1
A Revolutionary Childhood

1878-1898

Early years – Uncle John Daly's imprisonment – Aunt Lollie's stories – father's death – Uncle James returns from Australia – Kathleen sets up own business – Uncle John released from prison after hunger-strike, elected Mayor of Limerick

When I rose joyfully on my sixth birthday, Good Friday, 11 April 1884, I did not realise that before the day ended I would learn of an event which was to influence my whole life profoundly. It was a lovely sunny April morning, and everyone was wishing me a happy birthday. One of my presents was a big beautiful lifelike doll, which to my surprise could open and shut its eyes. I am sure I was one of the happiest children in Ireland that day. I was bursting to share my happiness with everybody, so with my sister Eileen I rushed off to show my doll to all our neighbours. We were made welcome everywhere,

and my doll admired. Wildly excited, we ran home to tell Mother all about it.

We had left a cheerful happy home, but the home we returned to was a grief-stricken one. My mother Catherine, my aunt Lollie and my grandmother were crying bitterly and trying to comfort each other. I did not quite understand what it meant when I was told the reason for their tears, that Uncle John had been arrested in England, but seeing the grief all around me killed the joy in my birthday.[1]

My father, Edward Daly, arrived from England next day with further news. On learning of his brother's arrest, he had resigned his position as Chief Superintendent in St George's Private Lunatic Asylum. He had then called to the home of James F Egan in Birmingham, where Uncle John had been staying. There he learned that Egan also had been arrested, and that his wife, who was English, was in a terrible state. The garden of their home, Lake House, had been dug up by detectives and bombs found there. Egan always maintained that he had no knowledge of their presence, and he believed they had been planted there. James Egan was a very fine type of Irishman, but did not belong to the revolutionary element, although he was a close personal friend of Uncle John; that he was a friend of John Daly was sufficient for the British.[2]

After sympathising with Mrs Egan, my father left for home. He took with him Uncle John's luggage, which included a long cardboard box containing a doll which Uncle John had bought for my sister Eileen, his godchild. He never thought it would be of interest to Scotland Yard.

Early on Easter Sunday morning a jarvey, or sidecar, as they were then called, pulled up outside our house. As I watched from a front-room window, four men jumped off the car and rushed to our

hall door. The house resounded with their knocking. Aunt Lollie opened the door and asked them their business, in her cool stately way. They told her they were from Scotland Yard and wished to see my father. This, I am sure, gave her a shock, but she preserved her calm manner and informed them that my father was resting, being very tired after his arduous journey of the previous day. She then showed them into the room where I was.

They said that what they really wanted was a long cardboard box which my father was known to have removed from James F Egan's house in Birmingham, and had had with him on his arrival in Limerick. They were not satisfied when my aunt assured them that it only contained a doll for one of her nieces, and they insisted on seeing it. When she brought it in and opened it they looked at the doll but did not touch it; to me they seemed nervous. I was amazed when, despite my aunt's protests, they stated they must take it away as evidence. I was bursting with questions I dared not ask, fearing I might be sent out of the room; I kept so quiet I think Aunt Lollie was not conscious of my presence. What did they want Eileen's doll for? What was Scotland Yard? Why were they nervous? What was evidence? I was wildly excited. They took the doll, handling it very carefully, and went off on the sidecar. It was returned, after months of constant demands from my aunt, with the skull removed. Years later I was to realise that they had thought the doll was a disguised infernal machine, or what we now call a time bomb.

Uncle John and James Egan were charged with being dynamitards; the charge was later changed to treason felony.[3] Lack of evidence did not save them from being convicted and sentenced, Uncle John to penal servitude for life, and James Egan to twenty years' penal servitude. They were sent to Chatham Prison. Some years later,

the Birmingham Chief of Police lay dying, and in a statement to the press confessed that John Daly had been convicted on perjured evidence, and that he could not die in peace with the knowledge of it on his mind.[4] Neither man was in fact guilty of the crime he had been charged with.

This confession did not secure their release; they had to suffer many more years of imprisonment, subjected to all the indignities, brutalities and torture which British prison officials had devised especially for Irish political prisoners. Tom Clarke, who was a fellow prisoner, has given a taste of what they had to endure in his *Glimpses of an Irish Felon's Prison Life*.[5] Once in jail, contact with the outside world practically ceased for Irish political prisoners. They were at first allowed to communicate with their families only once every six months, and in later years once every three months. Nothing could be discussed in these letters except family matters, either in or out; if there was an attempt at anything further it was blotted out, or the letter was stopped altogether by the prison governor.

They were never sure of getting a letter or a visit at the due time; these could be stopped for the slightest misdemeanour, such as trying to talk to one another or to any other prisoner. They sometimes suffered the added punishment of solitary confinement in underground cells, with bread and cold water the only diet, for periods ranging from three to twenty-one days. They had to leave their clothes outside these freezing cold cells at night, lest they use them for warmth. Uncle John told me once that when Tom came out after one such twenty-one day period, he was a walking skeleton; his food had consisted of one pint of cold water and eight ounces of bread per day.

The arrival of a letter from Uncle John sent a thrill of anxious expectation through the family. If it arrived in the morning post

there was a general rush from the bedrooms and we arrived downstairs in all stages of dishabille to hear the letter read. It was always read by Aunt Lollie, and conveyed little more than the fact that he was alive. My grandmother cried bitterly on these occasions. Poor grandmother, he was her favourite son, suffering through loving his country, a love she had instilled in him. She was a grand woman, whose sorrow for her son's sufferings was deep, but whose pride in the fact that he could suffer and, if necessary, die for Ireland's freedom was greater.

She was a very devout Catholic, and took great pleasure in teaching us our prayers. At bedtime we knelt around her and repeated the prayers after her. The first was always for Ireland's freedom, and when Uncle John was imprisoned the second was for his release. Then we prayed for all the relations alive and dead, ending up with 'God make a good child of me.' She was the kindest and most generous-hearted woman I ever met, with a fine broad outlook on life; she could see good in everyone and everything but England.

Aunt Lollie (Ellen) was my grandmother's only daughter. Her uncle, a teacher who prepared boys for university, had imbued her with a love of learning, and had given her a thorough knowledge of the history of Ireland, France and England, and a fair knowledge of the history of the USA and other countries. She was, for her time, a highly-educated woman, with a wonderful memory, and could give day and date for everything. From her store of historical knowledge she would keep us children entranced for hours; she had a wonderful way of recounting things so that we seemed to live the events all over again, and she wove history into the most beautiful stories for us. She would dwell particularly on the Fenian period, in which she had taken an active part; this she painted in the most glowing and

romantic colours so that all our early enthusiasm was centred round the Fenians.

She did not confine her stories to Ireland; I remember crying at the story she told us one night about the little children imprisoned in the Tower of London. Often, when we should have been in bed, my mother would catch us sitting in our nightgowns on Lollie's bed, listening to her with rapt attention. Mother would say, ' Have you no better sense, Lollie, keeping the children from their beds with your rambling?', but the effect of that rambling in later years brought us through one of the most difficult periods of our history with our heads up; we knew our history.[6]

At the time of Uncle John's arrest, in 1883, my mother and aunt were carrying on a very successful dressmaking business, which employed many girls. I remember one very amusing incident in connection with that. Aunt Lollie was a rather unusual character, and it was her practice, when a large order such as a wedding was completed, to invite all the girls to tea. If it was summer, tea would be in the garden, where there was a lovely swing put up by my father. It was worked by pulleys, and one could go very high in accordance with the way the ropes were pulled. This day, the girls came into the garden for tea, and afterwards started to amuse themselves. One nervous girl got on the swing, and another gave the ropes a pull which sent her flying high. The poor girl lost her head with fright, let go the ropes and with a wild scream fell off and over the garden wall on to the roof of a greenhouse in the next garden, scattering glass everywhere and scaring the wits out of the owner, who happened to be in it. Both were unhurt, except for a few scratches, but the plants did not come off so well.

Living with us at that time was a boy called Jim Jones, the son of a

ship's engineer who had smuggled Uncle John out of Ireland in 1867, when he was on the run. When Jim was ten months old his father died, and his mother went to the USA to earn a living. My aunt and grandmother undertook to care for the boy until his mother was in a position to send for him; they felt they were repaying a debt. His mother never did send for him, for which my aunt was very thankful; she idolised the little boy, and in later life he repaid all the care and love she lavished on him.

When the Amnesty Association was started in Limerick some time after Uncle John's imprisonment, Jim Jones was made Honorary Secretary. Though only a boy in years (although at least ten years older than any of us), he had all the enthusiasm and energy needed for the position. He adored Uncle John, who was a stimulus to his ardour if one was needed. He did all the work in connection with the Association in our house; I watched everything he did, and felt very proud when he allowed me to put the stamps on the letters he was sending out. Later he allowed me to fold the circulars for the post – I am sure I plagued him with my pleading to be allowed to help. In my imagination I was helping to free Uncle John and, of course, Ireland.

One evening in 1886, when I was about eight years old, a telegram came from the governor of Chatham Prison, saying: 'Brother ill, come at once.' It was a horrible shock to the family. It was too late to get a train to Dublin that evening, so my father and Aunt Lollie went by the first train next morning, leaving about 7am. When they arrived at the prison, Uncle John was still alive, but not out of danger. They were allowed to see him daily while death hovered around, but as soon as he took a turn for the better the prison doors closed around him again. They returned home very troubled.

While they were away, my mother gave birth to her eighth

daughter. She had been ill before they left, but as they feared Uncle John might die before they reached him, they had to leave her, and dared not delay. A nurse came, and took charge. Since it had been early morning when they left, none of the family was awake or up except myself. Even as a child, I could not sleep if there was anything disturbing going on; I had been listening to all the talk about Uncle John, so I got up when I heard my father get up. When he and my aunt had gone I went and sat outside my mother's bedroom, wondering what was wrong with her. Hearing the odd moan, I feared she was going to die, and was feeling very miserable. I wished I dared go in to her, but I was afraid of the nurse, who passed me a few times looking very stern, but took no notice of me. After what seemed like years, the nurse came to my mother's door, walked over to me with a bundle in her arms and said, 'Here is a baby sister for you, take good care of her.' She put the bundle in my arms and returned to my mother's room.

A few minutes before, I had been in such depths of misery, hearing my mother moaning and knowing that my father and aunt had gone to a dying uncle. I had been suffering as only an imaginative and sensitive child can. Now, here was joy in my arms, a lovely wee baby sister [Annie]. How I loved her; I was almost afraid to breathe, she was so tiny. Holding her, I forgot all about my misery, and felt very resentful when the nurse returned and took her from me, but then I had all the pleasure of going to wake my sisters and tell them of the arrival of a new baby. Looking back now, I can imagine what my father must have suffered having to leave my mother at such a critical time.

About a year later, a beautiful monument was erected in Limerick to the memory of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and

O'Brien, in St Lawrence's Cemetery.[7] It was to be unveiled on a certain Sunday, and arrangements were made to run trains into Limerick from all the surrounding districts. A big procession was organised, to march through the city to where the monument was to be unveiled. The British authorities proclaimed [banned] the unveiling, and hundreds of police were drafted into the city to enforce the proclamation. The police barracks were not large enough to accommodate all the police that had been drafted in, so a four-storey unoccupied house opposite ours, in Cecil Street, was requisitioned. Several loads of hay were put in for the police to sleep on, and several barrels of stout, all of which I and my sisters watched with great interest.

The city was in a tense state of excitement. Would an attempt be made to unveil the memorial? was the question on everybody's lips. Police were posted in every corner of the city, but so far as they could see the proclamation was being obeyed. This state of tension hung over the city that Sunday, as the funeral of a member of the Amnesty Association passed the police barracks in William Street. It was the custom at that time for relatives or close friends of the deceased to wear black armlets, generally supplied by the undertaker. This funeral was a big one, and hundreds of men walked behind it. My father and Jim Jones pinned a black armlet on each man's arm, and every man was aware of what was intended. When the dead man had been buried, the armlets were removed and pinned together; with this improvised covering the monument was veiled and then unveiled. The banned ceremony had been accomplished.

When the police got a hint that they had been outwitted they rushed to the cemetery, but there was nobody left there to wreak their vengeance on. They returned to the city, where they indulged in

indiscriminate baton charges all day and late into the night. Everywhere, drunken police let their fury loose on the populace. Throughout this excitement my sisters and I were compelled to remain indoors, as my mother considered it too dangerous for children to be out. This annoyed me; I wanted to be out in the fun, as I thought it! That evening, we were sent to bed at the usual time. When all the others were asleep, I awakened Agnes, and induced her to dress and steal out with me to see what was going on in the streets. I told her that the grown-ups were playing cards in the sittingroom and would not hear us slipping down without our shoes on, and out the door.

When we arrived in George's Street (now O'Connell Street) the sight that met our eyes was one of horror. People were lying on the ground, battered and bleeding. As we came into the street a baton charge started, into which we were swept with the mad rush of people from the police. Fear gave wings to our feet, and we did not stop running until we arrived at Arthur's Quay, off George's Street. Down this we rushed, and stepped into the first open door we saw. There we stopped, petrified with fright. We could hear the screams of the crowds thundering by as the police charged. Finally, after I do not know how long, all was quiet. Timidly, we ventured out; the streets were dark and deserted. In a panic, we hurried home to find it dark and silent, as everyone had gone to bed. When we knocked on the hall door, it sounded loud enough to wake the dead, but it failed to wake the living. We kept knocking until a window in my father's room was opened, and he asked, 'Who is there?' 'It's me, Papa,' I said, and I heard him exclaim, 'God, Kate, it's two of the children!' Both of them came down to let us in and ask how we happened to be out when they thought we were safely in our beds. We got a good scolding and the promise of a good whipping next day,

which they forgot to administer.

I remember my father as a very tall, handsome man, with very deep blue eyes with long dark lashes, finely-pencilled eyebrows, beautiful skin and a golden-brown beard. He was quite bald on the top of his head, due to severe neuralgia contracted after he had been imprisoned in 1865, at the age of seventeen [for suspected Fenian involvement]. He was the most refined and gentle man I ever met, kind and generous to a fault, and like Uncle John he had a deep and passionate love for Ireland. He had married very young, with little to marry on, but the marriage was a very happy one. He grieved constantly over his brother's imprisonment, and worked very hard in the Amnesty Association with the hope of procuring his release, but he did not live to see him freed.

About two years after Uncle John's first illness in prison, a telegram again came from the prison governor summoning my father; his brother was dangerously ill. Aunt Lollie and my father went off again to the prison, where they found Uncle John on the point of death from poison administered by prison officials. The officials claimed this had been accidental; a doctor's prescription marked 'Not To Be Taken' had been given him to drink. Uncle John believed there was malice in it. Again they were allowed to visit him daily until he was out of danger, then once more the prison doors were closed down on him.

On their arrival home, my father and Aunt Lollie were met with the news that their mother, my grandmother, was dying. My aunt rushed up the stairs to see her mother and met the priest coming down, having anointed her. He stopped to ask how she had found her brother, and she told him the story. He said, 'Don't be talking nonsense, woman, why would the prison officials deliberately poison

him?' 'Well, Father,' she said, 'the prison officials admitted it, but said it had been a mistake made by a warder.' My grandmother did not die on that occasion; she lived to the age of ninety-seven, a rebel against England to her last breath.

The delicacy resulting from his youthful imprisonment, under the dreadful conditions prevailing in prisons at that time, was largely the cause of my father's death in 1890, at the age of forty-one. To show their sympathy, the people of Limerick gave him the largest funeral that had ever been seen there. Every shop and factory closed, and where employers refused to close, the employees walked out. Every window-blind along the route was drawn. The funeral passed into what is now O'Connell Avenue, along O'Connell Street and Patrick Street, and over Athlunkard Bridge. From there it turned into Mary Street, over Thomond Bridge by the Treaty Stone and up the Strand, then it went over what is now Sarsfield Bridge. At this stage, from Sarsfield Bridge back to Thomond Bridge was one unbroken line of marching men. The funeral continued up Sarsfield Street and William Street, to St Lawrence's Cemetery.

The procession moved very slowly through the many miles of streets; there were repeated halts to allow each man to pay his last respects by bearing the coffin on his shoulder for a little way, so the coffin was never in the hearse the whole way. It was the biggest spontaneous tribute to a man that I have ever seen; there were several bands, and I heard Chopin's 'Funeral March' for the first time. (A letter coming from Australia to congratulate me on being elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1939, threw my mind back to this event; the writer, Seán O'Shea, wrote: 'I cannot believe it is close on fifty years since I saw the funeral of your father, the famous Fenian, going through the streets of Limerick. I have seen and taken part in many

processions since then, but none made a greater impression on me than the tribute that great populace paid to your father on that occasion.')

My father left nine daughters, and his death ended the childhood of the three eldest, Eileen, Madge and myself. Our mother was prostrate with grief, as were our aunt and grandmother, and this forced on us responsibilities not normally placed on children's shoulders. Jim Jones was a pillar of strength to us during that difficult period.

My father had yearned for a son, but that wish was not fulfilled until five months after his death, when our brother Ned was born. It was hoped that my mother would accept him as some compensation for her husband's loss, but at first she did not; she seemed resentful that there was no father to whom she could present this little son. Then, gradually, she became absorbed in him. He was very frail, and perhaps this drew her to him more than a robust child would have done, or perhaps she sensed what the future might bring him and wanted to save him from his uncle's fate. Fate decided otherwise, and though her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, she bore it bravely when, twenty-five years later, he died facing a British firing squad for his participation in the 1916 insurrection. To others he might be Commandant Edward Daly, to her he was her idolised only son. Agnes and I felt that we reared Ned, for we tramped five or six miles a day to Shelbourne Farm, owned by a cousin, to get milk from a first-year milker supposed to be free of disease. Mrs Mac, as we called her, kept it for him.[8]

In 1895, Uncle John was nominated by the Limerick Amnesty Association as a candidate in the parliamentary elections. Maud Gonne (later Mme Gonne MacBride) came to Limerick to help; she had worked with the Amnesty Association before. There was only

one other candidate, and Miss Gonne used her persuasive powers on him to get him to withdraw and leave Uncle John unopposed. This he did. It was the first time I had met Miss Gonne, and I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She called to see my grandmother, as the mother of John Daly, and was charming to the whole family. She was as fascinating as she was beautiful, and the Limerick men went mad about her.

When Uncle John was elected to parliament the prison authorities were notified by telegram, and they conveyed the information to him. The British immediately declared him disqualified on the grounds that he was a felon, but even as a free man he would not have taken his seat in the British parliament, any more than John Mitchel or O'Donovan Rossa would have done. The Fenians were against Irishmen going into the British parliament.

Two of my father's brothers, James and Michael, had emigrated to Australia in their youth, about 1857, at the time of a gold rush. They did not find any gold, but they reached a position of wealth and affluence by sheepfarming, racing stables, coastal trading and many other activities, on the island of New Caledonia. Michael is said to have gone through three fortunes, and married three times; James was very much more thrifty and held on to his money. Never once did they lose touch with their mother. On hearing of Edward's death, James Daly, having provided amply for all his family, returned to Ireland to care for all of us, and his wealth certainly made life very easy for us. Shortly after Uncle James's arrival, Jim Jones died, in July 1894; he had been ailing for some time. His death was a great grief to us, as he had been our 'big brother'.

Uncle James took great pleasure in providing for all our needs. He was a great supporter of the anti-Parnellite Party.[9] We did not like

that; we were Fenians, and had no liking for Irishmen who became members of the British House of Commons. One day a member of that Party called to see Uncle James, and the maid showed him into the sittingroom where my mother was taking a nap. His entrance woke her, and she became flustered at seeing a strange man. He introduced himself by saying, 'I'm Tim Healy', whereupon she sat up and said, 'Are you that awful man that uses such bad language?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' he said, 'I am that awful man.' She was very angry with Uncle James for bringing that awful man into the house.

I was very fond of Uncle James, and appreciated all that he was doing for us, but was very disappointed when he refused to do something I asked for. I was passionately fond of music, and after my father's death my mother could not afford to pay for music lessons, so I got hold of the instruction books Eileen and Madge had had and set myself to learn to play the piano. I wanted a musical career, and asked Uncle James to help me towards it. He refused, the only thing he ever refused me; he said he had spent a fortune on his eldest daughter for music and it was money thrown away. Even to this day I feel regret at not getting a chance at the one thing I loved. I had studied so hard to learn without a teacher, and I can read any music put before me.

Well, I did not feel like being dependent on Uncle James forever, so I asked him to have me apprenticed to dressmaking to enable me to make a living. He agreed to that, and paid a big fee to what was then called a court dressmaker for my apprenticeship. At that time the field in which girls could make a living was very restricted; dressmaking would not have been my choice, had I the wide choice of employment girls have today, but I was very successful at it. The lady who ran the business was a very grand person and had a large staff.

One of the staff, a machinist, was a good honest girl but very rough in her language when things went wrong with her. Whenever she started to use bad language she would look at me and say, 'For God's sake, child, go out of the room, I can't swear when you look at me.' I never could understand why I had that effect on her.

When I was about eighteen years of age, I decided to start dress warerooms on my own. I had saved a little money out of what I had earned, enough capital, I thought, to start with, and I felt quite competent to do it. The family thought otherwise; they said I was too young and not experienced enough, and that people would not have confidence in one so young. I ignored all they had to say and went on with it. I rented rooms in Cecil Street to start with, and by degrees and very hard work I succeeded in building up a very good business. It was soon too big for the rooms I had, so I rented rooms in O'Connell Street. I increased my customers and enlarged my staff continually, and was in a fair way to having one of the best dress warerooms in Limerick when I gave it up in 1901.

Uncle John was released from prison at 12 noon, on 21 August 1896, on ticket-of-leave. He had been in prison since April 1884. He was released following a hunger-strike which he had begun when he had given up all hope of release, but he had given no hint to his fellow-prisoners of what he had decided to do. Fearing that if the prison authorities knew of his intention they would find some way of circumventing him, he started by reducing the amount of food he consumed every day, until one day he fell in the prison yard during exercise, from weakness. Tom Clarke was right behind him and stooped to lift him. 'My God, John,' he whispered, 'what is wrong?' Uncle John answered, 'It is release one way or the other, Tom.'

The warder ordered Tom and another prisoner to carry him to the

hospital. On the way Tom tried to reason with him, and begged him not to go on with it, but it was no use; Uncle John had made up his mind that his imprisonment was going to end. Tom was in a terrible state; he feared the prison authorities would let his friend die, and he would never see him again.

In the hospital, Uncle John refused all food. Every kind of tempting food was left beside his bed, but he would have none of it. Then they started forcibly feeding him, but that was no use either. He defeated them. One day the doctor said to him, 'Give this up, Daly, and you will be released.' He answered, 'I'll believe that when I see the signed order for my release.' A few days later, according to Uncle John, the doctor brought the signed order for his release for him to see. He then gave up the hunger-strike, but was too weak to be released for some time. He had to be fed and nursed for several weeks before he could walk, and as soon as he could walk he was released.

The family knew nothing of what was going on behind the prison walls, but were notified that he would be released on a certain day. Uncle James went over to England and met him at the prison gate, but found him so weak that he decided he was not fit for the welcome being prepared for him, and took him to France for a short while. On his arrival in Dublin, he got a very good reception, but on his arrival in Limerick the people nearly went mad. Tar barrels burned and illuminations blazed everywhere, and the celebrations were carried on far into the night.

It took him some time to recover from the effects of the hunger-strike. When he was well enough, the question arose of how he was going to live. He would not live indefinitely on Uncle James. Big changes had taken place in the world since he had gone to prison, enough to bewilder him, and for a time he could not think what to

do. He went on a lecture tour in England for the Amnesty Association, with Miss Maud Gonne, and this gave him the idea of going to the USA on a lecture tour to earn sufficient money to re-start life. He got in touch with his old friend and comrade John Devoy, who undertook to organise the tour for him.[10]

He left Ireland in October 1897, and was met by Devoy and other friends in New York. The tour was a great success. As a Fenian organiser he had travelled all over Ireland and knew people in every county. Fenians were everywhere in the USA, and they flocked to his lectures; they were pay-at-the-door, not collections. At this time Clan na Gael was disrupted by a split in which Uncle John had had no part, so both sides went to his lectures, and he utilised the tour to promote unity amongst the various sections, emphasising that the best way to celebrate the coming 1798 centenary was to unite by 1898. John Devoy worked very hard to make the tour a success, and accompanied him to many of the lectures. Uncle John was not long back home in Ireland when he got the news that his aim had been achieved; Clan na Gael had become united.

On returning to Ireland, he landed at Cobh on 14 May 1898, leaving for Limerick the following day. At St Patrick's Well railway station he was met by a group of the 1798 Centenary Committee, who had a carriage waiting to drive him to Limerick. At the entrance to the city he was met by a procession with bands and torchlight, and escorted through the city to Bank Place. Here he delivered an address from the window of the Trades Council rooms, to a wildly enthusiastic audience.

Soon after his return, he decided to start up a bakery for a living. He had no knowledge of the business, but induced an old friend, a foreman baker named James Prendergast, to come to him as

foreman. He started the bakery in 26 William Street, and with the willing and loyal help and cooperation of my sisters he made a great success of it. A sensation was caused by his name appearing over the shop and on the vans in Gaelic. A ballad extolling the excellence of John Daly's bread was written by an old ballad-singer who sang it up and down William Street, the favourite street for ballad-singers at that time.

When the bakery was established, Uncle John tried to induce me to give up the dressmaking business and go into the bakery. I refused, for I was reluctant to give up my independence, and in the bakery I would be under the control of two older sisters. Furthermore, I was making a lot more money than the bakery could pay me, and I felt I had worked too hard to establish my business to give it up. Uncle John was very angry with me.

About this time, he applied for membership in the Shannon Rowing Club, of which Uncle James was a member; throughout the summer we spent a good deal of time on the river, as most Limerick people did then. To our surprise, he was blackballed. When he let it be known publicly there was great indignation in Limerick over it. This resulted in a subscription list being opened, to which no-one was allowed to subscribe more than one shilling, the object of which was to buy a boat and present it to Uncle John. The money was subscribed in a week or two, and the boat was built in Limerick and presented to Uncle John. A huge crowd turned out to see the presentation, which took place on the riverside in front of Cleeve's factory.

During all this time, Uncle John never forgot for one moment his fellow-prisoner, Tom Clarke. He talked about him continually, at home and elsewhere, and spoke about him in every speech or lecture

he delivered. He fretted all the time about him, and worked in every possible way to bring about his release. He did one thing which his soul abhorred, but the Amnesty Association advised him to do it because if he did not, he might be keeping the remaining prisoners longer in prison. As a ticket-of-leave man, he had to report to the police once a month in person; this he could not bring himself to do, but when leaving the city he notified them by letter where he was going. This was as far as he would go, and he ceased doing that when Tom was released.

Listening to all Uncle John's stories of his wonderful prison comrade, Tom Clarke, we had formed a picture of a noble, courageous, unselfish character, one who showed unwonted sweetness and restraint under the most terrible provocation during his imprisonment, and who had become dearer to Uncle John than a brother. The joy of his own release had been dimmed by the fact of his comrade being left to endure his sufferings alone. I mean by this that, although there were still other Irish political prisoners in that prison, they did not take the risk of punishment by endeavouring to communicate with each other, or with Tom Clarke. Tom, Uncle John and James Egan had taken these risks, despite punishment, all through their imprisonment, so when Egan and Uncle John were released, Tom was virtually alone.

Uncle John formed what I think was the first Labour Party in Ireland, and they contested the local elections for Limerick Corporation. They were elected the largest party in the Council, and Uncle John polled the highest number of votes in the city, making him senior Alderman, with a nine-year term of office. The Corporation elected him Mayor of Limerick for 1899, 1890 and 1891, but he would not go forward again after that, as he was beginning to feel the strain.

One of his first acts as Mayor was to order that the British Royal Arms be removed from the front wall of the Town Hall. It caused quite a sensation. The police were in a quandary; the Mayor was then Chief Magistrate of the city, and if they interfered with his orders they might get into trouble; if they did not, they might get into trouble too. The Royal Arms came down. Uncle John never acted as Chief Magistrate.