

W.S. 909

**ORIGINAL**

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21  
No. W.S. 909

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 909

**Witness**

Mrs. Sidney Czira,  
119 Strand Road,  
Sandymount,  
Dublin.

**Identity.**

Secretary of Cumann na mBan, New York,  
1914 - .

**Subject.**

- (a) Irish national affairs, 1911-1921;
- (b) Formation of Cumann na mBan, New York,  
1914.

**Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.**

Nil

File No ... S.165

# ORIGINAL

Statement by Mrs. Sidney Czira (Giffard),

"John Brennan",

119, Strand Road, Sandymount.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

EURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913 21

NO. W.S. 909

How I became interested in the national movement and work for "Sinn Féin".

My interest in Irish nationality was awakened - ironically enough - while I was at school in Alexandra School, Earlsfort Terrace.

The Royal University was opposite our school and one day I noticed there were scenes among the students. I asked my violin teacher, Mr. Griffiths, what it was all about and he told me that the organist played 'God Save the King' and a section of the students stormed the organ loft to stop it. I said "Why should they play God Save the King in Ireland?", and he presented me with a copy of the Leader, the first paper of a national kind I had ever seen. I continued to read that paper every week, smuggling it home secretly.

Then after leaving school I continued to study music at the Leinster School of Music and one day, when returning from my lesson I happened to call in to Starkey's (Séamas O'Sullivan) Medical Hall in Rathmines and left the Leader on the counter while I was giving my order and Séamas picked it up and said "Do you read this?" I said I did and he said "Why not read Sinn Féin?" I thought Sinn Féin was all in Irish and I explained so to him. So I began then to read Sinn Féin and then wrote some articles for it which I signed with the name 'John Brennan'. I had to take a nom-de-plume because I did not want my family or friends to know about these activities of mine. The first one was called Orange and Green and Orange Peeling. Then

and since I was an admirer of Charles Lamb and, like him, tried to write essays on obscure subjects. Most of them were not political. I criticised a book of humorous verse by Susan Mitchell - "Aids to the Immortality of certain persons in Ireland." I slated it, thinking that was the function of a critic. She was curious and asked Griffith who the critic was. He had not the faintest idea as I used to scrawl my articles in my appalling handwriting and send them by post. It was Séamus O'Sullivan, who by this time had become a great friend of mine and was lending me all sorts of books, that challenged me one day. He recognised some familiar phrase of mine and I had to admit I had written the articles. Miss Mitchell then asked Séamus to bring me up to meet her at George Russell's (A.E.) house. I then became a regular Sunday visitor to Russells, where most of the literary and artistic people of Dublin foregathered on a Sunday night.

#### Sunday Nights at A.E.'s House.

I must recall a memorable Sunday night which was the last time I visited Russells. Mrs. Dryhurst, who was Robert Lynd's mother-in-law and was a press correspondent in Dublin for certain papers and whom I had met through my brother, Ernest, whom she had met in Gaelic League circles in London, dressed up myself and my two sisters, Muriel and Grace, in various foreign showy costumes, Egyptian, Chinese, etc., and brought us down with her to Russells. When A.E. opened the door he was spellbound by the circus troupe that he saw on his doorstep. He asked Mrs. Dryhurst to introduce us to the company, which she did with a flourish, calling us Déirdre, Maeve or some such names. The occupants of the room stared at us in amazement and we fled into a frontroom, unoccupied except for one small man who spoke

to us, calling over the Russells' dog, "Do you like dogs? I always think I am a kind of honorary dog myself". This was James Stephens who obviously felt as much out of harmony with the company as we did. He had not, I think, published any book at this time. We stayed only a very short time and James Stephens came away with us.

I join Inghíníge na hÉireann.

Mrs. Dryhurst had an extraordinary influence on our family. She brought me to a meeting of Inghíníge na hÉireann who were making plans for a monthly paper. She edited the first number of Bean na hÉireann and aroused the indignation of Madame Markievicz by making a slight but destructive alteration on the nose of the female figure on the frontspiece which Madame had designed. The paper was then without an editor as Mrs. Dryhurst went back to England and the editorial post was given to Helena Molony who, with the extraordinary talent she had although she had no previous experience, made the paper so successful that we had a long list of contributors - in fact, most of the prominent writers of the time, Pádraig O'Conaire, Pádraig Pearse, Joe Plunkett, Roger Casement, Susan Mitchell, Madeline French-Mullen, George Russell, Bulmer Hobson, P. McCartan, Seán McGarry, Mme. McBride. The Countess did the gardening notes and other articles. The paper refused to publish Terence McSwiney's 'Principles of Freedom', as it was thought too serious. It was thus I became a great friend of Mme. Markievicz, Helena Molony, Miss French-Mullen, Mme. McBride and Marie Perolz.

I wrote regular articles for the paper on all sorts of subjects, sometimes using the penname of Sorcha Ní Annláin as well as John Brennan. This paper by some

means reached James Connolly in America and he wrote to William O'Brien, asking who was this Helena Molony. He liked her labour notes in the paper. O'Brien showed me the letter in recent years.

Out of that association with Bean na hÉireann the Inghíníge, who had montnly discussions at which a paper was read, asked me through Marie Perolz whether I would give a talk. I said yes, provided I can choose my own subject, meaning to chose a subject they would not like so that I could get out of it. I chose the subject, 'The need of more frivolity in the Irish-Ireland movement'. Mary Perolz was delighted and was fully in agreement with the idea. The lecture was published in Bean na hÉireann and I remember A.E. stopping me in the street to congratulate me.

Outside of that and the activity in connection with the Aonachs my chief work was in connection with the feeding of the school children. That, I think, started about 1910.

Protests against the Royal Visit.

Another thing that I now remember was the last Royal visit to this part of the country in 1911 - King George and Queen Mary. There were protest meetings going on for months before the event, in the open air and in halls.

The Inghíníge had a committee which they called the Nationalist Women's Association. It consisted mostly of themselves and a few of the I.R.B.'s relatives. The physical force young men were assembled upstairs in the Sinn Féin premises in Harcourt St. while our committee were downstairs. We decided to distribute our members along the route of the Royal procession, who would hand out leaflets to the public, asking them not to cheer the

King and Queen as they passed. Some person, I think Chrissie Doyle, came in one day to our Committee with the dramatic news that Dublin Castle had ordered that we be taken dead or alive to prevent our demonstration. Now the news came from the men's committee that they had decided to go to Bodenstown. It was only recently I heard from Pat McCartan what forced them to this decision. It was the time of the split in the I.R.B. and Fred Allen had given orders that there was to be no demonstration in the streets and these men, such as Seán McDermott, who had been speaking vigorously against the Royal visit, were now forced to climb down from the position they had advocated, probably on threat of expulsion. I remember how we pitched into poor Seán about the way they had let us down. All he said was "We have had trouble". I wrote a sarcastic parody on Bodenstown and sent it to Rose Jacob in Waterford, asking her to send it up to Irish Freedom. It was not published but there was a small acknowledgement in a corner of the next issue... "Your poem hits hard, but we regret we can't publish it".

#### The Split in the I.R.B.

McCartan told me that on the occasion of a lecture given by Pearse on, I think, the anniversary of Robert Emmet's death, he suggested that he would propose a resolution pledging the audience to take no part in imperialist demonstrations. When he mentioned this to Tom Clarke the latter said, "No political resolutions". McCartan asked why and Clarke replied "That is orders. It is not my wish to stop such resolutions". McCartan at the lecture became so excited that he jumped up and said to Tom Clarke "I am going to propose that resolution". Mme. Markievicz, who was sitting beside him, said "I'll second it". McCartan did not want that at all because he knew she was unpopular with the I.R.B. on account of

her outspoken comments on them. McCartan jumped up on the platform and proposed his resolution which, to his surprise, was seconded by Tom Clarke. This must have brought the threatened split among the I.R.B. to a head.

McCartan also told me on the same occasion that at a meeting of his I.R.B. circle he was courtmartialled for a breach of orders in proposing the resolution in question and he defended himself by saying he refused to take orders from a man like Fred Allen who had been accused of mishandling the funds of the organisation. He was asked who told him that, and he refused to reply. He was pressed for an answer and it was suggested to him that it was Tom Clarke. He realised that they were looking for an excuse to expel Tom Clarke from the organisation, so he replied "It was Joe McGarrity". They had nothing to say then as, no doubt, McGarrity was supplying funds. As a result of this dispute McCartan edited one month's number of Irish Freedom which was financed by Joe McGarrity and another edition for the same month was edited by the Fred Allen section of the I.R.B. This also explains the behaviour of the I.R.B. in going to Bodenstown instead of making an active demonstration against the Royal visit.

The year 1911 was the first time that Pádraig Pearse and Tom McDonagh took an open part in politics as distinct from the language and cultural movement.

The then Lord Mayor, who was O'Farrell, a tobacconist, had given a pretty broad hint that he intended to receive the King and Queen in his official capacity, though he was pledged not to do so since the time of his election. There was a Corporation meeting going on in the City Hall and a crowd of us nationalists of various organisations decided to be present at the meeting in the public gallery. We found the gate leading

to the steps had been locked and a police force had been brought. Among the people physically assaulted by the police on that occasion was Alderman Tom Kelly who made a bitter protest when he succeeded in entering the Chamber. At some point during the demonstration outside Pearse arrived and was attempting to force his way past the police when Tomás McDonagh intervened and nearly dragged him away, telling him that if he was arrested it would mean the end of his school. He yielded to Tomás's persuasion although he seemed very excited. Mme. Markievicz created a lot of amusement among the crowd by her agility in getting over the railing several times and when she was lifted bodily by a shy young constable, she pretended to faint and winked behind his back at the crowd. Their roar of laughter showed him that he had been tricked and he dropped her on the ground very unceremoniously on the street side of the railings. Helena Molony also climbed over the railings. I am giving the Bureau a sheet from the Daily Sketch of 7th July, 1911, illustrating a couple of the scenes outside the City Hall..(Appendix *A* ).

There were a series of such demonstrations, each characterised by rather interesting incidents. The first was in Foster Place where Madame was proceeding to burn a large Union Jack, when it was snatched from her by the police, whereupon a man called McArdle reclaimed it and was attacked by the police. He made a vigorous resistance and held on to the flag. He was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

There was another very nice bit of organisation. There was a large Union Jack hanging from a pole in Leinster lawn, but the high railings around it presented



a formidable problem. One night a mixed party made up of Sinn Féin, the Irish Socialist Party, the Fianna and probably the younger element of the I.R.B. assembled and between them succeeded in climbing over the railings, cut down the flag and carried it away. The flag was so large that it was cut into portions and distributed among the party as souvenirs. Shortly afterwards, when I attended a céilí at the Antient Concert Rooms, I saw a notice on the door, "Please wipe your feet before entering". Looking down, I found that the Irish Socialist Party were using their portion of the flag as a door mat.

This is an illustration of our methods of showing our distaste for such Royal demonstrations and training the young people to participate actively in the national movements. I must mention that these methods were not altogether approved of by Griffith and some other members of Sinn Féin. I remember him saying to O'Rahilly who was an active participant in the demonstrations, "We must stand on our dignity". O'Rahilly's reply was prompt and witty, "We'll soon have nothing else to stand on".

Now we come to our part of the demonstration against the Royal visit - that is the women's section of the National Council.

Following the warning I referred to earlier, we held a council of war to decide how to safeguard the leaflets we had printed for distribution along the route of the Royal procession and to prevent the police from taking them from us. It was suggested to us by Conrad Peterson who was a student in the College of Science and who had some experience of shock tactics in Czarist Russia - he was from Riga - that we should adopt the methods used by demonstrators in Russia, i.e. fold all the leaflets in

two and catching them by the corner, fling them into the air if we saw the police approaching. They would then fan out among the crowd and be picked up. We sat up until a late hour the night before the procession, engaged in the work of folding the leaflets. On the day of the procession each of us had our allotted stretch of the route for handing out the leaflets. As the crowd lining the route had their backs to us, we had to be prepared for trouble in getting our leaflets accepted and read. Fortunately for us, the people along the route thought we were suffragettes, as the leaflets were folded and they had not time to open and read them before we disappeared. Smiling indulgently they said "Votes for Women". I am giving the Bureau one of these leaflets. (Appendix **B** ).

My sister Muriel and I got an unexpected protector. As we returned through the crowd, some of whom might have been very hostile, a great Dane dog which had strayed from his home attached himself to us, and his formidable appearance prevented the display of any hostility by the people.

#### Visit to St. Enda's School.

Mrs. Dryhurst, who was over on one of her flying visits, invited us to come and see a wonderful school. We were very half-hearted about it, having loathed school when we were at it. She brought us to St. Enda's in Oakley Road. She must have made an appointment, because as we got up the steps McDonagh came running down to welcome her and she introduced us, saying "I want you to fall in love with one of these girls and marry her". He roared laughing and made some complimentary remark about us. We had tea with him and Pearse and two Egyptian students who were, I think, attached to the Rotunda. They

told us that they had heard a lot about the national movement in Ireland, but they had never made contact with it until they had met Pearse and McDonagh.

It was in 1912 that Muriel married Tomás McDonagh.

#### Anti-Recruiting Activities.

Griffith sent me a personal message telling me I should not take part in anti-recruiting activities. We used to stick the little posters up on buildings, seats of trains, any place where they would be noticed by the public and yet not be pulled down immediately by the police. I don't know whether he singled me out for this attention or whether he tried to influence others too. Of course I took no notice of it. Moreover, I know he disapproved of the enlisting because he contributed a very factual article on the subject to *Bean na hÉireann*.

There is an amusing side light on this. Each of the organisations got out their own literature on the subject of anti-enlistment and keen rivalry developed as to who would get the most publicity. The Fianna, for instance, when camping at Belcamp Park, Raheny, the house of the Markievicz couple, began to placard the neighbourhood with anti-enlisting literature, and the police sergeant approached Madame Markievicz and Helena Molony one day on the road. Helena, pretending to sympathise with his difficulties, clapped him on the back as she was leaving him, at the same time sticking on a notice which appealed to young Irishmen not to join the British Armed Forces or Police. On another occasion she saw Lord Aberdeen's car - he was Lord Lieutenant at the time - standing outside a shop in Grafton St. and she placarded it with the same notices, so that the car, covered with the placards, was going round Dublin all day.

Madeline French-Mullen was travelling to Germany

from an English port and she stuck a number of anti-enlisting placards on a British naval vessel, however she managed to do that. She told me about it in a letter she sent me from Germany. I am giving the Bureau one of the leaflets dealing with this matter that were published by the National Council of Sinn Féin. (Appendix C )

Another phase of this anti-enlisting campaign was the efforts of the Inghiníge to stop the young Irish girls associating with British soldiers. These soldiers behaved often so offensively - apart altogether from the question of patriotism - that it was considered disreputable for a girl to be associated with them. A maid who was seen by her mistress walking with them would be likely to be dismissed. I am giving you a leaflet our organisation handed out in connection with this matter. (Appendix D )

Some English boys' paper published regularly the movements of the British fleet in Irish waters, so that by studying this paper it was always possible to send a supply of anti-enlistment posters to local anti-British people for them to post them up in suitable places.

One of the most amusing things that happened was a young man who was the first to be arrested for going inside a military barracks in Dublin and sticking up the posters. Strange to say, his name was Thomas Atkins. He was a descendant of Thomas Davis. He was later the Secretary of the 1916 Commemoration dinner, so that I presume he must have been in the Rising. When he gave his name in court the magistrate was infuriated, thinking he was making fun of him and gave him a heavier sentence. These anti-enlistment activities were in full swing when I joined the Movement and must have started the time of the Boer War.

There was such rivalry in this sort of thing that they used to make bets with each other as to who would

get the most publicity and some ingenious youth thought of sending a leaflet to some leading light of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. He introduced the matter in the House of Commons, saying that he had picked up the leaflet in the streets of Dublin. This M.P. walked into the trap, read out the leaflet and it was reproduced, not only in Hansard, but in the British daily papers. This was a most successful coup for the lad who thought of it.

About 1909 a play came to Dublin called "The Englishman's Home". The idea was to stimulate recruitment for the new Territorial Force which England was organising to defend her shores against a possible German invasion. The play - a very crude melodrama - showed a peaceful English home invaded by German soldiers. The gallery was packed with the young men of the I.R.B., the Inghiníge na hÉireann and other organisations, and the German soldiers were greeted with round after round of applause. The British element made counter demonstrations from the boxes and stalls. The curtain went up and down and the disorder was complete. At last a big force of D.M.P. was brought in to keep order in the gallery and when they ordered them to stop shouting and booing, the occupants of the gallery began to clap. The curtain went down for the last time and stayed down, as the play had to be withdrawn. I was not present at this play, but read the newspaper account of it afterwards. I was present at a film called, I think, the British Army Film when the Fianna had undertaken to stop its showing at the Grafton Picture House. The film was a glorification of life in the British Army - again for recruiting purposes. The first showing had finished without interruption, the boys being scattered over the theatre and having got no order until the voice of Garry Houlihan, one of the older Fianna boys, was heard saying loudly "What the hell is this they are showing now?" This was

the signal to the others who started cat calls and shouts of various kinds. The light went up and everybody was sitting quietly and peacefully in their seats. The picture started and the noise was resumed. This went on continuously until the end of the picture. The following day the police were brought in and some of the boys were excluded and others, who had got in, ejected. The little boy who sold chocolates was giving the tip to the Fianna that they should not go in together. Two Indian students who were in the gallery, and who had been complaining that things were very quiet in Dublin, were thrilled by the occurrence.

#### The Promotion of Home Industries.

Another activity in which all these organisations were engaged was the promotion of Irish manufacture, and we were pledged to wear and use Irish articles whenever possible.

It will not be realised by the present generation of people, who are able to buy without difficulty practically every commodity they use from Irish manufactured supplies, that in the period we are discussing it was like hunting for buried treasure to try and get an article of Irish manufacture in any shop, with very few exceptions. Members of the national organisation used to report to each other with excitement the name of a shop where an Irish-made article was on display. Realising that this was partly the fault of the shop assistant who would always press you to buy English goods, Helena Molony said one day that we were going the wrong way about this whole thing by asking for Irish manufacture and suggested this new approach. We were to go into the shop and ask for some article we knew was manufactured in Ireland, without specifying that it was to be Irish, allow the assistant to take down a

large number of specimens and then, having ascertained that they were not Irish, say "Have you not the Irish made one", and if they had not, say "I only buy the Irish manufactured article", and walk out. This had a wonderful effect. The "Dark Brethern", as Moran of the Leader called the Irish manufacturers of that time, quickly realised that the women had a great deal of the purchasing power in their hands and put on a spurt and, soon, Irish manufactured articles became more noticeable in the shops. It became almost evidence of your political opinions to be seen wearing Irish tweed garments. The tweed deerstalker hat became almost the badge of the true Sinn Féin man and to appear at any function in the regulation evening suit was to arouse lively suspicions of your political opinions. I remember, for instance, the first time O'Rahilly lectured for Sinn Féin at some hall in Upper O'Connell St. he arrived in full evening dress, as was the custom in America, and there was a gasp of horror from the audience.

#### The 1913 Lock-Out.

I took no part in any activity during the big Strike of 1913, because I was suffering from eye trouble. Madame Markievicz, with characteristic kindness, said to me one day, "Come up and stay at my house. I have Percy Reynolds there, who is ill too, and I'll read out the news every day to both of you". The house filled up quickly with strikers who were out of work, or in trouble with the police. She had an Amazonian house-keeper, Mrs. Delaney, who kept guard on the door and admitted no one who, she thought, belonged to the Castle set.

On the first occasion that Captain White arrived at the door with his military bearing and English accent,

asking for the Countess, she enquired what his business was, as she thought he was a plain clothes man from the Castle. He said, rather abruptly, "It is private business with Madame". We were sitting upstairs, unaware of it all. Having failed to get a satisfactory answer from him, and he obstinately refusing to go away, she went into the dining room off the hall, came back with her hands behind her back and said, "Will you please tell me your business or go". White, exasperated, said, "Tell the Countess Captain White of the Citizen Army wishes to see her". Whereupon, Mrs. Delaney left down on the hall table a large carving knife which she had picked up in the dining room. He did not see the humour of the situation. He came up the stairs in a fury, saying, "Madame, is that the way you receive your guests?". It was in Madame's house that Larkin stayed when he was on the run, because there was a warrant out for his arrest. The police were watching the house and, in order to throw them off the scent, it was decided when the Count returned from Poland, as he did at this time, that he should give a big party for all his theatrical and artistic friends who had no connection with politics. The windows were flung open and lights were on all over the house. The guests were quite unaware of Larkin's presence in the house, although the Count knew it. He did not like Larkin but with his mischievous sense of humour he enjoyed the situation. The ruse succeeded and the guard of plain clothes men were withdrawn from the house.

The problem of getting Larkin from Madame's house to the Imperial Hotel where he was to speak on that famous Sunday, which was called afterwards Bloody Sunday and out of which the Citizen Army got its being, called for serious planning. All those who were



intimate associates of Larkin or habitués of Madame's house were too well known to the police and would have been trailed. A young student from the College of Science who was a friend of the Markievicz family and had no political views - his name was Gussie McGrath - agreed to go to the Imperial Hotel and book a room. Larkin was 6ft. 4in. in height, with black hair, a long prominent nose and spoke with a marked Liverpool accent. To avoid his having to speak, it was decided that he would pose as a deaf man accompanied by his niece, the latter doing all the talking. A niece had to be found for Larkin, a girl who was not known, and this role fell to my sister, Nellie, a domestic economy instructress in Co. Meath.

The Count was also 6ft. 4in. in height and he lent Larkin a top hat, frockcoat and any other disguise necessary to make him look like a Protestant clergyman. His jet black hair was then powdered grey by Helena Molony who was an Abbey actress and an adept at make-up. A beard of grey crepe hair was fixed to his chin and he was given a pair of glasses to shorten the appearance of his nose.

A cab was called, some pieces of luggage installed in it and the cabby was told to drive the Reverend Mr. Donnelly and his niece to the Imperial Hotel. Incidentally, McGrath had not been told in what name he was to book the room, so he improvised the name of Donnelly. Larkin discovered that the room booked for him had boxes of flowers in the window and he rushed off to find a more suitable room for his purpose in the front of the building and as he was running through a small room filled with guests who were partaking of their morning coffee he caught sight of himself in a mirror, and realising the disguise was too perfect, he

proceeded to tear out handfuls of the whiskers and threw them on the floor, to the amazement of the guests. In his excitement he forgot to tell my sister, as agreed, that he was ready to speak and she could go, so she was still in the hotel long after Larkin was arrested and was held by detectives for questioning, which was, perhaps, providential, as she would probably have been injured in the baton charge.

Madame, myself and, I think, Gussie McGrath drove down to the pillar on an outside car. There was a small crowd in the street and when they saw Madame they began to cheer and call for a speech. A D.M.P. man, who came up, said to the driver, "Move on or I'll have to take your badge", which meant that he would be deprived of his licence. Madame and the rest of us got down off the car. At that moment Larkin appeared at a window and began to address the crowd. The police rushed towards the hotel and as he emerged from it, surrounded by police, Madame rushed over in her impetuous way to shake his hand and wish him good luck. During this incident she received a slight blow from a baton and was slightly cut. She was not, as Fox says in his book, thrown to the ground. I was standing in the middle of the street when I suddenly realised that the police were advancing and closing in on us in a menacing manner from all sides and soon O'Connell St. was covered with prostrate bodies. It was a very terrifying experience. Anybody who moved was beaten flat to the ground. The people fled on all sides and were pursued into the side-streets by the frenzied police who beat them unmercifully to the ground. There was a company of mounted police and most of the others were R.I.C. men who had been brought in, in anticipation of this occasion and primed with stout to put them in the proper frame of mind.

I was transfixed with terror and I was suddenly gripped by the elbow and Gussie McGrath's voice said, "Don't move, whatever you do". It was very good advice as I escaped merely with a broken leaf to my hat.

We went up to Skeffington's house in Rathmines when we failed to rescue my sister from the clutches of the police. We learned soon after that she had been released and had returned to Madame's house. She had managed to unload the baggage in Mrs. Peterson's house in Leinster Road.

My Attempt to join a Rifle Club.

There is an interesting item that I forgot to mention in its proper place. Our young men during the period of national resurgence before the formation of the Volunteers had no knowledge of the use of firearms or any opportunity to acquire it. When the British Government, in connection with their scheme for training territorial soldiers in anticipation of a European war, set up Rifle Clubs throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the idea was seized upon by some of our nationalist young men, who took full advantage of the facilities provided by the Government hoping that some day they might use their skill in arms for their own country. I think any group could form a club and ask for the arms and equipment necessary.

When I heard that some of my friends had started such a club, I determined to join. I approached the Secretary and was told curtly that women were not allowed to be members. We had a hot argument, but he persisted in his refusal.

Some few years before Peadar Kearney's death I wanted him to write the history of the composition of the Soldiers' Song for a broadcast I was preparing for Radio Éireann. In reply to my letter, he called to see me and asked me did I not remember him. I said no and then he

told me that he was the Secretary of the Rifle Club who had refused me admission. He apologised for what he had done, saying that he had completely changed his mind about women in revolutionary movements. He offered to write the script for me and mentioned that he had refused Radio Éireann several times to write this story for them.

How I got to know Tom Clarke.

I knew Tom Clarke very well and often called at his shop for a chat. The first time I saw him was when I went in to his shop to buy one of the nationalist papers that were advertised on a billboard outside his shop. I tried to involve him in a conversation by making some remark about national affairs, but he shut up and assumed a real business manner. He obviously thought that I was probably sent by Dublin Castle to extract some information from him.

I then wrote an article for Sinn Féin, advocating physical force. Arthur Griffith refused to publish it and sent it back. I told Seán McDermott, whom I knew very well, and he said "Why don't you send it to 'Irish Freedom'?" I did, and it was published. This must have been in 1911.

At the Aonach of that year in December, which was held at the Rotunda, Mme. Markievicz came over to me and said "Tom Clarke wants to see you". I thought she said the Town Clerk, but she repeated her remark and I said, "That old crank; I don't want to see him." Dr. McCartan then arrived on the scene and when Madam told him what I had said he roared laughing, took me by the arm and led me across the road to Tom Clarke's shop. He said to Tom, "Here's a lady who says you are an awful old crank". Tom said, "Well, I won't be any more" and shook hands with me.

I had not the faintest idea that he had ever done even one month's imprisonment until the publication some time later of his "Leaves from a Prison Diary" in serial form in "Irish Freedom", under the name of Henry Wilson with Tom Clarke in brackets. I said, jokingly, to him one day, "Is that any relation of yours?" He said "It is me". He never talked about his prison experiences except when a question was put to him.

I spoke one day to him about the Sinn Féin policy and its passive resistance programme and he said "No, that is not suitable to the Irish character; it is too plodding a policy", and he told how one of his colleagues in jail - it may have been Dr. Gallagher - had before his arrest, and when carrying out a chemical experiment, been warned that he should measure the efficacy of a certain explosive liquid by pouring some of it drop by drop from a bottle and suddenly he got tired of this slow method and took a chance by pouring out a big dollop of it. No tragic results ensued. Tom said this man's courage was such that he feared no danger but he broke down under the slow torture of the prison system. Another example that he gave me of the dash of the Irish character was the Irish Brigade in the Boer War. The Boers used to creep on their bellies along the ground an inch at the time, but they could not get the Irish soldiers to do that. They would stand up and charge forward even if it meant death.

When I decided to go to America for the purpose of gaining journalistic experience, I told Tom Clarke about it and he tried to dissuade me from going. One argument he used was that I would never stand the summer heat; another was that Judge Daniel Cohalan was coming over shortly and he would introduce him to me. Probably he had the idea that Cohalan could put me in touch with influential newspaper people in New York. I

told him that I had a feeling that if I didn't go then I would not go at all. He said "I always believe in following a hunch".

My Journey to U.S.A: Anti-British Propaganda.

I went in the beginning of June 1914, intending to stay two years. The war broke out in August and immediately I became involved in propaganda work for Ireland.

When I look back upon the situation I am rather amazed at my simplicity in thinking that I was going to gatecrash into American journalism, having no sort of previous contact.

A friend of mine in Dublin told me that she knew the lady editor of the 'New York Sun' and suggested that I should call on her and mention my friend's name. I did so and she said she had never heard of the friend in Dublin. Nevertheless, she received me most kindly and asked me to show her my articles. I did, and she published several of them and when she rejected one she explained to me in a letter the faults she found in it. In this way I made a living.

Pádraig Colum and his wife left Ireland for America just after the outbreak of war to fulfil his contract for a series of lectures. They proved very valuable friends to the Irish cause.

At the outbreak of war I immediately became aware that the British had started a subtle propaganda in the salons and drawingrooms of the literary and artistic circles, as well as sending out various aristocrats to impress the snobbish type of American.

The Colums were able to reach the literary and artistic circles, as Pádraig's name was very well known. They used to have an informal social evening where you met prominent literary people, not only from America but

also from European countries, and where the conversation, no matter how it started, always ended on the Irish question.

Through their influence a great number of the American writers were brought over to the Irish cause: Joyce Kilmer was one of them. All these literary sympathisers held a memorial meeting for those who died in the 1916 Rising. I think it was in Central Park. Willy Pogani - a Hungarian artist - was another of these sympathisers and Rudolf Kommer, an Austrian Jew who was attached to the Austrian Legation: he was very witty.

During a meeting of Irish Americans after a lecture, I made an impromptu speech, explaining the situation in Ireland and particularly about the need of arms for the Volunteers.

Foundation of Cumann na mBan in New York.

As a result, Dr. Gertrude Kelly asked me to be one of the speakers at a meeting she had organised at the McAlpine Hotel. I duly turned up and when called upon, among my remarks, I made some severe criticisms of the A.O.H., meaning of course the Board of Erin of whom we had bitter experience because they used to break up all our publicity meetings. The Chairman explained to the audience that I was not referring to the American Alliance. I realised the significance of his remark when I learned that my audience consisted largely of members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the American Alliance.

It was at this meeting that we decided to found a branch of Cumann na mBan.

The importance of women's organisations in America was due to the fact that women had a great

influence in public life and held many important positions both in the professions and in commerce. Whereas the Irish Party Organisation, the A. O. H. (American Alliance), had its ladies auxiliary in the States, the Clann na Gael had no such auxiliary and was debarred to women.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H. proved to be some of our most valuable workers and the foundation of the first Branch of Cumann na mBan was followed by a second one also in New York.

The chief activity in these branches was propaganda and the collection of money. During my association with this work I got to know many Irish/Americans and I must say that I found them very difficult to work with. The chief source of trouble was the underground influence of Devoy and his immediate friends. Their followers were afraid to commit themselves to any line of action until the head had pronounced their opinion. Devoy and his followers regarded themselves as the emigré government of Ireland. They were even not over-scrupulous in denouncing as spies anyone who did not fall in with their wishes and who showed any inclination to align themselves with the policy prescribed from Ireland.

There were ructions regularly at the branch meetings over the most trivial things. I was secretary of the first branch. This is an example of what might happen in such organisations. We were to have a raffle in aid of the Volunteer arms fund and I took it upon myself to write to Séamus MacManus, from whom I had received a letter in praise of an article I had written for the 'Irish World', asking him to send me a signed copy of his most recent book. He did, and even sent me several of his books and of those of his first wife,



Eithne Carbery. I was delighted with the success of my effort. But when I produced them at the branch, there was, to my consternation, an uproar at my presumption in taking such an action without permission. I defended myself, saying that if they did not want the books, I could hand them over to some other organisation, which I did. I stuck out this branch - the second one - as long as I could and then, with several others, resigned. The Rising was over at this time. During 1915 I had not taken part in many activities due to my bad health.

#### Various Visitors from Ireland to U.S.A.

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington arrived on a lecture tour and was very much cold-shouldered by Clann na Gael. I, who knew him well, had written him, putting him wise to the different political personalities and their parties. He, being methodical, kept the letter and, knowing that his wife was to come after him to America, left my letter with somebody who handed it to Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington when she arrived in New York some time after the Rising. She afterwards told me that my letter was invaluable to her during her stay in America.

Sometime, I think in the early autumn of 1915, Joe Plunkett wrote to me from a New York address where he was staying and asked me to meet him. He was not at the time engaged to my sister, Grace, but was friendly with her. We went out together for the afternoon. We had lunch in a Turkish restaurant and spent the whole afternoon there chatting. He gave me no inkling whatever of the purpose of his visit to New York. He did not mention that he had been to Germany. He looked remarkably well and seemed quite happy. In Ireland I had known him as a taciturn, reserved man and incapable of light conversation. When I made a remark about his improved appearance, he said "I am a different man since I joined the Volunteers".

He said goodbye to me without giving me any indication of how long he was staying or whether he was visiting any other part of the States.

In November 1915 Nora Connolly arrived and posted to me from New York a letter which she had been given by Madame Markievicz for me, in which Madame asked me to do all I could for Nora, who would explain her mission. I had met Nora on a few occasions in Ireland and was rather puzzled as to why she came to New York at that time. She called and explained that her father had sent her with a message and had instructed her not to let Larkin know of her presence in America until just before her return and not, on any account, to confide to him the purpose of her visit. This was to contact the German Ambassador in Washington, Count von Bernsdorff, and give him this bit of information which Connolly had picked up in Belfast. The British were building dummy ships in Belfast which were to be brought, I think, to the Kiel Canal to lure the German fleet, where the British fleet would attack them. We learned through somebody in Clann na Gael that we had first of all to see the German agent in New York, a man called von Skal who had a bungalow somewhere in the suburbs. When we arrived at the bungalow the door was opened by an elderly German lady and when we inquired for Herr von Skal she said, "You mean my son". We said no, we wanted Herr von Skal, senior, and she insisted it must be her son we wanted, adding, "What would two young ladies want with my husband." To convince her of the seriousness of our purpose we explained we had just arrived from Ireland and had important information to give him. We were brought in and Herr von Skal heard the story from Nora Connolly after his wife had left the room. He arranged by phone, I think, that Nora would be received by Bernsdorff. When the old

lady came back she asked, "How did you young ladies know that my husband would be here today? He has not been here for a year until today and I did not know till last week that he was coming." I said we had a wonderful intelligence service in Ireland. She was visibly impressed. I did not accompany Nora to Washington but I remember she told me that Bernsdorff, after he had heard her story, proceeded to hand Nora a sum of money. When Nora refused, saying we were glad to help our allies, he was greatly impressed.

Before she left the States she sent a wire to Larkin, asking him to meet her, signing it 'Connolly'. He thought it was James and said to her when they met, "I thought it was your father and that things got too hot and he skipped."

How I came to contribute to "The Irish World".

Shortly after the outbreak of war and Redmond's declaration in favour of England I received through the post from Ireland several Irish daily papers such as The Independent and the Freeman and a copy of the weekly Sinn Féin. There was a lot of news in the dailies of the arrest of prominent Sinn Féiners for anti-recruiting speeches and Arthur Griffith's editorial contained a quotation from the Liverpool Post of September 12th 1914, suggesting that 300,000 Irishmen could be recruited to the British Army if King George signed the Home Rule Act and made a triumphant tour of Ireland. This would enable the English young men to continue "Business as usual". (I am giving the Bureau a copy of the leaflet got out by Sinn Féin on this matter - Appendix E ).

I brought these papers to John Devoy and offered them to him for publication. Finding he was not interested, I said I would bring them to Ford of the

'Irish World'. He said, 'I would not touch them with a forty foot pole'.

I decided I would call on Ford and did so. He was delighted to get these papers, especially Griffiths' article with the quotation from the Liverpool Post and he published it with banner headlines and an editorial comment. The result was that letters flooded in from all parts of the U.S.A. from organisations and individuals. Robert Ford kept the matter alive by referring to it week after week. The paper was very widely read and up to then represented the Irish Party viewpoint. It carried all the social and political news of the Irish Americans and was very much read by the clergy and religious communities.

I was asked by Ford to help him in explaining some of the personalities and organisations in Ireland, and I thus became a frequent visitor to the office and I contributed several articles to the paper. Thus, the paper completely changed its allegiance and ranged itself behind the Volunteer movement. That must have been a great blow to Redmond.

The Irish in America kept the country out of the War.

A great deal of pressure was being put upon the Americans at this time to come into the war and it was rather interesting to observe the various agents that were sent over to influence the various sections of opinion. I have already mentioned the artistic and literary groups. More than anybody, the Irish stiffened the American resistance to this propaganda and we can claim that we kept America out of the war from 1914 to 1917, as was admitted by their Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, in the statement sent to his government.

As the propaganda went on in all kinds of public places, including the saloons, a notice was put up in

many of these places - "If you want to go to war, go to Europe. If you want to talk war, go to hell".

One great line of the propaganda was that England was the mother country of America and that the latter should rush to her aid. To counter that, the Monroe Doctrine was freely quoted by the other side.

One Irishman, Hugh Harkins, had a banner that stretched from his house to a house on the opposite side of the road, which reminded passers-by that Europe - not England - was the mother of America.

The scene of some of the fiercest argument and almost boxing matches was the office of the paper owned by Bennett. I think it was the Herald - now the Herald Tribune - which had a bulletin board outside its office, in which the news was posted - always favourable to the Allies. The nationals from all over Europe - including a large sprinkling of Irish - used to congregate there to read the news and the British agents were always present in force to do their propaganda among the crowd. The Irish present were not slow to answer them and the proceedings were always very lively and sometimes ended in boxing matches.

One of the most active of these Irish protagonists was a veteran of the American Civil War who had also come to Ireland to help organise the Fenians. His name was Tom Tuite and he was at this time secretary to Thomas Addis Emmet. He told me that while he was on the run in Ireland he was living in a ruined castle in either Meath or Westmeath and an old woman used to bring him food every day. He was curious about the history of the castle and when he enquired from the old woman who its original owners were, she said they were a family of the name of Tuite who had been banished by the English. He had not the faintest notion that this was his ancestral home. Incidentally, Tuite had been warned by the

police not to turn up any more at this place because he focused the attention of the British agents. He did, however, appear there once more on what was called Decoration day. That is the day when the dead of private families, as well as public personalities, are commemorated by street parades and the decoration of the graves with flags and flowers. Tuite had provided himself with a hammer and nails for this purpose. He was spotted by a cop who came over to him and reminded him that he would be arrested if found there again. Tuite replied that he was only exercising his right as a peaceful citizen - "I looks like it", said the cop, taking the hammer out of his pocket.

On one of these occasions I was passing with my sister and there was a huge crowd collected, arguing excitedly over the war news. In spite of my sister's warning, I got involved in an argument with a Britisher and was approached by a typical Bowery type who asked me, "Come over here, sister, there is another Britisher saying things about Ireland and we can't answer him". I went to the spot indicated and became involved in another argument, forgetting all about my sister. Meanwhile she, seeing the size and feeling of the crowd, became very nervous for my safety and tried to reach me. Finally, the Bowery boy and his pals assured her that he had me "covered" and there was no fear of me.

#### Effect of the Rising in the U. S. A.

Immediately after the news of the Rising came through - it had been held up for a few days until Hearst broke the silence by issuing the story that Dublin was in arms, the furthest the other papers went was that there was a riot in Liberty Hall - the flood of anti-Irish propaganda started. I remember two particular stories which were very significant.

Evidently, in order to give the impression that Sheehy-Skeffington was a lunatic, he was described as fighting in the G.P.O. in a most fantastic costume. Countess Markievicz was described in another bulletin from England as being a sinister figure who had a room in her house entirely filled with human skulls. She had, in fact, from the time of her art-school days a human skull on the mantelpiece. This formed the basis of the fantastic story.

The reports were so contradictory, some saying we were successful and still holding out, and others that we were crushed, with the result that our minds were in a terrible state.

Mimi Plunkett, who had arrived in New York just before the Rising and who also had given me no idea of the purpose of her visit, having read that her brother Joe had been sentenced to penal servitude for life, said, "Poor Joe, he won't survive long". He was dead by this time and we soon received the news of his execution.

About this time we met Kommer and, looking at our white faces, he told us for our consolation that the events in Ireland were the talk of all the embassies in Washington and that the general impression was that we had struck a blow to British prestige from which she would never recover.

It is an extraordinary thing that the immediate result of all this was the rally of Irish feeling to the side of the rebels. Also, liberal American sentiment expressed itself in the same way. Even in the music-halls, which are often a very good barometer of popular feeling, pro-Irish songs were heard and cheered to the echo. I remember one singer singing, "If you fought for your country like the Irish did, you're a darned fine man".

The Irish tricolour flag had never been seen in

America and at a big demonstration, possibly held in the Carnegie Hall to support the Irish, my sister who had spent a night sewing a tricolour suddenly stood up in the gallery and swung it out over the audience. It received such an ovation that the newspapers commented on it the following day.

Bernard Shaw, asked to comment on the Rising, sent a cable which, inter alia, contained these words, "It was mad, glorious and republican". This made big headlines.

We introduced the flag to New York by flying it at the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and it was quite startling to see that the cops already recognised it as, at every intersection of the streets, they stood to attention in salute.

Not very long after the Rising Min Ryan - now Mrs. Mulcahy - came to New York. She was staying with the Colums. I remember seeing her at a public meeting and I have an idea she spoke at it, or else was introduced to the audience who gave her a great reception.

Gradually, others who had taken a part in the Rising arrived, Nora Connolly who also stayed with the Colums and later went to Washington to live. It may have been there she went to a school of journalism. She was back again in New York because she visited us in 1918.

Margaret Skinnider was another who came. My sister Nellie came probably about the end of 1916 or the beginning of 1917. All these spoke at various meetings which were organised for the purpose of collecting funds. Nellie was one of those who went on a delegation to Washington, to hold meetings and attempt to see Wilson. I don't know whether they succeeded.



### Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington's Visit.

Mrs. Skeffington came and planned her own tour without any consultation with Clan na Gael. She had probably learned of the cold reception her husband had got from them.

I suppose it was with a view to preventing her speaking that they told her her voice would not be heard in the Carnegie Hall; that it was only orators like Burke-Cochran who could make themselves heard there. In spite of this she spoke and her speech and delivery were highly praised in the newspapers.

During the period of her visit a British film entitled "Whom the Gods would Destroy" was put on in one of the New York cinemas. It was a vile libel on the Irish and especially on the 1916 men. The Volunteers were shown as a half-ape type. It was not long before an Irish crowd, learning about this film, went down to it and made such a row that it had to be withdrawn. It next appeared in a very small cinema run by a Jew who was quite unaware of its significance and probably got it cheap. Mrs. Skeffington went and called on the proprietor, telling him that he was insulting his Irish patrons by showing the film. He apologised, explained that he did not know what it was about and withdrew it at once. That ended the film's career in New York anyway.

### How my Sister got to U. S. A.

My sister Nellie had gone to America after experiencing great difficulties. It was necessary to have a letter from a priest or a policeman and she would not have got either as she had been served with a deportation order to live in England. She knew some girls called Martin and one of those wrote to an old priest she knew, explaining that she wanted to go to

America to make her home with her brother over there. He gave her the necessary letter which she gave to Nellie who got her photograph taken with her hair hanging - the Martin girl was much younger than herself and had not seen her brother for years. Nellie posted a copy of this photo to Martin in New York and said she was coming out to stay with him. Poor Martin gave up his lodgings and took a flat where he could accommodate his sister. He came to claim her at the boat, hugged and kissed her, asked tenderly after all the family. She, feeling he might repudiate her if she told him the truth, kept up the pretence until they were clear of all immigration officials. When she told him the truth he took it as a tremendous joke. She came straight to our flat and when Martin came to visit the following evening he was still roaring laughing.

When she arrived in Liverpool to take the boat, there was a close watch on all who were embarking on the boats for America. The only name she knew in Liverpool was Peter Murphy who had a newspaper shop in Scotland Road. When she called at the shop he was not there and a woman with an English accent answered her enquiry rather shortly. She was looking for some place to spend the night. She wandered round the streets and finally, in despair, had to go back to Murphy's. This time Peter was there and, hearing her Irish accent, asked her had she been in the trouble. She said "Yes, and I don't care who knows it". With his two hands out he welcomed her and she was brought to the Murphys' home until she was leaving.

Liam Mellows tries to get to U. S. A.

One day before her departure she was in Murphys' shop when a small man with thick black eyebrows came in and Murphy walked down to the door to meet him. They

appeared to be in earnest conversation. Murphy came over to Nellie and asked did she recognise this man as he claimed that he knew her. She said she did not but added that she had met so many Volunteers in the course of her employment Bureau activities, he might well be one of them. The stranger, hearing this statement, threw back his head and roared laughing. When he did so, she recognised him at once as Liam Mellows with his hair and eyebrows dyed black, which gave him a formidable look. He had told Murphy, who obviously did not know him, that he had been staying in some low sailors' lodgings, waiting a chance to get away to America. The lodgings had been raided by the military authorities. He had managed to escape through a window but had to leave his belongings, including his papers, behind. Murphy looked after Liam too until he got away in a tramp steamer with a very doubtful crew. Liam told me all his adventures afterwards in America. I think he was six months in the steamer and his adventures during the journey and after his eventual arrival in port were told by him with great enjoyment. When he finally disembarked at New York the whole crew of the tramp steamer tagged after him, looking for free drinks, as their money was all gone. They brought Liam to some low pub on the waterfront, where there was a fight in progress. Liam shouted "Come on, boys, let us get into this", taking hold of a chair and rushing up the room until he reached a door and slipped out quickly and thus shook off his pals. During the long trip he had also managed to bamboozle them by pretending to be mad drunk, although he was a total abstainer. He was quick-witted, witty and full of frolic, but still no man I ever met had such a power to influence his companions and calm them. He had no personal vanity, although he was a born leader, unlike

some of the others whose heads were turned by the compliments of the Americans.

He established himself immediately as the head of the new Irish colony and although we did not use any title, he was our commandant and we always consulted him about what we were going to do.

#### Effect of Mellow's Arrival.

Shortly after the arrival of Liam Mellows and others of the 1916 men a definite effort was made by Devoy to prevent us all getting together. He had this extraordinary obsession that there was somebody always interfering or intriguing against him. He suggested our best plan was to scatter into different states, saying that we were being watched by the police which of course, to a certain extent, was true. He also made an order which is embodied in the "Sinn Féin Documents" that none of the men, sailors, etc., who were carrying any communications from him to Ireland, could carry any letters from private individuals to their families or friends. We learned of this when my sister Nellie received a very curt letter from John Devoy, saying that he had learnt that she was sending letters to Ireland through one of his couriers, in which she had described himself as a politician and coward. Such a letter had never been written by any of us, though we had availed ourselves of the help of some of these men to send personal letters on our private affairs to our families. It must be understood that owing to the strict censorship of the mails it was impossible to send letters to our families. I distinctly remember that my first opportunity of corresponding with my home was when Father Magennis was going over to Ireland. He was a

great man. I called to the monastery and asked for him. One of the other priests came in and put me through an examination. When he found out who I was and how I was connected with the 1916 people he fetched Father Magennis at once. He took my message and probably that of many other exiles.

When De Valera came out Fr. Magennis arranged a reception for him in his schools and the children of the parish lined the streets carrying flags. I believe it was on this occasion that the Soldiers' Song was played for the first time on an organ.

Fr. Magennis became a great friend of Liam Mellows and when Mellows incurred the wrath of the Clan na Gael leaders and lost his position on the Gaelic American, Fr. Magennis gave him some post that was in his power to give. The cause of the trouble between Liam and the Clan was that the Clan which had been outspokenly pro-German until very shortly before America went into the war, had suddenly changed its tone when the first anniversary of the 1916 Rising was being celebrated in one of the halls of New York at Easter 1917. Some of the platform speakers told all the young men - Irish and Irish/American - that it was their duty to join the American forces. A number of those present had fought in the Rising and protested, saying that would mean allying themselves with Britain, which they emphatically refused to do. There were stormy scenes. Then the stewards ordered the young men to take down their tricolour badges, which of course they refused to do.

I was not present at the meeting as my baby was only two months old. Some people who had attended the meeting came along to see us immediately afterwards and we discussed the situation and what steps would have to be taken to meet it.

A series of open air meetings was held, at which the chief speaker was always Liam Mellows. Though not a highflown orator, he was such a powerful and convincing speaker that he could hold an audience of Americans, many of whom had no connection with Ireland, spellbound during an hour's speech. His humour lightened these serious speeches. I remember his reference to a poster that was to be seen everywhere in New York at the time - "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" He suggested the answer of some of the Americans might be, "I was tracking around New York the Irish who were trying to obtain their liberty". These and similar posters were distributed by the British in New York.

#### The Fight against Conscription.

McCartan, who had come out as Irish representative, was not much help to the young men who wished to make a stand against being conscripted. Liam told his audiences categorically that Irishmen who were not American citizens should not allow themselves to be conscripted, although an agreement had been made between the British and American authorities that the latter could conscript British nationals and they classified the Irish as such.

National registration was the first step towards conscription and our Volunteers duly registered and under the sections which asked, "Why do you claim exemption?", they answered that they were members of the Irish Republican Army, and citizens of the Irish Republic. Charlie Hickey of Waterford was one such and he had his paper officially marked, granting him exemption on these grounds. I believe there were others.

To attempt to break up our street meetings, an effort was made by an organisation which sprang into being for that purpose alone. Although it called itself the

American Vigilantes, it was composed of Englishmen led by a man called Mofatt.

Their tactics were to attempt to set mobs on our meetings by telling them that we were German spies. We had somebody watching Mofatt's gang and reporting about his movements and, learning that he was going to incite some of the American sailors to attack us, we forestalled him by contacting the sailors ourselves and explaining the true situation, with the result that when Mofatt went to meet them for the purpose of directing them to the scene of the meeting, he and his followers got such rough treatment from the sailors that they had to be rescued by the police and brought to some place where they were given clothes to enable them to return home. My sister Ada had joined the Vigilantes, describing herself as the Secretary of the Betsy Ross Club - an imaginary organisation. She reported their proceedings to us regularly so we were always prepared. Unfortunately, she was fairly soon spotted as she refused to stay away from our meetings, and she was not admitted to any more of their conferences.

It was as a direct result of Mellows' determined stand on the conscription question that he was called up by the heads of Clan na Gael. He was offered the alternative of ceasing his connection with these meetings or losing his post on the "Gaelic American". Without hesitation he made the choice. He would continue his propaganda for the Irish cause on the streets of New York. After this, he went out in search of a job and, after failing to find a suitable one, had to accept the heavy work of an unskilled labourer, for which he was not fit. One day he collapsed at his job. His weakness was due to starvation. He was not one to complain or seek help from his friends and we knew nothing about his plight until Father Magennis gave him a position and he was

restored to health. Even then he made no complaint or reference to what had happened and I only learned of it when he was one day talking of his mother to whom he was devoted. He told me this little story...."When I was ill, I was lying half conscious one day when I heard the doctor say to the nurse that what was wrong with me was starvation and, thinking that I was at home and that somebody was accusing my mother of not feeding me properly, I tried to get out of bed to attack the doctor".

#### The Progressive League.

Side by side with these outdoor meetings I have described, a new Irish organisation came into existence, which called itself the Progressive League. We set up a shop, the front part of which was devoted to Irish books, pamphlets, periodicals, postcards, badges and the usual propaganda material. This must have been 1918 because we had in the window a map which we used in the way that war maps were used at that time, by sticking pins with little flags to indicate the constituencies in which Sinn Féin were victorious in the election.

#### Clann na Gael attempt to silence Mellows.

I was in charge of the premises and was chief saleswoman. The back part of the premises was used for Committee meetings and lectures. We had many visitors and recruited new people into the movement.

At a two day convention in New York which I believe took place just after the arrests in connection with the so-called German plot, there was great indignation when the first day passed by without any reference being made by the speakers to the arrests. It was live news in the American papers at the time and they even commented on the fact that the convention speeches did not allude to the arrests and that none of the men who had taken part



in the Rising had spoken at the Convention. The Volunteer element were also very indignant and told me as they passed out of the Convention that they would place a time limit the following day, and if some of the speakers who represented their viewpoint were not allowed to speak and propose a resolution against the arrests in Ireland, they would raise such a storm in the hall as would stop the proceedings. The next day things went on the same as the first day and knowing that Liam Mellows was in the premises, shouts went up from different parts of the hall that he should be asked to speak. He had not even been allowed on the platform.

Liam duly appeared after some small delay and dealt in a powerful speech with the arrests and proposed a resolution of protest.

Afterwards we learned from Mellows that he had been told not to go on the platform or speak. But following the demonstration in the hall, he was summoned to the Committee room and accused of having arranged the demonstration, which he denied. He was then told he could go out on the platform and bow to the audience but not speak. However, as I have said, he made a powerful speech relating to the arrests in Ireland.

American papers on the following day commented that although the proceedings were very dull on the first day, they were certainly very lively on the second.

#### Arrest of Mellows and McCartan.

McCartan was a frequent visitor to our flat, Beekman Place, New York, and on one occasion when he called I happened to mention that a German friend of mine, Miss Lucie Haslau, had informed me that day that she had been seeing off some of the German representatives in America who were leaving for their homeland, as

America had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. McCartan expressed some surprise that they were able to go and told me that he wanted to get away (I think, to Stockholm). He asked me what route they had taken and I said the usual route. He said he had been told by Devoy or Cohalan that there were no ships leaving. The following morning after this conversation, at an unusually early hour, McCartan arrived in company with Liam Mellows. Mellows explained the purpose of their visit at once. He said that Pat had been telling him of his conversation with me about the Germans going away and he was wondering if my friend would know whether they themselves could get away by the same route. I told him that I would make enquiries from her, giving her no indication of whom the persons were who wanted to make this journey. I did so, and Miss Haslau told me that whoever said that there were no ships going, or that it was impossible to get away, either knew nothing or were deliberately misleading them. I reported this conversation to Mellows and McCartan and they asked me to put them in touch with Miss Haslau, which I did. I urged McCartan not to tell Devoy or Cohalan anything about this business, but McCartan replied that it would not be fair to "the old man", as he always called Devoy. They had come together and began their discussions, and I then left it to them to continue the contact through Miss Haslau. I do not know to whom she introduced them as I did not know anybody in connection with shipping, but the person used by them to do a great deal of this work was a young Irishman, still living I believe, named Cyril Keogh, a brother of whom had been shot during the 1916 Rising and who, himself, had been in the College of Surgeons at that period. When they had advanced to some stage in their preparations, Miss Haslau asked me would I

allow her to bring a German friend of hers and mine who was on the German propaganda work there - a Dr. von Recklinghausen - to the house to meet Mellows and McCartan. I urged on Mellows and Miss Haslau the imprudence of this step but I think the idea was that von Recklinghausen would be able to give him some addresses in Germany. They met at our house and had a social talk and when they were leaving Miss Haslau asked Mellows would he come to her house for the evening and meet von Recklinghausen again. She lived at the other end of the terrace where we were living. I again urged on Mellows the indiscretion of such a step as I was pretty sure that von Recklinghausen was a German Government man and was being followed, but he told me that he would take every precaution and would not leave the house in company with von Recklinghausen, but would come away early and would call at our house on his way home. I had better explain here that Mellows thought nothing of calling to the house at any hour between dark and dawn. On one occasion Mellows was leaving when the milkman was calling in the morning and he said "Goodnight" to him!

When Mellows failed to arrive that evening I was rather surprised. On the following day there were persistent rumours among the Irish circle who knew Mellows that he had been arrested and that evening Michael O'Callaghan of Tipperary, another of the 1916 men in New York, came to our house looking very gloomy. He was generally very lively and witty, but he seemed to have nothing to say. I was afraid to mention the rumours to him as he was a hot-tempered man and I rather feared that he would do something drastic if he realised what had happened. After a very dreary evening O'Callaghan got up unusually early and said he was going home. The following day we heard again that Mellows had been

arrested: he had not been seen by anyone since the night he had been in Miss Haslau's. I then went up to Miss Haslau's house to make enquiries and I learned from her that she had heard nothing from von Recklinghausen since the two of them had left the house together at a quite moderately early hour. Miss Haslau then decided to check up and phoned von Recklinghausen's lodgings. On enquiring from his landlady whether von Recklinghausen was at home, she was informed very curtly that he was not and that she did not expect him back anymore. We then learned either through the papers or through gossip that von Recklinghausen and Mellows had been arrested together. The American papers made the most of this story. Von Recklinghausen was described as "Count Bernsdorff's special agent in America". They had found out that in the flat above us there was a Turkish Vice-Consul. This unfortunate man had made a very bad calculation when he moved into Beekman Place, thinking it was a nice quiet spot! 'The Turkish/Irish/German Plot in New York' was the heading in one of the papers. They described the Turk as a very important member of his nationality and when they came to Liam Mellows, not to be outdone, they decided that "Liam" was a title! "Liam" was a title, they said, which he took to impress his German and Turkish associates.

Following on these arrests we learned that Pat McCartan had been picked up on board ship at Halifax, while waiting for the ship to be repaired.

You will see from this account that Pat McCartan's story in his book is erroneous in some details.

Arrest of O'Callaghan.

Meanwhile, we learned the story of what had happened to O'Callaghan. When he left our house on the night referred to before, he was followed by an American detective and, growing more and more irritated

as he walked through the streets, wondering over the fate of Mellows, he suddenly saw in front of him in a shop window a large picture of John Mitchel, grandson of the patriot, who was then running for Mayor of New York and who was an out and out Britisher. (I think there was some pro-British sentiment on the poster). This was the last straw, so far as O'Callaghan was concerned, and he went up and smashed the window. He was promptly arrested. Over O'Callaghan's head was hanging the very serious charge of having shot a policeman in Tipperary before he escaped to America. Incidentally, O'Callaghan is now Clerk of the Court in Tipperary town - he had been a Co-operative Creamery Manager before the Rising. O'Callaghan was remanded and a great effort was made by the British to have him extradited so that they could punish him at home.

Mellows and McCartan were left in prison in the Tombs and the story was put out by the Clan na Gael that they did not want to be released on bail. My sister Ada called to see Mellows in the Tombs and asked him whether he wished to remain in prison, and whether it was true, as had been given out by the Clan, that he said he would be safer there. Mellows said that he was dying to get out of it and continue his work. But nobody had come forward with the bail, which was fixed at the sum of £1,500 (about £400 then).

One morning, very early, I had a visit from Nora Connolly, daughter of James Connolly and a great friend of Mellows, who told me she had been to see some of the leading men of the Clan and asked them to put up the bail, and they had given her the same answer which we had got....that he did not wish the bail to be raised. I remembered that McCartan had brought to our house on

one occasion an Irishman called Murphy who was the owner of a very flourishing saloon and had said to me, jokingly, as they were leaving the house, "This man has plenty of money if you are ever looking for subscriptions". I remembered this conversation and said to Nora, "We'll go to see Barney Murphy". Murphy listened very sympathetically to the story and said that he was quite ready to put up the bail, but he would have to ask advice, or some such expression. After a couple of days we read in the New York papers that at last somebody had put up the bail and there was a slightly sarcastic reference to the delay and to the unknown person who had come forward. Murphy afterwards told me that before putting up the bail he had consulted Cohalan and that Cohalan had said to him "You don't want to get mixed up in this German plot. It won't do your business any good". Murphy replied that if that was all that was worrying them, he would take the chance and he put up the bail for both McCartan and Mellows. He left the Clan as a result of this.

After Mellows' release, we got from him the whole story of his arrest. When he was leaving Miss Haslau's house with von Recklinghausen at quite an early hour, intending to part company with him at the door and call down to our house, a car drew up at the entrance: they were both surrounded, arrested and separated, several detectives being placed in charge of each. Mellows had in his pockets a large number of addresses in Germany and I suppose in New York, and papers which he did not want to be caught with. The detective who was sitting beside him offered him a cigar: Mellows was very quick witted and he said, "No, thank you: if you don't mind I'll smoke the old pipe". He put his hand in his pocket, drew out the package of papers and slickly threw it over the side, unobserved by the detective, knowing that it was quite safe in the streets of New York. When he

was brought down to C. I. D. Headquarters for examination he saw in one of the rooms the German captain of the ship on which he was to sail, who had also been brought in. Mellows never gave any indication that he knew him and one of the detectives said to him, "Are you not going to recognise your friend?", to which he replied, "I have no friends in this place", and denied ever having seen the man before. When he was being examined, he noticed on the table among the perfectly innocent papers which had been taken from him, a small notebook or diary. He at once drew the attention of the detectives to this and said "I want to point out that that book does not belong to me and was not taken off my person". They made some apology and took it away, and later he saw it again, placed on his papers, and again protested. The old German captain was released as there was no evidence against him and I remember at a later period he sent a personal message to Mellows, thanking him and saying that he had certainly saved him from a very long term of imprisonment. This incident was typical of Mellows' presence of mind and consideration for others.

One of the men who was later in the Four Courts with Mellows and had never met him until that time, realised what a wonderful leader he was; whatever quarrels broke out, he was able to keep them quiet - he had so much influence.

It is well to put on record here that Mellows and McCartan were both under bail from that year, 1917, until they left America. The two men had been photographed together for their passports as able-bodied seamen, and I had, at one time, a copy of this photograph on which Mellows had written on the back, "Francis Donnelly, Fireman, Steamship Éireann".

Meanwhile, McCartan had been arrested on board ship at Halifax and brought back to New York. He was ushered into the cell with O'Callaghan where the warder said, "Here is somebody to spend Christmas with you".

We had now to arrange a campaign to stop O'Callaghan being extradited, which we did successfully. When he was released he told us an amusing incident that had happened. He was a very humorous character, always full of high spirits and in the Tombs with him, before the other two Irish political prisoners came in, there were several "aliens", as they were under American law - Germans, Austrians, etc., who had been arrested on charges of going to districts which were out of bounds, or for not registering or for small offences of that kind. They were very depressed, wondering what their fate was going to be and O'Callaghan, to cheer them up, told them they were all going to be shot at dawn, himself included! "What are you in for?", some of them asked, and he explained, "For breaking a window". This seemed to them an extraordinary reason for being interned in the Tombs, so they began to ask one of the warders who was an Irishman what was O'Callaghan's offence. "What did he tell you?", said the warder, and they repeated his conversation. "Well", said the warder, "it is like the old story of the woman who went to confession and told the priest that she stole a bit of rope. He told her that she should not have done that and then she added 'but there was a pig on the end of the rope'. And there's a hell of a big pig on O'Callaghan's rope!'" I might put it here on record that the warders were extremely nice to the Irish prisoners and, although it was a regulation that only relatives were to be allowed to visit the men, they were certainly ready to accept half of New York as being sisters of O'Callaghan and the other two men.



### Protests against Arrest of Dr. Mannix.

Picketing of the British Embassy in Washington had been going on from 1916 onwards and I remember a very successful picketing that was undertaken as a protest in New York against the British arrest of Dr. Mannix in August 1920. This latter picketing was largely the work of an Italian called Carlo Tresca, a personal friend of the well-known Irish-American family of Flynn, who were great friends of James Connolly. Tresca had great influence among the sea-faring fraternity and suggested that we should call out the seamen from the British ships as a protest against the arrest of Dr. Mannix. This was done by pickets walking on the docks with placards, calling on the men to leave the ships. So far as I was concerned, this was rather an amusing incident, because I had a placard which read something like this, "Hear the call of the blood and refuse to work on British ships". I realised that the call of the blood was addressed to Greeks, Italians, Lascars, etc., and when they saw a young woman with a placard they came up to enquire what the strike was about. My efforts to translate "Hear the call of the blood" into Italian were funny, but I found one word which they all seemed to know was "tyranny - Irlanda", and smiling and nodding, they would all walk away. The picketing was extremely effective because when we were holding our meetings it was a thrilling sight when, from time to time, we would hear the march of feet and the crew of some ship would come marching into the room. We found out subsequently that Tresca, who had organised them, was generally supposed to be an anarchist! Of course, there were extremely severe penalties under American law for behaviour of this kind.

When I went in the autumn of 1920 to work on Joe McGarrity's paper "The Irish Press" in Philadelphia, the

Black and Tan war was in full swing. Mrs. Séamus O'Doherty and her husband arrived from Ireland and Séamus was the manager of the paper and Joe Sexton was the editor. At this period, the burning of Cork took place. We were very well organised in Philadelphia; not only were there a lot of Irish but, probably due to the influence of McGarrity, they were better disciplined and less quarrelsome than the New York Irish. We had the use of the Irish-American Club for meetings and for the collection of foodstuffs and clothes to be sent back to Ireland.

We learned during this period that Sir Eric Geddes, the British Ambassador, was coming to Philadelphia to be entertained by some pro-British element in the city, prior to his departure for England. On this occasion it was Mrs. O'Doherty's idea that we should picket the hotel where he was being received. She learned that under American law one could carry out a peaceful picket without infringing the law, provided one did not walk on the footpath. She drew up a set of posters which read like a paragraph in a newspaper. On one, it was pointed out that England already owed the American Government a vast sum of money which was named: on the next, that England was spending a vast sum of money, which was also named, on the Black and Tan war in Ireland: on the third, that the Black and Tans had burned the city of Cork and murdered people there, and so on, until the last sentence of the final poster, when the next person in the picket had a poster which started at the beginning again. The slogan, "Geddes must go", was introduced several times. By arrangement with one of the hotel staff (I think the door porter), we were to be given a signal when Geddes arrived. Mrs. O'Doherty had told one of the women associated with the poster parade that she must not walk as she was very delicate and had put her out of the parade. This lady took up her position somewhere

close to the steps of the hotel and, when the porter gave the signal, she leaned forward and hit Geddes as he was passing up the steps, to the porter's consternation. Some man in the crowd rushed forward and snatched the poster from one of the girls and tore it in two. We had some men with us. We were very indignant about this and while we were discussing it, a coloured policeman walked over and, offering his baton to one of our men, said, "Here you are, boss: you give it to the 'Limey'. I daren't hit a white man". Our friend, however, refused to use it.

#### Collection of Funds for Clan na Gael.

In order to prevent the section of the Clan na Gael which had broken away from Cohalan and Devoy from getting control of the funds and sending them to Ireland, the section controlled by Cohalan and Devoy had had themselves incorporated under the law, which meant that they were recognised by the American authorities as the owners of the money.

Mrs. O'Doherty and myself were busy night after night addressing meetings in places around Philadelphia, where there was a big Irish population, to try and get the funds, which we knew were in the possession of the organisation, sent to Ireland. We soon found we were up against an order which had been issued by Dermot Lynch and which said that nobody was to be allowed to appeal at any of these meetings for funds unless they bore credentials from him. Although we had many fine workers in the Irish/American Club, we had no speakers among the women, so that the whole work fell on Mrs. O'Doherty and myself, and we had, on some occasions, to address two or three meetings in one night. I came across this order of Lynch's on one occasion when I went to an Irish Club to make an appeal for funds and arrived early and asked the Secretary for

permission to address the meeting, and requested him to let me do so early in the proceedings as I explained I had to go on to another meeting. He apparently agreed to my request and I sat patiently waiting to be called on to speak, but nothing happened. He then stood up and read this ukase from Dermot Lynch, and when I heard that it was necessary to have credentials from Lynch before making this appeal, I decided on drastic action and stood up, apologised to the audience for my interruption and said that the only credentials I had were that I was a sister of two of the women who were married to two of the executed leaders, explaining who they were. The result was that, after prolonged applause, several members of the audience got up and moved that I should be allowed to speak for as long as I liked and at once - if necessary for the rest of the evening. I thanked them and made a brief appeal for funds; then left and proceeded to the next place which happened to be a dancehall. I was not very long in the second building when a crowd came in. Some of them rushed up to me, surrounded me and said they were delighted at what I had done. It had opened their eyes to what was going on. Following my speech at the first place, there had been an election, the old Committee had been put out and a new Committee appointed, who were backing me and were handing over the funds.

Mrs. O'Doherty had similar experiences in places where she went. I again repeat that the money was already collected and, as I had nothing to do with the handling of the funds, I do not know whether they were ultimately sent to Ireland.

Measures taken to expel De Valera from U.S.A.

I would like to say a few words about some of the methods used to get De Valera expelled from America - this

was told to me by Joe McGarrity. It had been made public that De Valera was to go to the Western States on a certain date. A meeting of the Clan was summoned in New York, to which McGarrity did not get an invitation. He had learned of it, however, and being a fighter, he determined to be present, whether welcome or not. When he went into the hall there were some expressions of surprise on the faces of his colleagues and a few hints were dropped that he was not expected. At last, after some delay, the Chairman said that only those who had been invited to the meeting could remain, and he requested the others to leave. McGarrity sat tight. They did not dare to eject him, and at last the meeting had to start, and the purpose of the meeting became quite evident. A speaker got up and said that it was a very painful subject they had to deal with; Mr. de Valera had been living in a most extravagant style and the funds which had been gathered for the purpose of helping Ireland were being frittered away, and that it was a very unhappy duty for him to have to ask de Valera to leave America. At this point, a clergyman got up and said it was very unfortunate that de Valera could not be there to face these charges, as it was known already that he had gone to the Western States, but that the matter was so urgent it could not await his return; whereupon McGarrity jumped up and said that if they wished to face de Valera with the charges, he could be within the hall in five minutes. They could not do anything else but ask that he should be sent for, and when he arrived with Harry Boland an effort was made to keep Boland from coming in; but Boland, who was also a fighter, made sure to get in and de Valera made his statement and, of course, the whole plot fell through.

### My Efforts to procure a Passport and Return to Ireland.

When I applied, within a few months of the Rising, to the British Consul for a passport, which now had become necessary (passports had been issued since the beginning of the War), the Consul informed me that there was a long list of Irish people who were not to be allowed to return, and that our family had a very bad name with the British War Office, to which I replied, trying to bluff him, "You do not hold me responsible for my family? I have one brother in the British Army and another in the American Army". "Yes", he said, "and the rest are Sinn Féiners. And what are you?" "Oh", I said, "I am a Sinn Féiner, too, but one more or less won't make any difference in Ireland now: they can make a terrible lot of difference here in America, which I intend to prove". He was adamant, however. I did not get my passport. Later, having married a Hungarian, I was under a double disadvantage of being an alien and when I re-applied, I was informed that only if I were a widow would it be possible to get one. When I was in Philadelphia in 1921 I was still looking around for some opportunity of returning to Ireland. I had to have a passport on which there was a woman and a baby, and at last I got the opportunity. A Mrs. Bradfield, a sister of a well known London-Irish family - the Lees - came out to America early in 1921: she had a baby of 9 months old. One day, when she was in the Irish Press office, I asked her whether she was going to make her home in America and she said she was. "Then", I said, "you won't need your passport. Will you give it to me? If I am caught with it, I won't give you away, I'll say I stole it". She agreed, and I questioned her closely about the details of her life: where she was born and all the details about her husband, an Englishman, and herself, which would be necessary in case I was asked by the British Consul. The remarkable thing was that her

baby was 9 months old and was shown on the passport in her arms, and my child was born in 1917 - going on four years old.

I had had some good coaching on the subject of British psychology from various friends of mine who had come through under great difficulties, and was told that nothing gives an Englishman such satisfaction as to correct you in a blunder, and so I studied the passport very carefully to see where I could make a mistake. I learned that if I were 2 or 3 months in a country and wished to return to England, all I needed was a visa, whereas if I were a year or more, I would need a new passport. I also knew of the hostility between the English and the Americans, which is always there, and so when I went to the Passport Office I put on the best English accent I could summon and said to the Consul that I wanted a new passport. He took it from me and, at a glance, saw that all I needed was a visa. I laughed in a silly fashion and said I could not understand these documents, which pleased him very much. He then said, "But, Madam, you are only here three months and you wish to return. Why, might I ask?" "Oh", I replied, "I think this is a dreadful country and I don't want my child to grow up with an American accent". "I quite sympathise with you, Madam", he said, and stamped the passport, took the fee and that was all. I told nobody but then learned to my horror that a young man called Collins was going over on the same boat to act as a military instructor to the Volunteers. I knew this young man and his mother, so I sent a private message to Harry Boland telling him to order Collins not to recognise me.

I had to go before the American Income Tax authorities to get a clearance paper as, at that time, a lot of Americans were going to Europe to avoid the payment of tax. This American official was the only person to

query my passport photograph. He looked at it and said, "Is that your photograph? It is not very like you". I said, "It does not do me justice". I finally got on board ship after all these examinations and, on board, I had to go twice before the passport officials. I just left my son in the cabin and walked up, and the officials looked at all the stamps, signatures, etc., and hardly glanced at me.

On board, unfortunately, I picked up with a bitter Orangewoman from the North of Ireland. My sister had advised me to become friendly with somebody travelling with children. This woman was bringing over her twin boys of five years old, who were as bold as brass. We went everywhere together and I pretended to be horrified when she told me that there was one of those Sinn Féiners on board! I completely deceived her until one day I almost betrayed myself. There was, at that time - April 1921 - a very serious railway strike on in England. It was spreading rapidly and radio bulletins were coming our way daily, giving the latest news about the situation. These were posted on the notice board and read eagerly by the passengers. One day, as my Orange friend and myself were standing in front of the board, I read a bulletin which went something like this....."Serious situation on English railways. Troops may have to be withdrawn from Ireland", and before I knew it, I clapped my hands and said "Hurrah". My companion was horrified, turned on me and said, "What kind of an Englishwoman are you?" I decided my best role should be that of a pacifist and something of a socialist, so began a long complaint about all my family had suffered in the war: it was well for her, she had lost no one and why should our boys be sent over to be shot by the rebels?

This woman was getting nervous about the situation on the railways and urged me not to be so mad as to go on



to London which she thought was my home. I was longing to reach Ireland, though I had been prepared to go to London in case I was followed, and I told her that I had at last made up my mind that I would go and stay in Belfast until the situation in England had eased. When we disembarked at Liverpool we wandered around all day, hearing rumours that the seamen were coming out in sympathy and that we might not get a boat to Ireland. Standing on the docks, feeling very tired and disheartened I said to her, "I wish those damned Customs people would come and let us get on board". I heard a voice behind me say, "Here is one of those damned Customs men. What do you want?" I said, "To get the child to bed". "I don't suppose you have any guns", he said. "Oh, I have a couple of sackfuls", I said. Then I paid the difference on my ticket and transferred to first class on the boat.

I arrived in Belfast in such a state of nerves that I left my trunk behind in the ship. I went to the Royal Victoria Hotel and had to produce my passport and register as Mrs. Bradfield. I found the trunk next day in a shed. My sister, Mrs. Donnelly, lived in Omagh so I sent her a telegram, saying "Finian and his mother are staying in the Royal Victoria Hotel". I signed it 'Bradfield'. She understood at once and arrived with her baby daughter, May. When we got on to the train for Dublin I selected an empty carriage; two young men came along, looked in at the window and said, "I wonder would you mind moving into another carriage as we want to smoke and it might annoy the child?" They made some other excuse and I suddenly thought they might be some of the I.R.A. I agreed to move into the next carriage and when we got to Dundalk I stuck my head out of the window, looking for sweets for the child. One of the young men came along and asked if I wanted anything. He said he would get them for me. Then the attendant

arrived with a trayful of stuff. I said, "I did not order this", but he said, "The gentlemen have paid for it". They came into the carriage which had been emptied of all other passengers and began to tell me about the happenings in Ireland and the British atrocities there. I pretended to be American and not to believe them, and took a long time to be convinced! I never saw them after that, but it was clear they were I. R. A.

Afterwards, it was pointed out to me that it was an extraordinary thing that I had been able to walk on to the boat in New York, off the boat in Liverpool and, again, on to the Belfast boat, while holding a child of almost four years by the hand, whereas my passport showed me as carrying a baby of nine months old!

Signature *Sidney Czira (John Brennan)*  
 (Sidney Czira) ('John Brennan')  
 Date *December 27 1953*

Witness *S. N. Chiosain*  
 (S. N. Chiosain)

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21 BUREAU STAIRS MIL TA 1913-21 NO. W.S. 909
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CUPBOARD LOVE.

Spanish Student Hidden in English Girl's Wardrobe.

STRANGE SUBURBAN ROMANCE.

An extraordinary story of how a young Spaniard lived for three weeks in his sweetheart's house at Wimbledon without knowledge of her father, was told at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The Spanish lover was Joaquim Rodrigo Perez, a student, and he was charged with attempting to shoot Arthur Ernest Weech, the brother of the girl.

Prosecuting counsel said that Weech had a sister who acted as lady's maid to a countess in Spain and while there she met the young Spaniard. She came to her father's house at Wimbledon in May and a child was born on May 21.

A nurse was hurriedly sent for, and while she was attending to the girl she went to the wardrobe to get something, and on opening the door she found Perez there.

The father was called and took Perez downstairs, and the son (the prosecutor) pushed him out of the house and shut the door. Later in the day Weech junior saw Perez standing at the corner of Pelham road Wimbledon. Perez spoke to him in Spanish, and scratched his face and kicked him. Weech struck him.

Thereupon Perez drew a revolver and presenting it at Weech, pulled the trigger. Weech dodged and bolted down the road. He met a policeman, who arrested Perez. The Spaniard made a statement in the course of which he said:

"I met the girl in Spain and followed her to England. I have been staying with her for the past three weeks at her father's house. I came over with the idea of learning the language and then going to Spain again. I have written to my father for £15 to pay the double passage over."

WILL HE MARRY HER?

There was no doubt continued counsel, that the man had been staying in the father's house for three weeks. The father had noticed a great deal of food was being consumed, and as he and his son were away all day, there was no doubt Perez was there, and that when the father and son returned, he retired to the girl's bedroom, and was there kept in hiding.

The Judge (to the interpreter): Ask him if he intends to marry the girl when his punishment is over?

The interpreter: He says he has to consult his father about the matter, and that there is a question of his completing his studentship as a mining engineer. If he does that he will not be allowed to marry the girl. If his father would permit him to take up some other work whereby he could keep himself, he would be prepared to marry the girl.

After speaking to the girl in his room, the Judge said the girl had told him she was very fond of the Spaniard and that she intended to marry her, but that he could not possibly do it if he was to go on with his studentship. If he went on with that he could not possibly marry her, but he was ready to take up another career if his father would allow him. She thought his father would consent to that and they would then get married. She denied that she had been giving her money to Perez.

He (the judge) was inclined to adjourn the case until next Sessions to see if by that time Perez would be in a position to marry her and take her back to Spain. No harm had, fortunately, been done to the prosecutor and the marriage would be legitimated.

Mr. Tully Christie: I understand that in all probability his father would consent. The only question is communicating with him. Will you give the prisoner bail?

The Judge: No. Mr. Weech has put him up for three weeks in his cupboard, and he may not want him again. (Laughter.)

The case was adjourned until next Sessions, and the girl was granted permission to see Perez.

PRECIOUS FREIGHT.

How Railway Officials Cared for Director's Cow.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ST. PETERSBURG, THURSDAY. An amusing incident is reported from Samara.

A cow belonging to a railway director had to travel from Slatoust to Samara. The railway officials along the line were very anxious about the safety of the animal, and as soon as the cow was placed in a specially prepared truck instructions by wire were sent all along the line.

At Buguruslan the truck was attached to a fast train so that the cow would be saved the discomfort of slow travelling.

The stationmaster at Kinel paid a special visit to the animal, and then telegraphed to the director of the railway: "Cow passed in the train 911. Health excellent."

When the cow reached her journey's end a crowd of railway officials met the train and accorded her something like a royal ovation.

Passengers by the train were greatly annoyed, and complain that the railway employees concerned themselves more about the cow than the safety of human life.

THE UP-TO-DATE HOUSEWIFE

For making her puddings and pastry buys Shredded ATORA, best suet. It is ready for use, absolutely pure - Gages further and keeps sweet for months. Your grocer sells it. Insist upon ATORA. (Adv.)

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND CAUSES RIOT IN DUBLIN.



The police keeping the crowd out of the City Hall.



Countess Markievicz (marked with cross), one of the demonstrators who was lifted over the rails round the City Hall. She was quickly ejected by the police.

Since the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Alderman Farrell) made the threat that if the Corporation refused to present an address to the King on the occasion of the Royal visit he himself would do so, there has been considerable excitement among a section of the Dublin public. The photographs were taken while the City Council was considering the position. Countess Markievicz, not altogether unknown in the suffrage movement, took a prominent part in the proceedings. Some of the crowd managed to get into the City Hall and the appearance of the Lord Mayor was greeted with hooting and groaning.

LADY WHO NEARLY CHOKED. OLD CANARD REVIVED.

Action Against a Marmalade Firm Settled in Court.

The action brought by Mrs. Charlotte Roberta Mullin of Llicsmate Villa, Prestatyn, North Wales, against James Robertson and Sons, preserve manufacturers of Parsley, Manchester, and London for £2,500 damages was settled in the Scottish Court of Session yesterday.

Mrs. Mullin, who is a widow, said that in November 1910, she purchased a jar of marmalade bearing the label of Robertson's. On partaking of some of the marmalade she nearly choked and the choking sensation was caused by the swallowing along with the marmalade, a piece of pot or other similar substance.

She was, she stated, unable to take any solid food, and might become a complete and permanent invalid.

Robertson's denied fault or negligence, and it was stated on their behalf that the jar and marmalade if purchased in the same condition as it was supplied by them, would have been found free from such substance and that any defect in the marmalade arose after the pot left their factory. Lord Guthrie, in terms of a joint minute, discharged the diet for a jury trial, dismissed Robertson from the proceedings, and awarded no expenses to either party.

Boer Clergyman's Attempt to Stir Up Race Hatred.

The Cape Times refers to day to the question of race feeling in South Africa and the bitter speech delivered by the Rev. Mr. Schoon of Ladysmith, this week at Pretoria, before the congress of the Academy of Language, an organization which is under the patronage of ex-President Steyn. In this address Mr. Schoon referred to the oppression and neglect of women and children during the South African War.

The Times expresses the view that South Africans have the right to ask ex-President Steyn and Reitz to discountenance the Rev. Mr. Schoon's gross and palpable attempts to neutralise General Botha's statesmanlike policy for the union of the races by investing grim spectres of the past with a horrible significance which they never possessed, even in their dread reality.

The Times also condemns the Rev. Mr. Schoon's speech with much severity.

SHAKER SHRED LEMON MARMALADE with Porridge is not merely a change but a great improvement. The flavour is entirely different and it is better too from the dietary standpoint. Try it at breakfast to-morrow. (Adv.)

MONEY MATTERS.

Markets Calmer With an Optimistic Tendency.

CANADAS NERVOUSLY ERRATIC.

6 BIRCHINGTON E.C. Thursday. With all the recent difficulties more or less resolved the Stock market to day was performed in a waiting mood and since that mood usually eases up in a crumpling movement it is the more satisfactory to record a rather firmer tendency and an optimistic tone in the House.

The floods of selling which have swept through certain sections during recent days have dwindled and although little hope is held of any substantial recovery in business before autumn in view of the persistent bad luck recent weeks the general position is regarded as being fairly sound and able to bear a reasonable strain.

The latest news regarding an alleged settlement between France and the Sultan of Morocco is not calculated to lighten a statement of difficulties in that direction in view of the semi-official statement that Germany will only remove her troops from Agadir when France has completely evacuated Morocco. The House is however taking a more business-like comparative-earnings view.

Consols opened easier dipping early in the morning to 78 1/2 for the account. They rallied later closing after some nervous movement at 79.

No buoyancy could be expected in the Railway market in view of the unsettled condition in Manchester and other parts of the country but after a weak opening prices fell yesterday's satisfactory traffic getting credit for slightly improved feeling. Although a number of holders in this market seem to be reaching the limit of their patience, it is pretty generally recognised that the immediate position is unpromising.

Most of the companies are showing substantial increases in gross receipts and the dividend forecasts are attractive. There should be some improvement in working costs as a result of various working agreements arrived at among lines, and the general trade outlook is good. The market could get a straight run for a time with freedom from these disastrous labor complications, everything points to a period of higher prices.

To day the Southern stocks and "heavies" in small advances. Dover "A" putting on 1/4 before mid day. Chatham's were particularly lively closing at 16 1/2. Scotch lines were again fairly good, Metropolitan and Districts after a good opening fell away. At the close Dover "A" were 1/4 up at and North Eastern 1/4 better at 152 1/2.

Americans Close Strong.

The weather reports from New York are depressing. There is little promise of immediate improvement so far as corn is concerned though conditions are said to be rather better in the cotton belt. In spite of that, the tone in the American market showed after a short tentative period, decided improvement, and Atchafalaya and Steels gave a market an early upward lead. Times were erratic with a tendency to weakness if not, pretty evident that the now repudiated Canadian Pacific issue were largely responsible for the recent advance. When Wall Street opened there was a sharp improvement and at the high Steels at 115, Unions at 122, Southern Pacific at 125, Atchafalaya at 115, and Erie at 38 all showed substantial gains.

Canada opened in a nervous, excited manner and prices during the morning fluctuated between 242 1/2 and 244 1/2. The weather reports being taken herald further and more serious damage to crops later in the day however, they steadied somewhat closing at 244 1/2. Trunks were quite firm by contrast, especially the junior issues. Third Preferr closing at 61 1/2. Mexican Rails following yesterday's good performances have again gone above Ordinary closing 1/2 up at 50 1/2 and Second Preferr putting on 1/4 at 38. Foreign Rails have otherwise been stagnant.

The foreign security market has been rather better, Guatemala Bonds coming into favour talk of further negotiations for a settlement of debt Santos at 68 1/2 are 1/2 better on the day.

Mining things have been rather better to day, business has been extremely small. Kaffir descents have been decidedly better on the cessation of German and French selling and Rhodesians have also brightened up. De Beers and Premiers have both lively spots, but Russian Mines showed benefit. British Broken Hill's seem to have reached the end of their recent spurt, closing at 36 1/2 6d.

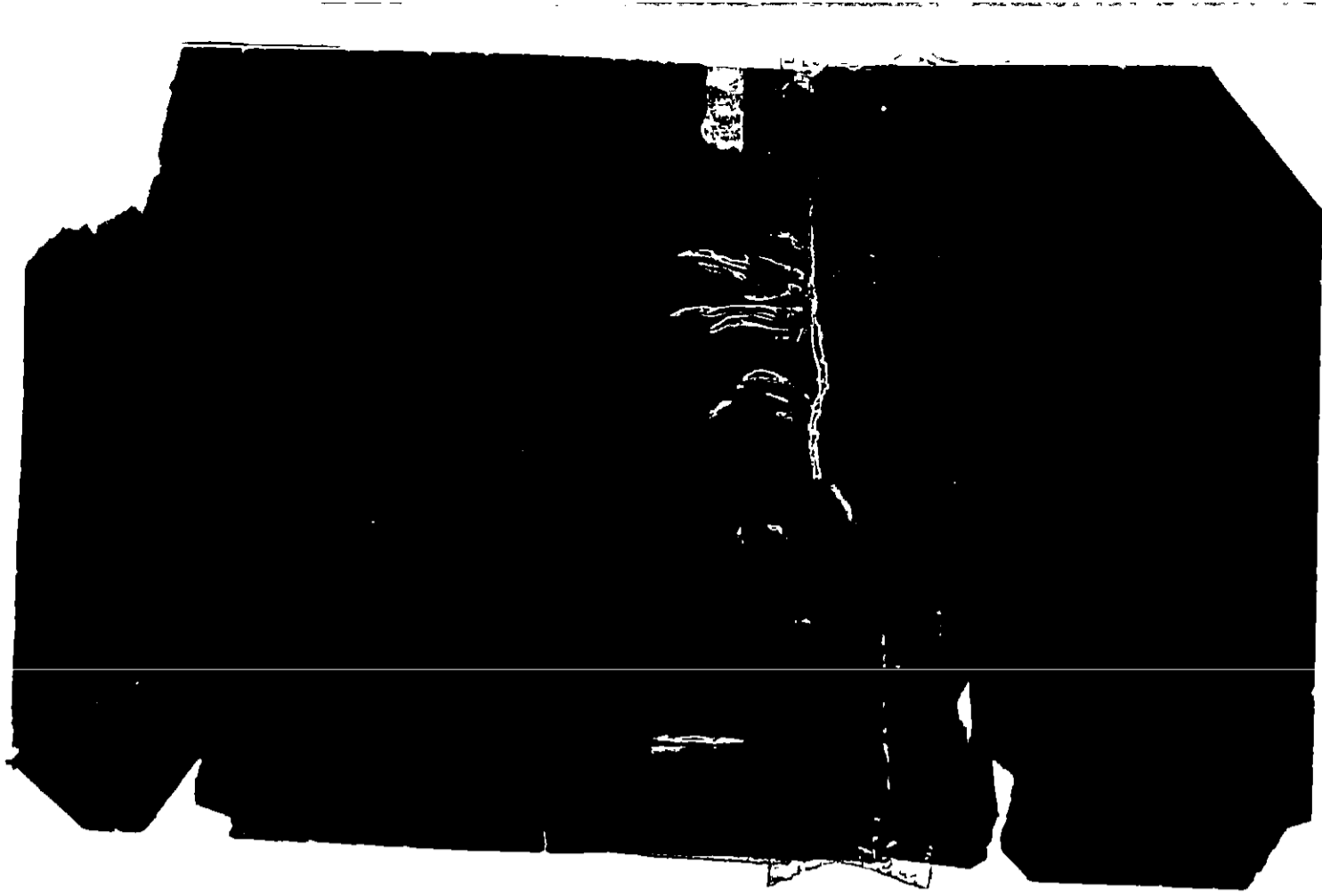
Rubbers after an absolutely dull day, show at the close a trifling inclination to improve, nothing which would indicate permanent relief in this section. The market remains unmoved in face of the excellent crop reports, and even stimulus which the B.S.P. Rajah figures gave prices yesterday seemed to have been tested to day. Were rather better, but showed no changes of portance. Maropis have been a shade higher closing at 2 7/32.

£130,000 LOST IN BUSINESS.

The end of the Bowron case, which has dragged on in the Courts for some months, was reached at the Old Bailey yesterday. J. A. Bowron (68), lease merchant, and T. L. Knight (64), wharf manager, were each sentenced to 18 months' hard labour, conspiring to defraud the Hon. Charles-Booth £28,670.

It was stated that the Bowron family, who practically created the New Zealand stock market, lost £130,000 in their business.

The Court order is on...



*Appendix D*  
INĠINIÙE NA HÉIREANN.

## IRISH GIRLS!

Ireland has need of the loving service of all her children. Irishwomen do not sufficiently realise the power they have to help or hinder the cause of Ireland's freedom.

If they did we should not see the sad sight of Irish girls walking through the streets with men wearing the uniform of Ireland's oppressor.

No man can serve two masters; no man can honestly serve Ireland and serve England. The Irishman who has chosen to wear the English uniform has chosen to serve the enemy of Ireland, and it is the duty of every Irishwoman, who believes in the freedom of Ireland, to show her disapproval of his conduct by shunning his company.

Irish girls who walk with Irishmen wearing England's uniform, remember you are walking with traitors. Irish girls who walk with English soldiers, remember you are walking with your country's enemies, and with men who are unfit to be the companions of any girl, for it is well known that the English army is the most degraded and immoral army in Europe, chiefly recruited in the slums of English cities, among men of the lowest and most depraved characters. You endanger your purity and honour by associating with such men and you insult your Motherland. Hearken to the words of Father Kavanagh, the Irish Franciscan Patriot Priest, who pronounces it a heinous crime against Ireland, for Irishmen to join the forces of robber England. Do you think it is less a crime for Irish girls to honour these men with their company. Remember the history of your country. Remember the women of Limerick and the glorious patriot women of the great rebellion of '98, and let us, who are their descendants try to be worthy of them. What would those noble women think if they knew their daughters were associating with men belonging to that army, which has so often wrought ruin and havoc in Ireland, and murdered in cold blood thousands of Irishwomen and children. What English soldiers have done in Ireland in the past they would do again if ordered to do so. They would slaughter our kith and kin and murder women and children again as unhesitatingly as they hemmed in the helpless Boer women and children in those horrible concentration camps, where ten thousand little Boer children died from want and suffering.

Irish girls make a vow, not only that you will yourselves refuse to associate with any man who wears an English uniform, but that you will also try and induce your girl companions to do the same.

Women's influence is strong. Let us see, fellow-countrywomen, that we use it to the fullest for the Glory of God and for the honour and freedom of Ireland.

INĠINIÙE NA HÉIREANN.

# ENGLAND Expects Every IrishMAN to do HER DUTY.

England wants men to fight for her. She has come to Ireland to look for them. There are in England **Seven Million One Hundred and Sixteen Thousand Men** between the ages of 20 and 45. There are in Ireland only one-tenth of that number—only **Seven Hundred and Sixty Thousand Men** between the ages of 20 and 45.

It is to the 700,000 Irish England looks for Recruits. Why? This is the answer—taken from the English LIVERPOOL Post of September 12th:—

Half a million Recruits cannot be raised in this country (England) without a **derangement of industry.** It is our sincere belief that if the Government of Ireland Bill received immediate signature of the King, then his Majesty could make a triumphal tour of Ireland, north, south, east and west, and in reply to his personal appeal there would be **300,000 Irishmen of all creeds volunteer for the front in less than a week.** In England the question becomes more and more important in the interest of the efficiency of our trade, whether we can spare any more skilled mechanics for the ranks of battle. **The capture of the German Trade is almost as vital to the existence of the Empire as the destruction of Prussian Militarism,** and this can be done solely by maintaining our workshops and plant in the highest state of efficiency.

Observe. The Irish are to do the fighting while the English stay at home and capture German Trade

In England the standard of height for enlistment is five feet six inches. In Ireland, five feet three. The standard has been raised in England in order that the English Miners, Cotton Workers, and other Employes of England's Great Industries may be kept at home.

Remember, there are fifteen available Englishmen to every one available Irishman. But the fifteen Englishmen want to stay at home while the Irish dupes do the fighting.

▶ Britannias' Pirate flag, has waved  
O'er blackened hearts & spread  
Its hated folds like Vultures wings  
Where lay our martyrs dead  
It's stood for all that wrecked our hope  
Our nation overthrown

It blessed the assassins poisoned cup  
The knife that slaughtered Tom.

And will you fight beneath that rag  
Of Empire, greed & greed?

•• Or rally round your own green flag  
And serve your country's need?

If you be men of Irish race  
Then answer with this cry

For Eire only and her flag  
We'll arm & fight & die

*Approved, H.F. X*

1st meeting Easter Sunday, 1900  
Children's treat. . . . August, 1900

Those present and officers elected were:-at Easter Sunday meeting

*T. Mac Cormac - absent*

- W.* Maud Gonne, President.
- W. & L.* Eithne Carberry (not present) and ~~Maire Gillin~~ (vice-presidents)
- W. & L. Action* ~~Maire Quinn~~: Secretary
- Margaret Quinn (her sister) Treasurer
- Judith Rooney. Sister of Willie Rooney
- Frances Griffith. Sister of Arthur Griffith
- The three Miss Meaghers - *Brigid, Mary, Sheila*
- W. & L.* Miss Thornton, mother of the Attorney-General, Carol O'Daly
- Maire Nic Shuilleagh
- Sara Whyte (sister of Peter White)
- W.* Alice Milligan
- Mrs Wyse Power and Miss Kenny (Ladies Land Leaguers)
- A.* Sara Allgood
- A.* Molly Allgood (Maire O'Neill)
- W.* Sinead ni Flanagan (afterwards Mrs de Valera) *best known in Wexford*
- Annie Whelan
- M. Fanning
- L.W.* Anne Devlin
- Fan Whelan - *do*
- L.W.* Marcella Cosgrave *X Duster*
- W. & L.* Chrissie Doyle
- Maire ni Cinneide
- Frances Moran
- Mary Moran
- Dora Hackett (these last two popular singers)
- L.W.* Mary Macken (sister of Peadar Macken) *X*
- Mrs Arthur Griffith
- W. & L.* Madaline ffrench-Mullen *X*
- W. & L. names* Mrs. Tuohy (mother of the famous artist the late Patrick Tuohy)
- L.W. & L.W.* ~~Mary Day~~
- L.W.* Mary Day ✓
- Rose Macnamara ✓
- A. - L.W.* Maire Perolz ✓
- L.W.* Helena Molony ✓
- W. & L.* Constance Markievicz ✓
- L.W.* Elizabeth Farrell ✓
- L.W.* Julia Grennan ✓
- L.W.* The Fitzgeralds of Pearse St -
- Harriet Rose ~~Anna~~ Byrne, singer and actress
- L.W.* ~~Margaret Whelan (married Michael Quinn, and fought in G.P.O.)~~
- W.* ~~Miss Dusan Carson~~ - *President*

Wexford

Mary Furlong (sister of Matt Furlong and Jow Furlong, killed while testing bombs in Wexford before R.)