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STATEMENT BY WITNESS

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Witness

Patrick Sarsfield (P.S.) O'Hegarty,
Highfield House,
Highfield Road,
Rathgar,
Dublin.

Identity.

Member of Supreme Council of I.R.B.

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Recollections of Irish-Ireland in London in the early Twentieth Century.

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DOCUMENT A

Texts of three broadcasts by Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty over Radio Éireann on the subjects and on the dates noted hereunder.

	Date	Subject
I	17th December, 1952.	"In the Gaelic League".
II	24th December, 1952.	"In the Irish Literary Society and the Irish Texts Society."
III	31st December, 1952.	"In the Political Clubs."

These texts are in typescript and are unsigned.

They are authenticated, however, by the covering note dated 23rd April, 1953, which is in the handwriting of the author, Mr. Patrick Sarsfield O'Hegarty, and signed by him.

ORIGINAL

Mayfield House
Rathgar

23 April 53

Dear MacDonagh

Long threatening comes at last.

I now enclose the three broadcasts
you wanted, a note on the C.S., and some
additional notes on Hayes.

Yrs

TS MacDonagh

ORIGINAL

17/12/52

IRELAND IN LONDON IN THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY

A Talk By P. S. O'Hegarty.

I. IN THE GAELIC LEAGUE

Some time in the early Spring of 1902, I was walking along the South Mall, in Cork, on my way to the Free Library, and, as I passed the Assembly Rooms, my eye was caught by a large poster advertising the Munster Feis of the Gaelic League, and sounds of music could be heard faintly in the street. I stopped for a moment debating with myself whether to go in. I knew, of course, that there was a Gaelic League, and that there was a Branch in Cork. But a young sorting clerk and Telegraphist then was not free in the evenings more often than one month out of six, and I could not go to evening meetings of any sort unless very rarely. There was only one way of getting free in the evenings and that was by getting somebody else, who was free, to do duty for you, and the number of times you could do that was rationed. The powers that be took a very poor view of frequent substitutions of this sort, and if you exceeded what they regarded as fair you were asked to disclose the purpose of the application - I was nearly sacked for telling the Postmaster to mind his own business.) But at any rate most substitutions that we were able to get sanction for proved to be in order to go to the Opera House. In those days we had every year the Benson Shakespearian Company, the Compton Comedy Company, the Rousbey Opera Company and the

D'Oyly Carte Company, all for weeks at a time.

On this particular day I am referring to, I was off duty from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. and as I reached the Assembly Rooms and stopped to listen the impulse came to me to go in and see what it was like. So I went in. I said to myself I would go in for an hour or so, and then go on and change my library book, and no harm done. I arrived in at one of the senior competitions, and heard for the first time Irish songs properly sung. I was, I suppose, fortunate in that one of the competitors was Sighle Hallissey, so that the music came to me under the best auspices, but what happened to me then must have happened, in those years, to large numbers of people - there is no other way of explaining why so many different sorts of people, gentle and simple, rough and polished, of all classes, creeds, and denominations, were drawn into the Gaelic League. Something in the songs - though I could understand only a few of the words - something in the music - something in the atmosphere - gripped me, and I seemed to be put into touch with something far back in the Race. Unknown depths in me were stirred, and across the centuries I seemed to be in touch with days when Irish speech and Irish manners and traditions were in every valley and on every hill and by every river. Is this mysticism ? Oh no, it is actual fact. I understood, accepted, and felt myself to be one with the Gael. For the first time I saw the whole of Ireland. It was a revelation, and one

which in the fifty years that have since elapsed, has not faded.

Shortly after this I went to London to a minor clerkship in the G.P.O., the lure of that being that work stopped at 5 p.m. and at 1 p.m. on Saturdays. After a short time I began to look about to see what Irish clubs and organisations there were handy, and in An Claidheamh Soluis which I was then painfully reading, I found what I wanted. I joined the London Gaelic League by the simple art of sending the annual subscription of 2/6d. to the office, and promised myself to go to classes in the autumn.

I had done Irish in the Intermediate, when it was designated "Celtic", and then thought no more about it, glad to be done with study and to plunge into miscellaneous reading. We had been fortunate in the North Monastery in that Brother Blake, the Irish teacher, was a native speaker, and that, though his job was to teach us to read and write Irish, he did his best to give us as well some idea of the pronunciation. I had bought O'Growney also, that Light to the Blind which is invaluable to anybody trying to learn Irish without a teacher, so that I did not feel myself to be quite naked as I wended my way towards the Gael.

Yet when I entered the door of St. Andrew's Hall, in Tottenham Court Road, where the Gaelic League held its classes

on Mondays, I was internally quaking. After all, I would know nobody there, and I was very shy, and I wondered what sort of a reception I was going to get. In fact, nobody noticed me at all and my spirits began to rise. It was the first night of the year's work (Autumn to Autumn), and there were some general remarks about the League from the platform, announcements about the classes - which were also pasted up in the hall - and the text books and the teachers, and a general buzz of conversation, of talk and laughter. Groups got together and enjoyed themselves. There seemed to be a number of new members like myself, and then the piano began to play and they danced.

The London Gaelic League had then amongst its leaders a number of men of very great ability, character, and force, who made a lasting mark on the Irish Ireland movement. But it is natural and fitting that the first name that comes to my memory is that of Agnes MacHale. She had one great gift, the gift of music, and she placed that unreservedly at the disposal of the League. The commonest phrases in all programmes of League functions were "Accompanist, Miss Agnes MacHale", and "Miss Agnes MacHale at the piano." She played at St. Andrew's Hall, at the Queen's Hall, at ceilidhe and concert of the local branches, and she never thought it unusual that she should be called upon at short notice when some one else had failed. She played Irish music to four generations of London Gaels,

through all the stress and trial of the troubled years, almost up to the time she died some few years ago. A charming person, always goodhumoured, always willing and a true musician, she will not easily be forgotten by those who knew her.

The President of the League then was Francis A. Fahy, and he remained President until, in 1908, he found the strain too much for him and preferred not to be a nominal President. A Galway man, small, fair, and quick, quick in his movements and in his mental processes, he proved as fine a President of the London League as Douglas Hyde of the home organisation. He had been twice a pioneer. He was the inspiration of a group which in 1881 formed a club to teach children Irish history and the Irish language, and in 1883 formed a senior literary club which drew Irish writers together and led to the Irish Literary Society. W. P. Ryan wrote, in a little known book The Irish Literary Revival, published in 1894, a full account of the activities of this group, of whom Fahy was the chief. He was himself a poet of the domestic order, of no mean capacity, and his songs The Ould Plaid Shawl; Little Mary Cassidy, and Galway Bay (a much better song than the more recent one of the same name) ought to live as long as Irish songs do.

W. P. Ryan (Liam P. O Riain) was the Honorary Secretary to the League. An exotic figure, with long dark hair, a small goatee, and a ~~shovel~~ slouch hat, and surrounding himself with a dreamy

and mystical atmosphere, he was like a rapier in argument or in controversy. A most excellent Hon. Sec. to the League, he went to Ireland to edit for Mr. John McCann a weekly paper The Irish Peasant, published in Navan. After some time the paper fell under the displeasure of Cardinal Logue, and the Editor transferred it to Dublin as The Peasant, subsequently The Irish Nation, where it did useful work for several years as a forum for all sections of the national movement. He wrote a number of novels, both in Irish and in English.

Dr. J. P. Henry, a busy Doctor, was a member of the Ard-Chomisde. A tall man, impatient and somewhat domineering, he was a stout upholder of the superiority of Connacht Irish, and held his own in the midst of Munstermen. After some years he settled in Galway and eventually became a Professor in University College there. Once at a Gaelic League Seilg at Barnet, he crossed a gipsy's hand with silver, and she foretold that he would marry and have eleven children, though he was then middleaged. He laughed at the prophecy, but he did marry after he went to Galway. He wrote a Handbook of Modern Irish, in four parts, which was extensively used.

Seaghan O Cathain was another prominent member of the Ard-Chomisde, who gave all his spare time to Irish, and always at high pressure. He seemed never to take any relaxation. He would come to St. Andrew's Hall, take his class - in which he used nothing but Irish, which in those days was unusual -

and when the class was over he would walk away, without any sort of seancas or ~~group~~ gossip with anybody. He wrote an Irish Grammar - Ceachta Cainnte Gramadaighe which is one of the best written.

P. J. O'Shea (Conán Maol) was another prominent member of the Ard-Choisde. A strong natural character, he taught a class, and moved about amongst the crowd afterwards. He loved talking, and he loved the crowd, and he moved around, talking as the fancy took him. His knowledge of Irish, of things Irish, was profound, and he was ever-ready to interrupt his teaching to explain something, or to tell us something, or to go on with a disquisition of his own, suggested by some word or phrase in the text.

He was a great believer in the Irish, and a man generally of strong individuality. I remember, once, that he thought we ought to do some propaganda in Battersea where there was a large Irish population but no branch of the League. We allowed ourselves to be persuaded, and took a hall, and made all preparations, advertised the meeting, distributed handbills, and so on. When we came to settle the speakers, he laid it down that no Sinn Feiner could speak, because Battersea was a United Irish League stronghold. That ruled out Robert Lynd and George Gavan Duffy, and Seaghan O Siothchain, and myself, and eventually he volunteered to be the principal speaker, so that he could be quite certain nothing objectionable to Battersea would be said.

Well, the great night came. Battersea Town Hall was a large one, and it was all ready, with rows of chairs and benches. About ten minutes to 8 Robert Lynd, George Gavan Duffy, Mrs. Dryhurst, Seaghan O Siothcain, Caitlin Nich Gabhain, and myself, went in, and sat in the back row so as not to be conspicuous. Just before 8 a group of about half-a-dozen people came in, of whom the only one I knew was Councillor Brogan, the United Irish League leader in South London. Nobody else came in. Conan had to speak to empty benches. He came out punctually at 8 o'clock - I forget who was in the chair - looked sternly at the empty hall, and began his address. It opened with "The Irish come of the best blood in Western Europe", and he went on to tell of their origin and history, and the great deeds they had done, and why they should hold their heads up, preserve their traditions and history and customs, and not be lowly. Then he went on to the language, its ~~erudition~~ tradition and its importance, and at the end, he was carried away by his subject and wound up with a wholehearted and virulent attack on the Irish Parliamentary Party for its neglect of Irish. We did not get a Branch started at Battersea.

Conan wrote a collection of short stories An Buaiceas, of very great merit, which should still be read, and a number of novels. He is remarkable for the richness of his vocabulary and the strength of his writing.

These were the most prominent of the leaders. Behind them, rank upon rank, were the hundreds of the rank and file, mostly young people, drawn together by the language from every county in Ireland, and fused together by a common hope and a common purpose, the hope of doing something for Ireland, the purpose of some day going back and doing it there. The bread of exile was none the less bitter because it was sometimes easy and pleasant.

And one figure, who must be mentioned, stands alone - Padraic O Conhaire, writer of short stories and of plays, master of ~~Cluart~~ the art of the Conte, complete loveable human being, and foremost worker. Since his death, a legend has been created about him, which does him less than justice. He is shown to us as a sort of inspired tramp, with a whiskey bottle in his hand and rags upon his back. It is true that in his later years, long endured privations and physical deterioration had impaired his natural manners. But I prefer to think of him as he was then, when he was in his young manhood, working night and day for Irish. He taught, not alone at St. Andrews Hall on Mondays, but at outlying classes on Weekdays. Whenever a class wanted a teacher he would be found if he was free. The one thing he believed in was the Irish language. He was merry, talkative, loved to move about after classtime and circulate around the fringe of the dancing, but his life was not a happy one, and he remarked to me once "Only for the Gaelic League,

I'd be dead long ago." He was a great worker in the cause, a good ~~leader~~ *teacher* and a great writer. Let his faults be remembered but let not the good be interred with his bones.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH-IRELAND IN LONDON IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CENTURY.

II : In the Irish Literary Society and the ~~Irish Texts Society~~

by P.S.O'Hegarty.

The Irish Literary Society was founded in 1892, about the same time as the National Literary Society of Dublin. Like the Gaelic League it was non-political and non-sectarian, welcoming anybody who was of Irish birth or descent, and who was interested in Irish affairs or Irish letters. Its recruiting field was, however, radically different from that of the Gaelic League. The League did attract a few professional men, some upper civil servants, a few business men, but the bulk of its membership was composed of minor ~~clergy~~ clerks, minor civil servants, domestic servants, and people generally in small jobs as distinct from careers. The Irish Literary Society, on the other hand, found its membership mainly amongst the well-to-do and amongst the people who had careers or followed the arts. Its first President was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and when he went to live in Nice in 1899 he was succeeded by Stopford Brooke. Amongst its Vice-Presidents in the early years were to be found such names as Lady Aberdeen, Lord Castletown, Lord Russell of Killowen, and Sir Horace Plunkett, as well as various Judges and other Irish people long resident in England who never had any connection with any other Irish Society. Sir Edward Carson was a Vice-President in 1900-1 and J.L.Garvin was a member of the

Committee in the same year, and On 15th December 1900 Anthony Hope presided at a lecture by Mrs.Ernest ~~Rhys~~ Rhys on A Hundred Years of Irish Fiction. At the turn of the century the Society had more than 500 members, and it is literally true that nearly every well-to-do Irishman in London, interested in culture and the arts, had been drawn into association with it.

What, actually, did it do? It held lectures on all sorts of subjects, all by people who were masters of the subject, special lectures on Irish history, original nights to which members brought a song or a story or a short essay, and at which capable musicians sang - held concerts, had periodical dinners, and the lady members took turns at giving At Homes. From 1898 to 1901 it published a quarterly Gazette which recorded its doings in detail, and printed some of the lectures delivered, sometimes in full. In the year 1898-9, for instance, the lectures delivered were: Irish Actors and Actresses of the Century, by Frederic Whyte, with Sir Charles Wyndham in the chair; Wolfe Tone, by Barry O'Brien, with Professor York Powell in the chair; The Two Irelands in Literature, by G.F.Savage-Armstrong, with Rev.Wm.Barry, D.D., in the chair; The High Crosses of Ireland, by Margaret Stokes, Sir John Rhys in the chair; Old Dublin by Miss Charlotte ~~O'Conn~~ O'Connor-Eccles, Mr.W.M.Crook in the chair; Ireland in Alien Literatures, by Miss Elsa d'esterre Keeling, with Richard Garnett in the chair; The Boyne Valley, by Seaton F.Milligan, with Barry O'Brien in the chair; and The Jacobite Songs of Ireland, by F.A.Fahy, with Alfred Perceval Graves in the chair. A substantial

and comprehensive list of lectures, by competent lecturers, it was typical of the Society's activities in that respect.

The Gazette, in the three years of its existence, printed lectures by Barry O'Brien, W.B.Yeats, T.W.Rolleston, Stopford ~~Brooke~~ Brooke, Thomas Lough, John Todhunter and G.A.Greene, in addition to some of those named above, upon which one might profitably dwell, but one other lecture, by J.L.Garvin, one time member of the I.R.B., enthusiastic supporter of Parnell, and then follower of Joseph Chamberlain, and "Thunderer" of The Observer. In May, 1900, he lectured to the Society on A Hundred Years of Irish Journalism. This lecture is not reported at length, but enough of it is given to show its remarkable nature. Having pointed out that "it was O'Connell who had created by the power of a national platform the medium for a national press, and made The Nation newspaper possible", he went on to say the highest possible tribute to The Nation as "an incomparable moral power. It was, in a way no other newspaper has ever approached, the tongue and brain, soul and conscience, of a whole people". He goes on to say that, nevertheless, "The Nation, as a matter of fact, failed in its own aims, those avowed in its title. The more remarkable the success of its appeal to the thought and passion of Irishmen, the more remarkable the failure to turn that thought and passion to the practical account of the purposes for which The Nation was founded." He explains that by saying that "The Nation was not solidly bottomed in foreign politics or economics", and concludes with a remarkable reference to the

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Irish language, "Perhaps the most striking fact about The Nation was that, with that title, and being indisputably the greatest of all Irish achievements in journalism, it was written from first to last in the English language. The Irish People, the organ of the Fenian Movement, was written from first to last in the English language. The Nation never appeared to think that in such a fact there was any particular meaning. It could hardly be doubted on the contrary that the first necessity of clear thinking was to recognise that there must be some meaning in such a fact and to decide what that meaning was. That it was carried out in the English language was the unique feature of the Irish among all other racial agitations. The Nation, beginning with repeal and ending with revolution, never made up its firm and final mind as to which it wanted to be at. There was probably the most instructive example of the latent ambiguity of mind, which meant in the long run the paralysis of action - a process that could be traced through a great deal of Irish journalism in the English language". The speaker had said at the outset that he proposed to pose a few questions for consideration rather than to answer them, so that it is a pity that the resultant discussion was not recorded, as it sometimes was. But enough remains to show that he had thought deeply and to some effect on Irish problems.

It was sometime in the winter of 1903-4 that I joined the Society, induced to do so by somebody whom I cannot remember - it may have been H.E.Kenny. There was then, amongst

those who took an active interest in its working, two tendencies, one represented by Barry O'Brien and one by Alfred Perceval Graves. Richard Barry O'Brien, Barrister, Biographer, and Historian, friend and biographer of Parnell, his Life of whom is still the best book on Parnell, was then a striking figure. Tall, with white hair, a head like a lion, and a commanding, not to say, autocratic, speaker, he was, like Parnell, a "Constitutional Nationalist" with a separatist core. He had been from its inception the working head of the Society, as Chairman of its executive committee, and he had been mainly responsible for the close attention it had given to Irish history. He thought the Society ought to have a little more national backbone. Alfred Perceval Graves, on the other hand, poet, famous as the author of Father O'Flynn, a man whose work on Irish songs has been most excellent, and useful, was for a time the Society's Honorary Secretary, and always took a great interest in its working. He was a patriotic Irishman all his life, but he reeked with a most offensive brand of loyalty, which was both pathetic and irritating, loyalty not alone to England's dominant position in Ireland but a personal and fulsome loyalty to the King as well. It used to irritate Barry O'Brien, but, though they sparred at each other, they kept the peace.

I lectured to the Society, I think in ~~1905~~ 1904, on "The Second Geraldine League". I remember how flattered I was when Barry O'Brien asked me to do so. He was aiming at covering the whole of Irish history in lectures before the Society

which he planned in advance, selecting the titles and the lecturers himself, with a view to eventual publication. One volume, covering the period 1649-1775, had been published in 1903, and another was in preparation, covering the period 1603-1649 (it appeared in 1906). I was honoured by being (10) selected for a third volume, which was to cover the fifteenth century. I had to bring him a detailed synopsis of how I proposed to treat the subject, and my conclusions, and so on, and I did so, to his house one evening. There he went over it, discussed it with me, made various suggestions, and then passed it. The lecture was delivered to a good audience, but what stands out in my memory from that night is the figure of Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Ex M.P., one of the small band of obstructionists before Parnell, and generally a stormy petrel. Tall, worn and cadaverous, wearing a monocle, a forcible but excitable speaker, he spoke with great heat. He was eaten up with pride of his O'Donnell ancestry and believed that the O'Donnells were the leading Ulster Clan. I had suggested in my lecture that Shane O'Neill's imbroglio with the wife of Calvagh O'Donnell was not viewed by their contemporaries in the same light as it appeared to us, and he began his speech with the words "I am an O'Donnell of Tirconnell", went on to castigate the O'Neills and their pretensions, and denounced Shane in unmeasured terms as "an adulterer". After it was all over, I walked with him to his rooms, where he put off his armour and became human.

Frank Hugh was a man of very great ability, very great ambition, and a patriotic Irishman as well. But he thought himself superior to every other Irishman, and Parnell's leadership rankled with him. He was the sort of man with whom it was impossible to co-operate, for he would be leader or nothing. Doubts have been thrown on his patriotism, but they are ill-founded. Dr.Mark Ryan, who knew him well, remained friendly with him until O'Donnell died in 1916, and often spoke of him. A well educated man, he used to say, great ability, but cranky and erratic, and so domineering that you could not work with him. He had no sense of humour, and worked himself into a passion about everything, but behind it all he had a weakness for the poor auld woman.

The Society, in its heyday, established a social and cultural centre in London for what might be called, for classification purposes, the upper layers of Irish people. Its members were patriotic, interested rather in literature and the arts, and in the graces of life, than in action, and most of them not as conscious of the bitterness of the bread of exile as the members of the Gaelic League or the political clubs. Yet the Society had a legitimate function, forming a meeting ground where writers and artists, professional men, upper civil servants, members of the Irish Party, and leaders of the Gaelic League and of the political clubs could, and did meet and interchange opinions and arguments about things of general national interest. But it was ill-fitted to withstand the stresses of the war and of Easter week, and

between the wars it lost its rooms and ~~was never afterwards able to function properly.~~ has found difficulty since in finding suitable accommodation, though it is still functioning!

It accomplished, or led to, however, one piece of work of great importance and utility. It was by some of its members, and in its rooms, that the Irish Texts Society was founded in 1898, for the publication of Irish manuscripts, especially those of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, till then rather neglected by scholars, and of prime importance, of course, for the modern Irish language. The Texts Society published its first volume in 1899, and it has since published a volume every year, and it is still ~~going strong~~ producing admirably chosen and edited texts. The first volume was edited by Douglas Hyde, and ~~survivive~~ successive generations of Irish scholars continue to work for it, its output, in quantity and in quality, being very high, and including that major blessing to all students of Irish, Dineen's Dictionary.

The Texts Society owed its inception, and its survival, in large measure to Eleanor Hull, who was its chief founder, and its Honorary Secretary from 1898 until she died in 1935. A most admirable, learned, and accomplished woman, daughter of Professor Hull, the geologist, herself a scholar, historian, folklorist, she had written the classic study of the Cuchulain saga before the formation of the Texts Society, and she gave to the work of the Society enthusiasm, and patience and real competence. The solid foundation on which the Texts Society has proved to be built, was her work largely.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH IRELAND IN LONDON IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CENTURY.

by P.S.O'Hegarty.

III: In the Political Clubs.

Early in August 1903, a notice appeared in The United Irishman of a forthcoming meeting to be held in premises somewhere near Highbury Station for the purposes of starting in North London a Branch of Cumann na nGaedheal. I was living in Highbury, and on the evening of the meeting I walked down to the place named with the intention of paying whatever modest subscription was necessary to get the club started. I knew nobody in the room, and I was under the impression that there was nobody there who knew me. I remember little now of who were the speakers, of what any of them said, but something which was said roused me to get up and say a couple of dozen words in a very halting and stumbling voice - it was my first attempt at speaking. It then appeared that there was somebody there who knew my name, for when the time came to elect officers to the newly-established club, I wa s proposed as Chairman, and despite several attempts to refuse, and the repeated assurance that I was an entirely unsuitable person, I found myself at the end of the meeting elected Chairman, with the members thinking they had done a good night's work. They knew not what they did. If I had to be Chairman I would be Chairman and for the ten years after that that I remained in London that Club was run

on severely puritanical lines. No smoking, no dancing, very little sing-song, nothing but work. We began with a language class, which I had to teach, a couple of lessons in front of the others, followed by a lecture, a set debate, or a manuscript journal, which were debated at length and with great seriousness. And we finished always with A Nation Once Again. The same sort of thing was being done in Clubs in East, West, South, and Central London, and at home. The sower of all this was Arthur Griffith, through The United Irishman, which generated an enthusiasm, an upsurge, and a mental vigour, which was to lead a few years later to the unification of all separated forces in the Sinn Féin organisation, and through that to The Irish Volunteers and Easter Week.

One of the principal writers of The United Irishman then was H.E.Kenny, under his pen-name of Sean Ghall, known far and wide for his Irish historical studies. He was a friend of Griffith and had known William Rooney and the men who had founded Cumann na nGaedheal, and had a wide knowledge of things Irish. But his passion was Irish history, particularly mediaeval history, and his special heroes were Shane O'Neill, Walter Reagh Fitzgerald, and Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne. He was a tireless research worker, always to be seen in the British Museum reading-room most evenings and most Saturday afternoons, usually almost buried in books.

He had done a long study of Shane O'Neill, and a shorter one of Walter Reagh Fitzgerald, both of which were printed in The United Irishman, but his notes on Fiach Mac Hugh were

never put together in connected form. He was urged by many people, including Mrs.Green, who had the highest opinion of his work, to publish the study of Shane O'Neill, but he would not, saying that he was not satisfied with it and that further research was necessary. Then he was moved from London to Poole, where his opportunities for further research were limited to his annual holidays, and there he remained until after the Treaty. He became Dáil Librarian and was able to resume his interrupted research work, but he had in the meantime become very deaf as the outcome of a bad influenza cold, and intercourse with him was difficult. He told me on several occasions that he was still finding more information about Shane O'Neill, and on the last occasion on which I saw him he said that the work was at last finished and ready for the printer, and that there was so much new material in it that it was practically a new work. He told other friends the same thing. But when he died nothing corresponding to that was found amongst his papers, nor any notes from which the new matter might be inferred. All that could be found was the original version, pasted up into a quarto note-book from The United Irishmen. Yet there must be some further manuscript of his somewhere - his statements about it were categorical and clear. His work is of very great value, and he helped Mrs.Green very greatly in the writing of The Making of Ireland and its undoing, as acknowledged by her in the preface.

Alice Stopford Green, widow of John Richard Green, the historian, and a historian herself, was a prominent figure in Irish London then. I do not think she ever formally became a member of any of the organisations, but she gave donations, and she helped everything cultural, everything patriotic and everything intelligent. Two things she could not stand, bumptious ignorance and pretentiousness, and her impatience with them was often misunderstood. She was a natural eristocrat, but an eristocrat of the intellect and not of any ignoble or materialistic concept. Tall and of noble aspect, she was perhaps a little frightening until you knew her, but actually she was a woman of rare charm, kindly and generous, full of patriotic fervour, a stout believer in the Irish language and what it stood for. She helped,with Roger Casement who was a great friend of hers, the Irish Colleges which were springing up, and she helped the militant Irish Ireland organisations.

One of her beliefs was that if you could get the younger supporters of the Irish Parliamentary Party into friendly contact with the young Sinn Féiners nothing but good would result, and she made various efforts at this, but the only one who was willing to meet us was Richard Hazleton, and nothing resulted. It was in 1910, and he had just been elected member for North Galway and North Louth, having defeated Tim Healy in North Louth, and being, therefore, a party hero. He accepted an invitation to dine with Mrs.Green

one evening, and she asked Robert Lynd and myself to meet him. It was an unforgettable experience. Hazleton was about our own age, intelligent, and educated and patriotic. One would have thought that there would be common ground. But he proved to be entirely unco-operative. He hardly listened to anything that was said, even by his hostess, and when he did say anything it was very short. His mind was obviously somewhere else, and when, after dinner, he went out on the balcony, which overlooked the river, the situation became clear. He stood on the balcony, his face turned up towards the spot where the Houses of Parliament were, and a rapt expression on it. He was under the spell of what seemed to be a promising parliamentary career.

Mrs.Green was a great Irishwoman and a great historian. Her books are a major contribution to Irish history.

Mrs.N.F.Dryhurst was another woman of those days who is not likely to be forgotten by those who knew her. A woman of great efficiency and tireless energy, she came in through the Gaelic League and went on from there. Her sympathies were for "any good cause at all", in Thomas Davis' sense, and especially the small oppressed nations. She not alone ran a home - her husband was an official in the British Museum - but she ran numerous committees and groups for helping this or that small nation, and it is seldom that there was not a political refugee from the Baltic, from India, or from Georgia, in the house.

And she was in everything Irish, helping in everything, running little concerts, lending her drawing-room for rehearsals of plays, and so on.

I remember the first Sunday afternoon I was at her house at a rehearsal, the air full of noise and tumult, bits being "gone over" again, and so on, with a good deal of talking and laughing in between, a corner that was curtained off and that I had barely noticed, suddenly had the curtain drawn aside and disclosed a desk and an irate gentleman who had been trying to work there. He stalked through the rehearsal and out the front door which he banged heavily. Mrs.Dryhurst turned to me and remarked " Maybe we should get somewhere else for rehearsals. After all, this is an Englishman's house". After a little while we did, in fact, transfer operations to the studio of Norman and Eddie Morrow.

Activity was not, however, entirely confined to things Irish. Under Mrs.Dryhurst's urging we made two excursions outside. Some time after the Russo-Japanese War, Mr.Arnold White, M.P., who was interested in an Anglo-Russian agreement and Chairman of "The Navy League", announced a public meeting under the auspices of that body for the purpose of considering a motion in favour of a naval agreement between England and Russia. Russia was then in particularly bad odour for her treatment of the Letts and Finns, and Mrs.Dryhurst suggested that we should go to the meeting and speak against the suggested agreement. We went, and found a fairly full and most

respectable-looking meeting, with Mr.White in the chair. Before beginning business, a call was made for anybody who desired to be given the opportunity of speaking to write his name on a slip of paper and hand it to a steward. We judged that if we wrote our own names we should probably not be called upon, and accordingly George Gavan Duffy became Duffski, Michael MacWhite became de Witte, J.J.Sheehan became Ivanovitch, and I became Hagroffski. Robert Lynd, who would likely be known to somebody present, sent in his own name, and there appeared to be only two other names sent in. Lynd spoke, as he always did, very well, very temperately, and very effectively, and most of the rest of us were called before the Chairman felt that he was being given an organised opposition. The line we took was that England was holding down Ireland and India and Russia was holding down ~~Lettuania~~ Lettonia, Finland and Georgia and that until they had both disgorged an agreement or alliance between them would be against public decency. The result was that the meeting was abortive. The Chairman suddenly closed it down without formally putting the resolution, remarking instead that it was clear that the majority opinion was in favour of it.

The other incident might have been more serious. I do not recollect the year but it might have been round about 1908. An Indian, Nadar Lal Dhingra, had shot a British official in England and had been convicted and was awaiting execution in, I think, Brixton Jail, or at any rate somewhere in South

London. Mrs.Dryhurst got the notion of rescuing him and asked us to bear a hand. She had it all planned. She had discovered that, every day about the same time, Dhingra was taken out somewhere near the prison, along a road which was fairly unfrequented, and accompanied by only two warders who appeared to be unarmed, in a slow-moving vehicle. The idea was to hold the party up with two empty revolvers which she had procured somewhere and get Dhingra well away before releasing the warders, and we were asked to find six boys and two girls for the purpose, the girls to walk with the boys so that it would not look like a party. All arrangements were made, and the thing looked feasible enough on Mrs.Dryhurst's premiss, but a couple of days before the execution - the rescue was planned for the day before - Dhingra was moved to another prison, and there was nothing to be done. We had such faith in Mrs. Dryhurst that we went into this at her request without any attempt to check up on the particulars which she disclosed and on which the plan was based.

These are a few of the people whom I recollect, who played a great part in those tumultous days, and much of whose work for the movement has drawn no attention to itself. There were many others, and many whose names are known and whose work is recognised. And behind them are many, the unknown warriors of the rank and file, who scorned delights and lived laborious nights in small ill-lit rooms and halls, working for the poor old woman. Blessings on them all.