

JAMES STEPHENS.

Incidents of His Early Career.

THE WOMEN OF THE "NATION."

During my boyhood's days I used to read books on mechanics and engineering feats, and when I reached my 21st year, I became an engineering student under Dargan, who attained fame and fortune in his profession. I was on the point of taking out my diploma as an engineer, when the news of a contemplated revolt reached me from Dublin.

I went to Rathcormack, where I met Doheny in a farmer's house. We proceeded to Killenale to join Smith O'Brien and his followers. It was on that occasion I was nominated by the chief as his aide-de-camp. As we received news that there was a company of English dragoons in the immediate vicinity, Smith O'Brien decided on raising a barricade against their march in a street in Killenale. The barricade consisted of empty cars and lumber. The moment the soldiers entered the street, another barricade was erected to the rear by our comrades. The captain in command had evidently no wish to fight us. As he approached the barricade, he was surrounded by a goodly number of peasants, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and pikes. I raised my rifle, and was about to fire on the mounted cavalry officer; but John Blake Dillon, grasping my rifle, dissuaded me from carrying out my intention. If I had killed that officer, it would have been the first shot fired in the Irish Revolution of 1848—though I might have been slain in the conflict afterwards. I believed that as we were at open warfare with the English garrison we were justified in killing their soldiers wherever we found them.

The officer having pledged his word of honor that he would not enter into a combat with our forces, we removed the barricade, and allowed them to pass on. It was with extreme reluctance I joined in this task. I preferred to have the campaign against the English soldiers inaugurated then and there, when an opportunity presented itself for striking the first blow for Irish liberty. I expressed these ideas to Smith O'Brien but he replied to the effect that it would be unwise to commence the campaign too soon, as he had not a sufficient number of men. Smith O'Brien was a man of overscrupulous honor. As a commander of the rebel forces, he was too chivalrous to be practical and effective in his operations; he preferred to see himself and his followers suffer severe privations rather than have them billeted in the homes of the landlords of Tipperary county. Nevertheless, he was as brave as Bayard, and stood his ground till the last hope vanished. Defeat was as bitter as gall to his proud Celtic spirit, and when disaster overtook our struggle, his only consolation lay in the possibility of a stray English bullet taking him off. With this object he courted death, rather than be captured by the English soldiers. But death would have none of him just then.

We immediately scoured the country at the base of the Slievenamon mountains, and the slate quarries that extended into Kilkenny county. The inhabitants of these districts were evidently preparing for the fight. The smiths were busy making pikes, while their wives, mothers, and sisters were sharpening these implements of warfare on stones. The carpenters were turning ash and elm wood into pike handles. A contingent of several hundred men joined our little army here, and we were led to Ballyneale,

where Smith O'Brien instructed one of his followers to proceed to the chapel of the hamlet and ring the bell, in order to gather together the inhabitants of the surrounding townlands. While the sweet notes of the bell were poaling through the balmy atmosphere, fragrant with the odors of flower gardens, 7,500 young men, most of whom were stalwart peasants, armed with pikes and a few rifles, answering the summons of Smith O'Brien, appeared on the scene amid our plaudits; while shortly afterward a deputation of the inhabitants of Carrick approached the chief, and assured him that the people in and around the town were prepared to join his forces. They carried out their promise, and 500 men of that town arrived in Ballyneale next day. The pastor of the latter village, Father Morrissey, sought to dissuade the people from joining the rebellion, but he appeared to have no influence. Yet, curiously enough, they did not obey the call of Smith O'Brien, nor listen favorably to my appeals to their patriotism.

The next three weeks we spent in the Comeragh mountains. One night we entered the farmstead of a Mr. Murphy; and scarcely had we got inside the house when a wild storm burst over these lonely hills, and foaming torrents of rain flowed down their flanks with an appalling velocity. Doheny writes as follows of this tornado in his "Felon's Track": "Had it surprised us where we could find no shelter, the ravens of Cuimshinans would have rioted and revelled on our flesh." On the day after we left Murphy's house, where, by the by, we were treated with the most cordial hospitality, it was almost impossible for us to climb the mountains, broken as they were, by steep crags, and deep ravines, covered with furze and briers. Looking from the crags to the valleys, several thousand feet below, we were often overcome by dizziness during our descent on the edge of precipices. About 3 p.m., we reached the monastery of Mount Mellary, and were received with courtesy by a friar, standing at the door; but we did not take advantage of his proffered hospitality, in order not to compromise these innocent ecclesiastics with the English government; though in truth we needed rest and shelter, as we had walked some 30 miles over the mountains and through ravines, without taking any refreshments, and were hungry and tired. We entered the beautiful chapel of the monastery, and ascended to the gallery, while vespers were being chanted by the friars, and here we both prayed for a happy escape from our enemies.

After leaving the chapel we were chased by two policeman, but we quickly sped to the Mitchelstown mountains, in whose blue mists we disappeared. We then entered a cabin, where flowery potatoes and hot milk were served to us by the generous farmer's wife. I need hardly add that our appetites were keen, and that we did ample justice to the repast. We were very kindly treated next day at Castle Hyde, situated on the banks of the Blackwater, by the genial and patriotic host, Sir Patrick Hyde, the grandfather of Douglas Hyde, the Irish poet and Gaelic scholar. Sir Patrick assured us that he, too, would have gone to Tipperary, to join the rebel ranks, only for a sprained ankle. On departing from his castle he provided us with a large quantity of provisions and wines in knapsacks.

Here Doheny grew melancholy. All our resources of escape, he said, had failed. Moreover, we were in a starving condition—so much so that we were forced to eat grass and dog nettles to eke out our miserable existence. Still I have hope and even confidence. I parted with Doheny on the mountains of Glengariff. He proceeded to Cork, and entered a cattle ship at the Cove. "When I stepped on board,"

he writes, in his "Felon's Track," "I walked to the foredeck among the cattle, covered with rags and dirt, my eyes fixed on two detectives, who stood at the cabin entrance scrutinizing every passenger. The bell rang. The detectives went out on shore, to my great joy and surprise; my friends who watched my movements, waved a kind adieu, the Juverna slipped her cables, and at one bound was out of the river."

Shortly afterward I too, proceeded to Cork, and found shelter in a friend's house, where I met Mrs. Downing. 'Claribel' of the Nation, a famous poetess of that day. She asked me to come to London in the guise of her maid, and added: "I will provide you with woman's clothes. You will pass unnoticed in that attire, for your features are still beardless."

I accompanied her to London, thus clothed, and resumed my usual attire at her house, from whence I proceeded to Paris. The success of my escape from arrest was due to Mrs. Downing, and partly to my friends in Kilkenny. These latter, hearing that I was wounded at Balingarry, circulated a report that I had died from loss of blood. Two of them proceeded to Tipperary, where they purchased a coffin and deposited therein my supposed corpse. The casket was conveyed to Kilkenny on a car, and my alleged remains received the honor of a magnificent funeral. I was then buried under the shadow of the round tower of St. Canice. The local news papers had sympathetic obituaries, dwelling on the good qualities of the deceased, who they said was a juvenile of much promise, but who, unfortunately, in an evil hour "joined the unholy ranks of the social disturbers of his country."

A touching scene occurred at the King's Bridge Railway station, Dublin, on the morning of that eventful day when O'Doherty was taking his departure for Cork, surrounded by a company of soldiers. His betrothed, Miss Mary Kelly, who wrote patriotic songs and ballads for the Nation under the pen-name of "Eva," approached her lover, and tenderly embraced him. "Would you wait, my dear sweet heart, for me for fifteen years?" asked Kevin, that being his term of imprisonment.

"I would wait for you, my Kevin, for an eternity," replied the brave young girl.

John Mitchel was liberated a few years after his arrival in the Bermudas, thanks to the efforts of P. J. Smyth, a fellow Young Irelander. Smith O'Brien and the other political prisoners were pardoned some time subsequently. O'Brien returned to his Manor House, Limerick county, Ireland. Meagher became famous as a brave soldier in the civil war in the United States, and rose to be general of that gallant band of regiments known as the Irish Brigade. MacManus did not long survive his liberation. His remains were conveyed in a steamship from New York to the Cove of Cork in 1861. His funeral in Dublin was attended by tens of thousands of men who marched with the step of experienced soldiers behind the hearse. This great demonstration in memory of an Irishman who risked his life in the cause of Irish liberty in '48 was, so to speak, the result of my previous labors in Ireland in starting and developing the I. R. B. organization, after I had left France and returned to Ireland in 1866. O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Doheny, O'Mahony, and O'Donohoe have passed into the valley of the shadow of death. The only leading surviving members of the '48 movement are Gavan Duffy, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, Denny Lane, of Cork City, and Richard O'Gorman, of New York.

I may add that none of these gentlemen (with two exceptions)—through no fault of their own—took an active

part in the attempted rebellion. Gavan Duffy, the proprietor of the Nation, was arrested at that time on the charge of having written a rebellious article, entitled "Jacta alea est"—"The Die is cast." During his first trial, "Speranza," Lady Wilde (who is still living and residing in London), declared proudly, as she sat in the gallery of the Court:

"I am the author of the merited article."

The jury disagreed. Other juries in the second and third trials of Duffy followed the example of the first, and the English were morally compelled to release him. Shortly after that event he resuscitated the Nation, which had been suppressed owing to the insertion of "Speranza's" article. —Donahoe's Magazine

Higbee: "There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins: "A philosopher." Higbee: "No, a ragpicker."

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O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.30	10.10 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.35pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
		noon 8.35 2.00
G. W. R.	6.30 4.00	10.45 8.30
		9.30
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00	8.35 5.45
		4.00 12.35 10.50
		9.30
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 noon	8.35 5.45
		9.30 8.30

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