

Guerilla Days in Ireland 10s. 6d.

By COMMANDANT GENERAL TOM BARRY

Nowhere in Ireland was there such a concentration of British military and Black-and-Tans as there was in West Cork during the fighting years 1919-1921, and nowhere had they to contend with a guerilla force so daring or so resourceful.

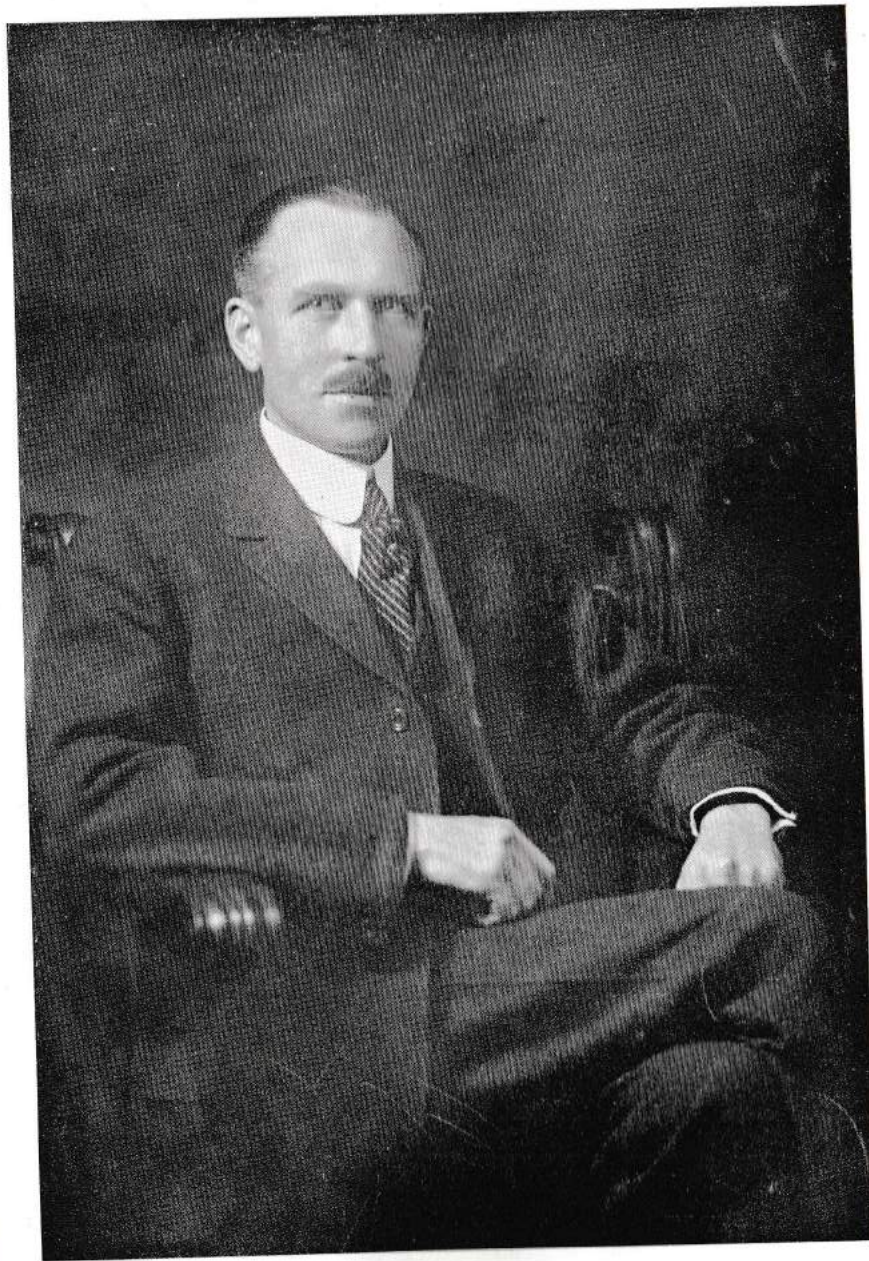
How men like Barry, Charlie Hurley, the brothers Hales, Dick Barrett, Sean Buckley, Liam Deasy and others led this small band to fight and outwit the heavily-equipped army of a mighty Empire makes a story that will live as long as Irish history is written. The fights that took place at Toureen, Kilmichael, Burgatia, Crossbarry and elsewhere have been a winter's tale around the hearth-sides in West Cork for more than a quarter of a century, but it is only in Tom Barry's narrative that one is enabled to see them as they actually happened and to assess the wealth of gallantry that they evoked. This book is not merely an invaluable contribution to the history of the War of Independence: it is also the personal story, tense with drama, of one of the most colourful personalities that the war produced.

I.R.B.

1916 Rising

Edited by Francis O'Donoghue

PUBLISHED BY PUBLICATION



Diarmuid Lynch

THE I.R.B. AND THE 1916 INSURRECTION

A record of the preparations for the Rising, with comments on published works relating thereto, and a Report on Operations in the G.P.O. garrison area during Easter Week, 1916.

by

DIARMUID LYNCH

Member of the Pre-1916 Supreme Council

Edited, with a foreword and two chapters on the American phase of Diarmuid Lynch's activities in the Clan-na-Gael and Friends of Irish Freedom,

by

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

Mr. Diarmuid Lynch

CONTENTS

Chapter.

I. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.	I
II. THE I.R.B., SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND COMMENTS	21
III. CASEMENT PAMPHLET, DISTRIBUTION OF, 1915.	38
IV. COUNTERMANDING ORDERS OF HOLY WEEK, 1916	44
V. COMMENTS ON R. M. FOX'S <i>History of the Irish Citizen Army</i> ...	55
VI. COMMENTS ON R. M. FOX'S <i>Green Banners</i>	82
VII. COMMENTS ON DESMOND RYAN'S <i>The Rising</i>	110
VIII. FOREWORD TO REPORT ON OPERATIONS, G.P.O. GARRISON AREA, EASTER WEEK, 1916	150
IX. REPORT ON OPERATIONS, G.P.O. GARRISON AREA, EASTER WEEK, 1916	157
X. ADDRESS TO CLAN-NA-GAEL RALLY, NEW YORK	181
XI. DIARMUID LYNCH AS NATIONAL SECRETARY, FRIENDS OF IRISH FREEDOM, PART I	187
XII. DIARMUID LYNCH AS NATIONAL SECRETARY, FRIENDS OF IRISH FREEDOM, PART 2	203
XIII. APPENDICES	219

INDEX

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Plate Number</i>
DIARMUID LYNCH	I
DUNDALK JAIL, 1915	II
MANCHESTER MARTYRS COMMEMORATION, CORK, 1915	III
SEAN MAC DIARMADA	IV
PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC, EASTER 1916	V
THE INTERIOR OF THE G.P.O. 1916	VI
THE SURRENDER ORDER	VII
PRESIDENT DE VALERA RECEIVING ONE OF THE ROLLS OF HONOUR ...	VIII
HARRY BOLAND, LIAM MELLOWS, EAMONN DE VALERA, DR. P. MCCURTAIN, DIARMUID LYNCH, JOHN DEVOY	IX
GROUP TAKEN AT OUTING OF NEW YORK PHILO CELTIC SOCIETY, CENTRAL PARK, SPRING 1906	X
LETTER FROM CATHAL BRUGHA TO DIARMUID LYNCH. TAKEN TO U.S. BY REV. FR. AUGUSTINE, O.F.M. CAP.	XI
TYPED COPY OF PART OF LETTER FROM ARTHUR GRIFFITH	XII
NEW YORK 1905	XIII
LETTER FROM CATHAL BRUGHA AND MICHAEL COLLINS TO DIARMUID LYNCH. REPRODUCED IN APPENDIX 3 WITH ENCODED PARTS TRANSLATED	XIV
SEAN O'HEGARTY AND DIARMUID LYNCH AT GRANIG, BALLYFEARD 1923	XV
DOCUMENT ON LINEN SIGNED BY THE SENTENCED PRISONERS ON THEIR RELEASE FROM PRISON IN JUNE 1917	

FOREWORD

The autobiographical record which Diarmuid Lynch had commenced to write but never completed, and which forms the first chapter of this book, covers the period of his first sojourn of eleven years in the United States of America. It ends with his initiation into the Irish Republican Brotherhood by Sean T. O'Kelly in 1908, when, after his return to Ireland, he became a member of the Bartholomew Teeling Circle.

Although his national activities continued in one form or another up to the date of his death in November 1950, and although some of these activities are modestly referred to in the course of comment on published works relating to the Rising and to the I.R.B. wherever it was necessary to indicate his personal knowledge of events, nevertheless it seems desirable to supplement his unfinished record by setting down briefly the main events of his life. His work in the United States, as National Secretary of the Friends of Irish Freedom from 1918 to 1932, is a separate phase, an outline of which is given in the two last chapters in this book. The material for a full record of that phase, including the controversies in which the organisation was involved, is available in America and will, no doubt, be published.

From 1908 to 1917 the I.R.B. was the organisation through which Diarmuid contributed most of his service to the cause of the Irish Republic, and his participation in the Rising was its principal event. From his return to Ireland in 1932 until almost the day of his death he had been engaged, quietly and with almost incredible persistence, in collecting and recording accurate records of the historic events of the Rising and the pre-Rising activities of the I.R.B. Beginning this work at a time when little or nothing had been done to assemble the material for a factual record, or to separate the truth from the fables which gather inevitably around the activities of a secret organisation, he pursued it with astonishing industry and acumen. To say that he checked and re-checked everything he put on record as fact would be a considerable understatement. No possible source of accurate information was disregarded, no slightest lead towards the truth in which alone he was interested was neglected. In the light of his personal knowledge of the leaders and events of the period he was in a unique position to separate what was true and significant historically from the sentimental accretions of patriotic imagination. His personal integrity and ability, and the fact that he was one of the last surviving members of the pre-1916 Supreme Council of the I.R.B. combine to give his record of events an authoritative quality.

When he came to Cork in 1910 he was transferred from the Bartholomew Teeling Circle to the Cork City Circle whose centre was Sean O'Hegarty. His sterling worth and organisational ability were at once recognised, and in the following year he was elected by secret ballot to the post of Divisional Centre for South Munster and representative on the Supreme Council. This position he held until the Rising. It is an indication of the confidence reposed on him by the leaders that in 1914 he was the Council's delegate to the biennial Convention of the Clan-na-Gael in America, where he reported to the Revolutionary Directory on the state of the home organisation, and that during the period of Sean MacDiarmada's imprisonment in 1915 it was Diarmuid who was selected to act for him as Secretary of the Supreme Council, at a time when the final plans for the Rising were being completed.

His mission to the United States in 1914 with Thomas Ashe* was ostensibly to collect money for the Gaelic League, of which he was a member of the Coiste Gnotha. He remained in America after Ashe's return to carry out his actual mission, and when he returned to Ireland he brought a draft for £2,000 to purchase arms for the newly founded Irish Volunteers.

His activities in organising the I.R.B. in various parts of the country, in the distribution of Casement's pamphlet, "Ireland, Germany and the Freedom of the Seas," in the preparations for the Rising and in the selection of a landing place for the expected German arms are all recorded in the pages that follow, and it is not necessary to refer to them here. In these years he was the soldier in preparation; in Easter Week he became the soldier in action as a Staff Captain in the G.P.O. That phase of his work also is sufficiently evident from the records he has compiled.

In the court-martial following the Rising he was sentenced to death. Probably the fact that he had retained his American citizenship saved him from execution. At the request of Senator O'Gorman, President Wilson intervened on his behalf. His sentence was commuted to ten years' penal servitude. He was in Dartmoor and Lewis prisons until released with the other sentenced prisoners in June 1917.

Immediately on release he took up his work again, becoming a member of the Sinn Fein Executive Council, a member of the Irish Volunteer Executive and Director of Communications on the Headquarters Staff, and Treasurer of the reorganised Supreme Council of the I.R.B. Its President was then Sean McGarry and its Secretary Michael Collins. With Diarmuid, they constituted the Executive of the organisation. Diarmuid Lynch, Tom Ashe and Con Collins were entrusted by the Supreme Council in 1917 with the task of revising the I.R.B. Constitution, to bring it into conformity with the new position which had arisen from the proclamation of the Republic.

The reconstituted Sinn Fein Executive, reinforced by representatives of

* died on hunger strike - 1917.

the Volunteer and I.R.B. organisations, became in effect a national Government, exercising such legislative and executive functions as the strength of the national position permitted. Shadow ministers were appointed, but named Directors. Diarmuid was appointed Food Director—a very necessary Ministry at a time when Britain's food position had become so precarious as a result of German submarine warfare that there was real danger that this country would be denuded of essential supplies.

On February 21st, 1918, acting in his capacity as Food Controller, Diarmuid had seized in Dublin a consignment of pigs intended for export to England. He was subsequently arrested and brought before a Court. At his trial on March 3rd he made the following statement:

"As an American citizen I stand by the principle laid down in the Declaration of American Independence and restated by President Wilson, that government of a people without the consent of the governed is unjust and contrary to the God-given rights of all nations.

I stand by the inalienable rights of the Irish Republic enunciated by the gallant men murdered by England in 1916. I deny the right of any Court constituted by British Law to deprive me of my liberty for any act of mine committed in Ireland. That which this Court presumes to try me for has, I venture to say, the approval of the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland. It was undertaken by me in the capacity of Sinn Fein Food Director on behalf of the Irish people against the policy of the usurping British Government in denuding this country of bacon and other Irish food products contrary to the needs and interests of the Irish people.

It was also undertaken with a clear perception of what might be expected from the foreign militarism which curses this unfortunate country, and now my advice to the people of Ireland is to do as I have done. Better that some—hundreds if necessary—should suffer rather than have millions of our race die of starvation as they did in black '47—victims of the self-same British policy."

Serving his sentence of imprisonment in Dundalk Jail Diarmuid had a Deportation Order served on him there on 20th May. This threatened to interfere very seriously with his personal affairs. He was engaged to Kathleen Mary Quinn, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn of Newbridge, whom he had first met in Dublin in 1914. The Deportation Order intimated that he was to be held in custody until he was put aboard a ship sailing for the United States. If he was unable to get married before he was deported his bride, not being an American citizen, could not under war conditions get a passport to the United States to join him there. He applied, through the prison governor, for permission to have the marriage ceremony in

Dundalk Jail. Expecting refusal of his request and believing that the Deportation Order might be put into effect even before his sentence expired, he decided to get married without the consent of the Prison Board.

At noon on 24th April, Kathleen Quinn, accompanied by her sister Carmel and a friendly priest, presented themselves at the prison and requested a visit to Diarmuid, Michael Brennan of Clare and Frank Henderson of Dublin, who were fellow prisoners. After the usual formalities the three prisoners were summoned to meet their friends, and during the fifteen minute interview the marriage ceremony was performed. Congratulations to the bride and groom were all the more hearty for the manner in which they had outwitted the prison authorities.

They barely succeeded. A few hours later Diarmuid was notified by the prison governor that his request had been refused, and on the same afternoon he was transferred to Dublin on his way to Liverpool in custody, where he was put aboard a ship bound for New York. By a coincidence, Mrs. Lynch, her sister and some friends entered the same compartment on the train from Dundalk to Dublin in which Diarmuid was travelling in charge of two detectives, so that he started his honeymoon with an official escort. His wife went with him to Liverpool next day, but was arrested there on the technical charge that being an American citizen she had entered England without a passport. She was not allowed to travel on the same boat with him to America, but after some weeks of waiting she was able to join him in New York.

In the United States his tireless energy found an immediate outlet in the work of organising the Irish there in support of the national effort at home. He was appointed National Secretary of the Friends of Irish Freedom, and became a member of the National Council and National Executive. In these positions of considerable responsibility and at times of severe strain he set a standard of integrity and forbearance which merited admiration. "He . . . studiously avoided participation in controversies, and never said an unkind or disrespectful word of any of his old colleagues."¹

The differences on policy which had arisen in America did not disturb his steadfast loyalty to the Irish Republic, nor deflect his devoted labours for its establishment and welfare. His reaction to the Treaty is evident from a statement which he made to the Press on 7th December 1921.

"With Irish coastal fortifications under British control, with power in the hands of the English Government to appoint a Governor-General for Ireland, with the Irish Government restricted in a dozen different ways by England, with an Ireland swearing allegiance to a foreign King,

¹ *Gaelic American*, 24th July, 1920.

the use of the term 'Irish Free State' is an insult to the dead who died fighting for an Independent Irish Republic. It is also an insult to the intelligence of the living men and women in Ireland who will still continue to fight for absolute separation from England, and the intelligence of millions of Americans who appreciate the difference between a free America and a Colony of England."

From his return to Ireland in 1932 until his death he co-operated actively in every effort directed towards the collection of material for a reliable and accurate record of the historic events with which he was so intimately associated. The nineteenth anniversary of the Rising was commemorated by an impressive ceremony at the G.P.O. Dublin on 21st April, 1935. President de Valera unveiled a statue of Cuchulain in the G.P.O. in the presence of a distinguished gathering. A parade of 2,500 old Dublin Brigade men, members of Cumann-na-mBan, Army Units, and the newly established Volunteer Force took part in the ceremonies. Diarmuid was there and broadcast an address from Radio Eireann that night on the Easter Week activities in the G.P.O. area.

On many occasions before then calls had come, both from the veterans of the national struggle for freedom and from others, for some organised effort to record for posterity reliable accounts of the conflict. Something had been done in a piecemeal fashion by individuals, but there was as yet no comprehensive and definitive history, nor were the materials for such a history being collected.

That commemoration ceremony appears to have given a new impetus to the desire strongly felt by the diminishing survivors of the Rising, and in June of the same year Garrison Committees were set up in Dublin for the different command areas of Easter Week, charged with the task of collecting and recording factual accounts of the fighting. Diarmuid undertook the labour of gathering and compiling the records for the G.P.O. area.

It was a labour of love for him, although it took four years to complete. But the first partial result was available within a year. On 24th May, 1936, the 1916 Roll of Honour was presented to Mr. de Valera at Government Buildings, and is now in the National Museum. Diarmuid presented the Roll of deceased members, which then numbered 273. The Roll of members then living contained 1,226 names.

In a letter to the Irish Press of 6th December, 1944 he detailed the method he had adopted to secure the required information.

"To secure the requisite data," he wrote, "I (acting for the Garrison Committee) posted to each member of the G.P.O. Garrison whose name and address were available a specially ruled sheet with spaces for Monday, Tuesday, etc., under the following headings:—

1. Day.
2. Post or subsidiary position.
3. Officer in immediate command.
4. Duties performed. Incidents of special interest recalled.
5. Hour, approximately.

Supplementary comment was requested on the back of sheet or on separate sheets.

These ruled forms simplified the task of the narrators. The day by day recital was invaluable later. The replies were both immediate and satisfactory. Many were confined to one page; others ran to several pages. Each bore the signature and address of the narrator. Only facts within the personal knowledge of the narrator were required and these were given."

One hundred and forty-seven of these individual reports were returned to Diarmuid, and they gave rise to a considerable quantity of correspondence in the clarification of many points and in the elaboration of some matters of special importance. From them he compiled the Report presented in this book. It was, as he said, "condensed to suit the publication then anticipated," but is nevertheless the most comprehensive and reliable factual record yet available of the operations in the G.P.O. Garrison area during Easter Week. If similar Reports were available from the other Garrison Committees set up at the same time, the work which Diarmuid visualised as a factual record of the Rising would be complete. All the original reports on the G.P.O. area and the correspondence in connection therewith are preserved.

In March 1936 he broadcast from Radio Eireann a talk on his old friend John Devoy. In July 1938 he left Dublin and came to live near Mallow. In the following year he returned to his native Tracton, where he resided until his death on 9th November 1950.

A word may perhaps be said as to the form of the material included in this book. Had Diarmuid lived longer he would no doubt have continued his autobiography and incorporated into it in direct narrative form much or all of the material which he had set down in correction of statements made in published books, or in relation to his personal knowledge of historic events. In the circumstances, it has been thought desirable to leave the material in the form in which he wrote it.

F. O'D.

“ And every comrade's honour, boys,
Will still be dear to me ”

PREFACE

To satisfy the eager curiosity of old friends and that of boys and girls of the present generation to get details at first hand of incidents in which I had the honour to participate, I recounted such from time to time. Their next request was that I should write my reminiscences for publication,—a tall order !

The appeal of the youngsters who hungered for such data was a great temptation, but the idea was too fanciful to merit serious consideration. To begin with, I have neither literary pretensions nor the ambition to become known as an “ historian.” Next, I felt that the writing of an autobiography might well lead to the conclusion that I had far too exaggerated an idea of my own importance. Finally, there was the big doubt that the story, if written, would appeal to a publisher.

These considerations are still valid. Over recent years, however, I have devoted attention to noting errors of fact and opinion in books and manuscripts relating to the “ Easter Week ” period and commenting thereon. These comments were not written for publication but in the hope that the MS. might some day serve as a guide to future historians. But, friends for whose judgment I have high regard (among them one in particular with whose activities in the United States on behalf of Irish freedom I have been intimately associated for wellnigh half a century) having read those commentaries insist that it is incumbent on me to go further and record other memoirs. They hold that irrespective of my own feelings on the matter, the MS. would surely help to clarify certain historical incidents and thus serve a useful purpose. With the hope that they may be correct in this, I proceed. But, while writing I shall always have in mind the sarcastic remark current at one time in America : “ Gee, that fellow hates himself.”

D. L.

CHAPTER I

I

The writer of this autobiography, Diarmuid Lynch, was born at Granig, Tracton, Co. Cork, on the 10th January, 1878. Baptised "Jeremiah Christopher" I was for nearly 30 years known by one or other of these names (in varying forms as the personnel of my orbits changed) or by the initials "J.C.", and occasionally (in Gaelic circles) as Diarmuid. From 1907 when I returned from the U.S. to Ireland (for good as I then thought), I have had one name only,—the Gaelic form of Jeremiah, viz., Diarmuid.

Educated at Knocknamana "National" School under the tutelage of Michael McCarthy—a splendid teacher, proud of his Clan of MacCaura ancestry—though Irish History was not on the curriculum and was in fact taboo by the then pro-British Commissioners of Education in Ireland, he never missed an opportunity to relate some stirring incident in Ireland's fight against the invader. But, himself a product of the so-called "National" system and of the relentless denationalising agencies of which it was in the forefront, he knew but little Irish and only on odd occasions did he utter a Gaelic phrase.

Though most of the older generation in these parts spoke Irish in my youth it was deemed by them a badge of inferiority; we youngsters were given no opportunity to learn it. A few of the old stock were reputed to be "Gaelic scholars" who could read the language, and one was said to have books in Irish. This conveyed but little to me; I never saw Irish in print; the only written characters that came to my notice were on a scroll with the hand printed motto: "Cead Mile Failte." Phrases used by our old neighbour at Granig, Bessie O'Brien (whose family I saw evicted from their home when a boy) such as my conduct called for: "O, mo naire thu" (my shame thou art), and "Cuis gaire chughainn" (the cause of laughter to us) came to mind in after years as I studied my "O'Growney" in New York—when my joy on finding "naire" and "gaire" *in print* was unbounded.

I never heard any of those old Tractonians mention the "Tally-stick" as I did Sean O Cathasaigh of Mayo in New York: even so, they passed without leaving their children a knowledge of the language. As far as this locality was concerned the tongue of the Gael was apparently at its last gasp,—a fact which was only too true of the whole breac-Ghaeltacht. Nowadays, how I envy the boys and girls who are taught Irish in school, and how I deplore the fact that they do not speak it when they leave the school room!

What happy memories those school days at Knocknamana recall: Our hard-fought hurling matches when the rival "captains" of the day picked their "men" by calling alternately on the "man" each captain deemed best to bring success to his team. Our camans varied from the factory-made to those cut, "seasoned" and shaped by a few among us, and even to furze "crooks." From a purely exhibition standpoint there was the traditional test of how often one could continuously hit the ball vertically and forcefully from the "hop"—without moving outside a 12 foot circle. What competitions we had in running, jumping in all its phases; weight-throwing (nothing less than 28 lb. for us "men" of 10-12 years!) when we locals adjourned in summer evenings down by Coveney's woollen mills (now alas gone); in spearing the other fellow's peg-top, which called for a keen eye and governed hand. Marble-playing of our type also called for a high degree of expertness—shooting one from the forefinger and thumb and knocking another from the "pink" some five feet away, was as neat a performance in its way as any backspin golf shot Bobby Jones ever played,—the stakes being buttons or marbles, "brassies" being the choice among the former and vari-coloured "glassies" the latter. Then came the "conquerors" in the horse-chestnut competition, buttons again being the prize. My winnings in both games were considerable—the full of a home-made treasure chest—but what I was most proud of was my ability when about 10 years of age to shape and sew a two-part leather cover on my self-made hurley ball. We lads were expert trout catchers by hand under banks and large stones (the illegality of which we reckoned not) and had many other interests which the boys of the present sophisticated age do not enjoy. Happy memories, yes, but coupled now with a note of sadness; the Knocknamana Roll of my schooldays numbered about 140 boys and girls; to-day (1950) the total is less than 35!

As a youngster I heard snatches of a local ballad in praise of Tracton's prowess in the hurling field long before I was born. Each member of that particular team was referred to by name, among them my grandfather and one of his farm hands:

There was Jerry Lynch so famous, a man of reputation
And Timothy O Dalaigh of great activity.

Those Tracton Supple (pronounced soople) Goalers of more than a century ago were a headline for later generations—one of which at least (when I was a gorsoon) not only lived up to but excelled it.

This locality, however, had little or no tradition over a long period in Ireland's fight for freedom. From ancient times we could, of course, recall some of the history of Tracton Abbey founded by the Cistercians in 1224—of which some carved stones are the only remaining witnesses. Three fields

in front of my old home are still called the "monastreens," which may have been monastery lands or as the word implies may have been the site of chapels (little monasteries). Local tradition has it that there were divided opinions among the monks as to the most suitable site on which to build the Abbey—whether on a hillock in one of these "monastreens" or lower in the valley near the stream; that stones laid during the day on the former were found next morning at the valley site—which was eventually chosen. Supernatural interference is suggested, but (if the story has any basis) it might have been that the advocates of the lower site were the better tacticians.

When enquiring recently about local nomenclature my friend "Fiacra Eilgeach" informed me that Brady's Records of the Diocese of Cork, etc., mentions "Beata Mariae de Kilmanan prior ssa de Granig" which suggests that a community of nuns had a convent on one of those aforesaid "monastreens."

Old neighbours of my boyhood days used to tell me that I was of the ninth generation of the Lynchs in Granig, but I have no means of checking this. On my first visit home from the U.S. I succeeded in deciphering inscriptions on the three Lynch headstones in Tracton graveyard, but the earliest name shown is that of Cathren Lynchy who died in 1750. This in itself was of particular interest, the spelling being the nearest anglicised approximation to the Irish name O Loingsigh. Thereafter the name appears as Lynch.

In political affairs my father, Timothy Lynch, was typical of his generation; his interest was in "Home Rule" and he regularly read the very lengthy speeches of the Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament. He took me to see Parnell's great welcome to Cork (in 1886 I think), and I remember attending a monster Land League meeting at Minane Bridge which was addressed by those fiery orators William O'Brien and Dr. Charles Tanner—both M.P.s. But what stirred deeper national feelings in me were patriotic songs at family "parties" by my cousins Miah and John Ahern. Sentiments such as:

"Yet, thank God e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
at the Rising of the Moon."

and

"Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men be you, men
Like those of Ninety Eight,"

thrilled and left an abiding impression. And, as in so many Irish homes, there was Robert Emmet's picture with the closing words of his immortal speech from the dock!

On my father's death when I was 13 years old, the "sling" and the catapult, the "crib" and the snipe snare were discarded, his shot-gun—which I was now at liberty to use—took their place. When I graduated to the "bagging" of snipe and woodcock and got an intimate knowledge of every bog and brake, every fence and "botharin" for miles around I felt confident of being a good scout and of my ability to handle a rifle to advantage if and when the opportunity offered in these parts for more serious work.

Soon, however, my future career was necessarily directed into a new channel,—I became a sorting clerk in the Cork G.P.O. Then I studied at Skerry's College for entrance to the British Civil Service, and in open examination secured a place as a "Boy Clerk"—with an appointment in London at the munificent salary of fourteen shillings a week.

The few Irishmen with whom I was acquainted on arrival in London lived at the opposite side of the city; my roommate in Islington was a Corkman who had no active interest in Irish national affairs; Frank P. Burke, a fellow clerk in the Mount Pleasant Money Order Office, had many views in common. Through the latter I was called on at the end of 1895 to make up a team in a hurling match in those early days of the G.A.A. in London. The teams had no distinguishing colours other than cotton sashes, one green and that of the opponents red. Mine remained among my treasures for more than a score of years. I have a mental picture of the small park in which the match was played, but of nothing else connected with it.

My further stay in that big metropolis was brief. I have since regretted not having had the opportunity of closer acquaintance with those players. Among them, I feel certain, were many members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood—the continued existence of which (either in Ireland or London), I was then totally unaware.

Not so many years later the London Gaels beat the home champions in Dublin. I deem it an honour to have been one of their early adherents. Even so, it was with a glad heart I grasped the chance to quit London where I felt cooped up in an alien atmosphere. I availed of the opportunity offered by my uncle, Cornelius Dunlea, in New York,—where I arrived in March 1896.

II

During my first year in Manhattan I visited every spot of historical or other interest, and venture to say I knew the city better than most native born citizens. The knowledge which they came by naturally about the working of the Federal and State Governments I acquired in large measure through study of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Another twelve months' residence was, however, necessary to get these and kindred matters

into proper perspective. Though U.S. citizenship was acquired by me shortly after the minimum term of five years elapsed, I can say that on first sight of the Statue of Liberty I felt myself to be a good American.

For the inauguration of President McKinley on March 4, 1897, an Irish friend accompanied me to Washington, D.C. What with the magnificent Capitol Building over-topping the immense mass of people among whom I stood to witness the solemn ceremony with Old Glory floating freely from its dome, and then with multitude singing to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, I experienced the deepest thrill of my young life.

Over 1896-7 my social activities were chiefly among German-Americans; splendid comrades they were. Our friendship remained intact over the eleven year initial period of my sojourn in the "Empire City," though my association with them diminished as the work of the Gaelic League came to occupy more and more of my spare time.

During the whole of that period my employment was with A. B. Farquhar & Co. (of which my uncle was junior partner and managing director)—exporters of farm implements and machinery manufactured by the A. B. F. Co. Ltd. at York, Pa. Our principal foreign markets included South Africa, South America, Mexico and Cuba. At first my job was that of bookkeeper and shipping clerk. Later (after my uncle's death in 1900) more important duties were assigned to me, and in time I became Assistant Manager. In the early years my salary advanced none too rapidly; my uncle continually urged that there was a wider field for me abroad. With this prospect in view I studied Spanish and Mechanical Drawing, and had all arrangements made to leave for Chihuahua, north-west Mexico, in 1898 when word came to postpone my departure. Next, I was offered a position in one of W. R. Grace & Co.'s houses in Peru but my preference was to remain in New York where by that time activities in the Irish language movement were all absorbing.

My first contact with Irish-American affairs was at the Irish Palace Fair in May, 1897. There I enjoyed the exhibits and walked on soil brought from each of the 32 Irish Counties, but met none of those responsible for the exhibition. Later on I read in the *Irish American* that classes in the Irish language were conducted by the New York Philo Celtic Society, which had functioned since 1876. The pleasure which this news evoked was, however, coupled with the fear that text books in the language (which I had never seen in print) must of necessity be beyond the reach of the \$18 a week clerk. Even so, I decided to investigate and presented myself at the Society's room one hot summer afternoon, 1897. To my astonishment and delight I was handed a primer published by the Society for the Preservation of Irish Language, price 10 cents! On the other hand, my disappointment was acute to find not hundreds of students (as I had fondly anticipated) but half a dozen

old men—including Denny Burns, Joe Cromien and John Casey, veterans in the movement long long before the Gaelic League was established,—and an equal number of younger people.

The following December I was elected Secretary. By then the membership had assumed its normal proportions; yet far from what it should have been. As the work in Ireland advanced and our activities became better known, the attendance at classes quadrupled. I venture to say that not even in Ireland itself could be found a group of finer calibre or more intensely patriotic from every standpoint. Their outlook was that enunciated by Pádraig Pearse a decade later: "Ireland free as well as Gaelic, Gaelic as well as free." [Among them were many boys and girls of the first American-born generation, and a few whose roots were further removed from the motherland.]

All were imbued with Thomas Davis' dictum that "a nation's language is a more secure barrier than fortress or river." And, convinced that the restoration of the Irish language would increase the self-respect of the Irish people, we also deemed it our duty to eradicate any factor which militated against the good name of the race at home or abroad. "Stage-Irishism" was particularly obnoxious, and it seemed as though we in the U.S. had a keener perception of its repercussions than had our people in the old land.

"MacFadden's Row of Flats" which ran at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in the winter of 1901 was one of the worst of its type. The Philo Celtic Society organised a protest which, in the first instance, was confined to hissing the actors. The theatre folk brought in a strong-arm squad who man-handled and ejected both men and women. [Among the latter I recollect Miss Sarah McKelvey and Miss Mary MacManus.] My souvenir of the occasion was a "beautiful black eye," received while my arms were pinioned by two of the ejectors. Police arrived while the protest continued and arrested eight of our men who, however, were released next morning.

The show went uptown to the Star Theatre the following week. There the actors fared worse,—from eggs and similar "ammunition." This time the management had a squad of police ready in case of trouble. Several arrests were made; the curtain came down. When the prisoners had been taken away, the performance was resumed. But, our "reserves" renewed the attack; more police got into action; the excitement was intense. At the police station the manager of the theatre deemed it the part of discretion not to press charges!

From New York the "MacFaddens" went to Philadelphia. What with the rough reception they got there (and I mean "rough"), plus a later protest at Buffalo, the show went "off the boards."

This was but the beginning of a campaign,—the "Stage-Irishman" had "as many lives as a cat" and he continued to exist chameleon-like. Years

later the sponsors of "MacFadden's Flats" endeavoured to revive it elsewhere in "expurgated" form. But its inherently objectionable features were such that our friends in New Haven and Boston kept up the fight and it finally disappeared. Meanwhile, we New York Gaels had to be ever vigilant and impenitently emphatic in our protests irrespective of the auspices under which stage-Irishism showed its head. Too often the culprits were of our own blood, which shows how deeply the vicious propaganda had become operative.

While on this subject I may as well deal (out of chronological order) with the fight early in 1907 against the Russell Brothers' "Irish Servant Girl"—in which we had the co-operation of the United Irish-American Societies in New York, the delegates to which met once a month on Sunday nights. A meeting synchronised with the running of the show at Oscar Hammerstein's Opera House; a delegation of three was sent to interview him. He received us courteously but said he could not break his contract with impunity. On receipt of our report it was decided to afford him "cause"—to attend at a performance in force as regular theatre goers. We did so, hissed vociferously in due course and the curtain came down. Then, our spokesman—Thomas P. Tuite, a grand old man who in his youth had joined the Federal Army in the Civil War as a drummer-boy and who later had come to Ireland to participate in the '67 Rising—made a dignified verbal protest whereupon we withdrew from the theatre. All very dignified, indeed, but we learned later that the considerable amount of money left at Hammerstein's box office did not bring commensurate results.

The show was billed for the Orpheum Theatre, Brooklyn, the following week, and a Manhattan delegation went across to organise a more effective protest there. I recall with pleasure that among those at the meeting of the Brooklyn Gaelic Society where such was discussed, Tom Clarke (who had spent 15 years in English convict prisons and in 1916 made the supreme sacrifice for the Irish Republic) was one of its most enthusiastic advocates. At the Orpheum neither the presence of some 150 uniformed police to the rear of the "orchestra" ("pit") nor the "plain-clothes men" who lined the corridors proved a deterrent. Our men, on signal, delivered their "ammunition." Twenty-four were arrested,—ten of whom were held for "Special Sessions." We naturally expected something like this and had bondsmen ready to give bail. Dick Dalton and myself were among those who escaped arrest,—thanks to the fact that the detectives grabbed the "disturbers" nearest them, two just behind us and one immediately in front. I took care to get rid of my whistle at first throw. Our assistance came in useful for the men held for court proceedings. This latter phase was replete with interesting details, too numerous to recount here. Suffice it to say that the outcome was satisfactory. Similar protests were made in

a few other cities which brought "The Irish Servant Girl" to an inglorious end. Paradoxically, it had one decent item, the singing of "Where the River Shannon Flows," a composition of the Russell Brothers,—just one redeeming feature in an otherwise obnoxious production.

Reverting to 1901: It was about that year the Philo Celtic first participated in the St. Patrick's Day Parade. This, as a rule, was a large and creditable turn-out, viewed by perhaps a quarter of a million spectators. There were bands and banners a-plenty but nothing to indicate that a new crusade in Ireland—the language revival—was reawakening the national soul of Ireland, of which the vast majority of those onlookers had little or no realisation. We injected some Irish-Ireland atmosphere by the display of artistic bannerettes, draped over the sides of our open carriages, bearing slogans in Irish: TIR AGUS TEANGA! (Country and Language), TIR GAN TEANGA, TIR GAN ANAM (A Country without a Language is a Country without a Soul), MUSCAIL DO MISNEACH, A BANBA! (Summon your Courage, O Ireland), BEIDH EIRE FOS CAIT NI DUBUIDIR (Ireland will yet be free). While this incident may be deemed by many as trivial it was indicative of our efforts "over the water" and we were proud of the widespread interest which it aroused.

III

My first visit home to Ireland was in 1902. I was then vice-president of the Philo Celtic Society, New York; later that year I became president. At the Gaelic League Ard Fheis (parliament of the Gael) in Dublin I made the acquaintance of many of the leading figures in the Revival. What a thrill to find myself associated with them, and to listen to the traditional singers and story-tellers at the competitions! A similar experience was in store for me at the Munster Feis held a little later, where I had the good fortune to get in with the younger element at the céilidhe which followed the all-star programme. The old Irish figure dances which the Gaelic League had revived—the Four-hand Reel, Rinncé Fada, High Caul Cap, etc.—were a revelation. With the help of competent partners I was able to participate in them and one of the cailini (Miss E. O'Connor, whose brother Fergus was a fellow "convict" after "Easter Week") wrote down full instructions for me later, of which more anon. With her co-operation and that of my fellow-Tractonian, Liam de Roiste, a group of singers and dancers attended an Aeridheacht which I arranged at Minane Bridge; these were accompanied by our old New York friend, Edward O'Mahony (who was "out" in '67 and later was associated with the Carl Rosa Opera Company). Not since the great Land League meeting of my boyhood had Tracton parish seen such a large and enthusiastic gathering. What a breath of Gaelicism they experienced in that summer of 1902!

"The Gaelic League of America" had been in existence since 1899, and by 1901 had forty affiliated branches—several of which had functioned for fully a quarter of a century. With this fact in mind I had to smile on reading a history of the "Easter Week" period (1916) in which it was intimated that it was only by the time Dr. Douglas Hyde visited America (1905) Irish language societies had been organised! This, indeed, is but typical of how little Ireland knew of Irish-American activities either then or at a much later period.

Though interested in the work of the nation-wide organisation in the United States I had no connection with organisation other than membership in one of its constituent branches. I was glad of that as had I been a delegate to the 1902 Convention at Philadelphia, where discord reigned supreme, I suppose I would have been identified with one side or the other. Anyway, from that time forward "the Gaelic League in America" existed in name only.

"An Gaodhal," a monthly magazine printed solely in Irish, had for some twenty years been published by Michael J. Logan in Brooklyn. In or about 1898 it was taken over by Stephen J. Richardson, and appeared in a new format with the additional title "The Gael." Printed bilingually and splendidly produced in every respect, this journal was recognised as the unofficial organ of the Gaelic League in America. What with the split at Philadelphia it lost a large percentage of its supporters. The following June it published a most offensive caricature of Major John MacBride, against which some of us New Yorkers protested vigorously. This antagonism to MacBride could only have been because of his leadership of the pro-Boer Irish Brigade in South Africa, plus his uncompromising stand for an Irish Republic—in the fight for which he gave his life in 1916. Thenceforward, the days of "The Gael" were numbered.

The Gaelic League of the State of New York, founded about 1902, was more cohesive than the national organisation. Though it had but nine branches mostly in New York City, they were without exception very active. I have pleasant recollections of the co-ordinated work which it accomplished during my term as State President in raising funds for the League in Ireland and otherwise. The veteran John Casey who preceded me in the presidency of the Philo Celtic Society, became my successor at the head of the State League in 1906, and I am aware that under his guidance and that of Patrick Kavanagh who succeeded him the N.Y. State organisation continued to do effective work. It was still virile during my brief visit to the U.S. in 1914.

It was during my incumbency as State President that the remains of Father O'Growney reached New York en route from Los Angeles to Ireland. On us fell the duty of arranging the reception in the East, and of a fitting farewell.

Next to the religious ceremonies at St. Patrick's Cathedral where the remains of the Great Gaelic Scholar were to lay overnight, our first thought was to secure a Guard of Honour from the Irish Volunteer Regiment (the uniformed men of the Clan-na-Gael). None of the League officers had then any intimate contact with the Clan so far as I was aware, but John J. O'Leary and myself had an idea that Mr. Daniel F. Cohalan, then a practising lawyer, was an important figure in it and we requested him to use his influence with the Irish Volunteers on our behalf. He intimated that he did not hold the position attributed to him, and smiled at what he must have deemed our naïvetè. Nevertheless, the Guard of Honour materialised. Not alone that, but the I.V. officers also had the Regiment under orders to accompany the remains to the S.S. "Campania." This public demonstration was, however, cancelled at the last moment—the Cunard Company fearing the reaction of passengers if they became aware that the ship had a coffin aboard. At least, that was the reason given, their ultimatum was final.

The sailing date of the "Campania" (September 13, 1903) synchronised with that of the first issue of *The Gaelic American*,—the official organ of the Clan-na-Gael. We of the Gaelic League were delighted to find in it a long article set in Irish type,—with a promise that such would be a regular feature of the paper. But its policy with relation to the revival of the Irish language—as set out editorially by John Devoy—was confined to "the cultivation of Irish literature." Such was, of course, one of the ultimate aims of the Gaelic League but our immediate object was the restoration of Irish as the spoken language of Ireland. Though *The Gaelic American* continued to give splendid publicity to every phase of the language revival and the members of the Clan were supporters in all our activities the objective uppermost in their minds was the establishment through "physical force" of an independent Irish Republic. They did not then appreciate the fact that the winning of political freedom would have to await a favourable opportunity, and that if the "opportune time" did not come in their day it could be availed of by a future generation, whereas if the language (then dying) were allowed to disappear it could not be restored even by a free Ireland.

In the early winter of 1903 Daniel F. Cohalan—whose outlook on the language movement was identical with that of the Clan rank and file—was the principal speaker at an affair under the auspices of the Greenpoint Gaelic Society. I was particularly glad of his presence; my talk as State President on the great urgency of the Revival was really directed at him. As he and I travelled back to Manhattan he brought up the points which I had stressed, and for a continuance of the discussion invited me to join him at lunch at the Lawyers' Club on lower Broadway. After several hours' chat there he not alone accepted the Gaelic League's philosophy but also agreed that the propagation of the language instead of hindering the objective of the Clan

was essential to its achievement. The success of this piece of missionary work gave me much pleasure—especially as by this time I had further reason to believe that he actually held an important position in the Clan-na-Gael. Soon thereafter he joined the Philo Celtic Society.

The propagation of the Irish figure dances by the New York Philo Celtic Society had infused new life into the Gaelic League branches. Members from each and representatives from the Monaghan and Cork County Associations came to learn, and in turn gave instructions in their own circles. The next stage of development in this line was that a team of eight gave exhibitions some 3 or 4 nights a week at Balls held throughout the winter of 1902-3 under the auspices of the numerous Irish-American organisations. Our "act" rarely went on before 1 a.m. and what with a light supper on the way home we usually reached our several destinations around 4 o'clock. This was an arduous undertaking as most of the team had to be at their respective jobs by 8 a.m. "Oh, the days of the Kerry dances, gone alas like our youth too soon"! But we felt well repaid,—the crowds of young people thus attracted to our branch meetings primarily to learn those Irish dances remained to study the language.

To cope with the increasing popularity an independent dance organisation—Cumann na Rince—was established. Sanguine as we then were that they would be taken up by Irish-Americans generally, and to the end that they should be as standardised as the waltz or two-step, the Cumann published a book of instructions with diagrams. That hope was not fulfilled, partly, I dare say, because those without actual knowledge of the "steps" found it difficult to follow the detailed instructions, and partly because the proper execution of these lively dances demanded an expenditure of energy which middle aged people might deem too much for them. Young enthusiastic Gaels however loved them for their sprightliness, and even the hot American summers were no deterrent.

IV

"Ar son Cait, a chéad gradh" was the title of the first play in Irish ever produced in America. Written by one of our members, Andrew J. O'Boyle of Maugherow, County Sligo, it was staged by the Philo Celts in May 1904. This was an ambitious undertaking; it proved a great success. Because of its novelty, it got splendid publicity in one of the City's evening papers,—the space given to it was in itself something for Irish-Americans to marvel at! Our experience of the New York Press had been anything but satisfactory. It was evident that the audience included hundreds who had no previous contact with Gaelic League work, that the majority did not understand the language. But the ceilidhe scene appealed to one and

all,—the traditional songs in Irish, the step-dances, the Four-Hand Reel and the High Caul Cap, “brought down the house.” Though the members of the cast were all novices, “naturalness” was the keynote of the performance; they were not “acting” but just living their parts as they knew life at home in Ireland.

While putting aside the temptation to yarn about our players, I must say a word about our fiddler—Joseph McGuinness of Longford. Joe was a grand character, rather diminutive in size but big in every other respect, full of humour and full of determination. He was then and ever remained one of my dearest friends. We often talked of “sogering” together, and did in Easter Week—though not side by side. Later, while we were in Lewes convict prison he was elected M.P. for his native County on the “Sinn Fein” platform. The slogan was “Put him in to get him out.” From that until his untimely death in 1922 he played a man’s part in the Irish Republican movement,—though he never became a member of the I.R.B.

Within a month after the performance of “Ar son Cait” I happened to “see off” another friend who was sailing for Ireland on his annual visit. As I left the pier I felt so homesick that on reaching my office I informed the Manager that I required an extra week’s holiday that summer for a brief visit home. At first demurring on the ground that I was there two years previously, he acquiesced; and I assured him I needed only three weeks for the trip. The completion of a catalogue before my sailing date necessitated very late hours and a continuous rush; by the time I got aboard the steamer I was “all in.” Got ill during the voyage and ran a high fever on arrival at Cobh (then “Queenstown”!). Spent 10 days in bed under the care of two doctors, and what with the necessary period for recuperation I arrived back in New York after an absence of not three but six weeks—“fit as a fiddle” after the ocean voyage. Decidedly awkward for me of course. Even so, I had no need to add anything to my report sent from Ireland. But unfortunately, the real purpose of my visit—to establish a business connection at home—remained unfulfilled.

During my absence Dudley Digges and Maire Quinn (who later became his wife)—both of them “Abbey” players—had occasion to protest against a “stage-Irish” production at the St. Louis “World’s Fair” where they were appearing. In this they had the co-operation of Major John MacBride who happened to be on the spot. Soon after my return the three of them attended a conference at the old Vanderbilt Hotel at which we New Yorkers backed them up and gave further publication to their protest. As the years rolled on and Digges achieved fame as an actor my thoughts went pleasantly back to that meeting in 1904 with him and his splendid Irish wife.

The following winter another Irishman visited New York,—one who had achieved fame along different lines, in the person of Señor William

Bulfin (“Che Buono”) editor of the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Aires. His *Rambles in Eirinn* had not then appeared in book form, but the series of articles had received wide publication in Ireland, America and elsewhere. The State Gaelic League requested him to deliver a lecture under its auspices; he readily agreed and chose as his title “Irish Nationhood: How to achieve it.” While preparations for the occasion at Carnegie Hall went on apace—including poster advertising on the “elevated railroad” hoardings—a few of us entertained him to supper at “Shanleys”; in reality it was he who entertained us: Irish affairs got the go by for the nonce; his inexhaustible fund of amusing stories about his life on the Argentine Pampas and of his “Gaucho” comrades was so enthralling that we lost track of time till we found ourselves the only party left in the restaurant.

A few days later we were stunned to find that our big, genial, great-souled friend was so seriously ill that he could scarcely move in bed,—and the lecture date only a week ahead. In desperation we wired Father Yorke at San Francisco to substitute for him—at our expense. We knew of no other man to fill Bulfin’s place, but Father Yorke was unable to come! Cancellation of the event seemed the only alternative; this we postponed from day to day. Then, against our earnest protests Bulfin insisted on leaving his bed while still a very sick man and kept the appointment at Carnegie Hall. Even without the preparation which he had intended, the address of this uncompromising and philosophical Gael gave his large audience much food for thought and enthused them with his courageous arguments. My next, and last meeting with him was at St. Enda’s College Aeridheacht, Dublin, many years later. His faith in Ireland’s future freedom was undimmed, but he did not live to see even its partial fruition.

Of the great victories won by the “stars” of the Irish-American Athletic Club—Sheridan, Flanagan, Joyce, Daly and their colleagues—over the years before and subsequent to 1904, I have happy recollections. When Martin visited Dublin I had the pleasure of greeting him. The spectacle of this magnificent specimen of lithe, virile, graceful manhood—the embodiment of those Olympian victories of his—as he appeared on the balcony of the old Gresham Hotel in response to the cheers of the welcoming throng was one never to be forgotten. It was later, I think, that John Flanagan settled down in his native spot near Kilmallock where during the course of an afternoon’s chat with him the ears of many old friends in New York must have “burned” fiercely.

One of the activities of the N.Y. State Gaelic League in 1904 was the raising of a Fund for the League at home. When gauged by present day standards the total was not large, but it was most welcome at Dublin headquarters in those “lean” times.

Came 1905, and the Philo Celts repeated their former success with “Ar

Son Cait,"—this time in a larger auditorium. At this time Father Michael O'Flanagan (whose name lives in the history of Ireland's War of Independence) was in New York collecting funds for the Loughglyn Industries, County Sligo, and Dr. Gertrude Kelly requested the Society to give him two benefit performances. She secured patronesses for the event from New York's "400"—including Mrs. Clarence Mackay. The old veterans of the P.C.S. who had to be satisfied with an admission fee of 25 cents to their annual concerts in the eighties were aghast on learning that the tickets on this occasion at Mendelssohn Hall would be \$3 and \$1. But as they approached the theatre on the evening of May 2nd 1905, and saw a long line of our patronesses' automobiles parked nearby they could scarcely believe their eyes. When the house became packed they thought the millennium had arrived. The same was true the following night.

The interest which the production aroused may be gauged from the fact that a request came from Mayor Edward F. Dunne of Chicago for a performance in that city. Highly gratifying of course, but the expense incidental to such a trip was beyond us.

Those wealthy New York ladies looked for novelty and they enjoyed it, but their interest in the Irish language movement went no deeper. Writing this I am reminded of an incident back in 1899 when with the enthusiasm of a novice it occurred to me that a reputed millionaire born in County Cork might be induced to finance the Gaelic League at home. I called to his Wall Street office and suggested that, if rumour were true, he had it in his power to save the language of Ireland,—meaning thereby that the number of organisers and travelling teachers could be vastly increased. He received me cordially but there my self-imposed mission ended. Perhaps his reputed wealth was a fiction. Be that as it may, and bearing in mind that several well-to-do men did subscribe generously to Dr. Douglas Hyde's campaign years later, it is a sad fact that millionaires of Irish blood in America have neither the race consciousness nor the spirit of financial open-heartedness which have been such distinguishing characteristics of wealthy Jews.

In 1905 also the State League established An Cumann Ceoil to popularise choral singing in both Irish and English under a competent instructor. Paradoxically, the supersensitiveness of a lady member regarding the words of "Father O'Flynn" led to a very inharmonious situation. Then the editor of "The Irish Advocate" (who had shown mighty little interest in the work of the Gaelic League) enlarged on the incident in an obnoxious manner. Richard F. Dalton and myself felt that "horse-whipping" was the most appropriate punishment. C. J. Lee, the man most closely involved, desired that he should be allowed to inflict it; the three of us drew lots and the job fell to me! The "whipping" was more or less nominal, but that editor gave Gaelic League affairs a wide berth thereafter.

In that year also Michael J. Doyle (of Athy) succeeded me as president of the Philo Celtic Society; R. F. Dalton succeeded him in that office the following December. The latter will be heard of over the ensuing 45 years,—the period yet to be covered by these memoirs,—and far beyond 1950, I trust.

The outstanding event of 1905, not for us Gaelic Leaguers alone but for all of Ireland's friends throughout America, was the arrival among us of Dr. Douglas Hyde. New York had the first opportunity to extend a welcome, and what a splendid, representative and enthusiastic audience greeted him at Carnegie Hall on November 26th! The illuminated Address which I on that occasion had the honour to present on behalf of the Gaelic League of the State of New York is referred to in his book "Mo Thurus go hAmerica."

Twenty-three years roll by: "An Craoibhin" becomes the first President of Eireann ¹⁹²⁸. When at the reception in Dublin Castle, following his inauguration, I tendered my personal congratulations he enthusiastically recalled one of the phrases used by us in 1905—which may be translated thus:

"We are full of hope, and it is our prayer by night and by day, that the God of Glory may give you—Prince of the Gael—long life and good health, and may He not take you to Himself until Ireland be free from the domination of the Saxon."

He gleefully commented on the measure to which our 1905 wish had come true, and remarked that the Address was one of his proudest possessions then hanging in the hall at Ratra, County Roscommon.

When Dr. Hyde's marvellously successful tour terminated, Attorney John Quinn, the man to whom first honours belong for his able Directorship of it from start to finish, in a long letter to the Press thanked all who cooperated with him, and then made special reference to Daniel F. Cohalan which (for reasons to become evident later on) I cannot resist quoting in part:

"He aided me greatly in getting in touch with the men who organised and made successes of the meetings in other cities. I feel that he saved me, by his advice and counsel, always generously given, from making many a blunder in the organisation of meetings in other cities, and he did all this quietly but effectively.

It would take a column even to name all the things he did. Those who had to do with the New York meeting know what his services were, but I want to say here, in order that it may be known by others who do not personally know the rugged character of the man and his power of working hard for any cause that is near to his heart, that to no one is a deeper debt of thanks due than to Mr. Cohalan."

John Quinn's letters to myself, in my official Gaelic League capacity, were numerous—one of them I still treasure. His forthrightness was refreshing. Memo. only—not for publication: (PS Nov. 12, 1905)

"I'm saying nothing *now* but when this matter is over I'll know who did the most of the talking and who did the least—or no work. I've had a lot of *advice* but the workers have been few. You have been one of the best and I'll say so to Hyde and everyone else.

Sincerely,

J.Q."

The next incident of note, so far as we Philo Celts were concerned, was the production in April 1906 of Douglas Hyde's "An Posadh" (The Marriage)—the principal character in which was Blind Raftery the Con-nacht poet and musician, who though he looked and acted as when alive, had, unknown to the wedding party, died a short time previously. The sustained interest in Gaelic drama was evident in the fact that the Lexington Opera House was packed on the occasion. "An Craibhin" himself who was still in America was unable to get there until near the close of the performance. This suited me personally as my portrayal of "Raftery" was, I fear, far below the author's conception of him. I was a success in one respect anyway: fellow members in the audience who never saw a fiddle in my hands marvelled at my expertness,—the explanation for which was that the actual musician was old Joe Norton who stood in the wings behind me.

Our next enterprise that received the flood-light came early in 1907: the protest against "The Irish Servant Girl," already described. One of the unrelated though amusing incidents connected therewith—another instance of unearned reputation—may as well be given here: Our attorney, ex-judge Haggerty, who successfully defended some of the "culprits," sent in a bill for \$500—a lot of money in those days—much more than the United Irish Societies had in the treasury! Two Brooklyn colleagues and myself were delegated to interview him and we met at the Juanita Club house in that city,—Haggerty's political headquarters, where my friends also were members. They spent much time discussing local matters in which I had no interest, and about 11 p.m. another Juanita member not realising that the four already in the party had private business to transact invited us to a drink. Invitation accepted; in due course a waiter brought along a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars. Local topics still held the field, accompanied by "round" after "round" in which good-fellowship I being a "guest" had no say. I could but "join"—and hope for the best. What with the old American custom of helping yourself to as much or as little liquor as

one deemed desirable, or accepting a cigar in lieu thereof, my consumption of the former was just sufficient to keep me awake but I smoked cigars all night and had my vest pockets full as well. It transpired that Judge Haggerty had been less judicious,—he went off to sleep about five o'clock! Meeting adjourned; nothing accomplished; I came back to Manhattan, had an unusually early breakfast at Park Row and went directly to my office in the old Cotton Exchange Building.

Another appointment was made with the Judge for the following Sunday night as Boss McCarron's Democratic Headquarters, Brooklyn. One of my colleagues announced our arrival and we were ushered into the main auditorium—where at least a hundred local politicians stood in groups chatting. Along came Judge Haggerty from the far end of the room, with a broad grin and his hand extended headed directly for me and at the top of his voice greeted me thus:

"Put it there young fellow, I've got to hand it to you. I'm an old veteran at the game, but by—you drank me down the other night, left me asleep in my chair, and went off sober to Manhattan."

Immediately, conversation ceased and all eyes were focussed on this youthful prodigy. However, myself and my "reputation" passed from their ken. Incidentally, I may remark that that occasion was my nearest approach ever to American "politicians" as such. And, the moment we stated our business to the Judge he agreed to cut his fee in half! Perhaps my readers will feel that this story of the incident might well have been cut even more radically:

From my earliest connection with the Irish language Revival the desire to return permanently to Ireland had grown stronger. By March 1907 I decided that for its fulfilment some drastic step was essential: I handed in my resignation to Farquhar & Co.—to take effect some three months later. Lest this homing desire should be attributed to aversion to life in America, let me say: I entertained none but the warmest feelings of devotion to the U.S.A.; I loved its flag; I revered its Constitution; I admired its people; I had pleasant business relations. For me the alien atmosphere of London never existed in New York. Time never hung heavily on my hands. In Gaelic League circles I was surrounded with splendid comrades and friends. My annual holidays, spent for the most part with young Americans with whom friendship was cemented in the early years, at Pocono Mountains, Lake George, Seneca Lake, in Maine and other summer resorts still afford me happy recollections.

The diversity of nationalities and religions met with in New York boarding houses (which for me meant a bed-sitting room with breakfast and perhaps dinner), run by genial old ladies who hailed from places as far apart

as Wexford, Venezuela, Virginia, New England, England, Scotland and Canada, furnished a basis for many anecdotes. An extreme instance of such admixture was my "home" on Lenox Avenue (then half a mile from the negro section and now in the very heart of it): the landlady was Scotch (Presbyterian): her two Canadian-born daughters (do), her American-born son-in-law (Baptist); three Germans (Lutherans); three other Germans (Jews); one Englishman (Episcopalian); one Canadian (Atheist); and myself, Irish and Catholic. Needless to say, religious discussions were never indulged in; we were a "happy family" when together at evening dinner. It was there I first read "Knocknagow"—on Saint Stephen's day, it so happened—and what with "Matt and Thrasher" "knocking a hatful of feathers out of a wee wren," and home associations "crowdin' in thicker than ever," I laughed and wept alternately. A few weeks later my Lutheran next-door neighbours joined in celebrating my 21st birthday.

During those eleven years of my first sojourn in America it was my good fortune to have become acquainted not alone with John Devoy ("the greatest of the Fenians")—with whom I had much more intimate associations in later times, but also with Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet (grand-nephew of Robert); Mrs. Mary Mitchel Page (daughter of John Mitchel and a member of the Philo Celtic Society); O'Donovan Rossa (the most typical of the Fenians) whose salutation rang out in his Munster Blas on Broadway occasionally: "Cionnas ta'n tu a Dhiarmuid?"; a brother and sister of Thomas Francis Bourke (one-time fellow boarders); Col. Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, leader of the Rescue at Manchester; John J. Breslin (famed for the Stephens and the "Catalpa" rescues); Captain Larry O'Brien who escaped from Clonmel jail in 1867; many other '67 men of lesser fame; and, last but not least, Tom Clarke after his fourteen years in English convict prisons. What an honour and inspiration it was for a young Irishman to have known such living links with Ireland's fight for freedom over the previous century!

Now that this first phase of my American experience draws to a close, my mind wanders back to the festive occasions spent with my German friends at the Leiderkranz and elsewhere; to our cycling trips far into country districts and joint camera work with particular pal, Hermann Wanderlich, at which he was an adept. And on the Irish side, to hurling and football indulged in at our Philo Celtic outings in summer; all careless and gay we were.

All told, a full life and a happy one—from which I was now about to divorce myself. Well, "the savage loves his native shore." The rest of the answer is that Ireland was the place where "Irish-Ireland" activities were all-important.

When my resignation reached the head of the Farquhar firm at head-

quarters, York, Pa., he came on to New York, urged me to reconsider my decision and offered special inducements—including a very considerable advance in salary. Next, he suggested that I take a six months' leave of absence—as a result of which he was convinced I would be disillusioned about life in the old country and would wish to return. Neither of these proposals appealed to me; I sailed for home in July. The status of A. B. Farquhar & Co. may be gauged from the fact that among many large orders received from South Africa at the termination of the Boer War, one was for ten thousand ploughs! Mr. A. B. F. was of Scotch descent; a man of unusual intellectual attainments, with many of the most admirable traits of his race. He was a recognised authority on finance and economics, and numbered among his friends President Grover Cleveland, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, "Andy" Mellon, and other men of high standing in the political, business and banking life of the United States. Thus, I deemed it quite a compliment when six months after my return to Ireland he wrote me that if I wished to go back I would "find the latch string out"—also suggesting that I should "take a trip to the Argentine in the interest of our business." At that date I was still without a job and without any immediate prospect of one.

While still an involuntary "gentleman of leisure" I took a hand in the North Leitrim election campaign in favour of Charlie Dolan, the Sinn Fein candidate. It was a losing fight but a memorable one. On one occasion Alderman Tom Kelly and myself were assigned to a meeting at Kinlough, and had an exciting day. Not alone was the majority of the local people opposed to us but we had to contend with one of the Belfast gangs imported by Joe Devlin. Armed with long sticks they menaced throughout the meeting. Their loud-voiced interference was so great that the speakers could scarcely hear themselves; people who wished to hear us certainly could not. As we continued to speak eggs began to fly; the wall of the hotel in front of which our wagonette was drawn up was as "decorated" as we were. On the return journey to Manorhamilton headquarters our reception was unpleasant—to say the least. The Redmond-Devlin beat us in Leitrim; their countrywide rout in 1918 was in the unforeseeable future.

In view of my friendship with leaders as well as with men of the rank and file in the Clan-na-Gael over many years prior to 1907, it doubtless seemed strange that I had not become a member of that organisation. There was a reason: William J. Balfe of the Gaelic Society who contributed a weekly column of "Gaelic Notes" to the *Irish World* (then an out-and-out supporter of the Irish Parliamentary Party) had attacked the State Gaelic League for being "under the influence of the Clan." So far as I was aware the accusation was without foundation. During my time as President of the Philo Celtic Society and of the Gaelic League of the State I never exper-

enced any such interference or "influence" —for which there was neither occasion nor opportunity. We drew a measure of support from all friendly sources such as the Irish County Associations, and as the members of the latter were in the main followers of Redmond the charge was a mischievous one.

Shortly thereafter a few of my colleagues (well aware of my republican sentiments) became insistent that I permit them to nominate me for Clan membership. They were chagrined at my refusal and seemed to construe it as antagonistic. But, in face of *Irish World* antipathy to the Clan-na-Gael I deemed it advisable to remain in a position to deny membership therein. The attitude of my colleagues was disconcerting, and I felt it incumbent on me to discuss the matter with John Devoy with whom I had friendly though not intimate relations since the founding of the *Gaelic American* in September 1903. Devoy approved of my decision.

Eventually, in March 1908, I was glad to accept a rather minor position with Thomas McKenzie & Sons, Dublin,—in charge of Feeding Stuffs, Artificial Manures, and the Fittings Department. When attending to a County Dublin farmer who wanted, say, half a dozen socks for a certain plough or perhaps a bolt for a particular part thereof, my thoughts occasionally flitted back to that Farquhar order for 10,000 complete ploughs, and my salary was about one-eighth of that relinquished by me in New York. Even so, I was quite content, busy as I was endeavouring to get a thorough grasp of this retail trade—with an eye to earning a decent livelihood in the years ahead.

As representative of the New York State Gaelic League I had a seat on the Coiste Gnotha (the governing body of the League in Ireland). This continued up to Easter Week, 1916.

I have made it clear that though not a member of the Clan-na-Gael, I was close to it in every respect. Even so, it was not until Sean T. O Ceallaigh (now President of Eire) "approached" me in the Spring of 1908 that I became aware of the fact that the Irish Republican Brotherhood (established in 1858) still functioned. This personal experience of mine not alone indicates how secretly the I.R.B. conducted its affairs, but also explains in large measure why the British authorities were kept in complete ignorance of the plans for the Rising of "Easter Week" 1916. For me, my initiation into the Bartholomew Teeling Club, I.R.B., opened a new chapter.

CHAPTER II

THE I.R.B.

Some Recollections and Comments

by

DIARMUID LYNCH

1908.

I returned to Ireland from the U.S. in 1907. A few years earlier, while State President of the Gaelic League of the State of New York, colleagues asked me to join the Clan-na-Gael. Prior thereto, however, the *Irish World*—the chief supporter in America of the Irish Parliamentary Party—protested in its "Gaelic Notes" that the Gaelic League in New York was dominated by the Clan-na-Gael. Such was not the case, though many of our men were members of it. I was not a member and desired to remain in a position to assert that I was not in case the *Irish World* should pursue that line of criticism. Accordingly, I declined the invitation to join. In the course of my Gaelic League activities I had had many friendly contacts with Clan men and explained my attitude in this matter to John Devoy who agreed with my decision.

Shortly after I located in Dublin in 1908 Sean T. O'Kelly "approached" me about the I.R.B., and in due course I became a member of the Bartholomew Teeling Circle. I think it was somewhat earlier that I was requested by P. T. Daly to "meet a few friends" who desired to have a chat about the Irish situation in New York. The latter, to the best of my recollection, comprised John O'Hanlon, Fred Allen and Daly himself. In after years I realised that my inquisitors on that occasion had been prominent members of the then Supreme Council of the I.R.B.

1910.

I moved from Dublin to Cork and in due course became attached to the Cork Circle.

1911-1912.

Towards the end of 1911 I was selected as Divisional Centre for Munster on the Supreme Council. I was so notified by Sean O'Hegarty.

I continued to act in that capacity until Easter Week, 1916. Later, on release from prison in June 1917, I resumed office as D.C. up to the date of my deportation to the United States in April 1918.

The constitutional method of electing a Divisional Centre was that a provincial Convention comprising County and District Centres elected by ballot a special committee of five, and the latter in turn elected by ballot a Centre for the Division. Thus, these five were the only members in the province to whom the Divisional Centre was known as such.

My predecessor as Divisional Centre for Munster was, I believe, Michael Crowe of Dublin.

Before my period of office Cathal Brugha—who as a representative of his firm travelled extensively—had a sort of roving commission to do I.R.B. organising. I was informed that he kept in contact with “Centres” in various towns and enrolled men as occasion offered. It was not a constitutional function of the Divisional Centre to enrol members; his duty was to keep in contact with County Centres and thus keep posted on the state of the Organisation in his Division. Recruiting for the individual Circles was the business of the respective local Centres—who had an intimate knowledge of men in their respective localities and thus were the best judges of suitability for induction into the I.R.B.

Even so, I did on occasion take men into the organisation in places where no Circle existed—those whose names had been suggested to me by Centres elsewhere, or men whom I in the course of my visits had had opportunity to “sizeup.”

In many instances I attended Circle meetings—where a meeting coincided with the date of my business visit to the locality. In such cases I acted in the capacity of an “organiser” and not as Divisional Centre. Periodically, I got reports from County Centres and District Centres with respect to other Circles and/or groups in various parts of the respective counties which I had no opportunity to visit in person; also of unattached members here and there. Local centres and even unattached members were definite focal points from which to do recruiting. But where neither existed the location of a likely prospect was more difficult than the proverbial “looking for a needle in a haystack”—the needle *was* in the stack but in those days of denationalisation there may not have been in a whole district a single man imbued with republican ideas!

Even in cases where one was assured that a certain man was a likely prospect, the official responsible for his induction had not alone to be certain that such “prospect” entertained the republican viewpoint but that his probity and tact were beyond question. And often when after tedious investigation a man was deemed fit in every respect the inquisitor found himself “up against a stone wall”—that of religious scruples in the matter of joining a

“secret organisation.” This was a stumbling block in the matter of numerical progress.

1912–13.

During these years I regularly attended meetings of the Supreme Council in Dublin. I was also a fairly regular attendant at meetings of the Coiste Gnotha of the Gaelic League—whereon I represented the American Gaels since 1907.

Supreme Council meetings at that time were largely devoted to reports on the state of the Organisation in the several Divisions, on finance, on publications; on such events as the Wolfe Tone and Emmet commemorations; on possibilities for the advancement of the Irish Republican doctrine and contrariwise to defeat denationalising schemes.

As an outstanding instance of what may now seem to have been excellent material for the I.R.B.—of men in various parts of the country in 1912–13 who had proved themselves AI in very many respects—and yet were not available as members, I may mention Terence MacSwiney. He was then writing excellent articles for *Irish Freedom*. Even so the consensus of opinion among my fellow members of the Cork Circle was that he was not to be “approached” with a view to membership in the I.R.B.—not in 1911–12 at any rate. My acquaintance with him at that time was only casual, and I forgot the actual reason for non-approach in his case; the religious ban may have been the obstacle.

The latter, to my personal knowledge, prevented many men from joining. Even some enrolled members occasionally developed uneasiness on that point. I believe it was to meet this situation that a visit to Ireland by the Rev. Denis O’Sullivan of Valentia was availed of in getting him to address the men of the Dublin District on the theological aspect. A “general meeting” of those was held in the Clontarf Town Hall for that purpose. This was during my membership of the S.C., but I was unable to be present and forget the exact year.

The only other “general meeting” of which I have any knowledge was that held in the Foresters’ Hall, Parnell Square, Dublin, early in December 1913. This was addressed by Denis McCullough and myself. To the best of my recollection the purpose of this occasion was to emphasise the duty of I.R.B. men to co-operate to the fullest extent in the formation of Irish Volunteer Companies, and of choosing I.R.B. men as officers where possible. (The Irish Volunteer organisation had been formally established some two weeks earlier.) One feature of this meeting which stands out in my memory is that of Padraig Pearse occupying a seat in the rear of the hall. It was probably his first appearance at any meeting of the I.R.B. (Le Roux relates the circumstances of his admission to the organisation earlier that year.¹)

¹Le Roux, “Tom Clarke and the Irish Freedom Movement,” pp. 120, 121, 126, 127.

I have no recollection of a meeting of the Supreme Council held in the early formative period of the Irish Volunteers,—that is prior to its formal establishment—as mentioned by Le Roux. (Tom Clarke, p. 125). I do, however, recollect informal talks with Tom Clarke bearing on that question, and was aware that the “Executive” was quietly suggesting and directing various developments from the I.R.B. standpoint. Then, as prior thereto—1912–13—my visits to Dublin were but intermittent.

1914.

In January, 1914, Tomas Aghas and myself went on a mission to the United States to raise money for the Gaelic League. On the outbreak of the War in Europe the Clan-na-Gael decided to raise a Fund for the Irish Volunteers; Tomas and myself necessarily brought our campaign to a close. He returned home in September. I stayed on as I had another and a secret mission, viz., that of I.R.B. envoy to biennial Convention of the Clan.

In the latter capacity I had no contact with the Convention proper, the regular procedure being: First the envoy consulted with the “RD” (Revolutionary Directory) which then comprised John T. Keating of Chicago, John Devoy and Joseph McGarrity; next day to appear before and confer with the “Committee on Foreign Relations.” One of my duties was to report on the “Home Organisation.” On stating its strength to be approximately 2,000 I recollect an outburst of amazement on the part of an American-born member of the Committee. He, evidently, had been under the impression from previous reports that we had a much larger membership—coupled with the feeling that the heads of the Home Organisation were lax in recruiting. At any rate, my statement was based on returns made by the Divisional Centres at the meeting of the Council held prior to January 1914.

At that time this particular committee-man—a veteran in the Clan—had no conception of the conditions under which we at this side laboured. He probably had a recollection of a much earlier period when the Home Organisation included perhaps thousands—the remnant of the very large I.R.B. membership in the early days of the Land League. Meantime, of course, death had taken toll of that remnant, and the great majority of the survivors had been diverted from their Republican allegiance by the overpowering growth of the Home Rule movement under Parnell and his successors. A percentage remained *nominally* I.R.B. over many years but by 1913 only an odd man here and there belonged to an active Circle. Only the latter were included in the 1913 computation.

On returning from the U.S. in November 1914 (via Liverpool) I brought from the Clan-na-Gael a draft for £2,000 for the Irish Volunteers, carefully secreted. I also brought for my personal use an automatic pistol and

ammunition. These latter items I duly “declared” (on being questioned by the Customs inspector) lest a search of my person and belongings should bring the *draft* to light. The “firearms” were held by the Customs authorities,—against which I, as an American citizen, protested. Fortunately, I was not known to the officials in Britain as I had been to the police in Ireland; I was informed that if I sent an application—signed by a “J.P.” and a clergyman—to the Home Secretary, the articles would doubtless be forwarded to me in Ireland. In due course the pistol and ammunition reached me by post; they remained in my possession for “Easter Week.”

Soon after my arrival in Ireland I reported to the two available members of the “Executive”—Denis McCullough and Tom Clarke,—and was informed of developments during my absence: the split with Redmond, the gun-running at Howth and Kilcool, and on the report furnished by an “Advisory Committee” appointed for the purpose of drafting a plan for a fight in the Dublin area. This plan was deemed to be only provisional; Tom was very critical of certain points. I did not read it, nor do I recollect the personnel of the committee, which I understood included a considerable number of prominent Irish Volunteer officers. To my mind, the drafting of military plans for an insurrection (which purpose was not perhaps stated to the committee) was necessarily of a secret nature and should accordingly be entrusted to a much smaller committee; that the latter should in the course of their deliberations have the closest contact with the I.R.B. Executive. I urged that the “Advisory Committee” should be dissolved; it was allowed to lapse.

1915.

Shortly thereafter, Pearse, Plunkett and Ceannt co-operated in drafting plans for an insurrection. About the end of May, 1915, at a meeting of the I.R.B. Executive (on which I functioned as Acting-Secretary,—MacDiarmada being in prison) Pearse, Plunkett and Ceannt were, on my action, formally appointed a “Military Committee.” (The co-operation of Clarke and MacDiarmada later in 1915, and the addition of Connolly and MacDonagh in 1916, is referred to elsewhere.)¹

The 1915 Divisional elections (I.R.B.) were due a few months later. In the ordinary course Sean MacDiarmada would have later supervised those in Connaught—which he represented on the Supreme Council. Due to his many activities in Dublin over previous years, plus his physical disability, he had been unable to give more than casual attention to the organisation in that province. He was now in prison so it was agreed that I should visit the Division, attend to any necessary preliminaries there and conduct the

¹ See p.p. 102, 131 and footnote.

election. Tom Clarke furnished me with the names of Centres and some prominent men in the province. First I went to Limerick for the Volunteer parade (May); thence partly by train and partly by bicycle,—never entering or leaving any town by train. My first official call was at Athenry where I met Larry Lardner and Liam Mellows,—both of whom undertook to attend to pre-election details in County Galway. Thence I proceeded to Castlebar, Westport, Newport, Ballina, Ballaghaderin, etc. The organisation in Mayo was at a very low ebb, except in Westport. One of the few contacts I had in County Sligo was the name and address of a schoolmaster who was deemed eligible for membership. I “swore him in.” Further electoral preliminaries were conducted by responsible parties whom I interviewed, and a date was set for the *Divisional election at Claremorris*.¹ I attended the latter. One of the delegates present was elected Divisional Centre to replace MacDiarmada (whom Tom Clarke and myself had agreed to nominate for co-option to the Supreme Council). Just as our work at Claremorris was in progress, a telegram (prearranged should a certain event arise) reached me at the hotel where we were in session; I took the night-goods train, the only means available; reached Dublin next morning and Cork in the afternoon.

Evidently, the police were ignorant of my whereabouts during those visits to Connaught—to which end I had taken pains. Contrary to the British Government attitude to American citizens generally, I was ordered in June 1915 to register as a “Friendly Alien.” This meant that I should report to the police when leaving any “Proclaimed Area” and again when entering another. As I did not so register I was summoned to appear before a magistrate at Inns Quay Court. Tom Clarke was of opinion that I should refuse to register; that deportation to the U.S. was certain to follow, and that this would afford the Clan material for anti-British propaganda. Under the then circumstances—with a fight in prospect—I preferred to register as ordered and remain in Ireland. I did so just before appearing in court; the charge against me was accordingly dismissed.

Gaelic League Ard Fheis—Dundalk, July 1915.

The non-political plank of the Gaelic League (by which it was understood that any person whether a Home Ruler, Orangeman, or Sinn Feiner should not inject his particular political viewpoint into Gaelic League Branches, classes, etc.) was always respected by the I.R.B. and by its members who held seats on the Coiste Gnotha. But, on this governing body of the League an element advocated lines of procedure with respect to the Board

¹ Alec. McCabe states the election was at Carrick-on-Shannon.—Ed.



I. DUNDALK JAIL, 1915 1918
 (Back row, left to right) Diarmuid Lynch, Ernest Blythe, Terence MacSwiney, Dick McKee, Michael
 Collivet.
 (Front row, left to right) Frank Thornton, Bertie Hunt, Michael Brennan.