

**A HISTORY OF THE PHOENIX PARK
PATRIOTS: BRADY, CURLEY, CAFFREY,
FAGAN, KELLY,
POOLE, O'DONNELL; THE BRAVE DEEDS
FOR WHICH THEY DIED. TRAITORS,
MOCK-TRIALS, HANGINGS**

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A History of the Phoenix Park Patriots: Brady, Curley, Caffrey, Fagan, Kelly, Poole, O'Donnell;
The Brave Deeds for Which They Died. Traitors, Mock-Trials, Hangings by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A HISTORY
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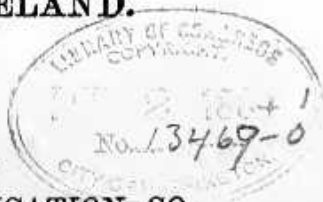
BRADY. FAGAN.
CURLEY. KELLY.
CAFFREY. POOLE.
O'DONNELL.

The Brave Deeds for which they Died.

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TRAITORS, MOCK-TRIALS, HANGINGS.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

NEW YORK:
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1884.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface.....	3
Honor the Brave.....	7
England's Reign of Blood.....	10
"Liberty a Serious Game".....	12
Betrayed for Gold and "Protection".....	20
For "Removing" Tyrants.....	33
Joseph Brady.....	35
Daniel Curley.....	44
Michael Fagan.....	52
Thomas Caffrey.....	55
Timothy Kelly.....	57
James Fitzharris.....	61
Joseph Mullett.....	63
Andrews and Kinsella.....	65
Henry Rowles.....	67
John Dwyer.....	69
James Mullett and others.....	71
Joseph Poole.....	72
Patrick O'Donnell.....	85
The Packed Jury System.....	115
The Effect of the Executions.....	118

A HISTORY
OF THE
PHENIX PARK PATRIOTS.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

[Dedicated to Number One.]

HONOR the brave who battle still
For Irish right in English lands ;
No rule except their quenchless will,
No power save in their naked hands ;
Who waged by day and waged by night,
In groups of three or bands of ten,
Our savage, undespairing fight
Against two hundred thousand men.

No pomp of war their eyes to blind,
No blare of music as they go,
With just such weapons as they find,
In desperate onset on the foe.
They seize the pike, the torch, the scythe—
Unequal contest—but what then ?
With steadfast eyes and spirits blithe
They face two hundred thousand men.

THE PHOENIX PARK PATRIOTS.

The jails are yawning through the land,
 The scaffold's fatal click is heard,
 But still moves on the scanty band,
 By jail and scaffold undeterred.
 A moment's pause to wail the last
 Who fell in freedom's fight, and then,
 With teeth firm set, and breathing fast,
 They face two hundred thousand men.

Obscure, unmarked, with none to praise
 Their fealty to a trampled land ;
 Yet never knight in Arthur's days
 For desperate cause made firmer stand.
 They wage no public war, 'tis true ;
 They strike and fly, and strike—what then ?
 'Tis only thus these faithful few
 Can front two hundred thousand men.

You call them ignorant, rash and wild ;
 But who can tell how patriots feel
 With centuries of torment piled
 Above the land to which they kneel ?
 And who has made them what we find—
 Like tigers lurking in their den,
 And breaking forth with fury blind
 To beard two hundred thousand men !

Who made their lives so hard to bear
 They care not how their lives are lost !
 Their land a symbol of despair—
 A wreck on ruin's ocean tossed.
 We, happier here, may carp and sneer,
 And judge them harshly—but what then ?
 No gloves for those who have as foes
 To face two hundred thousand men.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

9

Honor the brave ! Let England rave
Against them as a savage band ;
We know their foes, we know their woes,
And hail them as a hero band.
With iron will they battle still,
In groups of three or files of ten,
Nor care we by what savage skill
They fight two hundred thousand men.

ENGLAND'S REIGN OF BLOOD.

MANY of the English officials in Ireland, during the year 1881, amused themselves, in their leisure hours, writing threatening letters. The Land League was then in its zenith, but its leaders did not possess sufficient perception to realize the concealed object of the so-called threatening missives. There were Irishmen, however, who saw through the diabolical scheme. Quietly they ascertained who were the writers of the threatening letters to Lord This and Lord That, which, from time to time, appeared in the public prints. They soon became satisfied that it was, at best, a bunglingly planned plot on which to form a new basis for establishing more coercion for the much coerced and starving Irish people. The Land League leaders realized the motives which had prompted the British officials to indict the warning letters when it was too late to thwart the object for which they had been penned. The plot was exposed when the cowardly and extraordinary orders given to the Ennis police were openly approved of and defended in the English House of Commons, on Wednesday, April 19th, 1882, by Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The following is a copy of the police circular :

ENNIS, March 4, 1882.

“ As there is good reason for the belief that every possible means will be used to assassinate Mr. C. Lloyd, it behoves the men (the policemen) of this county to be on the alert to prevent it. Men proceeding on his escort should be men of great determination as well as of steadiness, *and even on suspicion of an attempt should at once use their firearms* to prevent the bare possibility of an attempt on that gentleman's life. If men should *accidentally* commit an *error* in shooting any person *on suspicion* of the person being about to commit murder, I shall exonerate him by coming forward and producing this document.

H. SMITH,

“ First County Inspector.”

Similar instructions were given to the police of the other counties, and as a result, before a month had passed, the long-planned atrocities began. The record made by Drs. Macauley and Darling in May, 1882, told a terrible story of an affair, at which the Ballina police, "not even on suspicion," used their firearms on unarmed youths. There were other serious outrages committed by "Buckshot" Forster's orders, and while the red-coats and police were shooting down the people and crowding their dungeons with suspects, certain Land Leaguers were bartering with the tyrants.

The time for retaliation came at last, and an Irishman rallied his countrymen, not on the O'Connell doctrine, but on the sound principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." These were the only principles the English really feared. Years before the *London Times* said :

"It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters. Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions."

In Ireland, England and Scotland, about the period the so-called threatening letters were ascertained beyond doubt to have been written by one British official to another, there was formed a society of avengers, the Dublin branch of which is now known to history as the "Irish Invincibles." The society was founded by a man possessing, it may justly be said, as much courage and daring as William Putnam McCabe, of Antrim, or Michael Dwyer, of Wicklow, the famous revolutionary missionaries among the people of 1798. He was simply known as "Number One," and until he chooses to reveal his identity no true Irishman will venture to do it for him.