

A PAGE IN IRISH HISTORY.

John Devoy Discloses the Secret of James Stephens' Escape.

Names of Patriots who took their Lives in their hands—John Breslin the Organizer of the Plan—How it was Carried Out.

Mr. John Dillon, in a speech delivered in Dublin recently on behalf of a testimonial fund for James Stephens, said that but for this Fenian chief and the movement which he led the Land League would have been impossible. No man who has made a careful study of contemporary Irish politics can have any doubt as to the truth of his assertion. Fenianism was the precursor and the parent of the movement which at present dominates Ireland, just as the conspiracy led by Stephens and O'Mahony was the child and successor of the Young Ireland uprising. Every Irish effort for the attainment of self-government, whether it be "peaceful" legal and constitutional, like O'Connell's and Parnell's, or revolutionary and appealing to force, like those of the United Irishmen and the Fenians, is only a phase of the struggle "bequeathed to our bleeding sire to son," which has been continuing in one form or another since Strongbow and his band of mailed foot-boaters landed on the shores of Erin in 1169. If the Irish "burn like chips," as has been said by a well known American reformer, it is strange that the work of quenching the fires of liberty in the island has taxed the ability of England's greatest statesmen and soldiers for seven centuries, and that to-day they are burning with a fierceness that gives proof of unimpaired vitality. Augustine Thierry was so struck with the stubborn tenacity with which the Irish have clung to the idea of national independence that he pronounced it in his "Norman Conquest" the "most remarkable example ever given by any people."

Now that the attention of the civilized world is fixed on Ireland, and the frequent references are made by public speakers and writers to the man recently expelled from France by the Ferry Cabinet, an authentic account of the most remarkable episode in his life will be of interest to American readers. Thousands of Irishmen still believe that the Fenian chief was released with the connivance of the British Government. The late A. M. Sullivan, although corrected in a public letter by the principal actor in restoring the captive to freedom, says, even in the last edition of his "New Ireland," that Mr. Stephens made his exit through the front door of the prison. Many miles of rope have been sold at Fenian fairs on this side of the Atlantic as pieces of the sacred cord by which the C.O.I.R. crossed the outer wall. Last, but not least, the British Government has never done justice to the Portuguese Governor, Marques, whom the Castle officials dismissed for alleged criminal negligence in connection with the escape.

THE ARREST OF STEPHENS. The principal actors in the affair are all now in this city. Five of those who took part in it are dead. Another one is in Australia, and two only are still living in Ireland, so that there is no longer any reason for concealing the facts. They will serve to illustrate both the strength and the weakness of Fenianism, its power of commanding sacrifices from a large portion of the people, including men in the service of the Government, and its utter poverty of resources for the physical struggle with England which was the object of its existence. James Stephens was at that time unquestionably the most popular and powerful man in Ireland. He was hated by the loyalists as no man had been hated since the days of Daniel O'Connell, and if his influence over the masses was considered less than that of the great agitator it was all powerful with a very large class of the people. His will was law to an organization numbering fully 80,000 men. The Irish in America regarded him as the predestined leader of a revolution.

The movement inaugurated by Stephens first attracted outside attention on the seizure of his organ, the Irish People, in September, 1855, and the arrests which culminated in that of the leader some weeks later. The arrest of Stephens, Kilkham, Duffy and Brophy at Fairfield House and the seizure of the documentary evidence found there were naturally regarded by the Castle as the death blow of the conspiracy. It spread dismay among the rank and file of the Fenians. While this feeling was not shared by the leaders still at large, they could not help recognizing the fact that their followers were much discouraged by the blow. They went on with their preparations, however, and those who knew the facts are now convinced that had Mr. Stephens remained in prison an insurrection of a much more serious character than that which was so easily suppressed in March, 1857, would have broken out.

Stephens, on being brought before the magistrate for preliminary examination, made a defiant speech which caused his followers and the public to believe that he was backed by strong resources. He was credited with entertaining a confidence of ultimate success which, unless bereft of common sense, he could not have really felt. A few days later every one was satisfied that he knew all about the escape which afterward took place, and that this knowledge justified his attitude of defiance. He has ever since encouraged this belief, but the simple truth it was utterly without foundation. Mr. Stephens at that time knew nothing whatever of the possibility of escape, and the idea had not yet entered the mind of the man who afterward conceived and executed the plan which restored the Chief Organizer to liberty.

THE MEN WHO TOOK THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS.

Here are the facts: Among the officers of the prison were John J. Breslin, hospital steward, and Daniel Byrne, one of the night watchmen. Both are now residents of this city. Byrne being on the police force and Breslin in Commissioner Coleman's department, Byrne was a member of the Fenian organization, having been sworn in by Capt. John Kearney, the ex-papal zonave, now also in this city, but Breslin, although a man of strong nationalist opinions, did not belong to any organization. All his brothers, however, were Fenians. One of them, who has since been vice-president of the Land League in this city, was at that time an acting inspector of the Dublin police and clerk in the Superintendent's office, a station which enabled him to render most important service to the conspirators. Learning from a conversation with one of his brothers that the arrest of Stephens was regarded by the Fenians as a serious blow, and having been favorably impressed by some conversation with and observation of the man himself in prison, John Breslin determined to set him at liberty. Through his brother Neal he got into communication with Col. Thomas J. Kelly, now of the New York Custom House, whose rescue by an armed band of Fenians in the streets of Manchester two years afterward led to the hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. Kelly had almost from the seizure of the Irish People newspaper, two months before, been the actual manager of the movement, although everything was done

in the name of the C.O.I.R. After the arrest of Stephens, Gen. F. P. Millen had been elected to fill his place temporarily, and Kelly, who was not favorable to the new appointment, eagerly grasped at Breslin's proposal to release the chief, whom all would recognize as a man of great intelligence and force of character, who had resided many years in the United States; had served through a portion of the civil war, had risen to the rank of captain in an Ohio regiment, and had been on the staff of Gen. Thomas. He entered into correspondence with Stephens, through Breslin, whose daily contact through the prison with the doctor gave him many opportunities for communicating with the prisoners. Breslin had, besides, several personal interviews with Stephens, and the details of the plan were easily communicated to the latter.

The plan was very simple and effective, and was Breslin's in every detail. Stephens was placed in one of the hospital cells in a small corridor on the third floor. The only other occupants of the corridor were his colleague, Charles J. Kilkham, the popular poet and novelist, who recently died in Dublin, and a regular jailbird named McLeod. The Governor provided against all possibility of escape, had a police sentinel placed on the other side of the door leading to that portion of the prison where O'Leary, Luby, Mulcahy, Roantrae, and the other Fenian prisoners were quartered, while the other entrance to the corridor was secured by two doors, one of wood and the other of iron. McLeod was in a cell between the cells of Stephens and Kilkham, and had orders from the Governor to ring his cell gong on the first sound of anything unusual in the neighboring cells. This would have at once given the alarm, and have effectually prevented escape. The police officer could not unlock the door between him and the corridor, and the iron door at the other end could only be opened by the pass key, which was locked in the Governor's safe. The Governor's office, where all the keys were deposited at a certain hour every evening, was effectually protected from all attempts from the inside by a heavy iron gate, locked on the side facing the main entrance.

THE PLAN.

Breslin had a latch key which opened the door of the hospital where he slept, and that leading to the portion of the prison where Stephens was confined. To enable him to enter the corridor he must have a pass key, and to open the cell another key. He took impressions in beeswax of the regular keys in use in the daytime, and new ones were filed during the night on the opinion of an excellent locksmith in Dublin. Even at this early stage of the affair a hitch occurred which showed the lack of precision and promptness characterizing the whole Fenian movement. The beeswax was not forthcoming at the time appointed. After waiting several days Breslin was obliged to go out and buy it himself, thus running the risk of giving a clue to the police that might be the means of convicting him if brought to trial. The keys were finally in Breslin's hands, but even at the last moment he was obliged to do some fiddling on one of them, and to run some extra risk by fitting it to the lock of a door that Byrne, his colleague in the enterprise, could not open.

The keys having been fitted, Col. Kelly was notified and arrangements were made to receive Stephens on the outside of the prison walls. Byrne was on watch every second night. The 21st was chosen because that was one of his nights on duty, and for a more singular reason. Breslin had a superstition that the 21st was a lucky day for him, because nearly all his strokes of good fortune had befallen him on that day of the month. So sure were the authorities of the safety of the captives that no military guard was placed in the prison, but a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery were quartered at Portobello Barracks, within fifteen minutes walk. The only guard was a detachment of Metropolitan Police, four of whom were stationed inside the main entrance and others at various points in the prison.

At the inception of the plot Col. Kelly sent for me and told me the duty I was to perform. For two months the police held a warrant for my arrest, and my description was in the Irish and City. Like many others who were wanted by the police, I remained in Dublin waiting for the light which we all confidently expected, and I could attend to no regular business. I had been placed in charge of the organization in the British army. We numbered about 15,000 men, fully 8,000 of whom were then stationed in Ireland. For that and other reasons I happened to be better acquainted with the local officers and rank and file of the Dublin organization than any man then within Kelly's reach. He told me he wanted me to pick out from ten to twenty of the very best men I knew in Dublin for a special work requiring courage, coolness, and self-reliance. They all ought to know how to use revolvers, but were not to use their arms even if fired upon, except ordered to do so. They were to be capable of making a desperate fight if necessary. I was to avoid as much as possible selecting "centres" or men filling other positions demanding constant attention. Kelly did not then tell me the exact nature of the work, but I had no doubt it was a rescue of "The Old Man." A few days later, when I reported for his approval the men I had selected, he told me it was to act as a body guard for Stephens on his release by men inside the prison; that there would probably be no need for us, but we were to be on hand in case any accident should intervene in the escape. A dozen men, he said, would be quite enough, including himself and two others. These two were John Ryan, the son of a Liverpool dry goods merchant, a splendid type of man, mentally and physically, and the optician. He told me I was to have charge of the party under his directions, and I was to conceal them in small squads in positions covering every avenue of approach to the prison.

PATRIOTS TO THE RESCUE.

I selected eight men, whom I considered to be the best fitted for all the possibilities involved in the attempt. Nearly all of them were wanted by the police, and many afterward suffered imprisonment. Most of them had seen some kind of service. All except one were powerfully built men of proved courage and all knew how to handle both rifle and revolver. Paddy Kearney, a Dublin blacksmith, had served many years in the British army, and was a man of exceptional courage and decision of character. He had been somewhat of a tough in his younger days, but had a strikingly handsome face and a splendid physique. He had great natural military talent, and had he not been behind prison bars at the time of the rising later on, Kearney's fingers, as the rough diamonds composing his circle were called, would have given a good account of themselves. Michael Coady, a friend of Kearney's, was a low-sized but extremely powerful man of great determination. He had a weakness for punching policemen occasionally, but, like Kearney, had a face which was a model for an artist. He had served some years in the Dublin militia. John Harrison was a born porter of magnificent proportions, who had spent some time in the English navy and seen service at Bonarville under Admiral Napier. He had never had any difficulty with the police, but had knocked down the

best men among the Dublin coat porters, who were at that time mostly anti-Fenians. Denis Duggan was a young coach builder who had served in the English volunteers, and was noted for his courage and coolness. Jack Malten was the son of a Dublin shopkeeper and had led a roving life. When a boy he had enlisted in the English and had later on served in the American navy, participating in some of the principal naval fights of the civil war. Matthew O'Neill was a Dublin stonecutter, who had never seen any service. He was centre in one of the most important circles in the city and was a man of fine physique. Jack Lawler had never been a soldier, and was rather small, but was recommended as a man of great pluck. William Brophy was a carpenter and a strong civilian. These, with Kelly, the two men chosen by him and myself, were the only persons outside the walls of Richmond prison who were to be ready to receive Stephens, so that each man could be fully armed and prepared. None of the men was informed of the nature of the work required, but Col. Kelly confided the secret to a few of them around him, and they in turn revealed it to a few friends. In this way the story spread until at least 200 men in Dublin knew that "the Captain" was to be taken out. The subject had become a pretty general topic of conversation among the officers of the organization. This led to serious embarrassment. Scores of men, especially the recently arrived Irish-American officers, felt hurt because they were not chosen to take part in the affair, and they angrily remonstrated. One man, who heard the rumor just as he was leaving for the south, was so overjoyed at the prospect that on the very night of his escape he confided the key to a soldier of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, whom he wanted to swear into the conspiracy. The trooper refused to be sworn in, and immediately gave information to the authorities, who sent it to the Castle. It reached Cork Hill about the time the news of the escape was spreading dismay among the officials. Had the dragoon's story reached Dublin a few hours earlier, Stephens would have been sent to break stones in Portland prison with O'Leary, Luby, and his other lieutenants.

At length the day fixed for the escape arrived. All was ready inside the prison, and the authorities had not the faintest suspicion of anything wrong. The same police guard did duty, no soldier was any nearer than Portobello Barracks, and the Governor retired as usual in full security, and without a shadow of suspicion. No movement either of troops or police indicated the taking of any precautionary measures, or the existence of the slightest misgiving for the safety of the caged Fenian chief. The Crown lawyers and the Sheriff were busy preparing for the trials, and every partisan of British rule in Ireland looked hopefully forward to the speedy collapse of the conspiracy. A few striking examples were to be made, the prisoners of lesser note were to be let off with short terms of imprisonment, and panic and demoralization could be trusted to do the rest. Ireland would relax into the calm of despair, and the emigrant ship would soon effect a final solution of the Irish problem. Dublin Castle slept tranquil that night, with no warning of the panic and consternation that overtook it on the morrow. Toward midnight the little squad of men told off for a body guard dropped one by one into Lynch's public house in Camden street, a short distance from the prison, and quietly awaited the word to move. But the promised revolvers were not forthcoming and much disgust was expressed. Kearney, who had a hot temper, flew into a violent rage, and berated the leaders for their neglect. He was a born soldier, and expected soldierly precision and promptitude in such matters. "If they mismanage a little thing like this," he said, "how is it going to be when the real work comes?"

READY.

The men could have supplied themselves if they had known in time that the promised revolvers would not be on hand. Every man had some time previously been ordered to put his weapons away in safe keeping, and revolvers could not be got at short notice. We had been assured by Kelly that the weapons would be ready at a certain time and place that evening, but they were not there. The man departed by Kelly to bring them had turned out to be a third, and the last man in charge of the organization in the British army. We numbered about 15,000 men, fully 8,000 of whom were then stationed in Ireland. For that and other reasons I happened to be better acquainted with the local officers and rank and file of the Dublin organization than any man then within Kelly's reach. He told me he wanted me to pick out from ten to twenty of the very best men I knew in Dublin for a special work requiring courage, coolness, and self-reliance. They all ought to know how to use revolvers, but were not to use their arms even if fired upon, except ordered to do so. They were to be capable of making a desperate fight if necessary. I was to avoid as much as possible selecting "centres" or men filling other positions demanding constant attention. Kelly did not then tell me the exact nature of the work, but I had no doubt it was a rescue of "The Old Man." A few days later, when I reported for his approval the men I had selected, he told me it was to act as a body guard for Stephens on his release by men inside the prison; that there would probably be no need for us, but we were to be on hand in case any accident should intervene in the escape. A dozen men, he said, would be quite enough, including himself and two others. These two were John Ryan, the son of a Liverpool dry goods merchant, a splendid type of man, mentally and physically, and the optician. He told me I was to have charge of the party under his directions, and I was to conceal them in small squads in positions covering every avenue of approach to the prison.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

As Stephens stepped on the ladder he turned round and handed Breslin the revolver. This left an unfavorable impression on Breslin which nothing could efface. It there should be a policeman in the Governor's garden he could easily stop the further progress of the fugitive, and the men outside the wall could do nothing to aid him. Stephens climbed up the ladder, and, although there was some glass on the top of the wall, easily got over it, and dropped down to the shed on the other side and thence to the ground. He walked over to a pear tree indicated by Breslin, which grew close to the outer wall, and which would aid him in climbing it. Hearing no footsteps outside, he took a handful of sand and flung it over the outer wall into the Circular road. This signal was at once recognized. It was only the work of a minute for the little party with Kelly to cross the road and flag one end of the rope over the wall. Four of us held it, and immediately we felt a pull on it. There was evidently some hesitation on Stephens' part about climbing, and, after waiting a moment or two, some of us cried out, "It's all right; we'll hold this end while you climb."

In a second there was a strong tug at the other end, and we felt it struggling upward, till at last we saw his head and shoulders at the top of the wall about eighteen feet high. The whole party had by this time rushed to the spot, and "The Old Man" was greeted good naturedly, but in muttered tones. He peered down as if doubtful as to who might be below, and was quite out of breath. After he had vainly tried to hitch the rope between two stones on the top of the wall, John Ryan told him to drop down with his back to the wall, and we would catch him. He did so, and Ryan caught his feet on his breast, the sand on the soles leaving the imprint of the shoes on his buttoned coat. It staggered Ryan, and as he was coming down I caught Stephens about the knees and let him slide to the ground. When he reached it his clothes were puckered round his body, and as he had grown fat in prison, it made him cut a rather ludicrous figure. I felt him tremble as I let him down, and this fact, caused probably as much by the exertion as by nervousness, gave the link to the belief I had previously entertained in his coolness and self-possession. The boys gathered around him and, shaking his hand with Irish fervor gave vent to their satisfaction in characteristic fashion. To all this his only answer was in a husky whisper to Kelly, "Come on; come on."

Stephens and Kelly at once crossed the road and turned into Love lane, a long winding street running through market gardens and having few houses. From Love lane they turned into Brown street. In this street was the house where the C.O.I.R. was to be concealed. Mrs. Boland, a sister of Mr. James O'Connor of United Ireland, and now a resident of Brooklyn, had undertaken to shelter him, and a bright boy of 15, who had acted as messenger between Stephens and Kelly before his arrest, was on the lookout. He had marked the house by dropping a number of small pieces of paper in a line on the sidewalk, trusting to the rain to keep them in their places, but by the time the two conspirators reached the spot the rain had ceased and a gust of wind blew the bits of paper in front of the next house, where lived a bitter Orangeman. They were just about to ring the Orangeman's bell when the boy appeared and showed them into the right house.

WATCHING FOR STEPHENS.

Breslin left the tables and the ladder as they stood when Stephens crossed the wall, and the false keys in the doors, so that there might be no mistake about the manner of the escape, and returned to his room in the hospital, which he reached a little after 2 o'clock. He wore a pair of patent-leather shoes, so that his ordinary ones might not be spoiled, and after carefully wiping the sand and dust from them he put them away, and brushing his clothes, got into bed and was fast asleep in ten minutes. Byrne continued to make his usual rounds and found no sign of anything to indicate that the escape was known. At 4 o'clock he raised an alarm and reported that Stephens was gone. A scene of wild confusion ensued. The whole prison staff was aroused, and every nook and corner of the prison was searched for the fugitive. The Castle authorities were at once notified, and in a few hours the police were scouring the city, searching houses and

watching trains and outgoing vessels of all kinds. The garrison was placed under arms. Similar precautions were taken elsewhere, and an utter panic prevailed among the loyalists. Landlords and magistrates were paralyzed with dismay, and fully expected the outbreak of a formidable insurrection. Had Stephens been ready to give the word then he could have got ten followers for the one that would have answered to his call at any previous time. But there were not a thousand rifles in the organization. A really bold conspirator, having the splendid material that Stephens absolutely controlled, with 5,000 out of the 25,000 troops then in Ireland sworn members of the organization, 150 Irish-American commissioned officers released and through the civil war, and the Irish masses in America at his back, might not have been able to separate Ireland from England, but he would have struck a blow at British power that would have forced England to concede a Parliament in Dublin. The opportunity came and went without being seized.

The people were wild with delight. Men who had until then looked with open hostility or cold indifference on Fenianism were seized with sudden enthusiasm. They shook hands with their Fenian acquaintances in the streets, and congratulated them on their victory. It was the one proud day of the Fenian movement. The government had been beaten in their own stronghold, and not a man ever suffered the loss of a hair. It made Stephens a lion, and turned his head. Byrne was arrested next day and committed for trial, but two successive juries disagreed, and he was finally released and allowed to leave the country. Not a shadow of suspicion rested on Breslin, and he remained at his post for a whole year, when, finding that he was likely to be arrested, he quietly slipped on board the Holyhead boat at Kingstown, and was in Paris the following night.

Neither Breslin nor Byrne contracted for or ever received a single penny for the work. It was a labor of love. Stephens remained many months in Ireland directing the Fenian movement, stopping a great portion of the time in the house of Mrs. Butler, a fashionable dressmaker, almost in the face of the Kildare Street Club, the headquarters of Irish royalty, and finally escaped in a fishing smack to France, whence he came to this country. Mrs. Butler's patrons being mostly loyalists, on hearing of her harboring the Fenian chief, withdrew their custom, and she was ruined and died in poverty.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837 AND 1838.

By JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

The winter of 1838 had passed over quietly so far as Lower Canada was concerned and the volunteers were called upon to pile arms and to lay aside their warlike apparel. It was, literally speaking, "turning their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and to study war no more. The boys did not altogether relish this, for it must be admitted, they were spoiling for a fight.

Springtime came, summer passed, a beautiful harvest crowned the year, and the chill blasts of November had again made fields and forests bare. Low murmuring sounds of discontent were then heard, here and there, over the length and breadth of the land, something like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment. On Sunday morning, the 4th of November, 1838—a day long to be remembered in Canadian history—the standard of rebellion was again raised in Lower Canada. The whole south side of the St. Lawrence was once more in open rebellion. The principal camps were at Beauharnois and Chateauguy.

The first actual outbreak of this second rebellion occurred at Beauharnois on Saturday afternoon, the 3d. The patriots, as they called themselves, seized the mail steamer Henry Brougham, while on her way down towards the Cascades to Lachine, the passengers were detained as prisoners, among whom were old Sheriff McLary, of Cornwall, and Duncan Mcconnell, now of Montreal.

In the early morning of Sunday the 4th, the patriots of Chateauguy marched in force on Gungaher's and to the Indians. The Indians were attending early Mass in a small chapel half a mile behind their village. The chapel was surrounded by the patriots. They said they came as friends to have a party. The Indians expressed surprise that friends should come armed, and asked them to pile arms preparatory to a friendly talk. The innocent patriots piled their arms—they were immediately taken possession of by the Indians. Sixty-four of the patriots were made prisoners, eleven more were secured during the day, making in all seventy-five prisoners. The rest escaped through the woods to Chateauguy.

The arrival of the prisoners at Lachine was the first intimation thro' of the outbreak of the second rebellion. The Indians of Chateauguy crossed the river with the first lot of sixty-four prisoners and landed them near the Millmill, close by the old parish French church, just at the foot of the cross road leading through Cote St. Paul. This was about 10 o'clock. The people of Lower Lachine were then on their way to attend morning service at their different churches. Fancy their surprise! Here was new work for them. It did not take long to muster Captain Begley's Lower Lachine company of foot and twenty of the cavalry, who took the prisoners in charge.

The line of march was soon formed. Instead of taking the high road to Montreal by the way of Cote St. Pierre, the march was taken by the cross road through Cote St. Paul. It was a hard tramp of three hours. It had been raining most of the previous week; the mud was ankle deep. The men would not hear of any conveyance being provided; the prisoners must walk it, they said; the men also walked. The march of the escort and their prisoners through Cote St. Paul and the Tanneries caused great excitement. By the time it reached the Tanneries fully one hundred stragglers had joined, not exactly comprehending what it really was, as perfect silence was maintained in the ranks.

News of the incoming prisoners with their escort had early reached the town. Their numbers were swelled by hundreds of stragglers on their onward course. There were no telegraphs in those early days to transmit the news, and the report had reached Montreal that the Lachine brigade was marching in full force, having the whole rebel camp of Chateauguy as prisoners. Such was the actual report that reached the city that Sunday morning, the 4th November, 1838. The reader of this day can picture for himself the excitement, hurry and bustle on the streets of Montreal caused by this report. Far out in the outskirts of the city, towards the Tanneries, the escort was met by thousands of the citizens. The sight that met their astonished gaze was strange and new to them. Here was a large body of men advancing, having been largely supplemented by stragglers. Ten of the Lachine Troop

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The line of march was soon formed. Instead of taking the high road to Montreal by the way of Cote St. Pierre, the march was taken by the cross road through Cote St. Paul. It was a hard tramp of three hours. It had been raining most of the previous week; the mud was ankle deep. The men would not hear of any conveyance being provided; the prisoners must walk it, they said; the men also walked. The march of the escort and their prisoners through Cote St. Paul and the Tanneries caused great excitement. By the time it reached the Tanneries fully one hundred stragglers had joined, not exactly comprehending what it really was, as perfect silence was maintained in the ranks.

News of the incoming prisoners with their escort had early reached the town. Their numbers were swelled by hundreds of stragglers on their onward course. There were no telegraphs in those early days to transmit the news, and the report had reached Montreal that the Lachine brigade was marching in full force, having the whole rebel camp of Chateauguy as prisoners. Such was the actual report that reached the city that Sunday morning, the 4th November, 1838. The reader of this day can picture for himself the excitement, hurry and bustle on the streets of Montreal caused by this report. Far out in the outskirts of the city, towards the Tanneries, the escort was met by thousands of the citizens. The sight that met their astonished gaze was strange and new to them. Here was a large body of men advancing, having been largely supplemented by stragglers. Ten of the Lachine Troop

watching trains and outgoing vessels of all kinds. The garrison was placed under arms. Similar precautions were taken elsewhere, and an utter panic prevailed among the loyalists. Landlords and magistrates were paralyzed with dismay, and fully expected the outbreak of a formidable insurrection. Had Stephens been ready to give the word then he could have got ten followers for the one that would have answered to his call at any previous time. But there were not a thousand rifles in the organization. A really bold conspirator, having the splendid material that Stephens absolutely controlled, with 5,000 out of the 25,000 troops then in Ireland sworn members of the organization, 150 Irish-American commissioned officers released and through the civil war, and the Irish masses in America at his back, might not have been able to separate Ireland from England, but he would have struck a blow at British power that would have forced England to concede a Parliament in Dublin. The opportunity came and went without being seized.

The people were wild with delight. Men who had until then looked with open hostility or cold indifference on Fenianism were seized with sudden enthusiasm. They shook hands with their Fenian acquaintances in the streets, and congratulated them on their victory. It was the one proud day of the Fenian movement. The government had been beaten in their own stronghold, and not a man ever suffered the loss of a hair. It made Stephens a lion, and turned his head. Byrne was arrested next day and committed for trial, but two successive juries disagreed, and he was finally released and allowed to leave the country. Not a shadow of suspicion rested on Breslin, and he remained at his post for a whole year, when, finding that he was likely to be arrested, he quietly slipped on board the Holyhead boat at Kingstown, and was in Paris the following night.

Neither Breslin nor Byrne contracted for or ever received a single penny for the work. It was a labor of love. Stephens remained many months in Ireland directing the Fenian movement, stopping a great portion of the time in the house of Mrs. Butler, a fashionable dressmaker, almost in the face of the Kildare Street Club, the headquarters of Irish royalty, and finally escaped in a fishing smack to France, whence he came to this country. Mrs. Butler's patrons being mostly loyalists, on hearing of her harboring the Fenian chief, withdrew their custom, and she was ruined and died in poverty.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837 AND 1838.

By JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

The winter of 1838 had passed over quietly so far as Lower Canada was concerned and the volunteers were called upon to pile arms and to lay aside their warlike apparel. It was, literally speaking, "turning their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and to study war no more. The boys did not altogether relish this, for it must be admitted, they were spoiling for a fight.

Springtime came, summer passed, a beautiful harvest crowned the year, and the chill blasts of November had again made fields and forests bare. Low murmuring sounds of discontent were then heard, here and there, over the length and breadth of the land, something like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment. On Sunday morning, the 4th of November, 1838—a day long to be remembered in Canadian history—the standard of rebellion was again raised in Lower Canada. The whole south side of the St. Lawrence was once more in open rebellion. The principal camps were at Beauharnois and Chateauguy.

The first actual outbreak of this second rebellion occurred at Beauharnois on Saturday afternoon, the 3d. The patriots, as they called themselves, seized the mail steamer Henry Brougham, while on her way down towards the Cascades to Lachine, the passengers were detained as prisoners, among whom were old Sheriff McLary, of Cornwall, and Duncan Mcconnell, now of Montreal.

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