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AMONGST
THE FENIANS

BY

OCTAVE L. FARIOLA

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LIEUTENANT COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.

DISASTER is the parent of reproach. When any great cause fails, in which numbers of men have been engaged, there are always ready those who cry out "treason," "cowardice," or "incapacity" against their associates. Such cries are popular. It is so much easier, more self-gratifying, to blame than to condole. They are caught up by the crowd and repeated: it is the crowd's way to exonerate itself from responsibility.

The Fenian failure was [no exception to this rule. Messieurs Stephens, O'Mahony, Roberts, and Kelly have for a long time been speaking any way but gracefully of each other, the natural result of which is that a formidable organisation is cut up into a number of small coteries without unity of action or faith in one another. It is yet to be seen whether they have even faith in themselves. Which of these is the true organisation? It is not for me, a mere foreigner, to pronounce. There are the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Machiavel has written somewhere that "he only is in the truth who is treated as Guelph by the Ghibellines, as Ghibelline by the Guelphs." Perhaps the same may be the test of truth with Fenianism.

I pass over that question. It is not in my province. I intend to treat only of myself, for I too have been spoken of anyway but gracefully in connexion with this movement, and in what I am about to commit to paper I pledge myself as soldier and gentleman to confine myself to facts, to exaggerate them not and to set down nothing in malice. While elected Adjutant-General of the Irish Republican army by a body of men (the Provisional Government), whom I believed to be the fair representation of the Irish Republicans, I have attached myself to no man or party. Being a foreigner, desirous only to serve the Irish nation, I was bound to remain neutral between factions, obeying only that which appeared to me most likely to carry out the wishes of the people. I may have

faults to relate, mistakes in self or others to expose. It is equal. I do not shrink from it, the more so that I recollect that the people to whom I particularly address myself are shrewd enough to have a proverb that the best hurler is always on the ditch.

When the deplorable outbreak of March, 1867, had led many of the best men engaged in Fenianism to the Portland quarries, the demoralisation of the Brotherhood became evident, mostly in the facility with which all charges, even the most infamous, against the leaders were circulated and believed by the masses, thus multiplying the elements of weakness by destroying the ties of mutual confidence between those who still rested faithful to the cause.

Considered on this account, there can be no worse treason against a secret organisation than thus to propagate unproven charges against any of its members.

The cowardice of this course is obvious; for in most cases the accused party does not hear of the accusation until considerable time has elapsed, and then he is often prevented from meeting his accusers by the danger he runs of betraying some secret or important information. Thus Colonel O'Mahony refrained for two years from answering the charges brought against him; and another gentleman, yet more conspicuous, both in his elevation and in his fall, feels still shut out from the opportunity of his own vindication, because he could not do so, it seems, without putting the safety of unsuspected men in hazard, or making imprudent revelations to the enemy. Like others, I have been made the butt of many charges, charges oftentimes so ridiculous that they happily carried their own refutation or could only have been incited by hatred to myself, or, more probably perhaps, to the principles to which I had devoted my life and sacrificed my rest and happiness. I have never condescended to answer any of these charges on my own behalf. My life, in my opinion, is answer sufficient. But, on the behalf of the Irish cause, I feel that it is better I should speak—that its interests may be yet served by making the truth known.

Feelings may be hurt by my candour, but it is better to offend individuals than to damage a cause; and there is no cause, however bright, that may not suffer taint from the follies of its promoters, as there is none, however dark, that may not borrow some flashes of redeeming lustre from the honour, unselfishness or valour of its partizans. What would have been the fate of Italy had its leaders been other than the men of pure and noble mind they were! Poland, though down, wears laurels over its grave because of the virtues of its Kosciusko and Mieroslowski. And even a bad cause like that of the seceded South, in my ideas the worst cause ever sustained before the world, drew a certain strength and respectability from the high character of its champions, Stonewall Jackson and Robert Lee.

Such considerations impel me to think that while I decline to answer the charges whispered by others against me it is a duty for me to the flag I served to wash it of the suspicion of having won to it, in my person, an unworthy adherent.

Others engaged in this movement have already liberated their souls. One, as I intimated before, speaks of doing so—would have done so before but that he feared to compromise his associates. His reason is excellent, but it does not apply to me. No individuals will be compromised by this writing with the British Government more than they actually are; and as to compromising them with the Fenian Brotherhood I readily conceive that as it is undergoing entire re-organization the sooner real truth is manifest the better real work will be executed.

Another word of preface and I have done. The opinions I express may be erroneous; but they are honestly mine and free from party bias. Every individual in the association is equally strange to me, my acquaintance with none of them being anterior to November, 1866, and in no case did his acquaintance ripen into intimacy or degenerate into antipathy, at least on my part.

As, for the facts, they are related exactly as I know them, and I pray that my account of them may be accepted as would the report which, under other circumstances, I should have been required to draw up as the formal account of my stewardship.

HOW I WAS ATTRACTED TO THE FENIAN ENTERPRISE.

I am Irish neither by birth nor stock, although a learned Queen's counsel, on the trial of Captain Condon in Cork, condescended to honour me with an Irish origin, assuming that my name was an Italianized form of O'Farrell, the initial of my Christian name doing duty with him for the O, by which a Latin stanza assures us we shall always know true Irishmen. I was born a Swiss citizen; there was no man to call me *his* subject. If I have a tinge of Celtic blood in me it comes only from my mother's side, she being of a Celto-Belgic family (partly settled in Texas), by whom I was brought up in Belgium after the death of my parents. There I received a thorough military scientific education, and, having passed by all the inferior grades, I emerged with the first rank from the military academy of Brussels, and was commissioned lieutenant nearly twelve years ago. I completed my military training by some years' practice, availing myself of leave of absence to assist at the Italian campaigns of '59-'60. As soon as I had concluded the term of service imposed on each graduate, I resigned

my Belgian commission and removed with my wife to the United States, where I intended to settle upon my family inheritance. During the civil war I could not but join in the defence of the country of my adoption, and served as commander of an engineer corps and staff officer in the Federal army until my services were no longer required. Then I quietly betook myself to one of the back counties of Louisiana, where I turned my sword into sickle and settled down as a farmer. The affairs of the world at large might be out of joint, society in convulsions, France grumbling, Germany fighting, England plotting, and Ireland suffering—I knew nothing of it, and I confess I did not wish to know, for knowing I should have felt, and it was happier to have the perfect satisfaction of my sunny home undisturbed by noises from abroad. I was so deeply engrossed in my agricultural pursuits and pleasures that I felt almost indifferent to the politics of the nation in which I lived, my concern was little or none in the topics of the day: Miscegenation did not occupy my thoughts for one minute; I scarcely heard of the cholera, and as for the Fenians, when I read in the *Catahoula* and *Washita New Era* that they had taken some forts in Canada, I was also told, upon inquiry, by people otherwise well informed, that they were persons who intended to annex Canada, Australia, the Indies, Scotland, and England to the United States, that Ireland might thus be an independent state under the presidency of a certain Robert Stephens or Stephen Roberts. In fact, I was so completely wedded to my tranquil life that I had declined, with little hesitation, a lucrative appointment which had been offered me in Mexico. My business prospects were good; I was in pleasant relations with my neighbours, notwithstanding my Yankee principles and antecedents; I was magistrate of my district, and with fair hope of attaining higher standing in the community. Such was my situation in the August of 1866 when I received the following letter, the translation of which is as nearly literal as it can be:—

"MY DEAR FARIOLA—Would you feel disposed to accompany me as Chief of Staff in a regular military enterprise where I should command in chief? There is some risk to run, as everywhere, but at the end glory and fortune. Answer me, if you be alive, and tell me, besides, if one could enlist some good black soldiers and non-commissioned officers.

"Above all, not a word to *any one sooner*. My regards to Mrs. Fariola. The P. family are doing (a word out, *quere* well?) and send their compliments. I do not sign and for cause, but you will recognise my handwriting

Yours.

"I still live in the same house; if you like it better, answer me at P . . . s, W . . . Street"

If there were no signature to this letter, still it was no mystery to me from whom it came. Its handwriting was

familiar; I had received many letters during three years from its writer—a man for whom I had conceived both gratitude and affection, heightened by an accord of sympathies on many matters, political and military. Brigadier-General G. Cluseret was my cautious correspondent, a personage well known and diversely appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and whom, notwithstanding some differences, I shall always esteem as one of the ablest soldiers and supporters of the cause of human freedom. I had not seen him for over a year; but the few letters he had written to me in the interval had but confirmed me in the opinion that whatever might be his merits as a public man, he was a staunch friend of mine. This feeling, coupled with my high estimate of his military abilities, led me to look on his proposal in a far different manner from others which had reached me. Besides, I felt myself bound by the tradition of my family and my past life to make any sacrifice, life, if called on, for the advancement of the cause of liberty and progress, embodied by us in the name of "The Revolution."

Therefore, I answered that I would join him when requested, provided the undertaking wore as I felt he himself would require it to be—thoroughly republican and democratic—his word *regular* being understood by me that we were to be regularly commissioned.

I intended immediately after the gathering of the crop, which was then at hand and promised a fair return, to leave my farm under the charge of my overseer, subject, if needful, to the supervision of my partner, who had expressed a desire to spend a few months in the country. To all appearances I would be able to defray my own expenses in the contemplated expedition, and my wife could accompany me, according to her wishes and practice.

Although I had presumed that some time would pass before I could leave my farm, still I had hardly counted on as much as two months, and at the end of September I ventured to inquire whether the affair had been abandoned that I might not be deterred from making fresh business arrangements for the ensuing year. Cluseret's answer, dated New York, October 6, 1865, came to hand on the 18th, and was couched in the following terms:—

"MY DEAR COLONEL—I have received your two letters. Useless to tell you that, as a good soldier, I expected to see you so well determined. I urge you to set your business in order and be here by the end of the month. You will receive your instructions and pay, and you will start for Belgium, where you shall have to recruit, if practicable, a certain number of *choice officers* to serve under your orders.—Truly yours,

[Signature scratched out.]

"P.S.—When I said pay, it is half-pay until the time of taking the field. I engage you to be very cautious in speech until your arrival here. If you know of some good resolute officer you may sound him (le sonder), and arrange

yourself that I may send for him after having judged by myself. None of the *Volunteers*, either as men or as officers. As

for men, we have more of them than we need. And, above all, no officer asking where we are going to, what are the chances, &c."

When I received this letter the aspect of my affairs had somewhat changed. The caterpillars had destroyed my crop, and it was to be feared my absence from home would involve a very serious loss, for my partner as well as myself. Under the circumstances, therefore, I might have been deterred from starting at the time, for, however regardless of my own losses, I was responsible for my friend's money. In my letters to Cluseret I had mentioned neither pay nor compensation, nor asked any direct questions. Consequently I could not have left on receipt of his latest instructions but for the passage relating to pay. Although willing to serve without pay, as it was offered, and as the presumption was my employers could afford it, I calculated that the said pay would be enough to support my wife and self, and that by abandoning all my share in the assets of the plantation, my partner would, at any rate, be compensated for any additional loss resulting from my unreasonable departure. I had but the bare interval to be in New York by All-Hallow's Day. Accordingly I set out on the spot with no impediments but a carpet-bag containing a change of linen, and left my wife at New Orleans with unlimited powers of attorney to sign any deed my partner might require, and a parting request that she would rejoin me in New York within a week at latest.

Notwithstanding all diligence, I was unable to start on my journey North before the 23rd of October; and before my arrival in New York, the General wrote me yet another letter which my wife received at New Orleans. It is as follows:—

"N. Y., Oct. 31, 1866."

"MY DEAR COLONEL—I wrote you two letters to tell you to come. Did you receive them, and are you coming?"

"Answer me by *yea* or *noy*, but arrange yourself that it be *yea*. I am expecting you.—Yours truly,

"G. CLUSERET."

One of the two letters alluded to miscarried; but these adduced are proof enough of the precise auspices and inducements under which I arrived in New York in the first days of November, 1866.

I was abandoning my home, my more practical business-prospects, it is true, but it was to take a distinguished, almost the second share in some serious military expedition, intended to forward the cause of freedom, under the leadership of a brave soldier and, as I thought, a warm personal friend. If I were doomed to misfortune, none other save my wife would be dragged into the gulf with me; and she, noble creature, was ever ready to share soldier's fate and rely on my love and exertions for soldier's fare. My partner was secured from loss; if my capital were insufficient to indemnify him there were always such savings as I hoped to be able to make on my pay

of general to fall back upon. My heart was light, buoyed up with hope. I was eager for the enterprise. So also did my future employers appear to be eager for my coming. I stepped cheerfully on the pavement of New York, and when I met Cluseret he welcomed me with open arms, and complimented me that, at the last moment, I had not preferred my pleasant Louisiana farm to the perils of a far expedition to an unknown land.

But I must confess that I was singularly surprised when he revealed to me the object of the expedition—the liberation of Ireland by the Fenians! Could he be serious? Where was the government—regular, I meant—to commission us? Where the arms? Where the ships? Where the money?

To every question there was but one response: JAMES STEPHENS. James Stephens again, James Stephens always! I would see him on the morrow, and would be satisfied, he doubted not, that the enterprise was not only practicable, but had immense chances as well as means of success. All my objections were sure to be dissipated.

James Stephens! Who was he? The avowal may be humiliating; but, in very truth, I was forced to it. *I did not know.* "Pray, general, give me some information of this man, who has enlisted your services and is amorous of mine?"

Most of my readers are fully acquainted with the history of Mr. Stephens now, and I might be spared the repetition of what I then heard, but that so many different stories had been in circulation that it will be difficult to understand my subsequent conduct if I do not copy in black and white what my friend, Cluseret, told me.

According to his words, James Stephens was a man of large brain and prodigious ability, honest and disinterested, possessing mighty influence in Ireland and America, the founder and the Supreme Chief of a vast and powerful secret organisation, numbering hundreds of thousands of *illuminati*, disposing of millions of dollars and of power well nigh unlimited. I was told that in early life this man had struggled for his country's independence by the side of Smith O'Brien, that he had fought red-handed by Cluseret's own side on the Paris barricades of '48, that he had devoted eighteen years of his manhood and sacrificed his worldly expectations to the preparation and education of Ireland that it might "break down and grind to pieces" the brazen idol of a foreign rule and erect the figure of native Republicanism in its stead.

All this was told me, and more, even down to the marvellous escape from Richmond Prison—told me by one whom I respected and never had cause to doubt.

Finally I was left under the impression that Ireland had found in James Stephens at once a leader and a tribune, a Daniel Manin, to wake her to resurrection; but one who,

naturally diffident of his military ability, wished to strengthen his judgment by that of some devoted officers "native to the manner born," and for that reason had chosen at first his old friend, Cluseret, and by this friend's advice my own obscure self.

Thus it was, frankly and in as plain English as I command, I was attracted to the Fenian enterprise. How General Cluseret himself, the principal agent influencing me, was attracted thereto, and what were the liens binding him to James Stephens, the mainspring of the movement, I shall truthfully explain in my next chapter.

(To be continued.)

AUGUST 8, 1868

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BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHIEF ORGANISER OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC AND HIS
CHIEF OF STAFF GENERAL.

THERE is among Cluseret's and my own friends in New York a French gentleman of the highest standing in the community. He was formerly a representative of the people in France of the radical school, and being opposed to the *coup d'état*, he left his native country and settled with his family in the empire city, where he has a very thriving business, and where he enjoys the satisfaction of welcoming his fellow-thinkers, and very often of helping such as are less fortunate than himself in worldly affairs.

It seems that, before the war, he had been acquainted, in some business way, with Mr. Thomas J. Kelly, later so well-known as Colonel Kelly, the rival of James Stephens. In 1866, Stephens and Kelly having returned from Ireland, the latter introduced his then beloved chieftain to the family No political connection was intended nor indeed followed. Mr. Stephens, being alone in New York, was desirous of having some acquaintance with whom he could enjoy, after his day's work, the sweets of social intercourse and intelligent conversation. He appeared to my friend surrounded with the prestige of his popularity and of his romantic history: he appeared, above all, as an ardent lover of liberty and of his country, and, therefore, Mr. . . . greeted him most warmly, and while he was rather cool as to the practicability of Stephens's plans, he conceived for their author a very deep esteem, principally based on the enthusiastic language of Colonel Kelly, for whom he had the greatest regards. In short, it was much on Kelly's account that my friend, who recognised Stephens's ability, could not doubt the chief's statements as to means and projects.

General Cluseret, being a daily associate of Mr. . . . , became acquainted with the C.O.I.R. and his deputy. The General had just been disappointed in

his expectation of becoming the commander-in-chief of the *regular* expedition mentioned in his first letter to me; he consented to become Mr. Stephens's military adviser, and subsequently accepted the first military part in the contemplated war for Irish independence. This became the occasion of Cluseret's second letter to me, dated October 6, 1866, by which I was requested to report to New York "for pay and orders." He forgot to mention that the enterprise was no longer a *regular* one, but that will happen to busy men, especially when they are anxious to avoid the possible objections of their intended auxiliaries.

Thus the reader will see that the secret societies had nothing more to do with Cluseret's connection with the Fenians than with mine. In fact, General Cluseret belonged to no secret organisation, not even to the anodyne Freemasonry.

Now I suspect that he must have found it a very hard position to be the professional adviser of such a man as James Stephens. For the C.O.I.R. is not easily advised; he keeps his own counsel, being persuaded that none can be worth his on any matter whatever—in short, he is satisfied that he excels all military men in the art of war, as he believes he excels all political economists in the art of governing society, and all conspirators in that of conspiring.

Such a high opinion of his own abilities, if always a fault in an ordinary man, is sometimes a great cause of success in a leader; and I ought not to be understood as condemning it in the present case. In fact, I should be sorry to trouble any man in the enjoyment of his own self-approbation, and I hasten to say that, except in military affairs, I do not profess to be a competent judge of a man's abilities; still, if I might venture to give an opinion on Mr. Stephens's it is that they are of a very high order in most things. I except *military matters*, in which he is worse than incompetent.

This digression shows that I could not long wonder that Mr. Stephens had felt the want of a military counsel. I wondered a little that he had not looked amongst his own countrymen of the United States army—in fact, he had dismissed some who had a certain degree of reputation among the Irish—but I saw in this only a proof of Stephens's good sense which made him feel the immense difference between *regular* and *volunteer* officers, and the unsuitness of the latter to contend in the field against the former, a subject which I will touch on presently, and which I hope can be done with-

cut hurting the natural feelings of the Volunteers.

But my great wonder was to see the counsel and his client agree perfectly well in a plan of campaign which my own high opinion of the soldier's talents prevented me from attributing to him; and the fact of the General being also very obstinate in his own view of everything, could not but still further increase my wonder.

To-day I think I have found the word of the enigma. But following the rule I have imposed upon myself in beginning this narration, I shall leave to the reader's sagacity to find it for himself through the same process which I had to adopt—that is, by thinking over the facts as they unrolled themselves successively.

I will not stoop one moment to the insinuation made by some person that the General had any personal motives of a low kind of being subservient to Mr. Stephens's plans. But if even that suggestion could explain why General Cluseret was then attached to him, it does not explain why he wanted at all Cluseret and myself to advise him in matters in which he did and still does think himself better posted than anybody else. But, *certes*, we were called as advisers, and could be of but little use otherwise, for among the Irish themselves there were plenty of able and brave officers of all ranks, wanting only the scientific knowledge of war to become good military commanders.

To-day I have come to a conclusion on that point, very little flattering to my own vanity, but which I must confess in penitence for my previous want of modesty in believing that I was wanted by the Fenian leader for my abilities.

I cannot have been wanted for them, nor was Cluseret, I apprehend. No; but Mr. James Stephens knew that his Irish followers, and still more his Irish-American supporters, were less satisfied than he himself was of his military proficiency, and he wanted Cluseret's acquiescence, not advice, to give his own plans the sanction of a recognised military authority.

As for the real use I was to be of to the C.O.I.R., it was of a still more indirect kind, and still more mortifying to my self-esteem, when I discovered it; but I must not anticipate, and, besides, it could not be understood, until I have narrated my own interview with the celebrated Irishman.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES STEPHENS.

The true character of the relations between Stephens and Cluseret being thus established as far as I understand it, I will pass at once to my own introduction to the Fenian leader.

General Cluseret told me that I was most anxiously expected by Mr. Stephens, who was then sick, and would receive me at his private lodgings. Before going there the General told me that he had the first military rank in the army of the Irish Republic, but that he would not be the nominal Commander-in-chief, at least during the first stage of the war, that *role* being better performed by the Chief of the Government; he was to join the insurgents as soon as they would have organised an army, ranking as General Officer, with the grade of General of Division, and the nominal functions of Chief of Staff-General, or, as the French style is, "Major-General" of the army. He told me that he had stipulated that I should rank next after him as a General of Brigade (*i.e.*, Brigadier in American style, or Major-General in British style), and that I should be the real Chief of Staff, as he was to be the real Commander. To my lot should fall the organization of the army, but I was not to go to Ireland, however, before him—that is, until the insurrection had been successful so far as to have a government *de facto*, and men to organize into regular bodies of troops.

Some obvious objections presented themselves to my mind at once: there would be a very long time before the Irish Republic should have an existence *de facto*, even within the most diminutive territory. Then I could not see how I could organize the Irish patriots into an army unless I were in Ireland from the beginning; for the work of organization would not be allowed to go undisturbed by the enemy, and it would be of the greatest moment to direct the insurrectionary part of the war, so that when the regular war would commence the Republicans should be in certain advantageous positions—a thing which could not be done without the presence of the principal officers on the spot.

But I reserved my remarks for the time when I should hear Stephens himself.

As to personal affairs, Cluseret warned me to be careful to make my own terms with the C.O.I.R., although he had already taken good care to secure the best possible for me. I was to have the same pay as in the U. S. army, where the Chief of Staff has the rank of Brigadier-General, and extra pay and allowances. There was plenty of money in the Fenian treasury, he said, and therefore I should feel no false delicacy on such a matter.

I mention this because, at a later period, the General reproached me with folly in not having been more exacting in my demands when making terms with Stephens. Perhaps I should have been so; but the fact is I made no terms at all, merely accepting those proffered to me, as will be seen presently.

We found the Chief Organizer in bed, and suffering from a severe cold resulting from his exertions at the Jones' Wood meeting a few days before. He greeted me with a few words of warm welcome, but, however, they could not destroy the icy feeling produced on me by his first glance.

I was always very impulsive, and I found generally that whenever I felt some ill-boding at the first sight of a man, I had afterwards good causes to regret having matured the acquaintance. Here was the case again. My first inner impulse was to go back to the Bayou Louis, whence I had come with such speed; the next minute I was entirely under the charm of Mr. Stephens's speech, and instead of going south-westward to my farm I went north-eastward to Kilmainham, and am here, *en route* for Queensland, at sea thousands of miles from my home, not knowing when I shall see it again.

We soon left generalities to speak of our own personal business. Stephens ascertained himself from my *etats de service* that I was a regular graduate of one of the best military schools in Europe, with good military records, and orthodox military habits. He then informed me that he was glad to confirm the choice he had been induced to make of me as the Chief of Staff of his future army, and that he would forthwith explain to me the military and political circumstances of Ireland, assuming that if I had then any objection to serve his country I would consider myself as bound to secrecy.

To this I assented, and said that all I required was to be satisfied that the undertaking was thoroughly republican and alike justifiable in the eyes of justice and policy.

show me that I would be fully justified, as a foreigner, in enlisting under the Green Banner, Stephens went on to review the history of Ireland from Cromwell's time down to the Act of Union, which, he said, had been passed by a corrupt Parliament without the sanction of the Irish people, who ever since had claimed the restoration of their autonomy; at first, through peaceable agitation, then in 1819, in a more urgent manner, under Smith O'Brien and his friends. The people, said Mr. Stephens, would have supported O'Brien's rebellion, but they were deterred from it by the Roman Catholic clergy, whose chiefs, the prelates, having been contented by the British Government, desired to enjoy in peace the fruits of their struggle for Catholic Emancipation.

Now, he said, that Emancipation, together with the change in the electoral laws, had opened to the Catholic gentry the road to honours and offices, and they desired little more, they preferred the present system to the risk of losing their hold on the people, which would likely result from any truly democratic change in the constitution of the country. Since 1848 things were pretty much in the same condition, while the Catholic gentry, a small minority, had obtained all the privileges of parliament, the bench, and the bar, the millions had sunk from bad to worse, to the point that they had no resource left except to emigrate at the rate of 100,000 per annum and more to make room for the cattle destined for the English markets. In short, the picture drawn to me of the miseries resulting from the social system forced on the Irish people was such as to make me wonder that the Irish could have borne it so long, and this could be accounted for only by the influence of the clergy.

Was not this influence still at work, and the Irish unwilling to break off the yoke?

"No," said my informant; "he had given the past ten years of his life to a slow but sure work of political education of the people; he had taught them to make a distinction between spiritual and temporal powers; he had accustomed them to look upon the republican institutions as capable of conciliating at once their religious and temporal interests, and now through the medium of the Brotherhood, the influence of the Catholic clergy had ceased to be dominant in politics, although their prelates were strenuously opposed to the Fenian organisation; but this very opposition might

become an element of strength by showing that the movement was not intended to favour Catholic ascendancy, but would have for its result the total separation of Church and State, an object dear to all Presbyterians and Dissenters in Ireland.

"Far from being unwilling or indifferent on the subject of a change of government in Ireland, the people at large were most anxious for it, and wanted but an opportunity. To create that opportunity, to give the people confidence in their own strength, a confidence much shaken since the rebellions of '93 and '48, to provide them with arms and officers—such were the objects of the Fenian Brotherhood."

As for the state of public opinion in Ireland, it was shown by the fact, according to the Chief Organiser, that his organisation numbered in Ireland alone 200,000 members, and such a number of men, on a total population of five millions, could be well considered as a proof that the immense majority of the people were interested in the movement. For two years past Fenian meetings had taken place, where Fenian orators had assumed they were speaking in the name of the Irish people at home, and not a dissentient meeting had been held in Ireland to protest against the assertion: the failure of the Reform meetings first held in Ireland was an additional proof that even Reform would not satisfy Ireland: she wanted independence.

The Republican Brotherhood alone could procure her that independence, and it would establish a republic which would be in accordance with the views of the advanced revolutionists, of which views it appeared to be well-informed; and Mr. Stephens thought that public opinion in Ireland was such that no Government would be possible, but a democracy, with a complete separation of the Church and State, universal suffrage, and a reasonable allotment of the lands, that the Irish may live on the soil on which they were born.

I was well satisfied as to the tendencies of the movement; but I had a last and serious objection. Had the Irish Republicans such means at their disposal as would give them a reasonable chance of success? For while I am aware that sometimes the most desperate attempts have been successful, and that men ought to risk a great deal for their country's cause, still I would not join in nor countenance an enterprise that would be, in my eyes, obviously doomed to failure, resulting

only in useless bloodshed, and perhaps in a tightening of the pressure of tyranny.

On this subject, Mr. Stephens's answer was conclusive: he had ships and money and men, more than was required, as I judged from his statements, not only to render success possible, but even probable. All he required was an efficient staff of good regular officers, and a good organisation for the army, and these objects, he was pleased to say, were to be provided by General Cluseret and myself.

To resume Mr. Stephens's statements to me: the Irish people were suffering from their union with Great Britain; an immense majority desired the establishment of a Democratic and Republican Government; they had ample means to carry out their wishes, and they had acknowledged him as their Moses who was to lead them to the promised land of "Liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness."

I confess I was much surprised at all these statements, and had it not been for the high opinion my friend . . . had of Kelly, and the high opinion the Colonel had of Mr. Stephens, I could not have believed them at all. But there was no middle way between believing all and discrediting all—this I could not do, and, therefore, I must take all Stephens had said as true, and then the enterprise was fully justified in my own judgment. Accordingly I promised Mr. Stephens that I would give it the feeble support of my military experience, even at the risk of my life and happiness, believing, as I do, that in serving the cause of Liberty in one country I would promote it everywhere, and secure it at home. I consented to serve the Irish Republic, when established, so long as it would not deviate from the political and social programme exposed to me by its chief organiser.

Stephens went on to repeat what I had already heard from the General as to the plans formed for the execution of the undertaking, and I could see easily that he wanted no advice, but had already made up his mind as to the course he intended to pursue.

Before entering into the details of my instructions, he wished that I should have regularly accepted of the office as Adjutant-General, and inquired whether I was in a position to assume the duties at once.

I replied that I knew of no objection to my doing so,

but the necessity of providing for the support of my family and for a compensation to my partner for the loss of my services—two things which my present financial circumstances did not allow me to do while absent from my business, such absence being certain to involve me in ruin, perhaps even in deficit. By the same cause, and to my great regret, I was not able to defray my own expenses while engaged in the Irish affairs. But apart from these facts there was no serious cause to deter me from joining in the affair; but not, however, as a member of the secret organisation, being prevented from this by anterior engagements.

Mr. Stephens did not wish me to become a Fenian brother; as for the money matters it was his rule to have all the foreign officers regularly paid at the rate of the United States allowances, and if I thought those attached to my rank to be sufficient to meet my personal obligations, I could rely, he said, on their being regularly paid in gold monthly and in advance; with the restriction that until the opening of the campaign in Ireland—at the latest January 1st, 1867—I should receive but half the pay or £1 a day; the arrears could be paid in America, to my order, as well as any portion of said pay I might afterwards desire to assign either to my wife or to my firm.

Mr. Stephens informed me also that my rank was fixed as Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General, next to Cluseret's, who was the nominal Chief of Staff and the Senior General Officer.

All my travelling expenses should be paid at the actual cost of first-class conveyances instead of mileage, and I was immediately reimbursed my expenses in coming from the Midships, my residence in Louisiana to New York.

Under the circumstances I saw no causes to detain me. On a pay of £60 per month, besides the allowances, I calculated I could easily devote one-half to the indemnification of my partner, if need be, and even the delay of six weeks before taking the field was of little moment on that account; £30 would support my wife and self in Europe, and all the money questions being satisfactorily settled, I was fully installed as an officer of the Irish Republic, whereupon the interview adjourned with the intimation that I should keep ready to start for the Continent of Europe by the next steamer. Mrs. Fariola would receive her passage to Paris whenever she would ask for it, and I was advised to urge her to come at once, but not to wait for her, nor even for my luggage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUGUST 15 18'8.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.*

BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA,

LIEUTENANT COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

CHAPTER V.

THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

IN the preceding chapter I spoke of the details that were given to me concerning the means of action of the Irish Republicans and the Fenians. As the instructions I received were necessarily framed in accordance with those means and the plans adopted, I have thought it better to unite them in a separate chapter, in order not to interrupt the thread of my narration.

As to the data on which the plans for action had been made by General Cluseret, they were the following, according to Mr. Stephens, who detailed them to me over and over again, that I might have myself a clear idea of both the chances and difficulties of the enterprise, and conform my conduct thereto.

There was in Ireland, according to the Chief Organizer, an association of 200,000 men, backed by nearly the whole of Ireland and of the Irish-American element in the United States, the object of which was to give the Irish nation the means and opportunity of enforcing its will of separating from England. The members of the Irish organisation were bound to rise at the call of the Chief Executive of the Irish Republic to form its army. Those 200,000 men comprised a large proportion of men—one-third at least—who had been drilled more or less thoroughly, and had acquired some habits of discipline and subordination. They would form the first and second *bans* or levies of war, by means of which an army of at least 60,000 men could be assembled in a few days.

The balance were not quite so well prepared to take their place at once in the ranks of a regular army. But they would not be wanted at first, and they could form and organise under the protection of those in the field, and thus furnish ample supplies to fill up the gaps in the line as they might occur.

Besides this organisation in Ireland there was a number of men in America, mostly discharged volunteers, who had promised their military services to the Irish Republic.

They would go across the Atlantic whenever required. From these could be selected any number of regimental officers to assume command of the insurgent forces as soon as they would be raised.

What was greatly wanted in Stephens's estimation was the assistance of some good officers, trained in regular armies and possessing practical experience of European warfare. "No volunteers as men or officers," as Cluseret had said, but men having made of the art of war the study and profession of their lives, and able to contend with the regular generals and armies which England would oppose to the Irish *levées en masse*. Those officers were intended to take charge of the principal commands and scientific departments of the service. A few good line officers also were wanted, to contribute in giving at once a proper and rational impulse to the operations as well as to the training and organisation of the Irish Volunteers.

To find such officers with suitable moral qualifications was to be my principal business before the insurrection. All the other material means of success he would provide, and he had them already: arms, ammunition, money, ships, and even the support of the foreign press were at his command, and would be in readiness for the appointed time.

The arms were not yet in Ireland in sufficient quantity; but he had plenty of them, which he would carry over when going to Ireland himself; he knew how and where to land enough of arms to equip 60,000 men at once. He was rather deficient in artillery; but little of it only was wanted, and besides, the Fenians had the patent of some terrible *mitrailleuses* worth all the Armstrongs and Whitworths in the British service.

Several finesteamers were in the United States harbours, among which, one lying in the East River, the fastest ship afloat. These would carry arms and men, with the chief himself, to the shores of Ireland, and then instead of burning his ships like Count Rorruque's ally, he would send them away under the Green Flag to fill up the Irish treasury with the spoils of English merchantmen.

The minor means had not been neglected: torpedoes made by the very same engineer who had made those of Charlestown and Mobile harbours, were all ready for use against the British fleet, and Greek fire was provided for retaliatory measures, should the British Generals apply in Ireland the summary processes by which they won to themselves such—famous—reputation in India,

in Jamaica, and elsewhere.

The telegraphic department, an important one, was in good trim and would afford Captain Thomas J. Kelly, Stephens's devoted friend, new occasions to "signalize" himself in his appropriate line of service.

Supplies in kind would be furnished in unlimited proportions by a sympathising peasantry; and the ample pecuniary means of the Brotherhood would be decupled by public loans in America, for which he had many fine offers, to be realised at the first echo from Ireland of his own war cry.

There were reasons to apprehend that a part of the European press, reflecting the prejudiced opinions of the English journals, would not be friendly to the Irish movements; but the truth about Ireland was coming to light, and as soon as the truly democratic nature of the Fenian views would be known, no opposition should be feared from the Continent.

Now what were the means of the British Government. No doubt they were considerable, but, in Stephens's estimation they were not such as to terrify Ireland's friends.

He estimated the regular forces at 23,000 men; but they could not be reinforced much without endangering

the safety of some other part of the British Empire. More than one-third of the regular troops being Irish by birth, and, therefore, Fenian at heart, the material strength of the British army was considerably reduced; for the Irish soldiers were not expected to fight against their countrymen.

Besides the regulars there was the constabulary estimated at 12,000, which Stephens also, and, perhaps, with a better cause, expected to see flocking to the Irish army as soon as the republican flag had been unfurled with some appearance of power. The constabulary, by their numbers and composition, could be a serious weight against the insurrection; but there was no doubt that should they join the insurgents they would form the best part of the Irish regulars.

The Irish Militia had been disbanded and would be of no use to the British Government, who, in fact, could look for supporters nowhere but in the nobility and the Established Church, an insignificant number compared to the people which they govern.

It is true that the Orange partizans were supporters of the British Government; but these Irish Protestants, numbering about one-sixth of the population, looked to England rather for protection against the Catholics

than on account of political sympathy. In fact, the Presbyterians and Dissenters are, in consequence of their religious views, the enemies of hierarchies and aristocracies, and their unnatural alliance with England was due only to the fear of falling under the power of the Roman Church. But the great aim of Fenianism had been to avoid all religious controversies and to keep aloof from all sects—in fact, the fifth resolution of the Chicago Convention prohibits forever all discussions on religious matters, and "invites every sincere friend of liberty, without distinction of party or creed, to join cordially and harmoniously with us upon the neutral platform of Irish Independence."

Therefore, Mr. Stephens could hope that when the Orangemen would be satisfied that they had no cause to fear Catholic supremacy they would join in the struggle against the foreigner or at least remain neutral.

In fact, it was in the Catholic prelates and gentry that the Irish Republicans saw their most dangerous opponents. The bishops had pretended to ignore the fact, however openly stated, that the F.B. is not a secret society, and they had threatened to excommunicate its members. The truth seems to be, as Mr. Stephens expressed it, that the high clergy and gentry were nearly satisfied since they had got the bribe of the Emancipation Act. The Catholic eminences, grandseurs, lordships, honourables, and M.P.'s might not like much English rule, but in their hatred and fear of the Red Ghost they preferred the British Union to an Irish Republic, which would, perhaps, democratically suppress grants as well as titles, and take from all landlords, Catholics or Protestants, the means of trampling under foot any restive tenant. Such men were England's friends, not from any liking to her, but because they liked still less Republicanism, as the Orangemen learn the same way, not from love of the English, but from a still greater aversion to and fear of Catholic rule.

The latter could be conciliated, but the former, who could not, had, through the confessional, an immense power. Happily Mr. Stephens thought he could boast of having educated his people to the modern idea of the separation between Church and State, between Religion and Politics. And, I believe, he was entirely right, at least in this particular statement. For instance, I remember once meeting a poor uneducated Irishman, who utterly refused to partake of some meat on a Friday, and who laughed at his own bishop's threats of excommunication against him as a Fenian.

In *resumo* in Ireland the English Union had no real supporters but the nobility of the Established Church, both English by blood and interests, these governed the country by the help of an armed force, and the interested support of a few Protestants and Catholics, a support most likely to fail as soon as the fears of the first for their liberty of conscience, and of the latter for their interests, should be removed.

Such was, according to the C.O.I.R., the respective state of the two parties. Whether the representations were absolutely accurate or not, it is not for me to say, and why I took them for granted I will explain presently, although this may be, perhaps, too personal to interest my readers. But, in reporting Mr. Stephens's statements here, I have in view to give the means of appreciating the plans of operations based upon them, and in which I was to take a share.

Everything being as Mr. Stephens represented it, there was some fair chances for Ireland to contend successfully for her freedom, and I was not surprised that the Irish should attempt it, notwithstanding all England's resources. But what surprised me was the manner in which it was proposed to carry out the attempt.

In a war of independence there are always two distinct stages. In the beginning the popular feeling is manifested by meetings, riots, outbreaks, during which the national party feels its own strength; a district after another rises, bands of armed patriots overrun their own neighbourhoods, and yet, little by little, confidence in themselves, and the habit of meeting the enemy; and if, after some time, the Government has not succeeded in putting them down, there is soon some kind of organisation and government for the insurgents, round which they rally and organise, and then the insurrection emerges from the first into the second period: the rioters have become belligerent rebels.

The operations in the second period may be those of regular war; but during the first stage sometimes, as in Greece and in Belgium, of long duration, the war, if it can be called so, is and must be most irregular. It was Mr. Stephens's plan to pass over the first stage of the insurrection. The Irish Republic was not to have an infancy and a growth during which it would get beak and talons; it was to be born full-grown and fully armed, like Minerva coming out of Jupiter's head; it was to have, even before its birth, all its paraphernalia of president and generals; ministers at home and abroad, army corps and regiments. On a fine day the world

would rise in the morning and hear of the birth of the Irish Republic "virtually established" long before; the British Commander-in-Chief in Dublin would be startled by the intelligence that three army-corps, I.R.A., are paraded for guard mounting within a few days', perhaps a few hours' march from the Castle, and that a staff-officer with a Green Flag of truce is there asking for unconditional surrender to the Irish Republic.

This may appear "sarkastical," as the late Artemus Ward used to say; but in fact to this only amounted the plan which was explained to me, and for the execution of which I had to keep prepared.

Mr. Stephens intended to start for Ireland within six weeks from the time (middle of November, 1866), with a number of officers, arms, and ammunitions in quantity. He pledged himself that within three days of his making his call upon the Irish R. B. he would have 30,000 men assembled in three bodies, in three given points, and provided with arms and ammunition; which being done, it remained for the Military Commander, at the head of such an army—for they were drilled men, officered by American officers—to wrest Ireland from English clutches. Behind the army the insurrection could take place easily; all sympathizers would hasten to declare; the British partizans would be awed, and the world could not but recognize a belligerent, throwing at once in the scales the weight of 30,000 muskets.

General Cluseret had nothing to see about the means of Stephens to redeem his words; he had promised only to take command of an Irish army; and therefore he did not go into the question, "Could the army be assembled?" and other minor details: if no army was given him, of course, he could not be expected to drive the English away, and, in consequence, he made his plan upon the basis that three corps of 10,000 men each would be put under his command at stated points, selected by him, within three days' notice.

I do not think that I should enter into the details of this plan; its execution was not attempted, and therefore, nothing can have divulged them; besides it would be of no interest, except to the military reader as a study; on the other hand, it was General Cluseret's own work, and I have no right to publish it without his consent. But I may say that I considered it as a masterpiece of art, and I have very little doubt that if he had an army of thirty thousand men, even of middling quality, he would have been master of Ireland before finishing a serious battle, and, as he said it,

it would have been for the British to conquer the Island.

But what was the use for such plans; to starve a hero, says the French "Family Cook," you need first to have the hero—and to lead an army in the field, you need first have the army. Where was it? It is true Mr. Stephens assured that thirty thousand men would answer his call in three days; but a *levy is not an army*; he might get the first perhaps by stamping his foot against the soil, and I do not disbelieve it, although to-day the assertion may seem somewhat hazardous; the second could only be had by a process of training and organising which requires some time, during which the levies, if kept together, are exposed to a thousand and one causes of destruction, even apart from the danger of meeting a regular force; a danger equivalent to a defeat.

The plan of the C.O.I.R. was, in my view, utterly absurd, and I ventured to point that out. But while the General observed that it was not for us, military officers, to consider that part of the general plans, Mr. Stephens gave me to understand that he was alone to judge and to know whether he could give us the *army* we wanted, and that, he repeated, he would do to a certainty, and before New Year's Day.

In presence of such an assertion I had no further objection to make. I could not take Mr. Stephens for a madman; neither could I for one moment think that he was deceiving us; his own personal character was vouched for by my friends; the reports of the public papers and meetings showed beyond a doubt that he was trusted by hundreds of thousands, that large means were collected, and that the British Government were apprehensive of a most serious attack. Therefore, it was nothing very extraordinary on my part to accept Mr. Stephens's statements, as to his means and strength, as *generally* true; and I could very well suppose that he had the means, which he would not disclose, even to me, to obviate the only objection of mine against his plan—*i.e.*, that he had means of assembling an *army*, if not of 30,000 men, at least large enough to serve as a *nucleus* for them, perhaps by sending across large numbers of discharged volunteers already organised in America—perhaps by other means of his own.

At any rate I cannot be charged with excessive credulity if I relied on Mr. Stephens's assertion. Hundreds of thousands of men, and many of the ablest living men did believe in them, and while many corroborating

circumstances were adduced in their favour, not one was known to me against their accuracy.

Thus I accepted the part that was allotted to me—that is, to prepare myself for the duties of Chief of Staff of an army of 30,000, which was to take the field in a few weeks, and to commence a regular campaign against a regular British army. Indeed it was enough for a single man to do, without meddling with the business of the Brotherhood, and I readily agreed to restrain myself to my proper sphere, out of which I had been tempted only by a first prompting of zeal.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* We give General Fariola's remarks without abridgement; he has a right to this. He does not agree with Mr. Stephens, but every one must be aware that however accurate the information given him by Mr. Stephens, the latter could not control circumstances.

The Fenians of Sacramento and vicinity had a pleasant picnic to the grove near Folsom, on the 26th June. The Sacramentans were escorted by the Emmett Guard, Captain T. W. Sheehan, —*San Francisco Monitor*.

AUGUST 22 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.*

BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH REPUB-
LICAN ARMY.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

I HAD in all six weeks before me to prepare the work of organization—orders, regulations, assignment of officers, to study the country topographically and socially, to become well acquainted with the British forces and means in Ireland; in short, to do all at once and alone what the staff corps of a regular army do by continual studies long before the war, and with the help of all desirable documents, maps, books, reports; and besides I had the special mission of enlisting the officers who were to second me—that is, to find them out, to persuade them to join us, and to ascertain their qualifications.

Everyone must admit that it was as much as any man could do, and I waited for my formal instructions.

These were given me by Stephens himself, and can be resumed in the following:—

I was to proceed to Paris without any delay, and to secure the military services of good regular officers, of Republican principles, if possible; they could be promised in the Irish army the same rank as they held by regular commission, not above that of Colonel, with U. S. pay and allowances from the day of embarking.

I was to prepare everything, in order to be ready at a moment's notice at any time after Christmas; I was to keep up a certain degree of state in accordance with my rank in the U. S. army and the pay allowed me by the brotherhood; to procure all maps, books, and documents, and instruments necessary for the service of my department; to correspond with head-quarters through General Cluseret, or directly, in case of emergency, and finally, and very specially, I was not to set my feet within British jurisdiction for any object connected with Fenianism, nor to have any relations with the Fenians until I was called to Ireland after the proclamation of the Republic. Funds would be given me to defray my expenses. I should not require any intro-

ductions to the Fenian agents in Europe, and I should live under my own name, and with as little mystery as possible.

Mr. Stephens would not allow me to wait in New York for my wife's arrival, nor even for my luggage. When Mrs. F. would arrive he would put at her disposal a passage ticket to Europe; as to luggage, I could buy new clothes in Paris or London for less than the cost of carriage of my trunks from New Orleans to New York.

Thus I was ready to start by the middle of November, 1866. Our interviews had been conducted with great secrecy; but I had little to apprehend from spies, as I was not to do anything treasonable in England, a thing which, as a citizen of the United States, I would not have agreed to do, had I been asked.

The day before my departure I was requested to attend at the head quarters to receive the funds and final instructions. I waited there until the evening, Mr. Stephens being very busy, and to my great annoyance a number of persons were admitted in the private office on very trifling matters, which I considered as the indication of want of caution and order in the transaction of business. At last General Cluseret called in with Colonel Kelly, who brought with him a bag of gold from the Exchange, and by Stephens's direction he was going to count out the money, when the C.O.I.R. remarked that a loss on the change could be avoided by paying me in Paris on my arrival, there being money in the hands of the agent. To this I acquiesced, and I was paid only my actual cost of transportation and £7 for my half-pay for October—from the day I started—so as to make a square account.

Then, for credentials to the Paris agent, as I understood it, Mr. Stephens informed me that a trusty messenger was going to Paris the same day, and by the French steamer, to whom he would give directions for my pay, &c.; he then called in a young gentleman, to whom he said to take notice that I was entitled to receive in Paris for my half-pay £1 per diem, and that he should agree with me upon some place of meeting. This being done the messenger was dismissed, and Stephens invited Cluseret and myself to a parting dinner, where I had the satisfaction of noticing the temperance of the C.O.I.R., being in strong contrast with the conduct of some of his followers at the head quarters.

The next day I took leave of my excellent friends and of Cluserot, who all recommended me not to have anything to do with the conspiracy proper, and to remain in my own line of service. Cluserot intended to act in a like manner, and not to go to Ireland until the Republic was properly proclaimed. He gave me letters for some friends in Paris, and promised to see that Stephens would keep his promise to send my wife to Europe on her arrival in town.

A few hours afterwards I was passing the Needles, on board the steamer "England," bound for Liverpool; having for all fortune a change of linen and £7 in cash, and for companions a few old books, not counting half-a-score of Englishmen intent upon showing their dislike to Fenianism, and their loyalty to the Queen, by absorbing unlimited quantities of Republican "Bourbon" whisky.

CHAPTER VI.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.—MY ASSOCIATES.

Thus I was fully committed to the Fenian enterprise, one which has been very diversely appreciated both in America and in Europe. In the eyes of many disinterested persons it was either criminal or absurd, a foreigner to have joined my fortunes to that of the Irish Revolutionists; and to myself personally, notwithstanding my obscurity, the criticisms have not been spared. What answer I have to make to them may not be very interest-

ing to my readers, inasmuch as I apprehend many have excused me beforehand, and the others but very few will be disposed to modify their present opinion. Still I will give my reasons because some are not absolutely of a personal, but rather of a general, character, and they may serve to illustrate a few questions connected with Fenianism.

The real nature of my engagements towards the Irish Republicans has been fully exposed in the preceding chapters; and it may be resumed in a few words: I had pledged myself to give my personal services, as a military officer, to an Irish republic, *when duly established as a de facto belligerent*, with the understanding that said Republic should be governed according certain political and social principles. In order that I may be in position to join the republican forces at any time I was to remain in a neighbouring country, receiving from them means of supporting myself in the interval; and I intended to prepare myself for the duties to be performed.

But I was not to come within British jurisdiction on

account of the conspiracy, therefore it was clearly understood that I should not be asked to commit any offence against British laws, for, as a citizen of the United States, I cannot commit treason against Great Britain without being in her dominions.

To join an Irish belligerent power could be no worse action than to join any other belligerent, and there are British precedents for acknowledging belligerents at a very early stage of their existence; witness the celebrated despatch mentioning "the late United States."

But I do not intend here to discuss my legal guilt or innocence. The only question for me is whether I was morally wrong in taking a share in the establishment of an independent state in Ireland.

The right of self-government is inherent to every constituted community or nation. A Government is legitimate only when it exists by and with the consent of the governed people, and it becomes tyrannical as soon as it ceases to be founded upon that consent. Every nation has then an imprescriptible right to change the form of its Government, and to make it at pleasure autocratic, aristocratic or democratic, monarchical or republican, and as a necessity of social life, the will of the majority ought to prevail.

Of course there are very intricate questions connected in the practice with the exercise of that right, and which I do not pretend to solve. The majority must not tyrannize over the minority. On the other hand it may be excused, on the ground of self-defence, for enforcing its will against a minority. These are questions which are usually solved by the *ultima ratio* of Kings and nation's cannon. But in right, a people, of distinct race, religion and traditions, occupying a separate and well-defined territory, cannot be debarred of the right of adopting such Government as it thinks best.

Such a change ought to be brought through legal process, if possible; but if the existing and repudiated Government is maintained by violence or corruption, it may be abolished by all available means, and as all men are interested in the promotion of justice and liberty, so are they all interested in the overthrow of an illegitimate authority.

This is no doctrine of mine, unsupported by authority. England fought with Greece, negotiated and fought for Belgium, applauded Garibaldi, and supported with money and cheers the Southern States, the upholders of

slavery. And this last and most recent example is also the strongest in point, for it would be an insult to the English people to attribute their conduct to any other cause than their acquiescence in the principles I have stated.

Then the question was reduced to those terms—First, whether it was really a fact that the great majority of the Irish nation wished to change the form of their Government into that of a republican democracy—the only form of Government I consider as sufficiently superior to all others to be worth a bloody struggle; secondly, whether the means at the disposal of the Irish patriots were such as to give them a fair chance of success; for humanity and expediency alike condemn attempts which, being *evidently* hopeless, could result only in bloodshed and aggravation of public and private miseries.

Well, on the first point, I do not wish to be understood as expressing an opinion upon the present state of public opinion in Ireland. I must confess that when I had a opportunity of visiting Ireland my own ideas of her real dispositions were considerably shaken, and I have conceived very strong doubts as to the absolute accuracy of the statements made to me at the time I was enlisted in the Irish movement.

This admission on my part may call the reproach of rashness; but it would be hardly fair, because there was not only Mr. Stephen's character to support his representations: there were corroborating testimony, stronger than any corroboration ever given to any informer's statements in political trials. The history of the last seventy-five years showed that the political union had been strongly opposed before and after its consummation; and that there had been a general discontent in Ireland ever since; that the people were, on the whole, very miserable, was proven by an unexampled emigration, and above all, in my sight, there was a proof to be found in the existence and doings of the Fenian Brotherhood itself.

Indeed, for several years in succession, and when the emigration had been larger than ever, a number of men, both Irish and Irish-American, many of them being men of ability and station, had assumed to speak in the name of Ireland. Both in the public press and in presence of the largest public meetings ever witnessed they

proclaimed that the present government of Ireland was odious to the Irish, and that they were determined to shake it down. And Ireland, in whose name such things were said and proclaimed, had never repudiated the assertion. Not a single Irish meeting had denounced the falsity of the representation made about their country.

It is true that none had endorsed them very publicly, but the Treason-Felony Act can account for it as well as the loyalty of the people, and I think that if I took a mistaken notion of the wishes and intentions of the Irish people *they* are greatly responsible for it, and I had as strong justification for the error as any man can have.

As to the means on hand, I had but the word of Mr. Stephens, it is true, but he was endorsed, apparently at least, by an immense number of followers; their numbers and late doings justified fully the belief that he had large sums at his disposal as well as men; and besides, he was introduced to me by old friends, most trusty, and who were speaking of him in the very highest terms. If I was rash in believing and trusting to his words, I dare say older and shrewder men than I am are more heedless every day of their lives. How many are there not who trust their fortunes to bubble companies on the mere pretence or statement that some senator or honourable is a manager, about whom they know nothing? how many who risk their lives on board Mississippi steamers without knowing anything of the captain and crew, and who do not even inquire whether the boilers are tubular or not, and the engine man an habitual drunkard?

The question whether I had been careful enough in adoption of associates, would be as well answered by an examination of their respective characters. I came in contact with only a few of the Irish Republicans, and this acquaintance was generally but very short; but it was also in very trying conjunctures; such as throw more light on the true character of men in an hour's time than years of intimacy would under ordinary circumstances. And as the personal character of men often furnishes the keys to explain otherwise unaccountable actions, these notes would not be complete without those I made of the principal associates I had "amongst the Fenians."

To every lord his due. Mr. James Stephens is beyond comparison the principal of them, both in fame and personal attainments. I do not mean to assume that he surpasses *all* his rivals, but I had not the honour of being acquainted with most of them, and he *does* surpass those I met, and who will be mentioned in these pages.

I need not give here his biography, which I am much less acquainted than most of my readers; what his personal character is, is still more a subject of dispute than his past and present life. My impression is that he is a man of real talent, especially as an organizer, and that he is perfectly honest in his professions of patriotism and love to his native land. And here I am glad to say that I believe the charges of interested treason, brought against him after his fall last year, utterly unfounded, and I think those who propagated them, while actuated by good motives, regret having done so. Of the other charges I know nothing; but I always heard him repel them scornfully.

But he has also his faults, in my estimation, and the greatest is an excessive love of absolute and uncontrolled authority. Whether this results from an excessive self-esteem and belief in his own superiority, or from a natural bias of his character, is immaterial. It is good that a leader should have a great confidence in himself; however, it should not blind him on his deficiencies, and this is why absolute power is really dangerous, even when entrusted to the most honest men, unless they be of such transcendent and universal genius as Caesar, Richelieu, or Napoleon, which Mr. Stephens's admirers must admit is not the case with him.

It is natural to man to wish to retain the power acquired, and it is a common weakness for leaders to think that the public interest requires them to remain at the head of affairs: from that to consider as treason to the cause any attack on their authority there is but one step; and I suppose this is the cause why Mr. Stephens seems to have been apprehensive of all rivalry, and, as a preventive measure, surrounded himself with and gave authority and importance only to men whose obvious want of ability, sometimes of common education, precluded the possibility of becoming dangerous as competitors. Perhaps, did he do so to avoid control as well as rivalry; but he forgot that there was still a greater danger in his course—for sudden elevation will turn the head of fools, and thus it happens

that an incapable lieutenant, being ungrateful as well, but, perhaps, honest, will rise against the chief who elevated him, and being unable to follow the plans will blindly destroy the result of years of patient toil when nearest to success, as the C.O.I.R. pretends to be the case with Colonel Kelly's rebellious conduct.

A remark made on my statement of Mr. Stephens's representations to me about the state of Ireland and his means of action compels me to touch a lost point which I would rather have passed over. It was pointed that all of Mr. Stephens's representations may have been accurate and that he cannot be held responsible for events beyond his control.

This is true enough; the representations *might* have been true enough, and more than that. In my last chapter I did not question their accuracy, but the propriety of the plans based on them, they being accepted as accurate. My critic seems to have desired to anticipate the reader's probable remark, that they were not true and correct. Now I must say that I admit Mr. Stephens cannot be held responsible, *directly* responsible I mean, for the Chester or Ash-Wednesday failures, except inasmuch as they resulted from a state of things due to his not providing the organization with means of replacing a retiring or fallen head by some lawful and capable successor in office, as the sequel will prove.

But I will add that I cannot to-day account for Mr. Stephens's representations to me as to his means and plans; if he were deceived himself on the 10th of November, so far as to really believe he could land in Ireland for active insurrection before December 31, then he was utterly incompetent, and his organization was

a failure. Therefore, I consider it more probable that he was not deceived, but had some reason, no doubt, honest in his opinion to make people believe that he would redeem his public pledge, and he sent me to Europe with mission to recruit officers and prepare for war, in order to confirm the public in their belief. This also will, perhaps, be better proved hereafter.

Perhaps some persons may consider such a proceeding anything but honest; but I will remind them that many men, and of the most honest as private individuals, are apt to get very confused ideas about what is their duty or right as public men. The *reason of state*, now-a-days, is not only reserved to excuse acts of immorality; even directors of public companies are seen to act as such on very different principles than they would as private individuals. Mr. Stephens, like other rulers and

chiefs of party, may have thought that a public interest excused in the public man, a thing which he would have shrunk from doing for a personal motive, and while I denounce the doctrine as most pernicious and immoral, I cannot blame very severely the man who fell, as I think, in a very common error.

It is no doubt reserved to play another part in the fortunes of Fenianism, for it is easy to foresee the moment when the subdivision of the wings, branches, and sub-wings, and sub-branches, shall make them all look to him as the only man capable of recognising them. If this happen he would be able to make his own terms and to impose on his recreant circles such conditions as will him more absolute than ever before. My only desire is, that in such a case he may still be prevented from experimenting, in his unhappy country, his own military ideas of fighting *from the first* the regular British troops with huge masses of men, although they would have had even 5,000 American volunteers as a nucleus. Let him remember that the numbers are but little in comparison to discipline and efficiency, which can be acquired only by a slow process; and when he is tempted to cite Buonaparte's impious doctrine that God sides with the biggest battalions, let him remember that no man better confuted it than the great captain himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMONGST THE FENIANS.*

BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

It is true the C.O.I.R. asserts that he never disclosed the *fin mot* of his plans to any living man: this is no very great mark of trust to his Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, and goes to confirm my opinion that I was not intended to serve as such. But then I hope he will find before he attempts it, some more trusty and competent officers than Cluseret and myself, to whom he can submit the plan, instead of relying upon his own military talent alone.

Next to James Stephens comes General G. Cluseret. His biography was given to the public by himself, some short time since, and the "Irishman in Paris" translated it for the benefit of his Irish readers. Therefore I need only add what the General himself would not say, that he enjoys and deserves a very high reputation for personal daring and bravery, which gained him in France the crosses of Knight and Officer of the Legion of Honour, besides numbers of medals, among which Queen Victoria's Crimean clasp. He left the American service, in which he had achieved several brilliant feats of arms, because of his disagreeing with some political general above him, which caused him to be sent to his place of residence, there to enjoy his Brigadier's pay. This kind of punishment, not altogether distasteful to many of his colleagues, did not suit him, and he resigned.

General Cluseret is a fine-looking man, about 45 years old, and the *beau ideal* of a French Colonel of Cuirassiers, notwithstanding his contempt for Cavalry, in consequence of his being a Light-Infantryman. His influence over his men is marvellous, although a very strict disciplinarian, and having both a sound scientific and a great practical knowledge of war, especially of the kind of warfare most required in Ireland. He was altogether the very best man who Mr. Stephens could have selected to command the Fenians, had he had the choice among hundreds.

The private character of the General is not, perhaps, quite as chivalric and disinterested as that of his former chieftain, Garibaldi; but if he is endowed with a very

reasonable dose of worldly wisdom, of which I am myself a witness, I am loth and unwilling to believe that he was at all actuated by such reasons as Mr. Stephens and others perhaps after him have said. The most that can be said is that he was more cautious than I was, probably from reasons which he had, but which he did not feel in honour at liberty to disclose, even to me; and in these times a man ought not to be much blamed for a little regard for self.

In Cluseret's character I found but one fault; he makes very light of his military talents, but he attaches a great price to his political ability; still, in my opinion, he is no better as a statesman than Mr. Stephens as a general.

Colonel Thomas J. Kelly was but little known to me at the time I left New York. I had heard my friend — speak of him as a most honest man, and, beside, he had won for himself a very fine reputation for personal daring while he was captain of the Signal Corps in General Thomas's army. As a soldier, I cannot of course say much for Colonel Kelly's abilities.

As a patriot, I believe him perfectly sincere and honest, and, I think, that when he assumed the direction of affairs in 1867, he did so because he thought he was, at the time, the best man to do it; to my knowledge, he offered to surrender it to any one abler or more trusted by the Irish than himself. Still he has also ambition of his own, and he proved himself very apt to distinguish between public and private morality. He was perhaps not quite competent to be the leader of Ireland's revolutionists; but being very brave, and endowed with very little scruples as to legitimacy of the means, provided they be expedient, and the end just in his view, he will form a most valuable lieutenant in the hands of an able chief.

The name of General Vifquain was frequently mentioned in the trials of Fenian officers, and still there is scarcely a person less known to them. He had been my class-mate at the military academy, and having settled in Nebraska ten or twelve years ago, he is a well-to-do farmer there. During the war he served in the "Epineuil" Zouaves, and afterwards in an Illinois State Volunteer Regiment, where he became successively adjutant, major, and lieutenant-colonel-commandant. After the war he was brevetted colonel and brigadier-general, but on much better grounds than many officers brevetted in the same "batches" with himself. In fact, he had won his grades by actual bravery, and was,

in all respects, a good officer. We were intimate friends from the school, and we served in America in the same army. When Cluseret asked me to point out some good resolute officers, I thought first of Vifquain, but I doubted whether he would leave his wife and five children in the far West to co-operate in Ireland's emancipation. I wrote to him from New York, that should he wish to join, he had only to communicate with Cluseret. He did so in December, 1866, but was telegraphed not to come, affairs having taken a doubtful look. Still he came, and insisted on going to Europe at his own risk, the journey being paid by Kelly. He never went to Ireland nor to England, and is now at home, whence it is probable he shall not emerge again on behalf of Fenianism. This disposes of the third pretended agent of continental secret societies in Ireland, and of his pretended flight, in terror, from Connaught. I may add that he is of very doubtful republicanism.

The messenger who left New York at the same time I did, William ———, was a young man of very great promise, almost a scholar, whose family is well known in Ireland, and whose devotion to his country is as genuine as it is now ill-requited by his fellow-Fenians. He was not intended for field service, being deemed more useful in other capacities; but he proved himself as intrepid as any other when the occasion came to affront the argus-eyed gentry of Scotland-yard and of the G Division, and this at a time when he had before him the example of two brothers in durance for no other apparent fault than that of doing like himself. By what strange coincidence both Messrs. Stephens and Kelly, who have had proofs of his integrity, took a dislike to him, I cannot say; but I am personally satisfied that the allegations of the one, and the treatment of the other, toward William ———, are utterly unwarranted.

All the other persons I met afterwards, in connection with Fenianism, had very little intercourse with me, and besides their character would present but little interest here. Most of them were military officers who would have been exceedingly well fitted for the military part that was assigned to them, had they only had an opportunity of performing it. All with but one exception remained true to their friends and proved themselves men of honour and courage, such as anyone might feel proud to reckon among his associates.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST STAGE TOWARDS DUBLIN CASTLE.

At last I thought myself on it while the "England" steamship was ploughing the waves of the Atlantic bound eastward. The passage was altogether pleasant. I had made the acquaintance of an old salt, Yankee to the bone, who was sent by a firm of New York to take charge of an establishment somewhere in China, and that of a young Englishman, just gazetted to an ensigncy in the British army, where he hastened to join from a tour through Canada and the States. He was most interesting in his theories and opinions upon the recent civil war, our generals, our campaigns, and, of course, our injustice towards the South, who only wanted to separate their fortunes from those of the North, because they were getting the worse in the bargain of the Union. As I did not wish to let any one suppose that I was any way a sympathiser of the Fenians, I did not point out that his country was dealing pretty much in the same way with Ireland, with the difference that the South are not disarmed, nor compelled to support a Northern clergy, nor even a Northern army, and that not a single man is in a penitentiary for his participation in, much less for his advocating of, the secession.

My forbearance to hurt the ensign's notions on American things and men, and my patience to listen to the captain's yarns of tales, made me pretty comfortable during the journey, and had it not been for an attack of bilious fever, an old foe made in my Southern campaign, I would have reached Liverpool in the very best possible spirits.

At Liverpool, however, I had an early opportunity to know that I was no longer in my free country. The Custom-house officers detected a pair of brass buttons, which, in the hurry of my departure from home, had strayed in my valise. Notwithstanding the eagle that adorned the buttons, they were transmitted to a gentleman in black, who presumed it would be necessary to ascertain who I was and what I wanted in England, considering that the Fenians also had brass buttons. When I had been thoroughly searched, and had shown by my passport and official documents that I was an American citizen, and that my business in England was of a most legitimate kind, and in no way connected with Fenianism, I was not detained more than half-an-hour, and I was still in time for the London express.

The business I had in London did not require my staying there at the time more than a day or two, and was, as I have said, purely personal to me. I had undertaken it when in New York for my private interest, as it required but little special attention and work, but being unwell I was compelled to learn at my cost that London third-rate hotels, such as Wood's, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, are quite as expensive as the Astor House, or the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, my bill running at the rate of £1, or 6 sols. in currency, per diem, for a very plain fare.

Before I left London I had a little commercial transaction which gives me still a deal of annoyance, although the fault is not quite with me. I wanted to provide myself with a good revolver, and knowing the superiority of the London makers, I called at one of them from whom I had bought some very fine arms at a previous voyage in Europe, and I selected a pistol which I requested to have set apart, informing him I would write to him from Paris to send it to me in a short time, as I had but little money with me. The merchant had recognized me, and insisted on my taking the article at once, and that I should pay for it with a cheque from Paris, or on my return through London. I acquiesced at length; to my great mortification, the pistol is still unpaid for, although it is long since out of my possession.

In fact, a friend going from Paris to London to receive funds there, borrowed £10 from me, and promised to pay my gunmaker, whose bill was little short of the amount. Unfortunately, the friend in question either neglected or omitted to see my creditor, and informed me of the fact long after, when I was no longer in a position to pay £10, even to save my person. Thus it came that an English—is he not Irish?—gunmaker volunteered the use of a revolver and ammunition to the Fenian armoury.

I reached Paris on the 3rd of December, 1866, and thanks to the cost of life in London and my own improvidence in leaving New York with only £7 in cash, I was compelled to raise money on the guarantee of my watch and ring. However, I doubted not that I would soon find the young gentleman who was, as I thought, to introduce me to Mr. Stephens's financial agent. But William did not repair to the appointed place, and nothing was known of him. After a few days spent in vain inquiries at all the

places where he could have been heard of. I began to despair of his having reached Paris at all, when a mere hazard made me come across a young countryman of mine, or nearly so, a person whose name is very celebrated on account of one of his relatives, and whom I knew personally. He was from New York on his way to his own country, and had consented, for a small consideration, to attend to some little business Mr. Stephens had there in connection with the press. He was not a Fenian, nor expected to become one, but being perfectly trustworthy we exchanged confidences on our respective affairs, and thus I learned that he was himself much embarrassed, for he had stayed a longer time than he expected in England waiting permission from the French Government to make a short stay in Paris, and he had not the means of proceeding on his journey, at the end of which only he would find money; but on hearing that I was looking for a man who could not be found in Paris, Mr. C. proposed to ask the help of an acquaintance of his, well posted for discovering my correspondent if he were in town; and this kind gentleman, indeed, procured me in a very little time the address of William.

Many days had already elapsed, I had not been idle, but the want of money had prevented me from acting as actively as I thought required. The non-appearance of the agent had not given me any misgivings, but the fear that I might be unable to do what I had undertaken in good time, and I was right glad to find the young gentleman. However his explanation did give me some serious apprehensions. There was no other agent but himself, and from him it was that I should receive funds; but he had not money enough to give me even one month's half-pay; he had not repaired to the café where he had appointed to meet, because he could not pay his fourpence for a drink, and the little money he had when we met had just reached him. It is true he had taken some with him from New York; but when he reached Paris, several days before I arrived in London, he found a pressing call from England upon his cash, and not knowing when I would come he had reserved nothing for either himself or me.

This confession appeared very strange; I could scarcely believe it; still, as there appeared no cause to distrust William I felt somewhat uneasy, for it was evidently a proof that business was transacted in a somewhat loose manner, and I was waiting anxiously for an answer to the letters I had written upon my arrival to both Stephens and Cluseret to report the absence of the agent.

Stephens did not answer, and he says that my reports did not reach him; but Cluseret wrote to me the following, which reached me some time after Christmas:—

New York, December 15, 1866.

MY DEAR FARIOLA—We have received your letter yesterday. Mrs. F. has not arrived at New York, and I conclude from a letter from your agent on the plantation that she has returned there. Your friend V—, from Camden, Nebraska, will go to join you with two good travellers, as soon as the samples are ready. I think he will be of great help to you. I do not think the house shall be able to begin its operations on a large scale for January 1st. I think there shall be given some days of respite to the makers to "fulfil their engagements" (*sic*). As for me, you shall see me before long. Above all do not lose sight of my recommendation. Be careful of the prospectuses, and organise well the agents. *Du reste*, we shall have, I believe, fine results. [I suppress the balance, of a purely private character].—Truly yours,
G. O.

This letter did not convey any hint that the business was not going right well. The delay for the operations on a large scale was construed by me as a proof that Mr. Stephens's real plans were not quite such as he had

represented them, or that he had yielded to good advice. And the last sentence, which I shall have occasion to recall, was an intimation that the enterprise looked bright and satisfactory, and that, at any rate, nothing was foreboding its ruin.

Therefore I worked with a will; I prepared a full set of regulations for the prospective army of the Irish Republic; I studied the map and topography of the Island; inquired of the newest perfectionments in the art of destroying; and kept an active correspondence with many persons who were, in my judgment, of the stamp wanted for the war in Ireland. A few of them I saw in Paris and I was obliged from time to time to allay their ardour for the undertaking, which, through my representations—that is, those of Stephens—they looked upon as just and practicable. As William had but very little funds on hands, I did not hesitate to borrow money from a friend I had in Paris, who was entirely devoted to me, and proved it still more afterwards.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL IRISH
REPUBLICAN ARMY.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED.)

The news of Stephens' dismissal had startled me, and I had considered it as a ruse of war to blind the eyes of the spies on the real movements of the Brotherhood. But when I heard what my friends and Colonel Kelly told me, I was still more astonished: What I heard was only what the papers have reported, but it was incredible enough. Kelly accused Stephens of having lacked of heart at the last moment, and that to conceal his cowardice he had simulated sickness; he said that a general meeting of the leaders of the Brotherhood, acting under their constitution, had removed Stephens from office, and elected him, Kelly, in his stead, and that he had come for business; only the change required some kind of recognition in Ireland in order to work harmoniously, and so he had come to Paris first to establish his communications with the Irish Centres.

I have never been well acquainted with the details of Mr. Stephens's deposition or resignation, whichever it was. As a mere "servant" of the intended Republic of Ireland, I had no more to do with the person at the head of it than with the plans that person had for bringing it about. In fairness to Mr. Stephens, I must say that he repels very indignantly the charge of cowardice, and says that after my departure from New York, he received intelligence from Ireland which satisfied him that all his prospects for that time were frustrated; that the attempt would prove abortive, and that he offered to the leaders under him to embark for Ireland, and get taken and hanged, to redeem his word and the prestige of the organisation, but that this offer was not entertained, and that they insisting upon a rising taking place, it had been settled that he would embark with Kelly and others, on a given day, when to his surprise he discovered that Kelly had left. Kelly, personally, he charges with having been actuated by personal ambition, and having been a tool of Cluseret. According to the late C.O.I.R. when he still thought of going to Ireland in order to make people believe he had actually left, he turned

all the records and property of the Brotherhood, including some thousand dollars in cash, over to Colonel Kelly, his trusted deputy. This being known to Cluseret, who says Stephens was discontented with the short allowances made to him, the General acted upon the Colonel's weak mind to persuade him to throw off his allegiance, hoping to find him more easy in money matters.

Mr. Stephens thinks, therefore, that the greatest blame is due to Cluseret, whom he charges with a mercenarism, which the antecedents of the General do not seem to make probable. I believe he is not a very devoted friend, nor endowed with any extraordinary degree of abnegation, but a mercenary I dare say he is not, and Mr. Stephens must be blinded by his feelings. It is true Colonel Kelly told me that he gave to Cluseret £200 before starting, and that he allowed him a small sum monthly while in Paris. But £200 is not so magnificent a sum as to call for any charge like that uttered by Mr. Stephens, and unless better proved I shall not believe it.

Mr. Stephens is very hard on what he calls Cluseret's and my own desertion for accepting Kelly as his successor in office. I can understand his bitterness of feeling against Kelly, especially on account of the charge of cowardice on which the removal was grounded; and it is only a pity, that the C.O.I.R. did not, as he says he could have done, cause his recreant deputy to be thrown out of the windows of the meeting-hall in New York. If Kelly was a traitor, usurping the authority of his friend and chief, he should have been dealt with as a traitor if but for the sake of example. But Cluseret and I had nothing at all to do with the internal affairs of the Brotherhood. So far as its statutes were known to me, by the Chicago Resolutions, it was a democratic association, with elective officers, liable to its control, censure, and removal from office; it was nothing to me, and as I had only agreed to serve the Irish Republic. I had no cause to refuse my services because one man rather than another was entrusted with the mission of creating it.

If I have mentioned these little internal squabbings it is especially because they illustrate well the dangers of secret conspiracies when organised in the loose manner of the Fenian Brotherhood's. As there is always a great deal of secret transactions, a man is always open to charges which he cannot repel, and it

is likely the most brazen liar will, in the end, get the best of it; a small Council, next to the Chief, and who should alone have authority to hear charges against any one, would obviate to a great extent the evil, and be at once a check for the Chief, and a check for its opponents—the utterance in public or private, even hearsay, of a charge against an associate should be an act of treason.

Now, before dismissing Mr. Stephens from these pages, I have a last remark. If in December, 1866, he abandoned the idea of a rising in Ireland that year, which he contemplated still in November, it shows that he was very imperfectly acquainted with his organisation, or at any rate very badly served, and that he was very rash in making to me the statements I have reported. I am quite willing to admit that he was deceived, as I was deceived, and did deceive others, although I did not come near involving them to the extent he involved me, for I was careful to say I was speaking from his statement. But he asserted, and ought to have known, or who else could? And finally, when he did discover the truth, if he knew it not before I left New York, why not inform me of it that I might return home, and at all events cease to enlist men in his enterprise, and to involve myself in obligations which he would not help me to redeem,

Still I bear him no ill-will. I am ready to make all allowance for the press of affairs for the terrible trouble he must have experienced when he discovered that his hopes were blighted, that his own name and prestige were blasted, that the toil of years was lost. Horrible, indeed, his anxiety must have been at a moment when he was already broken in health, and I can as easily forgive him his neglect of me at that moment, as I readily accounted for his inaccuracy in his representations before I left America, and even for his employing me without my knowledge or consent, as an instrument for some sham or deception on others. At any rate he did not betray an old friendship, and did not repay devotion by slander, so far as I know. I was nothing but a stranger whom he had an opportunity of making subservient to his plans, and if I was made so at my cost, I must thank only those who answered for him, and my own folly.

I met Kelly^c in Paris, on Sunday, January 28, 1867. He informed me that he relied on my co-operation as much as Stephens did, and that all previous

arrangements were maintained. He intended to proceed to Ireland as soon as the change which had occurred in America would be known there, and in the meantime thought it prudent I should not stay in Paris, where the English detectives were already on the scent. The affairs had taken such a turn, from the scarcity of funds, that he could not take the foreign officers I had enlisted for the Irish cause, and therefore all my preparations were complete. So I proposed to go to London where I might give my attention to my private business until I would be wanted in Ireland. This was assented to, and Cluseret being desirous of introducing me to the American Minister, who could facilitate my work, and of seeing London, accompanied me with the intention of spending there a fortnight. The work I had was, in co-operation with him, a study of the systems of Military Reserves in Europe, specially intended for the State of New York Militia, which was to be reorganised. Kelly gave me £20, balance of my half-pay to December 31st, and informed me that there was presently but little money on hand, so that I would have to live on short allowance until a remittance came from New York; but this mattered little. We would be soon in the field, where I wanted nothing, and I only asked an order that my wife be paid in New York at least a portion of the half-pay due there; this he did at once. I paid a part of my debts in Paris, and on the same day of my return started back for London with Cluseret.

I took lodgings in Great Portland-street. But the General, having been unable to find some convenient to him, took them, and until his departure I remained at an hotel. This was the cause of a singular mistake which served me in different ways afterwards, for we were together when we saw the rooms, and as he went first there, the landlady, seeing moreover letters coming for Colonel Fariola, took him to be the Colonel, and afterwards never knew me in the confusion made.

I prosecuted my researches without having anything to do with the Fenians. But, Kelly having come himself to London and visited Cluseret, we were made acquainted to a certain extent with what was transpiring, and occasionally were witnesses of discussions between rival leaders; but, neither I nor, to the best of my knowledge, General Cluseret had any participation or influence on the movements of the conspirators.

Indeed, Kelly had been called to London by all the Fenians, who were there in a very great confusion. There had been for a long time before a number of Irish-American officers waiting in London the signal for joining in Ireland the insurgent forces. These gentlemen had been of late as much and more forgotten by Mr. Stephens than myself, and were in January, '67, living on the somewhat enormous sum of three-half-pence per diem. When New Year's Day had passed without any news, they had become utterly disgusted, and they had resolved to act without Mr. Stephens, or to return to America if they could. At this juncture they were met by another body of men, also disgusted with the apathy of the New York headquarters, and who had already bound themselves together to recognise no longer Stephens nor any other leader then in America. They assumed

to be the direct representatives of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and to form a Directory which would hereafter replace the autocratic Head-Centre. They had some funds, and offered to help the officers, provided they would accept them as their leaders, and promise to go at once on an enterprise which they had planned, but which they would not submit to the officers nor to any committee of them. As the officers did not feel disposed to embark in the dark, doubting as they did the competency of the Directors, and well knowing the rashness of some of them, the matter stood in negotiation during the whole of January, and it is said that the Directors, acting with the same spirit of dictatorial authority of which they complained in the C.O.I.R., threatened to reduce the rest of the officers to starvation or obedience.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

BY OCTAVE L. FARIOLA

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, LATE
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REPUBLICAN ARMY.

When Kelly arrived the officers at once recognised him as the Chief Executive of the Irish Republic, but the Directors did not. They were sworn to act by themselves, and would not accept any new Chief from America. They were willing to give Kelly a seat amongst them, and, through personal regard, the chair, but a single vote, like the six others. Long negotiations ensued. Kelly having some funds they desired to conciliate him; they having some important connections in Ireland were to be conciliated also, and it was to be feared that a separate and imperative action on their part might foil Kelly's own plans. Still, he could not, he thought, resign the authority and mission entrusted to him in New York, and recognise what he called a self-constituted body.

I happened to be present at the last interview between the Chief Executive and two of the "Directors," delegated by the others, and I was much struck by the statements of one of the last. Kelly considered their plan—of which he had, at least, a general knowledge—as perfectly mad, and certain to prevent the execution of the plans of the Brotherhood entrusted to him. They told him in answer that their plan was the better on account of its very madness. That the Irish would not move at the call of the Brotherhood. That not ten thousand men in all Ireland would turn out, and they would not have a thousand muskets altogether; that, in fine, the old plans of Stephens had not the slightest chance of success, or even a countenance from the people. Their plan was bold almost to insanity, but it might succeed, and then result in arming a body of 1,200 or 1,500 men, with whom to commence a guerilla warfare, the only one, in the speaker's mind, that could have a chance of ultimate success. But, should his purpose be nipped

in the bud, as it was very probable, at least he would have done an effort to save the Irish name from the contumely to which Stephens's empty boasts had exposed it, and this result, the most the speaker was certain to attain, he was ready and willing to pay it with his life. Alas! the brave fellow does pay it with his life, undergoing a thousand deaths of penal servitude in an English dungeon, rendered more horrible to a man of his ardent temper, used as he was to embrace whole States in his adventurous raids, and now confined in a cell sixteen feet by eight.

Kelly remained unmoved, denying that the Brotherhood was in the state of disorganisation his opponents represented, and they separated with rather a cold parting. Two days afterwards I read in the papers the Chester affair, and began to understand what had been the plan of the directors. Its very boldness might, indeed, have made it successful, and no one can say what a thousand resolute men, under such a leader, as one of the directors is, could have done. But if the plan was good it was attempted with the carelessness which characterised all the Fenian enterprises; and one of the useful personages in the pay of both the Irish Republic and the Irish Kingdom, having found the last master to be the richer, gave this the benefit of his allegiance, and sent the directors to the felons' dock.

I would have been well instructed by what I had heard, but not only did Kelly swear that the directors know nothing of the real state of affairs, but four men arrived from Ireland who were said to be the newly-elected representatives of four great divisions of the Brotherhood, intrusted with power to re-establish the union between the Irish and the American branches. These men who were, after all, rather poor specimens of the Irish democracy, intellectually speaking, seemed to be, however, full of patriotism and quite resolute. They represented their people as ready and anxious for the struggle. In their opinion they could not be restrained any longer, and wanted to open the fight, even against orders; it was therefore urgent to lead them on in order to make use of their enthusiasm. They also said that no single man should thereafter be allowed to direct the affairs in Ireland, and they had determined to constitute themselves into a Provisional Government; but they offered Kelly to enter their

body with any one other person he would like, and the final result was that Kelly was elected their chairman, nominated a sixth member a most intelligent but very young man, sure to side with him, and then they adjourned *sine die* after having delegated all their powers to Kelly, who was then virtually the Chief Executive. The strange contradiction their conduct implied I do not try to explain—I never understood it. However, before separating they had held an executive session, in which they had made the military appointments for the future army. General Cluseret was elected commander-in-chief, I was confirmed as his second in rank and adjutant-general, and a dozen of brigadiers, among which Vifquain and Godfrey Condon, since notorious under the name of Massey.

This last was the object of a special nomination, that of deputy of the commander-in-chief until the arrival of this officer himself in Ireland—in other words, until the creation of a real army. How this man, whose military antecedents were still less known than his private history, came to be selected for this important duty, has remained, until now, a mystery, which I do not pretend to explain, but I know how it was brought about. The day before the sitting of the Provisional Government, General Cluseret was asked by Kelly to make the list of the chief officers he desired to be appointed, and the position he nominated them for; he suggested that some one should be nominated to be the chief officer until Cluseret and my own going there, which was to be only when the Republic had acquired the status of a belligerent, and had such an army as to justify and require a general-in-chief. Cluseret was not acquainted with any of the Irish officers, and rather distrusted Massey who passed for a late Confederate colonel, although Massey's assumed quality of having been a regular officer in the British army, seemed to point him out to the General's choice as well as to that of Kelly, who was very intimate with him. But Massey himself called on Cluseret, who liked him well as a man, on account of his off-hand manner and martial deportment. He told the General that it was Kelly's desire to have him, Massey, nominated, because his name would be more agreeable to the other P. G.'s who knew him, than that of any of the American officers, all of whom were strangers in Ireland, and, therefore,

little fitted for the duties. After all, as the deputy had only to execute the orders and plans given to him, Cluseret, thinking, that he acted according to Kelly's desire, nominated Massey. The next day, after the appointments were confirmed, two of the P. G.'s met Cluseret and expressed their surprise at the choice which they had not expected, but which they said they confirmed through deference for the General.

Cluseret returned to Paris on or about the 15th of February, and never went back to England since; he had nothing to do there, and was not to go to Ireland until an emergency which never occurred. But I remained in London intending to visit Ireland before going to Brussels to wait also for the call of the Irish Republic.

At the request of Kelly I had communicated to him my views on the objects to be attained during the first stage of the insurrection, in order to have the Irish forces in the best possible positions when the war could assume a more regular character. I had indicated the points whose possession should be secured at first, the general course to be followed by the bands of partisans, and the general lines of operations and communications that would be taken afterwards. These views were communicated as instructions to all the officers to be in charge of districts and large parties, Massey included. The burden of them was to begin the war with very small bands of men, fifteen to twenty men at most, two or three being allowed to unite only in very rare cases, when success would be twice certain, and not at all in the first outset. These bands were never to fight regularly against troops or police; on the contrary, they were to avoid all encounters, using their legs whenever met by the enemy to draw it in vain and tiresome marches; they were to resort to ambuscades to cut off all isolated or small parties of police or soldiers; to cut the roads, railways, telegraphs, and bridges everywhere and every day, so as to keep the country in a perpetual state of apprehension and insecurity; to disperse whenever hotly pursued, and after every little expedition. Each chief of band was to be independent of his neighbours, and to receive general instructions only from the Military Centre of his district; this alone should order the reunion of several bands for a common purpose requiring any length of time. But every band was to keep

constant correspondence with its neighbours, and a system of signals should be established for some general and predetermined movements of all the bands of a district.

The object of this system was to inure the men to the fatigues and to the discipline of war; at the same time it would accustom them progressively to get self-reliance; the soldiers and police would be exhausted; an immense force would be required for the occupation of the country and the protection of the few and scattered English sympathisers. Many lukewarm friends of the Fenians would help them that the things should come sooner to a crisis, and peace should be re-established. The demoralisation of general defeats would be avoided; the small checks remain unknown; the smallest successes magnified, so that a few weeks, a few months at most, would be sufficient to give consistency to the insurrection, and train a sufficient number of men to form an army capable of contending against regular forces should any such war become at all required.

The idea of running away may not be most pleasing to Irish valour, but many generals achieve greater success by retreats than others by advances. Any means that enables a man to defeat his enemy is good, and the Roman of old won more honour as well as profit for running away before the Albans than he could have for standing by the dead bodies of his brothers.

How far my plan would have been successful had it been followed it is not for me to say; but by similar proceedings the Poles were able lately to struggle for two years *unarmed*, so to speak, against all the forces of Russia, and the Cretans, too, were just then exemplifying the system, and resisting the Turkish army under very able generals, although the configuration of their island, long and narrow, is much less favourable to guerilla warfare than Ireland. During the contest American help if it was at all to come would have done so, and thus enabled to shorten that insurrectionary period in proportion to its magnitude.

The officers having received their instructions, departed for their respective districts, to which Kelly must have assigned them, for as yet I had no participation in the affairs, and in a few days I was going to start on my long projected tour through England, when I received a note from Colonel Kelly, to see him

at once. It was the 25th of February. The C.E.I.R. informed me that Massey had returned from Ireland the day before, to report that every district was duly organised, the chiefs were at their posts, well instructed, the men ready to rise, and nothing was wanted but the signal, and *my presence* and Vifquain's in Ireland. Kelly had agreed with Massey upon the 5th of March for the first outbreak, and had assumed that I would be in Ireland as Massey wanted me; this last person had returned at once to give everywhere the word, and to see a last time that every one was at his post.

What I was wanted in Ireland for I could not understand; my presence was perfectly useless at the time, for, knowing not the country nor the men, I could not be a chief of band; I would be sure to be arrested by the English police in less than a week. And it was against my principles to be a party to the outbreak, as my concurrence was acquired to the movement only when it would be clear that the great mass of the Irish people took part in it.

As for Kelly's, or rather Massey's reason to call me there, it was rather a strange one: it seems that the concourse of *foreign officers* had been so much promised to the Irish Fenians, and our value so much exaggerated, that they absolutely refused to be led on except by some foreign officers. Thus Cluseret, Vifquain, and myself were sorely wanted there—for our foreign names, not for any additional usefulness. Cluseret was not requested to go, as he had very positively said he would not go unless he had an army to command, but Vifquain and I were expected by Kelly to go at once. I remonstrated, but Kelly, having made some very improper remark—that if I desired it he would allow me to go back to Paris with my friends, to eat my Fenian pay, while the Fenians fought in Ireland—my anger and indignation got the better of my reason, and I said that I would go to Ireland, for my friend's and my honour's sake, and leave the Provisional Government—consisting of his person—to manage the Irish Republic from London in full safety. Colonel Kelly, however, appeared at once to regret his own hastiness of speech, and he added that there was a still greater reason why he wished me to go there. It was to ascertain and report how far Massey had really prepared the things, and to be present when the first move would occur, to form an opinion of what mea-

asures may be necessary to remedy any serious omissions or errors. He had but £30 left him of the sum he had brought with him from America, and could give me but £5 for my journey; but Massey would give me means to return with, and besides I would find help at several places he indicated to me. I was to be in Cork, at the Italian Hotel, to meet Massey, on Friday evening, March 1.

No doubt, my blood was up when, on my return home, I wrote to Cluscret that I would go to Ireland, regardless of his earnest recommendations to abstain

from it. I mitigated, as much as I could, the expression of the real idea which made me do so, allowing him only to understand that I thought it was better at least one of us should be there, that afterwards our position might not be the object of unfair remarks, and I believe that I allowed myself to hint that I was tired of all the assertions and denials made about Fenianism, and wanted for him and for me to know the real truth about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

[The remainder of Gen. Fariola's sketches comes to us in the handwriting of a gentleman who has heard his story and, like Captain Cuttle, "taken notes" thereof. Owing to circumstances over which neither we nor the author could foresee or control, the original manuscript has not reached us, but we fancy we can assure our readers that they shall not suffer by the loss. We preserve the first person, that the continuity of the narrative may not be broken, but we deem it only fair to state that Gen. Fariola has not seen this continuation of his sketches, so that he might have opportunity to correct it, and therefore cannot be held properly responsible for style.]

CHAPTER IX.

SPYB AND SPYDOM IN PARIS.

IMPECUNIOSITY, the want of what has not been inaptly termed the "sinews of war," was not the only disadvantage under which I laboured in Paris. The secret police-force of that city—a most admirable body, cen-

turies in advance of Scotland-yard—had taking a particular liking to my person. A pair of respectable elderly gentlemen, gold-spectacled and decorated, would insist on keeping me in sight, would turn up whenever I turned up. They followed me with a sagacity and perseverance of sleuth-hounds, these Corsican worthies. My republican sympathies were known of old, my intimacy with the leaders of European revolution had been remarked, my sudden appearance in Paris could be accounted for on no other ground than that of some secret enterprise against the ruling dynasty in that empire. Thus they reasoned at the Prefecture of Police, and therefore was I honoured with an escort.

It might have been annoying, but under the circumstances, at first it distracted, nay, amused me. I led my "twin shadows," as I learned to regard them, many a grotesque round, going in every direction, and at all hours; but still and ever they always showed

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themselves within hailing distance. It was no matter if I sought the Carroires d'Amerique or the interior of the Russian Church, a seat at the free lectures of the College de France, or beside the band in the garden of the Palais Royal, my faithful companions were there to watch over me. Not always in the same character or costume, though. At will they were grimy coal-porters conversing in the gruff *patois* of Auvergne, at times Gazcon dandies gesticulating most vehemently and talking at one side of the street as if to a deaf acquaintance at the other; but the grave suit of black, the elegant spectacles, made mere for ornament than use, appeared to be their favourite disguise.

At last it became purgatorial, and I determined to put an end to this sort of thing. I was perfectly conscious of complete innocence as far as French politics were concerned; I had received special and emphatic warning from Cluseret to hold myself aloof even from former acquaintances, lest my present mission might be compromised; and I had been particularly careful in the choice of my associates, and had always kept Ireland as the one object in view. Now, when I began considering the means of getting rid of this surveillance, the question at once presented itself, were these *mouchards* in the pay of the French or English Government. If they were the former, I concluded I might freely let them know the nature of the enterprise which had brought me to Paris. There is a fellow-feeling between secret policemen everywhere; but those of France are Corsican by birth, so was the First Napoleon, and he died a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, *erigo*, as I reasoned it out, these French of the French would not be eager to betray one who had committed himself to hostility to the ancient enemy of their country, the Carthage of their Rome, a Carthage, too, which had chained that Imperial Eagle which in Corsica is glorified as demi-God. Now, were these fellows French? I thought so from their ability, their almost ubiquity and the rare readiness with which they affected their disguises, and adapted themselves to the

different characters they assumed, and the various accents of provincial France. But there was always the danger that they might be emissaries, not of M. Pietri, but of Sir Richard Mayo. How was I to proceed to discover this? The method I adopted may be considered strange, but it was the readiest. My plan was to take the bull by the horns.

Among my acquaintances in Paris is M——, the chief of the secret bureau, a man who would be a decent man enough if he had not had the misfortune to belong to his odious profession. But decency and political detectivism, in my estimation, are incompatible; one cannot serve two masters, and when one enrolls himself in the secret police, he takes service under the Devil, who is first and chiefest of the secret policemen—the A I of the force. I don't like meeting his agents, except in one way; nevertheless I smothered my natural repugnance for this once, for the sake of my purpose, entered the *cafe* which M—— frequented, approached, and frankly accosted him—

"Monsieur M——, you know me?"

"Ah! yes, dear me, sit down."

"Thanks, I have a question to put to you bluntly. I am dogged since I have come to Paris, by two men. Are they English or French agents?"

"*Mon dieu*, why should French agents follow you?" said M——, looking at me curiously.

"That is exactly what I ask myself."

"Curious," he remarked, and paused as if reflecting—

"Describe me those men."

I gave him a full account of their appearance, various dresses and movements.

"You're a sharp observer, Monsieur Fariola, pity your talents are thrown away on Utopian schemes; you'd be invaluable to us."

I moved my hat in ironic acknowledgment of the compliment, and gave him a smile of the order sardonic.

"Those must be English policemen," he added; "they're not of us. Positively I must look them out—they could give us a lesson—but what business have they with you?"

"That you must look out also, Monsieur M—— A gentleman of your well-known talent can have no difficulty to find it."

He smiled quietly as he answered, "I charge myself to find it. And now, Monsieur Fariola, can I give you any further information?"

"No, it is to my turn to give you some now. I wish to inform you that I am a naturalised American citizen, provided with my papers as such, and entitled to rights and protection from the representative of the United States Government here."

"Is that so! Well, Monsieur Fariola, if I can find that you have no designs upon our holy and wholesome

Government, I promise you that those English policemen" (here there was a significant smile, and an emphasis on the adjective), "that those English policemen shall molest you no more. If your affair is with that Government, it is its concern not ours. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. What do you wish to drink?"

"*Merci*, I don't permit myself to drink. I can guarantee before I leave that what I've said is the truth."

"I believe it. Good night, and those English policemen, we shall shake them off as Sinbad did the Old Man of the Sea."

(To be continued.)

SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

CHAPTER IX. SPYS AND SPYDOM IN PARIS.

I strolled out of the *café*—it is well known to-day to many an Irish refugee, and is one of the most respectable establishments on the left bank—and followed the boulevard which leads past the grounds of the Luxembourg, and on over the site of Marshal Ney's execution, to the entrance of the Observatory. It is the great promenade of the student-quarter, and it so happened that on this night there was a ball in the Prado, the dancing rendezvous of classic Paris. Joyous bands were traversing the pave towards the temple of Terpsichore, and I was carried involuntarily along with the stream. I was disturbed in mind; I had no particular call on my time at the moment, I felt that I wanted distraction, here was an opportunity; there was light, heat, music, a gay crowd, and animation, and the open sesame was a franc. While I was hesitating, a tastefully-dressed woman brushed up against me, looked at me for a moment, blushed, dropped her eyelids and her veil,

and addressed me in a sweet low voice:

"You look to be a gentleman, sir, one who will not make misconceptions, or take advantage of my position—but—but"

And she turned away her head and sobbed.

"Madame," I said, puzzled at the rencontre, and more embarrassed far than even she appeared, "you are right, I trust, in the good opinion you have formed of me. What service can I render you?"

She turned round, lifted her veil, and the light of a neighbouring lamp revealed to me a face, young, innocent, beautiful, and trustful. As woman, it was my duty as man to protect her from insult or danger, if either menaced; when I had caught this glance at her countenance, I felt that to have failed to offer this protection would be to renounce a veritable privilege.

"Madame," I said again, "command me."

"Oh! it's the simplest of things to ask, and yet I dare not. You'll think me a little stupid; but I'll be bold and tell you the whole story."

And then, with artless, engaging manner, and in the language of a well-bred Frenchwoman, she told me that she had heard so much of that student's ball-room that she had prevailed on her brother to escort her there,

merely to see; they had come together, but he had left her five minutes before to run across the street for a cigar, and had not returned. Doubtless he had gone into the ball thinking to meet her there, but he had heard that it was a dangerous place for a young lady to enter alone—there were wild youths who might mistake her position—and, in fine, might she trespass so far as to ask me to take her arm while she made one round of the ball-room in quest of her brother, "that harum-scarum Eugene."

This was said in such a pretty way that I was completely off my pins, as we say in my adopted country, and could not think of refusing.

"Certainly, madame, if you insist on it, I shall gratify you, but at the same time it's—it's—in fact, it's hardly the place I'd"—

"In fact," she said, looking up at me archly, "it's hardly the place you'd recommend a boarding-school miss to visit. Listen"—and she drew me nearer to her that I might catch her whisper—"I'm a widow."

I started. A widow at her age. She could not have been more than eighteen.

"You are astonished. It is true, nevertheless. I loved him very much. We were only married six weeks. It was an affair of honour. But he was a military man—*apropos*, you, monsieur, have the air military!"

"I have been a soldier, madame."

"Ah, then, I can put confidence in you. He, too, was a soldier, and when his wife was insulted he considered it his duty to avenge her or die!"

"To avenge her and to live, madame, if I might be permitted to suggest an amendment. With the companion he had, Monsieur your husband, I really think, showed excessive bad taste to hurry out of this world if he could at all remain."

A delicate pressure of the hand, a silvery laugh, a half-encouraging, half-reproachful little ejaculation of "flatterer!"

The widow evidently was not of the Rachel stamp, she could be comforted for the loss of her husband, but that pressure of the hand. Well, perhaps, I reflected, it is nothing, and I have always heard that widows are so affectionate. However, that tell-tale pressure did give me an idea; a passing shadow of suspicion flitted across my mind; I recollected that I had employed women as spies when quartered in conquered Secessia during the American civil war, and

found them extremely useful, and I resolved to hold myself on my guard.

"Excuse me," she resumed, "gentlemen are obliged to pay going in, is it not so?"

"Yes, but your nation is gallant, it does not tax the fair sex."

Another silvery laugh, she disengaged her hand, put it in her pocket, and held up a velvet purse, scented and wrought over with beads. "Monsieur, oblige me by taking it, one cannot go into these places without making expenses, and I have no right to make you pay for your politeness."

This was a touching mark of consideration. She was proud, the widow, but I was prouder, and of course I rejected the offered purse. My suspicions grew stronger.

A blast of dance-music floated through the open door of the ball-room; we entered, and made a promenade in search of that "harum-scarum Eugene." We didn't find him; I didn't expect to find him, nor do I think did my companion either. She seemed to like the scene, we made a second promenade, she asked me with many blushes would I dance, "she was a little stupid, she knew, but she couldn't resist that delicious piece of waltz-music!" When a lady asks you to dance it is hard to refuse; it is only a Joseph

who could do so, and I have not the pretension to be a Joseph. We whirled round in voluptuous maze to voluptuous music, but my partner quickly came to the conclusion that I was not to be tempted that way. She ventured some bashful confidences, spoke of "empty hearts" and "vacant shrines," I parried these assaults with compliment. At length the music ended, she found herself fatigued; "would I as I had been so kind, order her a cab and see her to the street in which she lived?" And that harum-scarum Eugene? Oh! she gave him up. The cab was got, we entered, "Drive by the Palais Royal," she said to the coachman, and en route she confided to me that she, little stupid, was hungry and had a fancy to sup at Vefour's, she had often heard it spoken of as an excellent restaurant.

Now I was sure of my woman and took my resolution.

"Madame, to be candid with you, I can't afford the expense of such a supper just now."

She pouted, accused me of offending her, she would

pay, and she threw her purse into my lap. When I refused to touch it, she exclaimed that she would order the supper, that I should eat it, that she would pay, and that I should look on. We stopped at Vefour's, she asked to be conducted to a private room, and there told the waiter to bring in a bottle of Moët. I went towards the mirror over the mantel-piece as if to arrange my tie, by the reflection I saw her put a few drops of something in a glass and then fill it with champagne. On turning round she offered it to me to drink. I pledged "Widowhood," made a feint to drink, but retained the liquor in my mouth, pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing, and turning again towards the fire-place contrived to empty the drugged wine into the grate. She did not perceive me. I saw that by the triumphant glitter of her eye. While the waiter was laying the supper-table I reclined on an ottoman and feigned sleep. The moment he left the room, my companion rifled all my pockets, found my pocket-book containing a letter to myself, explaining that my presence in Paris had nothing to do with Continental political designs whatever—a letter which I had expressly placed there that it might be read. She gave a gesture of impatience, replaced it in the book, and summoned the waiter.

"Gazon, you see that gentleman is asleep; order a cab for him, and when it comes you will do me the pleasure to have him carried down stairs and put in it to be conveyed to his hotel."

The waiter left the room on his errand.

"Pardon me, madame," said I rising, "this gentleman is not asleep, and he will carry himself down stairs. Are you satisfied with the search you've made?"

"What do you mean, sir? You are drunk!"

"Neither drunk nor drugged. You have examined my pocket-book?"

"And took something out of it, I presume?"

"Exactly, which you forgot to put back in the same place. The letter which you were good enough to read was originally in the left side pocket. It is now in the right. Good-bye, madame, remember me to that harum-scarum Eugene!"

I quitted the house on the spot, leaving my charming young widow completely crest-fallen. I have since ascertained that the artless creature was no other than the celebrated Rosalie Cabrel, the well-known directress of the female branch of the French secret police.

On regaining my hotel I learned that a commissary of police had been there to examine my effects, had found my papers (commission, &c., in the U.S. army), establishing my claim to American citizenship, and had left word that I might rest easy for the rest of my sojourn in Paris, I should not again be interfered with.

The word was kept to me: after that night I saw my "twin-shadows" no more, nor my charming young widow either.

I have since discovered the secret of the tenderness of the French Government in my regard. A despatch had been actually forwarded from one of their agents in New York that a plot had been formed in that city by a quartette composed of General Cluseret, my friend P——, Count C—— O——, and myself to assassinate Louis Napoleon, and that I had gone on to Paris as the agent, the red right hand of the enterprise.

(To be Continued.)

OCTOBER 3, 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

CHAPTER X.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

So far I have allowed myself a certain latitude in dealing with Fenian plans, but only with those which I deemed unfeasible. Of course, there were others more practical, as, for instance, that of General Cluseret and others—of which their authors jealously guard the secret, and in which they profess to put the utmost confidence—as, for instance, that of Mr. Stephens. It would be egotistical in me to pretend to criticise the strategy of my military superior, and unjust to condemn, not having heard it, the scheme of the Chief of the Fenian Organisation. Neither does it lie in the strict province of what I consider my duty in these papers. But I repeat what I believe, and what the experience of successful revolution in every country has confirmed me in believing, that the Irish of Ireland, properly united and resolute, and acting under competent military leadership, are adequate to make a nation in the European family out of what to-day is a province.

Mr. Stephens led me to understand that the Irish under his control were equal to that task, and I believed him. And in enterprises of this nature, where a country has been treated as Ireland has for centuries by the testimony of history, and when a portion of its people strong enough to shake off the yoke of the stranger shows itself, the task ceases to be task—becomes labour of love and duty of patriotism. Feeling thus I regarded Mr. Stephens as a patriot, a Moses to lead up the wandering and scattered children of Erin to the promised and long-panted-after plateaux of freedom. He told me he felt he could do so, and I believed him. Was he deceiving me? No: for it is evident the man believed it himself, and he still believes it. With stubborn faith in his idea he clings to it undesperingly even in his exile and his poverty decried and with a price upon his head; he is confident that to his hand will come the discordant elements of the once powerful Irish brotherhood to be moulded and made compact anew; and with that marvellous gift of perseverance which is his

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he professes himself ready, again and ever to hold on to the ship, and pilot it to the destined haven, or as near to it as he can go.

To resume, then; but be it understood in what I have further to say I impose a restraint upon myself, for events are too hazardously near properly to judge them, and men who were actors therein still live; all feel the same and the majority are willing, where they are able, to act the like part. I shall be brief, therefore, the rather epitomising than narrating.

When Colonel Kelly seceded from his leader, and promised that he would head the Irish insurrection if no other would. A staff of trusty officers placed themselves under his guidance. The leader who had pledged himself at Jones's Wood that he would come to Ireland happen what might, sailed for France instead, and has not, as far as I know, set foot on Irish soil since. He has been censured for that. It is said he broke his promise. Do they who censure him, I repeat, know under what circumstances it was given, what were his surroundings then, and under what conditions it was left unfulfilled, to be redeemed more satisfactorily, perhaps, at some future time? No: then they are utterly unfit to pronounce an opinion on the matter. EXPEDIENCY is the rule in cases of this kind. It may be necessary to make rash promises on occasion, which, on occasion, it may be impossible or unwise to realise. Herein I am not speaking as apologist of James Stephens; he disdains apology, explanation rather, and wraps himself up in the mantle of his own dignified conscientiousness. But it is wrong to blame him because he does not elect to publish an account of his motives. The society of which I am taught to consider him founder and soul is, of necessity, occult. Who has the right to demand why he did such a thing, or failed to do such another? None outside the ranks of the society; and of those within, none, having learned the secret of the hidden motive-springs, has the right to disclose them. James Stephens promised to unfurl the flag in Ireland before the 1st of January, 1867. He did not. What does that prove? Nothing, I submit. Napoleon III. promised to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic. Yet the Kingdom of Rome, the locked and bolted closet in the mansion, still exists. Joseph Garibaldi promised to open it; he inscribed on his banner "Rome or death." He did not open it, he got neither.

And how many generals were there not during the American civil war who promised to conquer the South in ninety days? Yet it took them more than ten times ninety. It is absurd to raise a cry against James Stephens on this score; firstly, he is always protected by his bounden duty not to reveal his plans to the enemy; nextly, there is no such thing as doctrines of finality or the precise laying-down of dates in struggles where right contends against might.

Colonel Kelly had come over to Europe to fight. He told me frankly there was not money enough in the military chest to discharge the engagements entered into by Mr. Stephens. Still, if I cared sufficient for the cause to enter into his views with a friendly spirit, terms were at my disposal. I accepted them. A campaign was going to be inaugurated. Was I willing to set my life on the cast? Certainly. It was for that I had come from my distant home in Louisiana, and I volunteered to cross over into Ireland to reconnoitre the ground of operations in advance, so anxious was I that my services should be available. Here, at last, was something rosy: the opportunity I had travelled thousands of miles to seek was close, the prospect of work was at hand in the profession I knew and loved, for a cause in which I felt all my pride as a soldier and a man bound up—the cause of pure Republicanism.

Our meetings were held in London, where the various officers who had come from the United States had collected. Councils were held in the heart of the

English capital itself, within rifle shot of Buckingham Palace, with object the destruction of English power. The odds to be met were terrible, but a soldier gaiety reigned around, the spirits of these wild, rollicking, ready-witted Irishmen seemed to rise with the approach of danger. There was a miserable scarcity of money but no lack of fun. A splendid material of war was in this phalanx of noble young fellows, trained in the smoke of freedom's battles in one hemisphere, who had come across the ocean to acquit them of their devoir by arms to fatherland in another. Where are they now? Dispersed like chaff to the four winds of heaven. Some few, the lucky exceptions, yet free and honoured in glorious America, some delving in felon company, the convict's grey jacket on their backs, deep in the bleak quarries of Portland, some again exiled

and heart-sick beneath the Southern Cross, and some, shall I not say, the most privileged of all, dead on the scaffold a prayer for Ireland on their muffled lips. It was not the death the soldier would choose, but they died as none but the soldier could die. Regally died. Be their names sacred as those of martyrs to their countrymen and their memories green in their souls.

A large show-booth cannot be set up without money, and a great empire cannot be pulled down without the same potent agency. Men, we had more than enough, brave and willing; but money, to supply them with arms and transportation, was wanting. I have been obliged to speak so often of these pecuniary matters in my own case that I fear I may have given the reader to think that I am one of those sordid creatures weighing everything by considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence—that I am a soldier of fortune, in fact, ready always to fight for pay, and fighting only for it—one of those mercenaries whose conduct gave rise to the French proverb *pas d'argent, pas de suisse*. The thought is unjust towards me; I never drew sword yet save in the cause of republicanism, and Heaven it knows my connection with Irish republicanism has not served me in a pecuniary sense. But one must be reasonable. Even the labourer who ministers to souls, as the book tells us, is worthy of his hire. Why not the soldier? But we Fenian soldiers, more unselfish than many a clergy, were ready to risk our lives on a chance for a principle dear to us, and leave it to fortune to turn in the loaves and fishes in its own good hour. If success attended our efforts, a grateful Ireland, we know, would be only too glad to load us with favour. And then behind that always, and beyond any reward of dross, was the approval of one's own soul which, to the man, that is the true man, is much—nay, is all.

(To be Continued.)

OCTOBER 10, 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS

CHAPTER X.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

To each one of the group of officers assembled in the English capital was assigned his own particular line of duty and section of country. Halpin, a comfortable *bourgeois* to look at, but with a hero-spirit under that vulgar form, poor hearty Halpin, as honest and manly a fellow as ever stepped beneath a fric-coat, got the command of the district of Dublin. Colonel Tom Burke, was to guide the movement in the great midland district of the golden vein, but on the distinct understanding that he was not to take the field personally. The state of his health, and the terrible wound he had received in the American war utterly, as I thought, put the notion of the gallant gentleman taking active share in the contest out of the question. Colonel Leonard was to co-operate from Drogheda; Captain Ricard Burke, as well as I can recollect, from Waterford; Captain Laurence O'Brien, and Joseph Gleeson, from the mountainous portions of south and north Tipperary respectively; while Limerick was appropriated to Captain Dunne; and last, though very far from least, Cork to the indomitable little Mackay; O'Connor and O'Shea were waiting the signal in the mountain fastnesses of the kingdom of Kerry; and Colonel Kelly himself rested in London to make that his base of action.

Here, again, I must pause to stop the mouths of revilers. They ask why did not Kelly go to Ireland? I ask them again in turn, as I am told is the mode with Irishmen, is not London in the enemy's territory? And do these tea-table critics not know that there is a powerful element of Fenianism in England itself, an element which has made great sacrifices for years, and done some very daring things. Perhaps, then, it was Colonel Kelly's design to "carry the war into Carthage." I shall not say yea or nay, let the detectives find that out; but I pray these patriotic critics, who are ever

more prone to pick out a fault in other men than to run the slightest risk of placing themselves in the position where these faults were made, learn that their logic is not without flaw. It is just possible they have not monopolised all the common sense of the world as they have certainly not monopolised its honesty or devotedness. Colonel Kelly is accused of cowardice by these wretches. Let the bravest of them traverse Great Britain with a halter round his neck for the length of time Colonel Kelly did, and then—but not till then—will he be qualified to speak.

The chapter of disaster had already commenced. A brilliant move, that on Chester Castle, had failed, owing, as it has since been discovered, to the traitorism of the being, Corydon; and we had lost two of our best men, Flood, full of pluck and brain, and M'Afferty, trained in Morgan's raids, and just the class of leader for a partisan warfare such as ours was to be. This was not all. It seemed to be the *role* of "unmerciful disaster to follow fast and follow faster" on our footsteps. By some misconception in the transmission of orders, the outbreak in Kerry occurred prematurely. Still in that there was something to encourage, it showed the readiness of the people to obey orders, the state of alarm of the magistracy, and the party of the Government generally, and the thorough incapacity of a regular military force to act in a hilly country like Kerry.

The 5th of March (Shrove Tuesday), was finally fixed on as the day for the torch to be applied to the mine. I had already started over for Ireland once more with little money in my pocket, and found myself in Cork in the immediate interval before the intended rising. I had for companion that double-dyed—no, I shall call him no names, his own carries with it now degradation itself, is synonym for scoundrelism. Suffice it, that I had with me for companion, Massey, "General" Massey.

When did this being commence his career of traitorism? Before or after his arrest? I now think it was before his arrest, for in his preliminary tour over the island he had taken care to disorganise and derange all our plans, he had given orders directly opposite to his line of instructions, and it must have been for the sole purpose of making the assurance of

our discomfiture and of his own security in his treachery doubly sure. The being was a liar, he had given records of service which were not true; he had represented himself as having been a commissioned officer in the British army, but his tone and the ill-breeding visible in his vain ostentatious manners were sufficient to convince anyone who knew aught of the British army to the contrary. British officers, if nothing else, at least are gentlemen. But an anecdote will serve better to illustrate my meaning.

We were sitting in our room in Cork, discussing the future. The room, of course, was private and known to none but the initiated. The door opened and one of the leading members of our organisation hastily entered. Massey turned round in his chair and regarded the incomer haughtily.

"How dare you, sir, come into a room where your betters are without knocking beforehand? Where were you brought up?"

I looked at Massey in astonishment. Was that the way to address a brother on the eve of a deadly enterprise?

The visitor blushed fiery red, bit his lips, and left the room.

That visitor was a gentleman of genuine devotion to Ireland, one who has since stood his trial for the "crime," and of a social position infinitely higher than this being, Massey, could ever have occupied. More than that, the very room out of which he had been turned had been engaged for us by himself, and paid for with his own money! Which proves that damned and dam—that gentlemen like "General" Massey never can preen their wings so proudly as in the very moment when they are meditating a flight downwards, very far down, even hell-depth.

The Shrove Tuesday was at hand. The Limerick Junction, in the core of the revolutionary territory, and connected with Dublin in the north-east, Limerick in the west, Clonmel and Waterford in the south-east, and Cork in the south, was the key of our position. There it was my duty to be. How to get there? I owed money in my hotel. My luggage should have to be left in pledge for it. I discombarressed myself of a piece of private property of value, took a ticket for the junction, and thus the

Adjutant-General of the Irish Republican Army was indebted for the means of reaching the scene of his command—to the venal kindness of a pawnbroker!

CHAPTER XI.—THE FIGHT.

How shall I describe it? This is my saddest chapter yet. There was no fight, virtually speaking. There was confusion in the conveyance of orders, treason at work in our midst, weakness, insufficiency of arms, still with all these drawbacks that rising of the fifth of March only convinces me more forcibly how facile could be revolution in Ireland. Connaught, organised by Mr. Edward Duffy, did not rise at all, and Connaught had the reputation of being the best armed of the provinces. It did not rise, simply because the man from whom it was to receive its orders foresaw that defeat was inevitable, and considered it folly to lead out his men to certain disaster. Then the being, Massey, had purposely spread distracting counsels previous to that cleverly-contrived theatrical arrest of his on the 4th of March. Still, looking back to the campaign, a balance of partial success was returned to the credit of Fenianism, which ought to establish its capacity for much evil (considered from the English point of view) beyond controversy. The Dublin men, under Lennon, took two parties of police, and compelled the surrender of the barracks of a third; Mackay also possessed himself of a police-station, and Charles Burke burned another; there was a skirmish in the streets of Drogheda and on a rath near Clonmel; and Dunno, for hours, had Kilmallock with its well-stocked bank at his disposal. Why the money in that bank was not taken, I could never understand. I am afraid Irish revolutionists are too scrupulous. They are as yet only in the alphabet of the revolutionary grammar or they would know that it is their duty to live off the enemy, and in revolution he that is not with you is against you.

At the Junction I found before me a detachment of her Majesty's Guards. This was not reassuring. I strolled to the one hotel, it was occupied by the officers in charge of the detachment. There were three of them in a double-bedded room at one end of a corridor, two in a room at the other end, the room in the middle was occupied by a representative of the press.

"A representative of the press! A confrere. An Englishman—correspondent for the *Times*, I presume?"

"No, sir, an American, and correspondent of the *New York Herald*."

"Can I see him, please? We are here on the same mission, I represent the *Liberte*, of Paris, he might accommodate me with a shake-down in his chamber under the circumstances."

"He's in the bar at the moment, be good enough to come in."

I entered, and the first figure that saluted my eyes was that of my friend W. H. S., * * * army, correspondent of the *Herald* during the war, and a staunch Fenian to boot, one of those who took part in the Campo Bello expedition, and had carried home a British flag among his trophies. Here was a happy accident. We exchanged looks of recognition. I presented myself formally, was welcomed by my brother of the press, who fraternally offered me share of his bed. S * * * was filling his note-book with information which a young officer of the Guards was kindly giving him, not alone on the strength of the red-coats and the gallant deeds they were bound to do but on the designs of those blood-thirsty miscreants, the Fenians, and the foreign cut-throats who had come over to command them. S * * * kept smiling, and politely took pencilling of all his gallant young friend confided to him over a genial and heart-opening glass of brandy and water.

S * * * and I took an early opportunity of retiring to our common chamber, under the pretext that we had letters to write to our respective journals.

"Any danger of detection here?" I asked.

"None, not the slightest. Pack of muffs these officers—imagine I'm going to play the W. H. Russell in their new Crimon. But, how goes the cause?"

"Well; if only quarter of what is promised can be relied on."

"Bad, that arrest of Massey."

"On the contrary, right good in my opinion. The timber was not in him. He was an incumbrance. I'm free to act now."

"Unfortunate, too, those Guards being here."

"Tut, tut, *mon beau tenebreux*. The luckiest thing in the world. I would not take five years of life for the chance it gives us."

S * * * looked at me in amazement and shook

his head incredulously.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Come and you shall see."

I had remarked since my arrival that the Guardsmen were gathered round huge fires in the first-class waiting-rooms; they were divested of their knapsacks, here hung a bearskin, there lay a watchcoat. All was admired disorder. They smoked, and joked, and chatted, and had the appearance of men who counted on the earth opening to swallow them as soon as attack from the insurgents. Outside the weather was cold and wintry; a keen wind swept down through the gorges in the neighbouring hills, driving a bitter sleet before it, and on their summits the snow was spread like a table-cloth. They were evidently in humour to garrison

the fireside those guardsmen. It was little to their discredit if they preferred it to facing the Inkermann sky without. And their arms? They had carefully stowed them away in a sort of engine-shed at the other side of the line of rail, and had left four or five sentinels on guard around the building.

"Look there," I said to S * * *, "my idea is to make a rush on these sentinels, possess myself of the rifles, and then attack the defenceless guardsmen. They have only their side-arms, and, if the thing be done quickly and well, we have taken prisoners a detachment of the Household Brigade at our first rising, and that, perhaps, without the loss of a single life on one side."

"That would be magnificent," answered S * * *, "but have you enough of men for the purpose?"

"Too many. A hundred, nay, fifty determined fellows could do it. You'll find that those red-coats will fall into a panic at our onset. I telegraph the news immediately to Dublin with proper exaggeration, and that will have its effect. *N'est ce pas*, my friend?"

"Assuredly, but what will you do with your prisoners?"

"Strip them of their uniforms first, dress our own men in them, and take every post in the neighbourhood without firing a single shot. The moral effect of the *coup* will be tremendous!"

"Yes, certainly it will be a masterstroke—always provided it can be done."

"There's nothing to prevent it. All I fear is that Burke's men will rush in on us in such a riotous way that these fellows will be alarmed, and have time to arm themselves and defeat our plans."

(To be continued.)

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

"How will you prevent that?"

"Ah, that's the difficulty. I have no messenger here whom I can trust. I propose myself to keep up a personal reconnaissance all the night."

We dined with the officers; they were pleasant, convivial companions, and I was rejoiced to note, dined well. S—— and I kept ourselves moderate in our potations. After dinner there was Irish whiskey-punch to hinder the wine from feeling lonely, and my officers, with the single exception of him who was for guard during the night, fell into a very comfortable state. If I were disposed to be impolite I should say they were drunk and retired to bed in that condition. When their chamber-doors had been closed I drew aside S—— and spoke to him.

"Now prove yourself a man; the moment you hear any stir of men approaching lock those doors on the outside, take this revolver, and shoot the first person that attempts to mount the stairs."

"And the officers, shall it be necessary to shoot them?"

"It may be, but I hope not. If they succeed in bursting open the doors before we shall have arrived to your assistance, down with them mercilessly. But I trust we shall be spared that; it will be better for the cause to have them prisoners and distribute them, in their scarlet sash and fine bearskins, about the country as hostages."

"Yes, that will prove to our men we have beaten the Saxon. All right, I take up my position."

"Good. And now the God of battles watch over the Irish Republic!"

The night was dark, a night to my wishes. I lit a cigar and strolled into the open air. Everything was quiet, the weary soldiers were sleeping in the waiting-room; no one kept watch except the officer on duty and his party. I rambled on the roads in the vicinity, making short tours in every direction. My ear was on the strain, and such was the effect of imagination that I fancied more than once I heard the tramp of the coming insurgents borne to me on the wind. But no

insurgents came, and the night was waning. Our chance was going with every tick of the pendulum. It was nearly gone. I went down to the railway-station, and four several times I passed between the sentries that guarded the shed without being challenged. My God! for fifty men, twenty, a dozen even, enough to overcome these drowsy sentinels, and——

But 'tis useless to speculate. The morn was approaching, our chance was nearly lost. With heavy heart I set out on the road that led to Burke's camp, thinking some good angel might have inspired him to march on to the Junction at the eleventh hour. After a smart walk of two miles I was pulled up with a hoarse challenge from a vidette, in the uniform of the mounted police, posted at a turn in the highway which commanded a good view of the route from the town of Tipperary.

"Who goes there?"

I did not answer, but got into the cover of the hedge that lined the road, turned and quickened my pace as I went back to the Junction.

"Answer, or by G—d, I'll put a bullet through you," roared the vidette, bringing his carbine to bear on me.

I came to the double-quick, and ducked my head. He fired, the bullet whistled harmlessly close to my ears. I was in a grip a few feet below the level of the roadway, and I was running; he was on horseback and had all the disadvantages of his position, the elevation and restlessness of his charger to contend with; therefore, I calculated I stood nine chances to one of escaping from my pursuer. He fired again and again; his arm was evidently one of the new repeating rifles with which the police-force had been served out in anticipation of the insurrection. After each shot he trotted on his horse a little, but seeing that I kept on my way untouched, he changed his tactics. Galloping up quite close, he reined his horse at my very shoulder, and presenting his carbine, pulled trigger. It was a close shave, the animal slightly reared at the suddenness of the halt, and I escaped. I thought this thing had continued long enough and stopping, I unloosed my revolver from the case, took deliberate aim at my assailant, and fired point-blank in his face. He fell; I gave his horse a kick and sent it off in the direction of Tipperary, while I resumed my road to the Junction.

To this moment I cannot tell if the policeman was killed. Perhaps he was more frightened than hurt, as I did not stop to see, I presume I shall never know, for I need not tell the reader the returns of casualties at that period by the Government, were not the most reliable data to go upon. It was its interest to magnify the losses of the insurgents and conceal its own so as to nurse the Irish people in the puerile delusion that a jacket of red or invisible green is a coat of mail for him who wears it.

I got into the hamlet that has sprung up close to the Junction as morning was breaking and the buglers were sounding the *reveille*. My trowsers were covered with mud-splashes and my boots encrusted with the slime of the road. A good-natured grenadier brushed one and polished the others—for the consideration of a shilling, and I re-entered the hotel.

After breakfast I was leaning against the door when a constable passed conducting two gigantic peasants in handcuffs. "Here, Mr. Reporter" he said, "here's a bit of news for you; these pair of gentlemen are Fenyceens, I took them prisoner and"—here the fellow grinned as he well might, "and they havin' a six-barrelled revolver, aich of them in his pocket!" It was true. I never felt so great a temptation to shoot anybody as I did those two Tipperary peasants that morning. Yet when I came to reflect on the incident, I saw in it only another proof of the virtue of discipline. These tall fellows were not cowards, could not have been cowards from their physical conformation.

If they were Irish, so was their captor; so whatever discredit attaches to the country because of them, is counterbalanced by the merit due to him. Their conduct proved only how deeply the evil of servitude had penetrated into their souls. They had been reared in a society which looks on authority as sacred, or at least irresistible, and an attenuated moral teaching had led them to imagine that to shoot a man in cold blood was a crime, even when that man was the paid agent of the Government that did them wrong, and against which they had sworn to wage war. Thus I reasoned, and yet, perhaps, the explanation of the hard fact of two armed men surrendering to one, was simply that they did not know how to use their arms. It is a fatal mistake to trust any delicate weapon, with which he is unfamiliar, to the hands of a peasant. The fowling-piece of the farm is his arm at a distance, its upturned stock, or a good jack-knife at close quarters. The revolver should be carried only by the officer, and that less for use against the enemy, than against his own men—to shoot them down if lax in discipline, or weak in the combat.

The day went over, the news arrived that the insurrection had failed in every quarter, the opportunity had passed, and S . . . and I (he kindly advancing me the means) took the night-mail for Dublin, cursing the fates and everything as we went.

The fight for freedom in Ireland was a failure, at least for that time.

(To be continued.)

OCTOBER 24, 1868.

AMONGST THE FENIANS.

CHAPTER XII.—LA VIA DOLOROSA.

THE same friendly hand that helped me to Dublin smoothed my way to London. There I expected further orders, and, in any case, relief. Neither attended me. The failure in Ireland had thrown everything out of gear at head-quarters. I found that I should have to depend on my own resources whilst waiting in London for money from the other side of the Atlantic to convey me back to my home in Louisiana. The money never came. What I suffered in the great bleak city in the months that followed I shall never recall without a shudder. Living on in a state of heart-sickness, earning nothing, unable to present myself in search of employment, I wandered up and down broad, busy thoroughfares an outcast. Do Quincey, in the days when he walked "Oxford-street, stoney-hearted step-mother," was not more desolate! Nay, not half so desolate, for he had no thought of wife to trouble him. I shrink from intruding my private griefs upon the public; I bore them as the unhappy bear them ever and still, the grand world unheeding. I had my consolations, friendly clasps in secret, little aid in coin and kind, but even this was not without its bitterness.

— How salt a savour hath
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs.

It was my Via Dolorosa. Let me not dwell on its delours since they are past; but they shall dwell in my memory ever.

I had been promised by some charitable Irishmen, who feel that sufferings for Ireland are a title to sympathy (and there is no scarcity of such in Eng'and), that an effort should be made to raise as much money as would take me in the steerage of a sailing-ship to New York. It was their intention to get up a "benefit" in my behalf. I dared not frequent the house they had fixed on for the purpose lest it should compromise them and lead to my arrest, the emissaries of Scotland-yard being on the alert. I ventured to slip into a house in another neighbourhood which I knew to be

a haunt of some of them. "Where can I find Mr. Blank?" I inquired of the landlord. "There's the identical man can put you on his track, he knows everything and everybody, and I could trust him with my life," he answered pointing to a customer before the counter.

The identical man in question was a gentleman with one arm and two tongues, a certain Mr. Frawley, a school-teacher. I had met Mr. Frawley several times, had seen him in the company of Irishmen, and assuredly imagined from the recommendation of my friend and his countryman that I might confide such a valueless thing as my liberty to Mr. Frawley's honour. At the time I know Mr. Frawley only as a civilian, and he, as far as I was aware, knew me only as a civilian also, a Mr. Eugeno Liebehrt.

Mr. Frawley could not find Mr. Blank on that occasion, but if I would make an appointment with him on the morrow he would bring me to a place where I should be sure to see him.

I assented.

On the morrow I met Mr. Frawley. He was in the uniform of the Commissionaire corps, and had the Crimean medal on his breast.

We walked along in the twilight, chatting on the approaching meeting, when suddenly I felt conscious of a tap on my shoulder.

"I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

"What d'ye mean? Show me your warrant."

"Come, come, none of that. How do you call yourself?"

"Eugeno Liebehrt."

And then the Inspector turned to Mr. Frawley,

"Who are you?"

"No necessity to tell [you. Look at my number, I'm a commissionaire."

"And who's that with you?"

"Why—why that's General Fariola!"

Now, it's just within the range of possibility that the Inspector came upon me by hap-hazard; but it does strike me as suspicious that Mr. Frawley was so pat with my name, and that his explanation had been so readily accepted, and also that a thick posse of well-armed constables was at hand to the Inspector's call, as if in preparation for possible resistance to capture.

Nor am I the only person to whom suspicions as to

Mr. Frawley's trustworthiness extended. I understand the man who had entrusted me to Mr. Frawley kicked him out of his house on a subsequent visit, accompanying the honest kick with a declaration of his belief that Mr. Frawley's honour—well, was not as free from flaw as Damascus steel; and of his hope that Mr. Frawley's body (at some indeterminate future period always) might be condemned—well, to some place remarkably like to the Ninth Circle of Dante's Hell.*

When it came next to my turn to visit London I went expressly to the street which I was informed had been the "beat" of Mr. Frawley, to walk past him and look into his eyes. He was not to be found there. A one-legged member of the same corps was waiting outside a shop. "Where is Commissaire, No. —?" giving the figures which were cyphered on Mr. Frawley's neck.

"Oh, is it the fellow that betrayed the Fenian!" exclaimed the old soldier with an air of disgust. "Inquire down Soho way if you want him," and he turned away as if not desirous to cultivate the acquaintance of a person who had business with Mr. Frawley.

Down Soho way I rambled, and a sign-board with the name FRAWLEY surely did strike me over a bread-shop comfortably fitted out. Mine ancient had deserted the staff of the Commissariat Corps for the staff of life. The worthy soldier! It could only have been his habits of temperance and economy that could have enabled him thus to retire into civil business.

But returning to my arrest. I was arrested, "gobbled up" to the contempt of my foreign name and my foreign citizenship. It was useless to protest that I was Eugène Liebehrt. Eugène Liebehrt or Octave Fariola, I should go.

I had travelled over from London to Dublin at a cheap rate. I made the journey back at a much cheaper rate. In fact, the Government, which was affectionate, paid my expenses. Inspector Thomson, who took me in charge, was as kind to me as his duties permitted. "Mr. Fariola," he said as soon as the train that conveyed me had left the terminus of King's-cross, "my orders are to keep you handcuffed during the whole journey. I know that must be galling. Give me your word of honour that you shall not take advantage of the liberty and I shall

free your hands." I did give my word, of course, and kept it. Even were I base enough to encourage the idea of escape under the circumstances, the temptation was not extreme: if I did attempt to spring out of the railway-car there was the possibility of being shot by Inspector Thomson and his companions; if I succeeded in the attempt there was the certainty of being smashed to atoms on the track.

It is needless to enter into particulars of my examinations before the police authorities in Dublin. They were reported in the papers at the time, and I went the way of many a good and true man before me—the way of Kilmainham, thorniest, most dolorous, *via Dolorosa* of all.

Is it necessary to describe life in Kilmainham to the Irish reader? I think not. Is it necessary to describe Mr. Price? My friend Halpin has saved me the trouble.

I was not specially singled out for bad treatment. In fact, I am given to understand I was rather favourably considered. A fido for such favours.

Let me mention just three of their kind—

A guard of soldiers was placed each day on the prison. The officer in charge of this guard and Mr. Price (who had been a major in some service or other!) generally fraternised, and it sometimes fell to my lot to be exhibited to this officer! Mr. Price trotted out his prisoners for the entertainment of his guests much as a famous agriculturist would his thorough-bred stallions and prize boars, or Mr. Du Chaillu his ugliest gorilla. And these "officers and gentlemen," some of them, beardless puppies who had never smelt the smoke of battle, would have the delicacy to grin over the misfortune of a fellow-officer. It was not thus Uncle Toby treated the poor Lefevre. But I can excuse them. There was generally a strong odour of whisky in my cell after their departure.

Another refinement of torture to which I was subjected was the consciousness of being watched night and day. Thus it was my consciousness resolved itself into certainty. On one occasion there was an opening and shutting of the door and a shooting of bolts in the cell next mine. A suspicion crossed me that it was Major Price who had got himself locked in to overhear our possible dialogues. Colonel Nagle, who was in the cell over me, and I had been talking. I stopped. "Why don't you answer?" said Nagle.

"Because Governor Price is listening in the cell beside me," I shouted out in reply. The bell immediately rang to summons the warder in the next cell; and the bells in every cell on that and the corridor above followed suit. One of the cells in the top-corridor was opened to permit the prisoner to go to the water-closet; on his way he caught the figure of Major Price (on some service or other) shuffling round the corner of the corridor beneath.

Our exercise was a round of walking in an endless circle in the narrow yard. Turnkeys were there to drill us and soldiers to shoot us if contumacious. Not a word was allowed to be spoken; the orders were "eyes right and silence in the ranks." Any infraction of the rule was liable to be punished with "solitary." On a cold day, if a poor prisoner dared to put his hand in his pockets he was warned with a curse to take them out, if he refused he was treated to a rap on the head with a bunch of keys, if he was still obstinate he was brought to a sense of his position by the antiphlogistic regimen

of bread and water. One day I happened to raise my foot on a support and lean my hand on my knee during a halt, whilst a little question of discipline was being decided between a few powerful turnkeys backed by an armed soldiery and a weak, helpless, but spirited prisoner. "Fariola, take your feet out of that," cried the guardian angel under whose care I had been placed. I looked at him, my blood of free citizen rushing to my cheeks. To be addressed so by such a churl. "Fariola, dy'e hear me, d—n you!" I had philosophy enough to recollect I was a prisoner—it is useless to growl when one cannot bite—and I took down my feet. Perhaps it was a weakness on the part of a republican, still when it struck that republican that his fathers had borne the title of count, and himself had won the title of general, it was a pain to be dragooned by a miscreant who most likely had been some low-born bastard, reared by public charity in an alma-house.

(To be continued.)