition to the Irish Land Bill of that year. In the Cabinet of 1868 he resisted the release of the Irish political prisoners. So John Bright told O'Connor Power. In 1886, when Gladstone conjured up the dangers which must arise if his Home Rule Bill was rejected, Goschen tartly answered, "Then let us make our wills."

During Lord Salisbury's administration (1886-92) the Birmingham police alleged that John Daly, of Limerick, was caught in possession of bombs at a railway station, and that James Egan, with whom he lodged, also had bombs buried in his garden. Both prisoners were sent to penal servitude, and the public accepted the verdict and sentence. Years later Alderman Manton, of the Birmingham Watch Committee, declared that the "discoveries" were faked. Protests arose, and I approached Sir Henry James, Attorney-General, about 1891, to ask to be allowed to see the prisoners. He spoke mercilessly as to Daly, but got me permission to visit Egan in Portland, as he thought it possible Egan might not have been guilty. Egan's release soon followed. Then we got word of an alleged attempt to poison Daly on two occasions. The Government made it the subject of a Commission of Inquiry. County Court Judge Selfe presided over it, with two others, one a lady. Daly's first poisoning might be the result of accident, but what of the

second? Underground accounts reached us of malice, and suspicion was at least justifiable. Judge Selfe reported that Daly had been ordered arsenic, and that the glass jar from which the arsenical fluid was taken stood on a shelf in the prison pharmacy on which the sun's rays played. Evaporation gradually strengthened the mixture, and thus the dose given to Daly became poisonous. This dispelled the suggestion of malice on the part of the Authorities, but the prisoner had not been sentenced to be poisoned, nor was it denied that he had suffered severely. I therefore urged on the Government that such a misfortune should hasten his release, and Ministers yielded. In August, 1896, Daly appeared in the lobby of the House to thank his friends. Clad in a brown knickerbocker suit (now called "plus fours") he presented, after thirteen years of penal servitude, the picture of health. Sir Henry James came to chaff me, saying, "There is much prejudice against Daly, and I would recommend you to ask him not to reappear in the lobby. He looks so robust that questions may be asked as to our having let him out on the ground of illness." Sir Henry was a wise as well as a fair man, and Daly went home.

In the autumn of 1890 I was retained to defend Dillon and O'Brien with others accused at Clonmel before two Resident Magistrates for agrarian speeches. The result we knew would be six months' imprisonment, so at a week-end adjournment, as they had much national business on hand, they came to Dublin, and from my summer resort near Bullock Harbour sailed to France in a fishing-smack. Thence they shipped to New York.

A delicate allusion to this by Mr. Gladstone in a note to me has a certain aroma. I had written him about a novel of Harold Frederic's, and he answered:

HAWARDEN,
4th October, 1890.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I intend certainly to read at your request the novel which the author has been kind enough to send me. It will fill interstices of time during my visit to Scotland. Had I confidence in myself as a critic I would at once promise to pass judgment upon it. As it is, I hope you will be satisfied with my engaging to give my opinion, provided that it shall seem to me worth giving.

I hope Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien are enjoying a good passage in this lovely weather, and as to the "*abiit erupit evadit*" of the case, I am content for the present to presume that you advised them to the effect that there was no longer any legal proceeding against, or obligation upon them.

You must have had hard work for your "holiday" as it is rather ironically called.

As I have Irish speaking in view, I will mention two points and beg you

to notice them in reply if, and *only* if, you have anything to say on either of them which you may think it useful that I should know.

We are still, so far as I know, without direct information about derelict farms, whether their acreage grows or diminishes. In this state of things I argue indirectly from the diminution of Irish acreage under crop which continues from year to year according to the statistical abstract.

You will remember that Mr. Balfour laid on the table a list of six cases in which "exclusive dealing" practised against individuals had been followed by crime. If there is any adverse criticism available against this statement I should be glad to know it.

(But I do not mean that without such statement I think it formidable.)

I thank you for your good wishes. We surely ought all to join in beseeching the Most High for a speedy end to this painful controversy.

Hoping some day to welcome you here as you pass us, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I do not know what reply I made to the Grand Old Man. Knowing that he was kindly to all, I never disparaged his friendliness as merely strategic.

O'Shea's divorce proceedings against Parnell were launched in December, 1889. They were regarded in Ireland as a fresh persecution by *The Times*. Anyone who turns to the *Freeman* of that period will find resolutions from hundreds of branches of the National League expressing scorn at, and disbelief in, them. One of the *Freeman* staff, Edward Ennis, called on me. (He became Registrar to the Lord Chancellor, and later Under-Secretary for Ireland.) I asked him why the *Freeman* encouraged a campaign of incredulity when every one knew of the scandal. Gloomily he answered, "Oh, we have to keep up the pretence." So notorious were the facts that David Plunket (Lord Rathmore), on returning to the Commons Lobby from the Lords one day, said to Justin MacCarthy, "Well, Justin, how is your great Chief?" "Oh," MacCarthy replied, "we don't see much of him." "No?" smiled Plunket, with the stammer which enhanced his raillery, "I suppose he prefers taking his 'O'She-um cum dignitate'!"

In the probate suit as to the will of Mrs. Wood (mother of Mrs. O'Shea), in which Parnell was involved, the same lawyers were retained for Mrs. O'Shea as appeared for Parnell in the Forgery Commission. The case came on after the Split of 1890. It would then have served Gladstonian politicians if they could have learnt of Parnell's share in the making or witnessing of one of the many wills of the old lady aged ninety, but Russell and Lewis (both Liberals) accepted a compromise outside court and remained mute.

Parnell consulted a solicitor other than Lewis when O'Shea's writ was served on him. He wanted to be informed whether there was any European country in which kidnapping was not extraditable. His adviser replied, "No, with the doubtful exception of Spain." His obsession then was to take his daughter Clare, on whom he doted, with her mother out of British jurisdiction. Then he would have quitted politics for ever. Clare was legally Captain O'Shea's child, and Parnell wanted to avoid criminal risks in taking her away.

The letter from Kilmainham Jail (14th December, 1881) to "My dear Queenie" foreshadowed this purpose. (See pages 157-8.)

Before the divorce trial (November, 1890) Parnell sent for Davitt and assured him that he was entirely innocent and would dispel the charge. In view of the collapse of *The Times* the year before under Pigott, and O'Shea's upholding of the forgery, Davitt believed this. Yet when the trial began, Parnell made no defence, and the verdict against him went by default. Sir Frank Lockwood, afterwards Solicitor-General, was his counsel, and he told me that the woman's pressure brought this about. A consultation was held at Lockwood's chambers, where Parnell came with Mrs. O'Shea and announced that he would not be represented to defend. A violent scene ensued. Lockwood threatened to throw him out of the window, for he knew that "collusion" could easily be established and the suit defeated, but Mrs. O'Shea wished for a divorce in order to marry her paramour.

Lockwood noted how she held her fan before her face to shield him from her offensive breath! Parnell felt that the defence of collusion would not have helped him with his countrymen. Though he had not been in Ireland for five years, his dictatorship seemed secure, despite his neglect, and he thought his position impregnable. In his last session of Parliament as leader (1890) he never attended the House until the day of prorogation. Then he strolled into the smoke-room, which was empty save for the laborious and watchful Sexton, who for a score of years was a vigilant sentinel at Westminster, and never missed a chance to advance Irish interests. Parnell took out a cigar, and with his back to the empty fire-grate (it was August) said in a critical tone, "Sexton, never before have I known a session in which the Irish estimates were so perfunctorily discussed!"

When Sexton told me this I asked, "Did you retort that this may have been due to his absence?" "No," said Sexton, disdainfully, "I felt too disgusted."

The divorce decree was granted on 17th November, 1890.

lay bedfast with typhoid, and those in pay in Dublin perverted into a pro-Parnell demonstration a meeting in the Leinster Hall called for the 20th November to support Home Rule and the claims of the Evicted Tenants. That meeting had been organized without any relation to Parnell. The admission ticket for it set forth:

"NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION. A Public Meeting will be held in the Leinster Hall on Thursday, 20th November, 1890, to consider the Policy of the Government in Ireland, to reiterate the National Demand for Home Rule, and to forward the Movement in aid of Evicted Tenants. Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock p.m. by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. Platform. Complimentary."

When the proposed gathering began to assume a Parnellite complexion, Sexton refused to attend. Dillon, O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, T. D. Sullivan, Harrington and Gill were in America. Those on Parnell's pay-roll in Dublin cabled them beseeching a message in his favour for the meeting. A response came, signed by all save T. D. Sullivan:

We stand firmly by the leadership of the man who has brought the Irish people through unparalleled difficulties and dangers, from servitude and despair to the very threshold of emancipation, with a genius, courage, and success unequalled in our history. We do so not only on the ground of gratitude for those imperishable services in the past, but in the profound conviction that Parnell's statesmanship and matchless quality as a leader are essential to the safety of our Cause.

This message affected us powerfully, and though I was in feeble health I went to the meeting. The audience was frosty and depressed. To my surprise I found on the platform Justin McCarthy, and said to him, "What brings you here?" "A telegram from you, Tim!" he replied. "I sent you no telegram, Justin!" said I. He then produced this message:

Handed in at DUBLIN 12.35 p.m.

Received at 1.20, Chelsea, 18th November, 1890.

To JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., 20 Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea.

We all here think your presence at our great Meeting Leinster Hall on Thursday next of National importance as owing to Sexton's absence no leading men of our party will be present. You will understand under present circumstances how important your presence is. We entreat you come at any inconvenience. Reply.

(Dr.) KENNY, J. E. REDMOND, W. REDMOND, HEALY, LEAMY, CLANCY, KENNY (Mat).

Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* (vol. ii, page 242) shows that it was thought necessary eight years later to allege that I authorized

the telegram to McCarthy, though I had never heard of it until he showed it to me. The pretence of "Sexton's absence" was absurd. He was in Dublin. Leamy, M.P., whose name was also appended, refused to attend, although in Dublin. Leamy later on became a Parnellite. Mat Kenny's signature was similarly appended without his authority. A few months later Dillon declared that Parnell had "trapped" his colleagues.

Justin McCarthy was to have unveiled a statue to John Bright at Blackburn that day, and assured me it was on the faith of my signature he came to Dublin. His speech in support of Parnell was a fine one, and as he sat down I whispered, "Justin, never did you speak so well!" He hissed out, "And never for a man who so little deserved it!" On this basis I began my own address.

Our speeches were largely stimulated by the attack of a Welsh clergyman, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who declared that the Irish must be an "immoral race" to support Parnell. Davitt, too, came out with an onslaught on him in his *Labour World*. These assaults provoked many to take Parnell's side. Yet events proved that the forces of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes to capsize Parnell were more powerful than ours to sustain him. A few days later the English Liberals held their annual Convention at Sheffield, and there the phrase about Parnell's sin offending the "Nonconformist conscience" was coined. Meanwhile, the Chief kept silence. The only notice he took of the gathering storm was to issue (as if nothing had happened) a summons to his Party on the 17th November to meet him at Westminster for the Winter Session on the 25th November, 1890. It was dated on the day of the Divorce Decree.

I was too poorly to travel to London to attend. Dr. Kenny, M.P., who had looked after me in typhoid, thought I should not risk the journey, but asked me for a message to take to Parnell. I told him the best thing Parnell could do would be to resign his seat for Cork, and stand again, as he would be sure of re-election, and that it would serve as an act of atonement. This was unpalatable. Kenny was so linked up with Parnell (who gave him an allowance for entertaining visitors) that he was blind to his Chief's true interests. Had Parnell's pride been less, he would have bent before the blast, and thus sought safety.

We remitted his philanderings to moralists. We were politicians, who wished to keep the movement on an even keel, and preserve its unity. David's sins were not allowed to dethrone him in Israel. Parnell, however, would make no sign of remorse or acknowledgment

of the existence of a public conscience. He declared in Dublin a few days after his deposition, "My fault, if it has been a fault, has not been a fault against Ireland." This, despite the fact that Gladstone had declared his own leadership of Liberalism would become a "nullity" if Parnell remained at our head.

Parliament met on the 25th of November, 1890, and that day the Irish Party assembled in Room 15 to the number of 65 to elect a Sessional Chairman. John Morley had carried to Gladstone the mutterings of the Liberal Convention at Sheffield, and handed a letter to Justin McCarthy from Gladstone, to read to the Party. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* (vol. ii, page 247) denies that McCarthy was given the letter. This implies that the author consulted McCarthy, who shrank from taking the blame of not having warned his comrades. That letter, moulded by Morley at a dinner, despite the objection of Lord Spencer and Sir William Harcourt, was unhappily phrased. It declared that Parnell's continued leadership "would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the Cause of Ireland, and would render Gladstone's retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party almost a nullity." An impression had been disseminated by Parnell that his re-election would be followed by his resignation, and was only to be regarded as a "parting salute to the Chief." McCarthy, believing this, wished to avoid unpleasantness. In other words, he supposed Parnell was a patriot, who would not bring sorrow and strife on Ireland. Parnell knew McCarthy better than McCarthy knew Parnell.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman*, the late J. M. Tuohy, was in Parnell's confidence, and assured members of the Party that Parnell would announce his retirement if re-elected. Tuohy shuffled about this, when Parnell had the audacity to import him as a witness into Room 15 to contradict his colleagues. Henry Campbell, M.P., Parnell's secretary, led others to think the Chief was going. McCarthy's delicacy in withholding knowledge of Gladstone's letter from his friends was due entirely to the belief that Parnell would not willingly injure the Irish Cause, and would retire after re-election. He was so amiable himself that he conceived the reading of Gladstone's letter might harden Parnell, whereas, had it been read, Parnell could not have been re-elected.

McCarthy thought it would be a just tribute to such a leader that he should be given the opportunity of retiring of his own choice, instead of being forced out. Besides, Dillon, O'Brien, Harrington, T. D. Sullivan, Gill, and T. P. O'Connor were in America, and these men, save Sullivan, had declared for Parnell before Gladstone's letter

appeared. The fact that Davitt's organ was hostile, and had joined in the Nonconformist outcry, was also a potent factor.

Morley made several efforts to find Parnell at Brighton and in the House of Commons before delivering Gladstone's letter to McCarthy. Henry Campbell boasted to Mat Kenny, M.P., "Morley is searching everywhere for Parnell with a letter from Gladstone, but I'll take devilish good care he will not find the Chief, because I'll keep him out of the way." This statement, published thirty-seven years ago (1891), has never been denied.

Two days before the Party met, a well-known member friendly to the Chief and always unobtrusive, Bernard Molloy, M.P., sent messengers to Brighton warning Parnell, and begging him to take counsel with his friends. He refused. Yet Parnell declared nine months later (10th September, 1891), that if Gladstone had only "by hint, whisper or innuendo" conveyed to him that his leadership was undesirable, he would at once have sought the advice of his colleagues. His dupes greedily swallowed this "thumper."

Parnell, on the day of his re-election, entered Room 15 before anyone else. His habit theretofore had been to come late. No hour was fixed for the assembly. As to this the only intimation given was that the Party would meet "after the Queen's Speech was read." This left the hour in doubt, as the reading of the Queen's Speech in the House of Lords and its reading in the Commons an hour later were different fixtures. An account of the gathering reached me in Dublin from Donal Sullivan (M.P. for West Meath):

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Tuesday, 25th November, 1890.

MY DEAR TIM,—

The comedy (tragedy it should be called) is over, and the hour is a bad one for Ireland. Up to a minute before Parnell finished his address I thought he would conclude by announcing his resignation. We all expected it. I was led to believe it by his most devoted follower [Henry Campbell]. I hear that he himself told W. J. Lane ten minutes before the meeting that he would!! There were 66 of us at the meeting. Sexton jumped to his feet the moment Richard Power was moved to the chair, and in a *dancing electric* speech (cheered and cheered again by the rank and file) moved P.'s re-election as chairman. His praise and panegyrics were unusually fulsome. Colonel Nolan seconded him. And then came NED HARRINGTON!!

Jerry Jordan delivered a most emotional little speech appealing to Parnell to resign—even if it were only for a month. He spoke as a Protestant and as an Irish patriot. He put *exceedingly* well all points from the English, Radical, Liberal and Gladstonian standpoint, the tremendous danger to Home Rule in England, etc., etc. He did his work creditably and *most feelingly*. It was received in silence. Then Parnell rose amidst cheers and cheers again. I noticed Justin (old and young), John Barry, William Abra-

ham, P. J. Power, W. J. Lane and Maurice Healy did not cheer. He made a *long speech*, delivered coldly, calmly and bloodlessly. His strongest points were—(1) That his lips were sealed—for some time. He asked his colleagues to seal theirs! (2) He *never* called O'Shea his friend! (3) He never drank a glass of wine at O'Shea's expense, nor accepted any hospitality from him. (4) He O'Shea never paid a sixpence for any compliment ever paid to him. (5) He asked his "friends around" to continue their confidence in him till the "fight he and his dead friend, Joseph Biggar, commenced, was won." (6) When they began it—only the two of them—they had to fight and did fight, not alone the Tories, but the Whigs, the Liberals, and the Radicals. (6) Was he to-day with 85 trusted friends at his back to surrender? NO—he would not surrender for any section or party, and so he would remain to assist them and to guide them to their *final victory*.

The Radicals are furious. The Liberals are worse. Home Rule in England, they say, is *dead*, and the "Old Man's" heart is broken. I hear just as I write this that he is going to resign! He says he is too old to continue the fight under the present deplorable phase of the Irish leadership. He has but a year or two, he says, longer to live, and he will spend them in leisure and rest. I hear on the same authority that he sent word to Parnell before the meeting beseeching him to resign. And so, many of us have sore and heavy hearts. Some say that the speech of "Silken" Thomas [Sexton] made Parnell alter his determination.

Yours always,
D. S.

Gladstone, under the impression that McCarthy had read his letter to the Party, published its text that evening. This haste was deplorable. Dismay became universal, for it was mistakenly assumed that the Party knew of the letter and flouted Gladstone. When Parnell's devices to secure re-election were seen through, the feeling of the Party veered round. McCarthy told his alarmed friends that he had informed Parnell of the letter before the meeting, and thought he would retire after re-election. It was not just of John Morley to pick out McCarthy, an amiable and kindly personality, and make him Parnell's headsmen. He should have addressed himself officially to the secretaries of the Party, who would quickly have bruited about Gladstone's intentions. When they learnt them, they saw they had been tricked, and Parnell was pressed to call another meeting to consider the letter. He refused. McCarthy and Sexton waited on him, but he was not even civil. Sexton then suggested that a requisition should be signed to force the calling of a fresh meeting, and this was done. Thirty-one signatories within an hour came forward.

On the requisition being delivered to Parnell he muttered, "I don't intend to allow myself to be dictated to by a parcel of boys," and vowed he would not attend the meeting. Warned that with

him, or without him, it would be held, he re-advised himself. Next day his colleagues to the number of 64 assembled in Committee Room 15. Parnell on taking the chair inquired what the meeting was called for. Then breaking into a smile, he confessed, "Well, of course, we all know the reason."

John Barry then moved that a further meeting be held two days later to give the Chairman an opportunity of reconsidering his position. Parnell retorted that his mind was made up, and that it was useless to ask him to retire, as he had been unanimously elected.

One of his henchmen moved an adjournment until Monday "in order to ascertain the views of the delegates in America." This was agreed to.

On the Thursday several colleagues telegraphed me to Dublin to come to London, and, despite poor health, I went. At Holyhead I received a message from Dr. Kenny, M.P., begging me to go back, but I kept on my journey. On Friday (three days after the debate on the leadership began) I reached Westminster. Yet I was denounced later as the author of Parnell's downfall, although before I arrived he had lost the support of the best elements in the Party.

Looking back over thirty-eight years I bear witness that the majority which took sides against him (before I came) were men with a single eye to the interests of Ireland, and that he had not the support of half a dozen independent M.P.'s. His other backers had financial reasons for upholding him.

When I reached the House of Commons, Parnell cut me stonily. I had not then said a word unfriendly to him, beyond wiring McCarthy: "Think Parnell should defer to Gladstone." Still I deplored Gladstone's letter, and was anxious to smooth over difficulties and find a way out. Years later I obtained the clue to his rudeness from his secretary, Henry Campbell, whom I had helped to make Town Clerk of Dublin. He explained that D. J. Hishon, an official of the Dublin National League, telegraphed Parnell: "Healy is going to-night to London as your deadly enemy."

This brutality from an ignorant underling helped to shape and warp the destiny of Ireland for twenty years.

I did not conceal before leaving Dublin my view that Parnell's buoyancy was ended and that he could not be refloated in the political storm unless he resigned and got re-elected for Cork. His re-election would not have been challenged, and but for Hishon's message, I might have brought Parnell round to this view. But in his sorest hour he leant on the advice of dependents instead of indepen-

dents. Their counsels led to his ruin and death. Though from ill-health and other causes he had become an empty shell, yet, if well backed, his shrouded personality might have been retained as a figure-head. The colleagues who withdrew from him only did so when he became a menace to Irish interests.

I first heard the news of Gladstone's letter from Dick Adams, who called at my house late at night coming from the *Freeman* office. It grieved me, sorely, for I saw that Gladstone's action must provoke strife in our ranks. Still, I deemed Parnell a patriot, and hoped to be able to reason with him when I reached London, both in Ireland's interest and his own.

CHAPTER XXV

Parnell's Downfall (1890)

BEFORE the debates began in Room 15 on Parnell's deposition I sketched to my wife in shorthand the situation in the Party.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th November, 1890.

Maurice was at the House when I got there at 3 p.m., and I have been consulting with our friends about the situation. A majority of the Party is against Parnell, but you can gauge the situation better from the *Freeman* to-day than I can, as I have not yet seen a paper, although it is 8 p.m.

Dr. Kenny returns to Ireland to organize meetings on Sunday in Parnell's favour. So we held a caucus just now and condemned such tactics, and sent a warning telegram to Kenny, which I suppose he will disregard.

The best men of the Party are unanimous, but Parnell is holding on like grim death, and will cut up nastily at the finish. I would not be surprised if he stuck to the funds in Paris, or threatened that he would cut off the paid men's salaries.

I dined with Sexton and Maurice just now. Sexton said that at yesterday's meeting, if an intelligent foreigner entered the room he would imagine that the entire Party was being tried for adultery, with Parnell as the judge. His coolness and impudence are beyond all you can imagine. Every effort will be used between this and Monday to organize the weak-knees on his side. His partisans are Ned Harrington, Dr. Kenny, Dr. Fitzgerald, Conway, and all that kind. He has no influential men except Redmond, Leamy, Clancy, and Dick Power.

The following day I wrote her :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
28th November, 1890.

I am glad I was not here for the first two days, as I am worn out with anxiety. There is nothing going on but lobbying and intrigue—all kinds of pressure being brought to bear on both sides. In a few hours (it is now nearly six) Parnell is to issue a Manifesto to crush both ourselves and the Gladstonians. We, therefore, have not been idle, and to-day at twelve o'clock I drew up a requisition to call a meeting for 6 p.m. to-night to condemn the issue of any declaration to overawe or influence our deliberations on Monday, and empower Justin McCarthy to answer Parnell. McCarthy has seen Gladstone, and I believe we can show that there is not one word of truth in the statement about the "Hawarden visit" which Parnell is to make.

The men strongest for Parnell are John Redmond, John O'Connor, Ned Harrington, Conway, Dr. Fitzgerald, Garret Byrne, Corbett, and others of

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that sort, with Leamy, Power, and Sheil. Parnell is fighting like a tiger. Henry Campbell told Mat Kenny yesterday that he would bring down two revolvers to the meeting on Monday and shoot the first man that voted against Parnell.

Maurice has been working to resist the pressure and intimidation on the other side, but although I have not yet seen the "Manifesto" in which we are to be denounced, Parnell's doom is sealed.

Sexton is bitter against him, but Huntley McCarthy, curiously enough, will support Parnell. So will Colonel Nolan and Joe Nolan.

I am told Parnell's speech on his re-election on Tuesday was the most extraordinary ever heard, that he said he would "lift for them a corner of the curtain," which was that O'Shea, out of twenty-three years of married life had only spent 40 nights at home. And "such was the happy home he was accused of destroying." He challenged anyone to search Hansard to see had he ever called O'Shea his "honourable friend."

William Murphy, Arthur O'Connor, W. J. Reynolds, and most of the good men of the Party are against him. Parnell has with him blind McDonnell and Blane. Cox and Deasy are against him. Clancy wavered very much on account of his Leinster Hall speech, but from my conversation with him I think his wife is the difficulty. Sir Thomas Esmonde was shaky, but he has come round, and Parnell complained in the *Freeman* office last night that Esmonde had "cut" him in the National Liberal Club, where he went in search of Campbell.

Gladstone remarked that it was odd that the man who was a rock to all the world was like a bit of wax in the hands of a woman. Kitty has inspired the proceedings. . . .

I had a terrible letter against Parnell from Father John Behan, telling us give the "beast" no quarter.

Knox's bishop, Dr. McGuinness, who is also Conway's, has written and wired strongly against Parnell. Knox is all right.

It is a dreadful spectacle we present, with a lunatic trying to smash the great fabric that has been created under his authority.

The bitterness of some of the men whom you would least expect to be against Parnell is immense, but on the other hand, he has many friends whose intent is as patriotic as ours.

Parnell availed himself of the adjournment to start an intensive propaganda. On Saturday, 29th November, he put forth a manifesto asserting that, on his visit to Gladstone at Hawarden the year before, he received details of the Home Rule plans of the next Liberal Cabinet. He alleged that the integrity of a section of the Irish Party had been "apparently sapped and destroyed" by the wire-pullers of Liberalism, who claimed the right to veto their choice of a leader, and appealed to the Irish people "not to consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction." He complained that in any future Home Rule Bill the Irish Legislature would not be given power to settle the Land question, control the Constabulary, or appoint judges or magistrates.

These lies were baited to catch gudgeons. In private he told

his friends that the Manifesto was "the greatest political coup of the century." Every one else saw that it was framed to bunker down the Divorce issue, and draw a red herring across the scent. It delighted the Tories, for after Parnell visited Gladstone at Hawarden he expressed the utmost confidence in and admiration for him. At Edinburgh his speech in praise of Gladstone was fulsome. It is true that at Hawarden he displayed aloofness. Breakfast there was the favourite meal for holding conversation, and Parnell would not come down for it. At dinner he came late, without tendering an apology. It may have been the acme of statesmanship, but it was barbarously un-Irish.

That evening I wrote my wife:

LONDON,

29th November, 1890.

Parnell's manifesto is a black production, and instead of weakening his opponents, has only made them more solid.

To-day he was in the Library of the House, knowing many of our men turn up there on Saturdays, and began to question them to see were they crushed by his "revelations." He got facers from every one of them, especially Condon and Sheehy, whom he tried to influence by entreaty. They afterwards joined a knot in another room of the Library, who are making arrangements for the debate on Monday, and signed the cable with John Roche, Kilbride, and Lane (the three other "Campaign" members) to America, protesting against his manifesto. This will be decisive with Dillon and O'Brien.

We appointed Sexton master of ceremonies for Monday, to conduct the debate and call for speakers or for silence, because every attempt will be made to obstruct, and we must not play into Parnell's hands.

The last trick is to try to postpone decision until the American delegates can return, but our men are proof against cajolery.

The treachery to Gladstone in Parnell's manifesto is deplorable. He has now deceived every Party which confided in him, Tory, Liberal, and Home Rule. His language about us has been low enough. He told some reporter he would "teach the beggars who hadn't the price of their fare to Dublin that dared to oppose him."

Next day (Sunday) I was so ill that I could not go to Mass—much less attend a meeting which Arthur O'Connor called at his chambers. Shorthand enabled me to write at length to my wife:

30th November, 1890.

It is midnight, and I have not been out all day. I was completely disabled, so that I was unable to attend the meeting to draw up the resolution under which Parnell is to be declared "deposed" to-morrow. This is the night before the battle, but there is calm on our side compared with the excitement of last night.

I wired you the reply of the American delegates. When it reached the Club at 11 p.m., about twenty of our men, who had gathered round before it arrived, raised a cheer in the smoking-room. I afterwards saw Leamy in the room and felt sorry for this, though I silently joined in rejoicing. It

was a great relief, otherwise Parnell might have found a rump to annoy us, for if we had not the necessary two-thirds majority under the "pledge" we would be unable to call on them to resign their seats for failing to act with the Party.

At one moment I pity Parnell. At another, when I hear of his determination to wreck everything, I loathe his conduct.

Now that the American delegates have taken sides we received intelligence that Archbishop Walsh is to declare in the morning, and that Archbishop Croke has wired against Parnell a message to McCarthy calling for his resignation. Dr. Walsh's secretary wired William Murphy that His Grace was writing me.

John Redmond said to Barry in the Club to-night that he was going to beseech Parnell to retire, but that he knew it would be useless, although he did not believe Parnell would have twenty supporters to-morrow. Parnell is now staying with Dr. Fitzgerald, one of his partisans.

If it had not been for John Barry, Parnell might have tricked the Party. Sexton told me that only for my telegram on Wednesday he would have done nothing, and Barry says that after Sexton and McCarthy had gone to Parnell on the Tuesday night with Gladstone's letter, and been uncivilly received, they refused to stir further, and that it was the rank and file, led by himself, who supported the requisition. Undoubtedly, Barry's speech at the meeting was the most important one. He tells me that to-day Sexton, in my absence, made a handsome reference to me, and said that though we had had differences in the past, we had come to know each other better through this crisis, and had sunk every feeling for the sake of the country, etc. Also that I had been vindicated by the present posture of affairs for my action in Galway in 1886.

Harrington has not signed against Parnell with the other American delegates, and I should not be surprised if there were furious stirrings-up as the result of Parnell's action as he is not wrestling simply for the sake of the leadership, but that Arklow Harbour, Dublin paving-sets and the Paris funds may form ingredients in his motives. He intends to marry Kitty when the six months are up. May they be happy. Tuohy, of the *Freeman*, told me that on the night after the verdict Parnell remarked to him that the divorce was a good thing, as it enabled him to define his domestic position. He now talks without reserve about "Mrs. O'Shea."

Henry Campbell told Tuohy that he found him at Brighton on the night the howl arose against him (having read all the evening papers) studying astronomy, and that he made no remark on the "situation." When asked by one of the *Freeman* staff what would be the result if the delegates in America sent an adverse telegram, he simply replied, "Then that would be an adverse telegram." At which the other gasped, "But if that should lead to an adverse vote?" To this Parnell replied, "Oh, then that would be an adverse vote!" Isn't this sublime? It means he is cracked.

Everywhere the Divorce case is being sung about in the music-halls. Passing through the Strand you hear the itinerant hawkers shout some toy or picture: "Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea." Still he remains unmoved. Several of his supporters have come over to us, but Clancy is likely to vote for him, and is in honest distress. . . .

After dinner (we had Colonel Atkinson of Detroit to dine) I amused myself writing "Limericks," beginning, "There was a young man named MacNeill,"

which I presented to him, and he promised to place them in his "common-place book" as they were not ill-natured like the "scoffs of that horrid creature Dick Adams."

The conduct of the *Freeman* is bad, and only it would be hardly worth while, we would denounce it. Its *Evening Telegraph* is beneath notice. To-day, Conway and Joe Nolan, two of Parnell's outriggers, got the London branches of the League to pass resolutions in his favour, but they might as well "whistle jigs to milestones." The openings of the fight have been skilfully handled on both sides, and neither has left a stone unturned.

We should have liked to word the resolution ousting Parnell differently, but it was thought a bald one would be safest in order not to alienate any of our weak men who still have a hankering after our peerless, incomparable, matchless, devoted, uncompromising, heroic and inspired leader. . . .

On Monday, 1st December, I was unable to walk the few hundred yards to the House of Commons, and drove there to sit by the fire in Room 15, stone-cold and shivering, trying to get warm before the meeting assembled. Henry Campbell was sympathetic and helped me to take off my boots, so as to get my feet unchilled.

When the adjourned debate in Room 15 opened, Parnell called on his secretary (Campbell) to read messages in his support. These were all faked. The most offensive was one against Sexton from a secondhand bookseller of ill-repute in Dublin, the late William Hickey. So coarse was it that I protested. Parnell blandly apologized, and said he was not aware of its contents. This finished him in my estimation. Every one knew he organized the slanders against his opponents through the Dublin sub-sheriff, the late John Clancy, and that the telegram was concocted to intimidate Sexton. No reporters were admitted to the proceedings except those attached to the *Freeman*, who were Parnell's henchmen. We daren't take a vote as to Parnell's press arrangements lest some of our friends who were against him on the main issue would support him on a minor one, and thus give him a victory, which would have possibly split his opponents.

When the message from the American delegates came, he refused to allow it to be read, on the ground that it was only a "newspaper paragraph." Next he ruled out of order a resolution declaring his tenure of the chair ended, saying the only question before the meeting was Barry's motion of the previous Wednesday, that "a full meeting be called for Friday next."

Barry's motion had been negatived and "Monday" substituted at the instance of Parnell's friends. The fact that "Friday" had flown did not trouble the Chair. He assured us that he would decide every point according to "strict parliamentary procedure." He was cleverer as a tactician than the bulk of his opponents, and

knew the foibles and weakness of every colleague. Moreover, he studied the effect which the Split was creating in Ireland, and believed he would carry the weaklings. These and uninstructed persons, he realized, composed the bulk of the voters.

I wrote my wife:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
1st December, 1890.

Parnell used every strategy to retain his position. Justin McCarthy saw him before twelve, and said he was quite mad, but he has borne himself wonderfully during the meeting, except for one or two interruptions or gestures. He was dignified in the conduct of the proceedings, just as if he had no personal concern in them, and laughed at each point as good-humouredly as anybody else, when there was occasion. I think the latter portion of his speech was written out, as he seemed to be looking down at a manuscript, but it appeared very effective, and brought tears to my eyes. He made a mistake in ruling technicalities in his favour, and this will reduce respect for him.

His phrases about Gladstone were in bad taste, and will injure his reputation. Barring that, though there was not much in what he said, he showed moderation. I cannot conceive any other man going through such an ordeal with so much dignity. I feel sorry for him. Even in his reply to me, considering what I had said, there was nothing to complain of. He is, however, perfectly unscrupulous and would invent any lie or statement to help himself. His secretary, Campbell, has been demonstrative in his favour. I spoke to Henry for the first time for years to-day, and he was quite cordial in asking about my health. There is a friendly feeling among the men on both sides. James O'Kelly, who is sitting next to me and is Parnell's most determined supporter, has been chatty and friendly both before and after my speech. Dr. Kenny looks wretched, and seems to feel matters. Maurice does not acquit him of concealment in respect of some knowledge of Gladstone's letter before the party re-elected Parnell last Tuesday. I don't know how this stands.

The speeches for Parnell have not been good. William Redmond, who is now speaking, pleases me better than anybody. I did not think much of John Redmond's speech. My speech broke Parnell a lot. He interrupted Sexton considerably, but except as to the word "false," he did not interrupt me. I faced him from five or six feet away, and he seemed to feel the arguments. His allusion to John Barry as the "leader-killer" was bitter, but he did not mention Barry's name. Apart from technical rulings, he has acted the gentleman, and no one, from a Pagan point of view, could help admiring him.

My wife was so much concerned that she must have probed me with telegrams. My replies she preserved:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
2nd December, 1890.

I had a letter from Alfred Webb, whom I told not to be "mistering" me, in which he speaks of his difficulty in refraining on account of his "veneration" for me.

Avowed obstruction is being persisted in. Parnell rules every point in his own favour with the sweetest suavity. It is hard to blame anyone who

is anxious to speak that he should wish to have the opportunity of placing his views on record. It is now evident that we shall have a big fight in the country afterwards. Parnell is being supported bitterly by a number of men, influenced largely by personal friendship, and by others who fear mischief to the Cause if he is retired. The National League branches are being worked against us by Hishon and Dr. Kenny.

All the "Resolutions" we are receiving are due to the way they have machined public opinion. Hishon had the impudence to telegraph me to-day requiring me to apologize to Parnell, and saying "feeling was dead against me." All I can say is, if I were driven to emigrate to Africa, an outcast and a pauper, such intimidation would not influence me in the least, as you well know.

Clearly, while we are fighting them here on the basis that they will be bound by the decision of the meeting, they have no intention whatever of being so bound, and will embarrass us in Ireland by elections. The conduct of the *Freeman* has been blackguardly, and is wrecking the cause. It appears to me as if Parnell could get the mob with him, but that all the thinking men are on our side. Enormous mischief must ensue temporarily, I fear, whatever happens. Our men are solid, and he is certain to be defeated, but he is fighting every point with tenacity.

Charles II apologized for taking an "unconscionably long time" to die, but Charles III has no such sense of the proprieties. It looks as if we had raised up a Frankenstein which is now about to destroy everything. He is determined that there shall either be no party, or his party. The delay, he believes, makes for his side, and of course it is being used to distract the people. His rulings in the Chair have been shameless, but I believe he is unconscious of this, and that he feels exactly as you might expect a god to feel—that he could not be wrong, and that anyone who would not obey him and follow him must necessarily be damned. . . .

On Wednesday talk of compromise arose and I thus described the situation to her:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
3rd December, 1890.

There is some chance of a settlement, and we have agreed to a truce until to-morrow. I cannot tell you what the proposals are, as we are all bound not to reveal them, although I have not the smallest doubt the whole thing will be in the Press to-morrow. If anything comes of the truce we shall not have lost but gained, and in any case, in point of time, we have not lost much, for this is such a short day. On account of the blackguard telegrams dispatched about Sexton, and the threats to himself and me at the League meeting yesterday, the debate to-day would have been a bitter one, for we were determined to "have it out" all round. I think I could have shown good reason for my speech at the Leinster Hall, which would have prevented that appeal to the country which Parnell has been threatening. For, as he prefers Kitty to his country, fear of the "Queen's Proctor" is at present his guiding motive.

His main subject of anxiety before the divorce was the custody of the child, Clare. He consulted lawyers in the City some months ago as to whether, if he bolted out of the country with her, he could, under foreign law, be brought back and compelled to deliver her up. He, therefore, was

prepared to bolt then, and leave us all "in the lurch," if he could safely have done so. The incident is pathetic, and I think the better of him as a man, whatever I may think of him as a politician, on account of this.

It seems O'Shea maintains that Clare is his own child, and he told Labouchere that whenever Kitty came up to his flat in Victoria Street she insisted on renewing their old relations, and he swears he will keep Clare on this account. The whole of the squalid business is known to every gossip in London. . . .

Parnell declared to the Party when he was re-elected that there was some other man in the case. This is of course Weguelin, so she must have been in relation with both. A precious piece of goods for the unfortunate fellow to be tied to for the rest of his life. Yet Parnell's determination to marry her is so great that he almost shudders at the name of the Queen's Proctor, or at any allusion to connivance on the part of O'Shea.

The truce in Room 15 did not last more than a day. Henry Campbell told me that Mrs. O'Shea, and not Parnell, was to blame for the fight continuing. Campbell spoke of her bitterly for forcing Parnell to keep on battling, saying that the "Chief" left town on the Wednesday night willing to retire, but that at Brighton Mrs. O'Shea's folly and ambition were such that she prevailed on him to return and defy the majority of his colleagues. Next day a pause came. Parnell, during Sexton's speech, agreed to retire if the Liberal leaders made a declaration on Home Rule which the Party held to be satisfactory. I wrote my wife:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
4th December, 1890.

Another change has come over the situation. As I write this, there are sitting amicably round a table Parnell, Sexton, myself, McCarthy, Redmond, Leamy, Deasy, and R. Power. You will have to read the *Freeman* to understand it. After the speeches Sexton and I made against Parnell and the way we have cornered him, here we are, chatting as cordially over the prospects of Home Rule, etc., as if nothing had occurred. Parnell is as bland as ever with us, just as if we had said nothing to ruffle him.

Sexton made a splendid speech, and it was in the middle of this that the compromise was renewed. Parnell is now saying that the dispatch of a delegation to the Liberals is "the most important thing that has been done in Irish politics in his time"—and we have talked over the best way of getting terms from Gladstone.

Parnell has just said we should go to the Old Man to-night, before he has read my speech in the morning "over which he would be licking his lips!" I never knew such a man, nor ever read of such a man. For a number of our fellows maintained he was in such a rage against me during my second speech that he was fumbling with his revolver, and John Barry went near him to prevent him drawing on me. I don't think it likely that he would have done so, but others as fiercely maintain it.

Richard Power has just come to tell Parnell of his arrangements for us to meet the Liberals, and that they were in a state of consternation. Parnell replied, "They have four guns on them now, anyhow!"

I don't know whether the thing is a trick or if Parnell means to act honestly and retire. My fear is that Gladstone will refuse to treat with the deputation, but Sexton says we could not withstand the torrent of objection which would arise in Ireland if we rejected all hope of compromise.

Besides, it looks as if Parnell's followers had at last prevailed upon him to surrender, but you will see from his speech that he was trimming, and thought to trick us, until I tore his shuffling into ribbons. All the men say I made a fine speech. Sexton's was magnificent.

Won't everybody rejoice if we succeed in keeping the Party together?

Parnell was not neglectful of sidelong opportunities. He first begged McCarthy to visit Gladstone and get guarantees about the next Home Rule Bill. Although the Tories were in office, McCarthy, overcome by his cunning, waited on Gladstone, who refused to respond. On McCarthy telling this to Parnell he lost self-control and insulted McCarthy, who retorted, "Parnell, I think you might be a little more courteous!" Parnell shouted at him, "I'm more of a gentleman than you, sir." So he and McCarthy parted.

At this stage my wife, who never before interfered in politics, must have been moved to send a protest, for I replied to her:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
5th December, 1890.

I cannot blame you for your telegrams, for they evince a feeling I strongly hold myself, though why you should imagine I am responsible for what is going on I cannot understand—unless you did not read my speech, which I presume to-day's *Freeman* has done me the honour of printing. So far from my wishing for what has occurred, I said, "Thank God" when I heard Parnell's tricky refusal yesterday morning; and Sexton, who felt differently, proposed to me an adjournment for an hour to discuss Parnell's suggestions. I instantly refused to entertain them, so Sexton said, having intended to rise himself, "You get up, then." He has been affected in consequence of the attitude of some of his Belfast supporters, and I cannot take a line markedly opposed to him.

Sexton considers that, once Parnell accepted the amendment of Clancy after first rejecting it this morning, we could not face the constituencies unless we made some effort to meet friends on the opposite side.

I am clear that, while every man of them except Campbell hopes the negotiations will succeed, and that Parnell will retire, Parnell himself is only tricking us. I said so last night when the compromise was under discussion, and I have made no concealment of my views; but while we are all determined that, whatever results, Parnell must go, and that none of us will serve under him again, we should be open to condemnation if we failed to take every step to try to keep the Party together.

Do you think we look with relish on the prospect of having these twenty-nine men resign and of contesting their seats with them? The breaking up of the American mission, and the return of the delegates, prove how distracted our people abroad are, and, of course, there are similar differences in Ireland. I therefore agree with Sexton that we should be mad if we did not exhaust

every means to try to keep the Party unbroken. We shall not be disgraced if we fail. We should be if we refused to make an effort.

Under no circumstances will I serve again under Parnell in the English Parliament, while I shall be quite happy if he takes control at College Green, should the doors there ever open.

This has been the most anxious day we have had. Parnell insisted on my going on the delegation to Gladstone. Sexton made a beautiful speech to Gladstone. John Redmond also spoke with perfect loyalty, good faith and good feeling. It is apparent that Parnell's supporters desire peace, and knowing their sentiments, to treat them as mere malcontents with whom no faith should be kept, because we know Parnell is not to be trusted, would be deplorable.

I have refused to tell even Maurice what has been transpiring so far, beyond what will appear in the papers to-morrow, and cannot mention anything to you, for the same reasons. I am exhausted with anxiety. I would rather a thousand times be fighting than negotiating. . . .

When we returned to Parnell to-day and told him that Gladstone said Clancy's resolution was a "bar," Parnell laughingly commented, "An 'obstacle,' as Biggar said." This, you will remember, was Joe's observation in his breach of promise case.

John Redmond has just come to me to say that the Liberal leaders are consulting over our last communication, and not to leave to-night. I fear Gladstone will not help us and that if he consents to speak, Parnell will then go foxing about it. His followers will not stand to him if Gladstone gives any real pledge. Certainly Redmond and Leamy will not, and if they desert him, he will be left with not more than two or three, so he would be done for. Everything depends on Gladstone's reply, and you will probably know more before you receive this than I can tell you.

I believe Parnell will declare any reply "unsatisfactory," but I forced him to say he would resign if the majority declare otherwise.

I see John Dillon from New York says we should have ended the debate on Monday, but it is easy to splutter. Would he have appointed a committee of six to drag Parnell by force out of the Chair and have a faction fight? To criticize at a distance is so simple.

I wonder does William O'Brien think of my constant prophecies about Parnell? He seems distracted.

Gladstone refused (not being in power) to give any pledges as to the next Home Rule Bill, and on the 6th December, 1890, Parnell presided for the last time over the Party.

The debates had wearied on more than a week. Mr. Goschen characterized them as "the greatest he ever read." They banished interest from the House of Commons, but enthralled and hurt Ireland.

Parnell's plan was to bring about the collapse of the session so that the struggle would end on the prorogation of Parliament. He was in collusion with the Tory Whips and his policy dovetailed into theirs. On the night before the final sitting he muttered to J. M. Tuohy, the *Freeman's* London correspondent, "Biggar appeared to

me last night." Said Tuohy, "You mean you dreamt about him?" "Oh, no," answered Parnell, "he appeared to me." Tuohy, who was fiercely on his side, told me this.

On the morning of our last meeting we called on Parnell at the Westminster Palace Hotel and told him that at 6 p.m. that evening the majority would leave Room 15 and take no further part in its futilities. As we went towards the door he drew me aside to one of the pillars in the hall, saying, "Healy, let us shake hands for, it may be, the last time. I am told you believed yesterday that I had a revolver in my pocket and was about to use it. I assure you that this was not so. I should never dream of bringing a weapon into any meeting of my countrymen, especially into one where excitement was likely to be kindled." I replied, "Thank you, Parnell." We shook hands, and so parted for ever.

At five o'clock that evening I wrote my wife:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
6th December, 1890.

We are within a few minutes of disruption. We cannot get the Liberals to say anything while Parnell remains chairman, and he refuses to allow any resolution to be moved requiring him to resign. We had a row to-day as he called upon John O'Connor to move a resolution, when we wished William Abraham to be heard. We shouted for him, and there was slight disorder. Abraham handed his resolution to McCarthy, and we called on McCarthy to put it. Parnell roared that he would not allow him to act as chairman, and snatched the paper out of his hand. McCarthy did not know what was in the paper. Sexton appealed to the meeting to hear O'Connor for a short time, as we did not intend to remain listening to obstructive speeches. McCarthy rose and dignifiedly explained that he had risen to a point of order when Parnell snapped a paper out of his hand. Parnell made a kind of apology, and O'Connor was heard to move a resolution against Gladstone.

In the midst of his speech John Redmond shouted that Gladstone would be "the master of the Party." I asked, "Who would be the mistress of the Party?" Whereupon Parnell called me "a dirty little scoundrel who insulted a woman." I made no reply, being content with the thrust, which will stick as long as his cry about Gladstone's "dictation" continues. I knew compromise would be impossible.

I did not approve of the negotiations, but feel we did not do wrong in trying. Sexton insists on my writing a manifesto to our people. I must leave myself in the hands of men like him, who have done so well.

At six o'clock, Parnell having refused to put any question touching his deposition, Justin McCarthy rose to announce our withdrawal. Forty-four colleagues followed him out. Many of us shook hands with those from whom we were separating. It was a friendly break-off, and dignity was preserved throughout.

The late Alfred Kinnear of the *Central News*, who was not present at the break-off, printed an account of it as a "Donnybrook

Fair." So malicious were his falsehoods that Sexton and I went on Sunday evening to the *Central News* office to ask that the truth should be told. I did not go in, but Sexton did, and got little satisfaction, though William Saunders, afterwards Liberal M.P. for Hull, was at the head of the agency.

For his lies Speaker Peel excluded Kinnear for ten years from the Lobby after inquiry into our complaint. During the Boer War he was sent to South Africa to do justice on the Dutch, and after his return he was readmitted to the Lobby.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Party Split (1890-1)

PARNELL'S behaviour as chairman in Room 15 in interrupting and making rulings in his own favour was till then unprecedented. Thirty-one years later, when the Treaty of 1921 came under discussion, another chairman outstripped him.

On Sunday, 7th December, 1890, I wrote my wife:

We are in great spirits. Our men met to-day at Arthur O'Connor's chambers and subscribed over £10,000 for current expenses. Besides that, J. F. X. O'Brien, the treasurer, has £1,200. Parnell, however, thinks he has control of £42,000 in Paris, so we dispatched O'Brien there with Arthur O'Connor to-night to try to induce Munroe, the banker, to hold the funds, as Justin McCarthy is one of the trustees.

Arthur O'Connor, during *The Times* Commission, was sent to see Munroe to prevent *The Times* getting information. We don't expect to get the money, but if we can prevent Parnell getting it we shall be satisfied.

A letter has gone to the Pope from the highest quarters requesting an endorsement of the Irish Bishops' declaration—though whether this would hurt or help us remains to be seen.

We are determined to start a daily paper, and have little doubt we shall be able to raise the capital.

The *Freeman* will change its tune when it hears the news to-night, so if they are not insolent in the morning you will know the reason why. Maurice, Chance and I have subscribed £50 each to the Party funds, and so have Esmonde and several others, while Barry, Webb, Dickson, and Morrough have given £100 each. The spirit of our men is splendid. Sexton is in great form, and came to the Club last night, and promised to turn up there to-night. He has become "clubable." He told me after meeting Davitt that Parnell sent Davitt a message that if he would attack me in his paper Parnell would forgive him everything! . . .

Seeing that Parnell's calling me a "dirty little scoundrel" was omitted from the Sunday papers I went to the Press Association and insisted on its being printed to-morrow.

I suggested to the Party to-day that if none of the dissentients resign it might be well for us to fling down a challenge. I would, if necessary, throw up my seat for Longford to contest it again against anyone the Parnellites select. Pending, however, the result of the Kilkenny vacancy, and the communication we have addressed to Pope Hennessy asking "under which King" he means to serve, we have decided to take no action. Yesterday being the day Parnell had the best card as to Gladstone's refusal to answer us, he played the game the worst. You may consider we might have been

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easier in our language at times, but give Parnell an inch and he will take an ell; so if we showed signs of being cowed, instead of cowing him, we were done for.

There was practically no one but myself to face him at the end, or rather, there were plenty, but once Sexton and I took command, all the rest left the matter with us. As Sexton was conciliatory I had to show my teeth. If I had been in sole command, this imbroglio about the Liberals over "Clancy's amendment" would not have arisen. Not that I blame Sexton, or that he showed any weakness, but his nature is conciliatory, and perhaps he was not sorry to appear more "statesmanlike" than others. I only considered what was effective against Parnell.

The *Freeman* then was edited by a jaunty Galway man named Byrne, assisted by Edward Ennis, afterwards Under-Secretary for Ireland. Both thought their paper unassailable. On the Saturday when we left Room 15 (6th December, 1890) Ennis came to London to warn me that "the Chief" was invincible, and that we should be beaten at the polls unless we returned to our allegiance. His words were meant to be stinging. "We've got the funds, we've got the Press, we've got the organization, we've got the Chief, and we'll knock hell out of you!" I laughed.

I wrote my wife:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

8th December, 1890.

It is all over, all over. Byrne and Ennis of the *Freeman* are "over" too, crying for quarter as to our proposed paper, which has funk'd them completely. They are now imparling with Sexton. I saw Ennis last night. He endeavoured to intimidate me, but nobody heeds them.

I am sorry for the outrage to which you have been subjected by the smashing of the windows, but that is not the first thing we have had to put up with. I hope the bairns were not too frightened, but of course you have not let them know that there is anything to be afraid of. No more will there be, after a month or two, when our people begin to get a glimmer of the truth.

Gladstone tore his ex-Cabinet asunder on Friday night trying to get them to let him give "assurances" before Parnell was deposed. He almost cried, Campbell-Bannerman says, talking over the result, "for those poor fellows, Healy and Sexton," after the fight we made.

We drew "first blood" to-day by moving the Kilkenny writ. When we "divided" we cheered our new Whips' names, Esmonde and Deasy. Parnell and most of his lot had to go into the Lobby under our banner. Dr. Kenny and Redmond did not vote, being more Parnellite than Parnell.

That day a Bill was promoted by a Dublin Conservative named Rindlater to enable Nelson's Pillar to be removed from O'Connell Street, Dublin, as being an obstruction to the thoroughfare. The Government opposed it, but it was carried by a majority of five. Parnell strolled in as the bells rang. Knowing nothing of what was going on he voted with us. Finding that we had beaten the

Government, he approached Justin McCarthy with a smile, saying, "Allow me to congratulate you on the first great victory of your new Party!"

Three days later, with my brother and Mat Kenny, I found myself in the train for Holyhead with Parnell and his followers. A demonstration to meet him at Kingstown at 7 a.m. was organized, and his Dublin friends sat up all night to arrange a "greeting" for myself. Unknown to ourselves, we were on a fast new steamer making her first trip to Kingstown, and it arrived ten minutes before Parnell's mob reached the jetty. Our train steamed out as they arrived from Dublin. Their execrations and disappointment were enjoyable. On reaching Westland Row, we found another contingent brigaded; but they were too sleepy to offer much violence. My brother kicked off one assailant, and Mat Kenny disposed of another.

Later that day, when going to the Four Courts, I was struck, in O'Connell Street. I had come from London to argue the case of a farmer for whom I had fixed a "fair rent." An appeal was taken, and I desired to re-argue the case, lest my absence should harm him. Now that tenants have become freeholders it is not easy to realize the interest taken in land cases at that epoch. To landlords every defeat seemed a Waterloo—to tenants every victory an Austerlitz!

When I reached the Four Courts somewhat late, the case had been ably presented by Thomas O'Shaughnessy, who in 1926 resigned the Bench after a career of distinction.

Lord Justice FitzGibbon, the foremost member of the Court, was doubtful, but I was so vain as to think my argument had brought him round, as in a few days a decision was given in the tenant's favour. Soon my self-esteem was shattered. I had built a house near the tenant, who, in thanksgiving for my services, called on me. He said, "You're a grand lawyer, sir, but when I got home that night from Court I told my wife. 'Maria,' says I, 'I'm done for!' She asked, 'How is that?' Said I, 'I've a pain in my shoulder after sitting in that court all day with Judge FitzGibbon against me.' 'Are the rest of them against you, too?' says she. 'No,' says I, 'but it is a "reserved case," as the clergy say in confession when you've done something terrible.' 'Well,' says she, 'we can't help that, but get a doctor for your shoulder.' 'What doctor? What could the local fellow do for me? I want a head doctor in Dublin.' 'Then,' says she, 'tackle the pony and see you old friend Dr. FitzGibbon.' 'Maria,' says I, 'I never thought of him.' Well, Mr. Healy, you know the FitzGibbon boys were reared beside me,

and real gentlemen. Many's the covey of partridges I put up for them on my farm. It was grand to see them sporting, for they were the old stock. So I yoked the pony and went in to Dr. FitzGibbon. The first thing he says to me was, 'John, I'm glad to see you. How are you?' 'Thank you, Doctor,' says I, 'I'm sorry for the cause of my calling.' 'Never mind,' says he, friendly as ever. 'What is it?' 'Well,' says I, 'I'm bad with my shoulder.' 'Oh dear!' says he. 'What is it, and how did you contract it?' The word 'contract' stuck in my mind, so I told him I got it that day in the Four Courts. 'Oh,' says he, 'you were on a jury, I suppose?' 'I up and said, 'Indeed no, Doctor. I was all day in the Court where your brother sits.' 'My goodness!' says he. 'Is that so, John? I know it's draughty.' 'Saving your presence, Doctor,' said I, 'draught be damned! That Court is against tenants and I am not blaming your brother for it.' 'John,' says he, very firm, 'you're unjust.' 'I beg pardon, Doctor,' I said, 'I mean nothing wrong, but I've a horrid pain in my shoulder.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll give you a liniment.' Then I left him, and I wish, Mr. Healy, there was more grand counsel like yourself, for you won that trial for me."

The day that case was argued Parnell seized the office of *United Ireland*, and turned out its editor, Mr. Bodkin, K.C. (afterwards County Court Judge). We re-seized it that night and put a guard inside. Stephen Cunningham, of the Ship Hotel opposite, next morning seduced the guard, and Parnell headed a mob to retake the premises. The police calmly surveyed the proceedings, for the *Freeman* had swung Dublin to Parnell's side, and officialdom in the Castle abetted him.

Every one opposed to Parnell was abused by the *Freeman*. Sir Thomas Esmonde was described as that "Ally-Sloper-pated noodle masquerading under the title of Grattan Esmonde"; Sexton was a "weakling"; I became "Sim Tappertit," who had "sold his clients for blood-money to Dublin Castle"; Dillon, who in 1880 was called by the *New York Herald* on arrival in America "the melancholy Dane," was styled the "melancholy humbug."

Parnell, knowing the country was hostile, favoured the avoidance of a contest in North Kilkenny. Enthusiasts (who always canker sound policy) overbore him. Without the sanction of a Convention, he was forced to start a Tipperary landlord, the late Vincent Scully, as his candidate against Pope Hennessy, who had been adopted by his own Convention. Thirty Parnellite M.P.'s, young and ardent, poured into the constituency, but we had the better of them in man-power, and controlled larger forces. Never before in the history of elections did seventy M.P.'s take part in such a fray.

Kilkenny borough, though outside North Kilkenny, became the head-quarters of both sides. It was strongly for Parnell. He harangued a mob there every night from his hotel, denouncing opponents with a picturesque invective that gave joy to the unwashed. Pope Hennessy, whom he had first put forward, was "a mongrel skinner from Cork"; Justin MacCarthy, "a nice old gentleman for a tea-party, and if they visited his hotel they would find him with his feet in a mustard bath with a jug of whisky-punch beside him"; Dr. Tanner, M.P., was "a murderer"; Davitt "a jackdaw"; Dillon "vain as a peacock, and with about as much brains"; Healy "a scoundrel who betrayed prisoners to the Crown, and deserted them when they had no more money in their pockets." Sexton and others were "scum, refuse, gutter-sparrows, and humbugs."

I barely touched on this fustian in letters to my wife:

KILKENNY,
13th December, 1890.

I am writing before breakfast, an unusual exercise, but it is the only chance I may have. We shall win. Parnell has got the town mob by drink and money, but has not got the voters. If the mob had votes we were dished. . . .

There are hardly any influential men on Parnell's side. It was a pity we didn't imitate the Parnellites, but our friends were too confident, and left things unorganized. They are now getting roused, yet only that Davitt came we should be in a bad way.

Parnell is leaving for meetings in Limerick and Waterford, which is a mistaken policy, but he has a week left here. He thinks that if he gets a crowd at a railway station or a mob that comes (half through curiosity) to hear him, he will carry the country. He has a handy cry in his name, which for so long had a magical influence, and it is not surprising that many people should not be converted from a belief which we were all professing a month ago. We are like pagans converted to Christianity, being stoned for attacking our gods of yesterday. I don't blame the rustics against us, considering that men like Dr. Kenny, Redmond and O'Kelly have acted as they have done.

Parnell's object is to prevent our getting a hearing, or arguing with the people, and, therefore, mob violence is his resource. . . .

A couple of days later, when I had traversed the constituency, I wrote again to my wife. She, like my brother, gave me no inkling that my letters had been preserved, and in time she probably forgot them. I present what I scribbled in all its rawness.

KILKENNY,
15th December, 1890.

A mob has been organized by the brewers, but they represent nothing beyond blackguards who shout, and who shouted for Sequah, the Indian

medicine man, louder than they do for Parnell. I spoke yesterday for an hour without effort to an enormous mass of people, who were as enthusiastic a crowd as ever I saw in the Land League days. We have the principal district with us, while Parnell has no district solid for him.

He will be beaten by a thousand votes, which, considering the exertions he has made, and the devices he has resorted to, will be a triumph. Yet he talks as if he was certain of victory. I pity him. There is nothing in anything he says.

At the outset we were unorganized and spiritless, but now "blood is up" and the priests are working with energy. To-day we leave Kilkenny City for outlying districts, and shall hardly return until Monday.

To my brother, on the same day, I wrote:

KILKENNY,
15th December, 1890.

There is no "resource of civilization" which Parnell and his friends have not resorted to, while we were resting on our oars. If we had come straight here after the Writ was moved, we could have captured the mob as easily as they did; but we relied on the goodness of our cause, while they were working like demons spilling drink. You must come for Sunday. Sexton does not intend to run any risks, so I am bearing the brunt of the attack.

William O'Brien's talk of "compromise" from America is mischievous, as holding out prospects of peace. The only compromise Parnell will make is that he be retained leader, and this election will have been decided before O'Brien can be heard from.

Our meeting yesterday was equal to anything I have seen in the Land League days, and in voters alone must have contained 1,500. Many of them were miners. The Parnellites therefore have brought down Trade Unionists from Dublin to get at them, but it will be labour in vain.

If beaten, Parnell has no further power. I am afraid of Redmond and Val Dillon nobbling Pat O'Brien in Nenagh Jail. We have no one there who could get at him.

For myself, the hissing of the mob is music in my ears. Still, it is only fair to the working man to say that a number of them have protested against the terrorism that has been organized. Sheer violence is Parnell's policy. His action in seizing O'Brien's paper ought to disgust thinking men. I organized its recapture, and would have held it too, but was not admitted to the premises before our garrison was induced to evacuate. I would have hung on and led them, and there would have been blood spilt before they got into the office if I were there.

A telegram has come that Parnell was routed to-day by Davitt at Rathdowney Fair, and that the people left Parnell and thronged to Davitt's meeting. Rathdowney is in Queen's County, but the Kilkenny farmers attend the Fair.

I don't think we could have won without Davitt. He called at my house in Dublin before coming down, and we are now friendly. Parnell declares he will form a new Party and eject us, but that "Dillon and O'Brien are the worst of the lot." His followers are not much assistance to him.

He should be probed over the balance of the Indemnity Fund in *The Times* case. Lewis's bill, including all expenses, was £31,000. Parnell put the balance in his pocket, amounting to £10,000, although Lewis's costs

included both his action in Scotland and England against *The Times*. He had also £5,000 from C. Rhodes. This money is being used against us here.

We were hampered by the position taken up by Dillon and O'Brien in America after McCarthy was elected to succeed Parnell. They imagined themselves possessed of a magic talisman for wheedling "the Chief." Of what their patent consisted we had no hint. I knew that negotiations would be hopeless. Dismayed, we learnt that our friends abroad believed they could repair our supposed blunders. A touch here and a touch there, forsooth, were all that was required to soothe Parnell and smooth every obstacle.

In Dublin we had started an evening paper under Bodkin's editorship. Of it, and of the Dublin Press, I wrote my wife:

JOHNSTOWN,
16th December, 1890.

The election is going well. We addressed a meeting to-day and drove here, where I shall stay to-night and to-morrow.

I have seen the first number of *Insuppressible*. I sent them further stuff, but the shorthand writer made a hash of it, as he was not able to read his notes. What we have most to apprehend is the difficulty of the people's understanding the situation. They cannot see why Parnell, who was their ideal in the past, should be set aside, as they don't read the papers.

My name will be an object of hatred with many, for years, and my income will be proportionately reduced. I have enough rivals to fan the flame. It is only by straight hitting there is the least chance.

Next day I wrote my father:

KILKENNY,
17th December, 1890.

We shall win by a thousand. I never felt so certain that we are right. I am sorry to attack Parnell, but it is a necessary evil to bring the truth home to the common mind where his name was ensanctuaried. If he was treated tenderly *à la* O'Brien, he would know no bounds in audacity, so that it was only by the terror of plain truths that he could be reduced to some appreciation of his position.

Looking back, I would say and do everything for and against him all over again, if the circumstances were the same—with the difference that I never could have believed he would act so unpatriotically as to divide the country. Now "Carthage must be destroyed," and the readiest way, though the rudest, is the most merciful for Ireland and himself.

The combinations against us, Fenians, Factionists, landlords, and grabbers, with a lining of honest fanatics, is enough to make thinking folk take the straight road, yet I see your Dr. Dennehy goes to Cork to greet the Arch-wrecker! I don't blame anyone outside the Party when men like Dr. Kenny, J. Redmond and O'Kelly within it are sinning against light. Only for them Parnell never could have set out for the precipice. . . .

I hope the attacks on me by pressmen annoy you as little as they do myself? It is no affectation of indifference when I say that they only make me laugh. The fury of the Kilkenny "blades" is over, as the porter

has given out! I walked the streets yesterday without a "boo," and was cordially saluted by numbers of working people. Now we could beat Parnell in the town as handsomely as in the county. . . .

Most of us had to address meetings two or three times daily, often in bad weather, but my wife's interest in the contest was so great that I had to maintain my correspondence with her:

JOHNSTOWN,
18th December, 1890.

We shall win by 1,300 majority. There is no chance of Parnell succeeding. Every day tells against him, and the *Freeman's* readers will be cursing it for deceiving them.

After the poll is declared on Tuesday I shall return home, which will make up for all you have gone through.

I don't see how Parnell can stand this racket. His followers will lose courage, and without them he can do nothing, though personally he is capable of going alone.

Parnell's friends were so certain of victory that his solicitor, M. J. Horgan, of Cork, wrote to a brother of Dr. Tanner, M.P.:

18th December, 1890.

We'll whack the others upside down, not only here, but everywhere, all over the country. The consequences to your brother will be ruinous. We'll lick every d—— one of them upside down, and time will confirm what I say.

Kilkenny will be the first to show our unconquerable strength, and the faith of the Irish people in Parnell.

I wrote my wife:

KILKENNY,
20th December, 1890.

Sexton, Condon and Father Humphries left by the 10 train, and Justin and Charlotte by the mail. Some will go to Boulogne to meet O'Brien. John Redmond is here still. I start at 7.30 a.m. to speak at nine o'clock, after first Mass, and drive to other churches for second Mass. I shall not be back here to-morrow, as I will go to Castlecomer for the poll and return here on Monday about 10 p.m.

Reports are hopeful, and I stick to my estimate that we shall win by over 1,000. Parnell's hearse allusion at the funeral made the mourners creep. He hired a special train of supporters from Dublin, which speaks well of the intelligence of his followers here. Dr. Tanner, who was drooping last night, and whom I could hardly convince, is now jubilant, and would not allow my modest estimate of Parnellite strength even in their best districts. He is at 9.30 p.m. starting off in the fog and frost for a fourteen-miles' drive to Johnstown. I did not know Parnell was yesterday to arrive there, but he and his friends kept all their movements secret, whereas we do everything openly. Parnell carries his crowd with him in cars, and we call the procession a "hippodrome." . . .

At Castlecomer flour was thrown at Parnell. He pronounced it "lime," and said his eyes were injured. Speaking from his hotel

window in Kilkenny that night, he put a bandage over one eye. After ending his oration, he removed it, disregarding the presence of his partisans in the room from which he spoke. Castlecomer was strongly against him. I went there to see that when the poll ended the ballot boxes should be safely delivered, as their contents would be the decisive factor in the contest.

I had served notice on the sheriff to mount guards so that after the poll the boxes should be convoyed in safety to Kilkenny City, fifteen miles away, where the count was to take place. We left Castlecomer in heavy rain, when the poll closed at 8 p.m.

Policemen drove before and behind us. Suddenly I saw the town lights reflected on the barrels of rifles gripped by lurkers in ambush. I was startled and thought the precious boxes were to be waylaid. The guns, however, proved to be those of the R.I.C. lying in wait. Every few hundred yards armed sentinels appeared in the wet to safeguard the passage of the ballot boxes. Arriving in Kilkenny in dripping clothes, I felt equal to encounter Noah's deluge when I called for supper. The Castlecomer votes being safely harvested, I knew victory was certain.

Next day, the Sheriff declared Pope Hennessy elected by a majority of 1,165, as we forecasted. This was due mainly to the votes of the Castlecomer miners. Parnell assailed them afterwards as "descendants of the English who wetted the powder in the guns of the rebels of '98." This was untrue. The miners were Catholics, and the late Father Timothy kept them riveted to our side.

Soon after, William O'Brien, believing he could heal the Split, left America for Boulogne, as Parnell had arranged to meet him in France.

Dillon followed him, distrusting O'Brien's powers, and declared that Parnell had "completely captured" O'Brien. Parnell's eye-bandage again became effective. On leaving London for France, he did not wear it. When the steamer neared Boulogne, he applied it.

I have already alluded to the *Insuppressible*, a halfpenny broadsheet which, after Parnell had seized *United Ireland*, its editor, Bodkin, published from the *Nation* office. O'Brien caused him to drop it. I was therefore asked by Archbishops Croke and Walsh to go to France and remonstrate with O'Brien. Accompanied by John Barry, I went to Paris. Letters to my wife state:

HOTEL BINDA, PARIS,
5th January, 1891.

We found O'Brien quiet in manner, and without any trace of bitterness against one side or the other, blaming both impartially. He had no sympathy

to express for the bothers we had gone through, having quite enough trouble for himself. As far as I could see, we were in agreement on every point except one, namely, he hopes to get Parnell to retire, and thinks he is entitled to his own way independent of the Party. Neither Dillon nor he associates himself with the Party in anything that has been done. They desire Parnell's deposition, but everything we have done is open to criticism. There is not the least chance that O'Brien will have anything to do with the new paper. On the contrary, having failed to bring about Parnell's retirement, he will go to jail and wash his hands of us. Fight Parnell I don't believe he will, as he thinks the Cause is lost if Parnell will not retire, and O'Brien will not take part in a struggle against him.

I have no doubt his tone with Parnell will be changed from his tone with us. Yet at heart he is sympathetic with the man we have been fighting. He dislikes Davitt and distrusts the priests, and his solution of the difficulty will be to go to jail, and leave us in the welter, rather worse off than we were before. He imagines Parnell could carry thirty seats. Yet he declares his leadership impossible, but refuses to accept solidarity with the Party that deposed him, though done on his recommendation and that of the other American delegates. Yet they too approved of the appointment of McCarthy. Nothing we have done has been wisely done. So now there are not two Parties, but three Parties, for the "envoys" claim that they are in a position of superiority by reason of their aloofness from the conflict, which entitles them to intervene!

We pointed out every argument against this line of thought. The effect of Parnell's offer of the leadership to O'Brien, however, is great, and while I am sure he would be anxious to get rid of Parnell on the condition of even Blane or Gilhooly being appointed leader, he cannot leave out of sight the hollow compliment paid him. We were friendly, but despite the length of the interview, he never took us into confidence as to what the terms of "settlement" might be, although we knew from the newspapers and from the statement of Byrne of the *Freeman* to Tom Condon the offer Parnell pretended to make.

Yesterday, having been asked to lunch by Madame Raffalovitch, John Barry protested to O'Brien against our being kept in darkness, and William mentioned, as a State secret (what was in that day's papers), that Parnell's *sine qua non* was McCarthy's deposition. J. F. X. O'Brien and Gill were present. William will refuse the editorship of the *National Press*.

I don't care who is leader, so long as Parnell goes, but the trick would not seem beyond the intellect of a child—if it hadn't succeeded in capturing William.

John Barry took O'Brien's attitude more to heart than I did. As we trudged back to our hotel through the snow, he vowed he would never trust O'Brien more. John Hooper, M.P., editor of the *Cork Herald*, and a close friend of O'Brien's, told me that O'Brien, to whom I had telegraphed from Calais *en route*, complained that I did not believe he was out when we first called. He arrived at Madame Raffalovitch's, where he was staying, just as we came the second time, and I saw him open my telegram in the hall. "That is it," said he, throwing it down. Seeing it was in type-

script, which was then peculiar to France, I asked out of curiosity to look at it. This, Hooper declared, O'Brien regarded as a proof of my distrust of his word that he had only just come home. He was entirely mistaken, and I only asked to see the telegram because it was in a French system, new to me. Knowing nothing of his suspicion, I wrote my wife next day :

PARIS,

5th January, 1891.

Parnell could not carry a dozen seats, but O'Brien says he knows Ireland better than we do. He resents the idea that he will allow Parnell to "play" with him, and he says he must get credit for not being a fool. We told him that he was being fooled, and left him under no illusions, and that he was assuming our forty-five men were fools, or that they had not exhausted all the efforts of diplomacy. Parnell may make a grace of yielding to O'Brien, on the ground that he has not "insulted" him, but I shall be surprised at any arrangement being made.

We were not taken into William's confidence as to what his proposal was, but understood that it was his own election in the room of Justin McCarthy. We left him in the friendliest spirit, and nothing but good humour and kindness prevailed, William saying that I had not proved a true prophet when I said in *Insuppressible* that Parnell would keep him dangling round Paris. I told him his action independently of the Party laid him open to the charge of arrogance and indiscipline, which was our complaint against Parnell. He bore this without flinching, with a gentle egoism, beyond reproach.

Having been invited to lunch at 12 noon to-day at Madame Raffalovitch's we went, and found Gill and F. X. O'Brien, who also, without our knowledge, arrived from London last night, and whom William was out to meet by an earlier train when our wire arrived. Gill had been staying with O'Brien, and is now at the Normandy Hotel with his wife, and to-night we called on William Redmond to express our sympathy at his child's death, but did not go upstairs, although he pressed us, as John Redmond was there. After lunch, Barry took O'Brien aside while I was chatting with Madame Raffalovitch, and evidently complained that members of the Party were not trusted to know what his proposals were. William said that Parnell was inflexible in refusing to accept McCarthy's chairmanship, and that his main condition was Justin's retirement. We knew that William's installation in Justin's place underlay this, and confined our conversation to maintaining that Parnell was throwing this out as a blind, and would afterwards use it against us; yet William is determined, whatever occurs, to exhaust his influence upon Parnell, and closed the discussion by telling us that it was useless to argue the matter, as it would only lead to temper.

Madame Raffalovitch remarked to me that Gill was a bad influence on him in the Parnellite sense. For anything that has been going on in Ireland, or for any of the troubles we have had, or are likely to have, he has not the smallest appreciation; and I have no hope that he will assist us. He has obtained some kind of pledge from Redmond and Clancy that they will withdraw from Parnell's Party if he persists in fooling O'Brien, or are convinced that Parnell is acting in bad faith; but I don't attach value to such assurances. William's appreciation of the situation may be judged from his

remark that, if we had not beaten Parnell so heavily at Kilkenny it would be easier to deal with him now.

Apparently, everything that we have done has been ill done, and nothing has been done that ought to have been done, and William and Gill are the only men to put matters right. Anything more hopeless it is impossible to conceive.

Tom Condon, whom Justin ten days ago brought to the Club, declared he would not support O'Brien's leadership. Barry said the same, but my notion is that, although the whole thing is a trap and a fraud and will be used against us as a fulcrum by Parnell later on, even if he submits now, the country will insist on anything for the sake of peace. Condon had been told by Byrne of the *Freeman* that William's leadership was Parnell's solution; yet O'Brien did not think it possible to tell this to Barry and myself last night, nor until Barry formally complained this morning. William's attitude towards every man who is opposing Parnell is not sympathetic as it is towards the men who are supporting him. He promised a telegram to me at the Club on Wednesday.

We leave Paris at ten o'clock to-morrow, and will be met at Charing Cross by Sexton and McCarthy for a further pow-wow. Certainly the proposed humiliation of Justin is a mean transaction. I shall be home on Thursday.

I think we have done some good in putting stiffening into O'Brien, and removing illusions, but he is not obliged to us. Barry is disgusted with him, and says that my remark to William, that there were now three parties, the Parnellites, ourselves, and the American delegates, was quite justified. William spoke at one time of the "McCarthy-ites," for which I took him up briskly. He will probably be firmer with Parnell than he would have been before our coming, and that is all the good we have done.

We left Paris in bad spirits, foreseeing nothing but mischief from O'Brien's intervention.

On the 9th January, 1891, from Dublin, I told Maurice :

The effect of O'Brien's dalliance with Parnell on men like Sir William Harcourt and Henry Fowler has damped matters. Both have been urging the chucking of Home Rule, and if Gladstone were to die or retire, Parnell would be justified. I have felt worse towards the Boulogne fooling to-day than I did even in Paris.

We had to prepare a circular to the shareholders of the *National Press*, informing them of O'Brien's refusal to be editor.

O'Brien wired me on Wednesday night: "I am afraid I must say no to Chairmanship," and asked me to visit him on Saturday for the purpose of debating a suggestion that he should resign instead of refusing the post. I could not spend further time on this so I returned home.

His wire to McCarthy asked him to go to France, and Justin at first refused, but I hear to-night he has gone with Sexton.

Nothing trickles to us from the other side any more than from the Orange Hall. T. D. Sullivan and I have policemen watching our houses day and night.

We cannot produce a newspaper before March, as details which have to be arranged are inconceivable. We have £40,000 subscribed, and there will be no difficulty in getting the whole capital once the paper is started.

The Tories will be fools if they don't dissolve Parliament while we are

in this fix. I shall be surprised if they are so stupid as to let us get time to pull ourselves together. We can get the *Insuppressible* out from the *Nation* office, and must only put up with it. Meanwhile we are losing on it weekly, as we have no means of getting advertisements or distribution, but the money is well spent in reducing the *Freeman* and *Telegraph* to submission.

Bodkin is full of matter. He is staunch against Parnell, and disappointed with O'Brien. Parnell only proposed O'Brien's leadership *pour rive*, to make us subsequently ridiculous, and would marry Kitty while William was in jail. Justin said he would resign [the Chair] if that would get us out of a difficulty, but it would not.

But for the telegraph clerks we should have been in the dark. as to what was going on in France. Justin McCarthy wrote:

20 CHEYNE GARDENS,
CHELSEA EMBANKMENT, S.W.,
12th January, 1891.

MY DEAR TIM,—

We came to no conclusion at Boulogne, and I for one did not expect to come to any. William O'Brien is unconsciously and in honest good faith helping to play the game of "Committee Room 15" all over again. But we decided to go, because we felt sure that if we had refused, Parnell would have made an immense blowing-horn of our refusal at the Limerick meeting, and we did not want to give him the chance. Besides the terms of O'Brien's telegram were very appealing, and at the time seemed to hold out some hope. Parnell now accepts O'Brien's proposal for the leadership of Dillon. The rest of the position is unaltered. We simply say that we can do nothing without the knowledge and consent of the Party—which we maintain to be the Party. Parnell stipulates that he and I should resign together, and that the proceedings which deposed him should be regarded as invalid and informal—and O'Brien rather gives in to this idea. Sexton and I replied that any discussion of the validity of the proceeding is to our minds inadmissible. Sexton made an offer to submit the question of my resignation to our fifty-five men, and I for my own part declared that I should be willing to stand by that offer. That is all. We are, as you see, just where we were before.

Truly yours,
JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

I sent this to Maurice, commenting:

DUBLIN,
14th January, 1891.

I enclose report from Justin McCarthy on the Boulogne comedy. Parnell has no notion of retiring, but his followers would be glad to get rid of him, and are sincerely anxious for some agreement whereby Dillon would be chosen chairman. I hardly agree with you that, if it were not for O'Brien, no decent man outside Dublin would be with Parnell. Yet I know that if O'Brien and Dillon had been at home and working with us, we should not have had this trouble.

The replies to our circular after O'Brien refused to become editor of the new paper have been coming in splendidly. There have been only half a

dozen refusals for small amounts of shares. We considered our *status* carefully, and abstained from making a demand for money until we secured their consent, but to-day the "allotment" papers will go out. We received to-day from the Bishops an inquiry whether the paper would be conducted according to Catholic principles, or not opposed to Catholic principles. Yet there can be no guarantee for the policy of the paper unless in the character of its shareholders. We gave no reply yet, being in the throes of parturition. . . .

I have received copy of a letter Tim Harrington sent Swift MacNeill in which he expresses surprise that Swift should have been "influenced by the intimidation and ruffianism of a man like Healy, and that it remained to be seen whether personally it would have been the wiser course for MacNeill to have allowed himself to be swerved from the path of duty and principle by a man upon whom both sat very lightly." This is delightful. To-day Harrington telegraphed O'Brien to get McCarthy to allow William's name to be substituted at Munroe's Bank in Paris for Justin's! They think they have William in their pocket. I am writing to McCarthy warning him.

I have been so much engaged with the starting of the new paper and the endless preliminaries for it that I have not been following other matters much. The Directors meet every day for hours—that is to say, Murphy, Dickson and myself, but Sexton is apparently intimidated privately. I wired to ask him to be here to-day for a meeting of the Tenants' Defence Committee, at which we thought Parnell would attend, but he made an excuse. The fact that the fight is thrown on me by men who would, perhaps, be the first to condemn my "strong language" is a further reason why I should be glad if some settlement could be arrived at.

Limerick men inform me that Sunday's Parnell demonstration was wretched, and that not forty voters attended.

Again I wrote him:

DUBLIN,
17th January, 1891.

I saw Archbishop Walsh on the Bishops' resolution. He was very reasonable, and I could see it was not meant in the sense we feared. Dr. Walsh's idea of having a clerical Director the Bishops were unable to adopt, and the resolution was the result of their abandonment thereof. Dr. Walsh has undertaken to satisfy his colleagues from what I said to him. His Grace also let me into one of the lies which Parnell has been using to influence O'Brien, but pledged me not to mention it publicly for the present. We have seen O'Brien's cables to Dillon, which show that Dillon is going to France to restrain O'Brien from falling into Parnell's hands. One of the things O'Brien cabled was: "Tim and Labby have been at this for a long time"—meaning thereby that he had fallen in with Parnell's lie about the "English conspiracy." Dillon wired to Gill begging him to "save O'Brien from Parnell." The cables ended by O'Brien begging Dillon to trust him and that he "could not afford to send any more cables." Dillon then started for Havre. What a marmalade!

We would be able to accept Dillon's leadership if Parnell were willing to resign. This I don't believe. O'Brien has some understanding with Clancy and Redmond that they should abandon Parnell if he doesn't accept his compromise, but it will come to naught.

I have got hold of a telegram from Harrington to O'Brien on Wednesday after the Tenants' Defence meeting, saying, "Parnell wishes you to get your name instead of McCarthy's as trustee of the Paris fund!"—proving how completely they believe they have O'Brien in their hands. The mischief O'Brien has done he is ignorant of. I am going to-night to Edgeworthstown, and all Longford will be at the meeting to-morrow. Dan Mahony told Denis Sullivan to-day that, having been in Kerry to bury his mother, he was astonished at the bitterness of the people against Parnell.

Scully's manager in Nenagh made himself offensive, and led the crowd against us, which for a bank manager was pretty strong. You may of course tell Canon O'Mahony about the cablegrams, but don't tell anyone else, as Harrington, on account of my getting *The Times* ciphers, would know the source of the information.

Business is *nil*, but I am not sorry, as my mind is off legal work.

During these anxieties we had also to try to maintain the cause of the tenants in their struggles against landlordism. I was soon again in the courts on their behalf.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,

22nd January, 1891.

I got back last night, having spent three days in Longford defending seven prisoners, whom I acquitted, before two of the dearest R.M.'s I was ever before—Smith and Beilby. The town mob had been "portered" into shouting against me on the Sunday night and Monday, but as the case wore on they got civil, and there was not a whimper as I was leaving, although the result was not known until to-day. I am glad on account of Jasper Tully, as his paper has stood to us. Two of the defendants were Parnellites, and would not be defended by me, but I made the best fight for them, and they were very warm as I was leaving. All my constituents are for me, but the roughs of South Longford are for Dr. Fitzgerald, M.P.

I had a fine reception in Mullingar in retaliation for some booing on Saturday night. I stayed with Bishop Nulty. Parnell has no chance whatever, and all Connacht is dead against him. I have been "left" by Sexton and Co. These are not men "to go tiger-hunting with." I have no mind to be thrust forward while they lurk behind, in statesmanlike retirement.

We are puzzled to know what to do about starting a new organization, as the Boulogne gentlemen have mined the ground under our feet. Their proposal is that Dillon should be leader, and is then to return to Ireland to prison, while Parnell and O'Brien go to America, and that a committee is to guide the Party, consisting of half Parnellites and half ourselves!

I have earned only a guinea since the term opened. We shall have to stop *Insuppressible*, as O'Brien won't allow Bodkin to write anything useful. John Redmond said, "O'Brien was more Parnellite than himself." For a man who has been a partisan all his life to turn "statesman" when partisanship was essential is pathetic.

I don't know how Hooper heard of the Bishops' letter to Parnell about *United Ireland*, as Dr. Walsh told it to me as a "great secret," so that I did not tell you. This shows how "secrets" are kept by trustees and trustors. I cannot see what Parnell would gain, or what the Bishops would lose, if the

letter were published. Parnell castrated his letter to Cecil Rhodes, and I hope the Liberals will secure the original and publish it as soon as Rhodes arrives.

O'Brien's action as to *Insuppressible* was hardly "cricket." It was bad enough to telegraph Bodkin as he did, but to give his telegram to other papers at the same time was worse. The *Freeman* had it before the *Insuppressible* was out. We had determined soon to stop it on the ground of expense, but O'Brien cut its throat.

We ought to do some work on the Land Bill. I shall put down amendments to reject Balfour's "concessions."

In 1898 I printed the text of the Primate's letter in a pamphlet called *Why Ireland is not Free* (page 26). As Parnell misled O'Brien by a perverted account of it, I quote the original. The letter chiefly objects to the starting of the "Plan of Campaign," which Parnell himself had condemned four years before.

4 RUTLAND SQUARE E., DUBLIN,
15th October, 1890.

DEAR MR. PARNELL,—

At a general meeting of the Bishops held here to-day some public questions of great importance in their bearing on religious interests were under consideration, and I was asked to convey to you the conclusions arrived at by the meeting on two of these questions. Let me premise, as requested to do, that the chief object for which the resolutions were adopted is to maintain, and if possible to strengthen, the relations which have hitherto generally existed with such happy results between the clergy and the Irish National Parliamentary Party, and to remove causes of misunderstanding which would surely be most painful to clergy and laity, and which might prove ruinous to our political prospects. I have also to observe that on the two questions to which we now call your attention the disapproval of the Bishops should have been long since notified to their flocks were it not for their anxiety to preserve the unity and strength of the National movement, and their expectations that the proceedings they condemned would shortly cease without their interference.

The Bishops have much confidence in your prudence and foresight, and hope that your influence and authority with the Party will remove the disquieting abuses they refer to before they further attract public attention, and, perhaps, lead to disastrous opposition and division in the National ranks.

The matters to which the Bishops presently request your attention are—
1st: The independent action of individual members of the Party in originating and sustaining movements involving the gravest consequences, political, social, and moral, without the sanction of the Party as such. Manifestly this sanction should, in all acts of importance, be sought and obtained before priests or people are invited to give their co-operation. The Bishops feel that the time has come to declare that they cannot in future sanction the co-operation of their clergy in proceedings taken under individual responsibility.

2nd: The want of supervision, even in matters of the gravest importance, over *United Ireland*. This paper is regarded as the organ of the National

Party, and for that reason the clergy who co-operate actively with the Party are, by many, held responsible for its editorial comments, even its vituperative attacks on individuals.

I am, dear Mr. Parnell,

Yours faithfully,

✱ MICHAEL LOGUE,

Archbishop of Armagh.

After the *Insuppressible* disappeared the only support we had in the Press came from Michael Davitt's *Labour World*, published in London. His attacks on Parnell were fiercer than anything we had said or written:

His honour is a by-word, his mendacity boundless, his vindictiveness and tyranny infamous, his hypocrisy colossal.

Other phrases aplenty spurted:

"His reeking name, blasted reputation," his "hideous deformity," and "the imposture called Parnellism."

Davitt, cross-examined on 16th May, 1892, in an action he took for libel against Redmond's *Independent*, made this apology:

If these observations are of a personal character, I regret them.

His quatrain on Parnell during the Sligo election of 1891 was denounced as the essence of "scurrility." So I shall not quote it. I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,

25th January, 1891.

Legal business has been killed by the "crisis." I am not worse off than anyone else, although I have only made a guinea in a fortnight! Denis Sullivan says that his receipts are seven guineas for that time, as against forty for the same period last year. The "lists" are meagre, and I suppose people's minds are occupied with politics, for every one says no such poor term has been known.

In letters from Knox and Murphy both mention that McCarthy and Sexton hope to make communication of the Boulogne proposals to-morrow. Hooper spoke to me yesterday about Archbishop Logue's letter to Parnell, as to which Parnell lied to O'Brien. He didn't show it him, for O'Brien told Hooper it contained a request that no more "Protestants" should be selected members. The letter contained nothing of the sort. Archbishop Walsh read it to me, and I have written His Grace suggesting that he should wire O'Brien that he has been deceived, and offering to send a copy of the letter. As read to me it was not even marked "private," and referred only to two points: first a complaint that members of the Party were (without prior sanction of the Party) committing it to important enterprises which placed priests in a dilemma; and second, that no effective supervision was given to *United Ireland*, which contained attacks on individuals that were undesirable.

The first point refers to New Tipperary, and the second to some attacks on a man's personal appearance.

I wrote him again:

DUBLIN,

23rd February, 1891.

Bodkin, with whom I dined, says that Hooper told him that Gill was cursing Dillon and says he would never follow such a leader, so it is evident there was a plan on O'Brien's part, had it not been for Dillon, either to support Parnell, or take the leadership himself, as a warming-pan for Parnell. Weakly as Dillon behaved, he is firmer than O'Brien.

The Carrick-on-Shannon blackguardism against me was carried on by less than a hundred youngsters from a distance, aided by the town mob and want of preparation on our side. The Party of disorder is always the Party of defeat. It appears as if we had the voters, and Parnell had their sons. Longford men assured me of a triumphant return. I am more than ever resolved.

Maurice being member for Cork, for which Parnell also sat, was eager for news, and we exchanged a continual correspondence. My letters to him reflect our anxieties from day to day:

DUBLIN,

28th February, 1891.

The account of the groaning at me in the *Freeman* is absurd. A few fellows groaned, which provoked a volume of cheering that surprised me. There was no interference of the police, or any hustling, and I walked straight through the crowd to challenge them. They were only a few lane boys from the surrounding purlieus.

I am doing nothing in the Courts, but I prefer being free for a while.

I am getting on well with the new paper, though there is much to be done before Saturday.

Parnell's plan is to galvanize the Secret Societies and to get our meetings broken up, and have disorder over the country.

If they can, they will prevent the sale of our paper by intimidation, but they will find they have undertaken too large an order. Once it is in steam for a month their tune will be changed.

I gave up my whole time for three months to getting out the *National Press*, which was to be our future daily organ, and as Dublin was intensely Parnellite owing to the writings of the *Freeman*, the task was no light one. I frequently reported progress to my brother:

DUBLIN,

4th March, 1891.

Things at the *National Press* office are beginning to look shipshape, but there will be a good deal to be done even after the paper has been issued.

Father Kearney, of Oldcastle, who used to be the leading priest in Drogheda, and who started there the *Independent* newspaper and the Independent Club, tells me they will beat Parnell, and that his Navan meeting was of no

account, although the numbers were large. Parnell is endeavouring to get control of the Drogheda *Independent*, of which he is a shareholder, but will not succeed.

Everywhere he is trying to "noble" the Press, or to intimidate the proprietors. MacGough wrote threatening the secretary of the Drogheda *Independent*, and inserted an advertisement in the Sligo papers for a newspaper office in order to frighten the Sligo *Champion*. We are watching our premises day and night.

DUBLIN,

6th March, 1891.

I am writing this in the *National Press* office. Everything is going splendidly. We have more advertisements than we can use, and if the machines go off all right by and by, the thing will be a success. Sexton is here and has quietly taken up the editorial position, although he had previously declined it. Murphy will be charmed at this. Dickson is here, also T.D.S. and Bodkin, and we are to have a "spread" when the first paper is run off. I am greatly in heart by this business.

Archbishop Walsh was here this afternoon, and spent an hour looking into every nook and cranny of the place, and expressed his wonder that in three months such an organization could be got together. We have got as leader-writers Gaynor from Belfast and Hugh Maguire of the Wexford *Free Press*. Bodkin and Donovan of the *Nation* are assisting. All the compositors cheered when the Archbishop came into their room. They are now applauding wildly at the locking up of the first side of the paper. We have the place watched by policemen, but I apprehend blackguardism as to our parcels and placards. This cannot last. We shall print 60,000 copies of the first issue.

