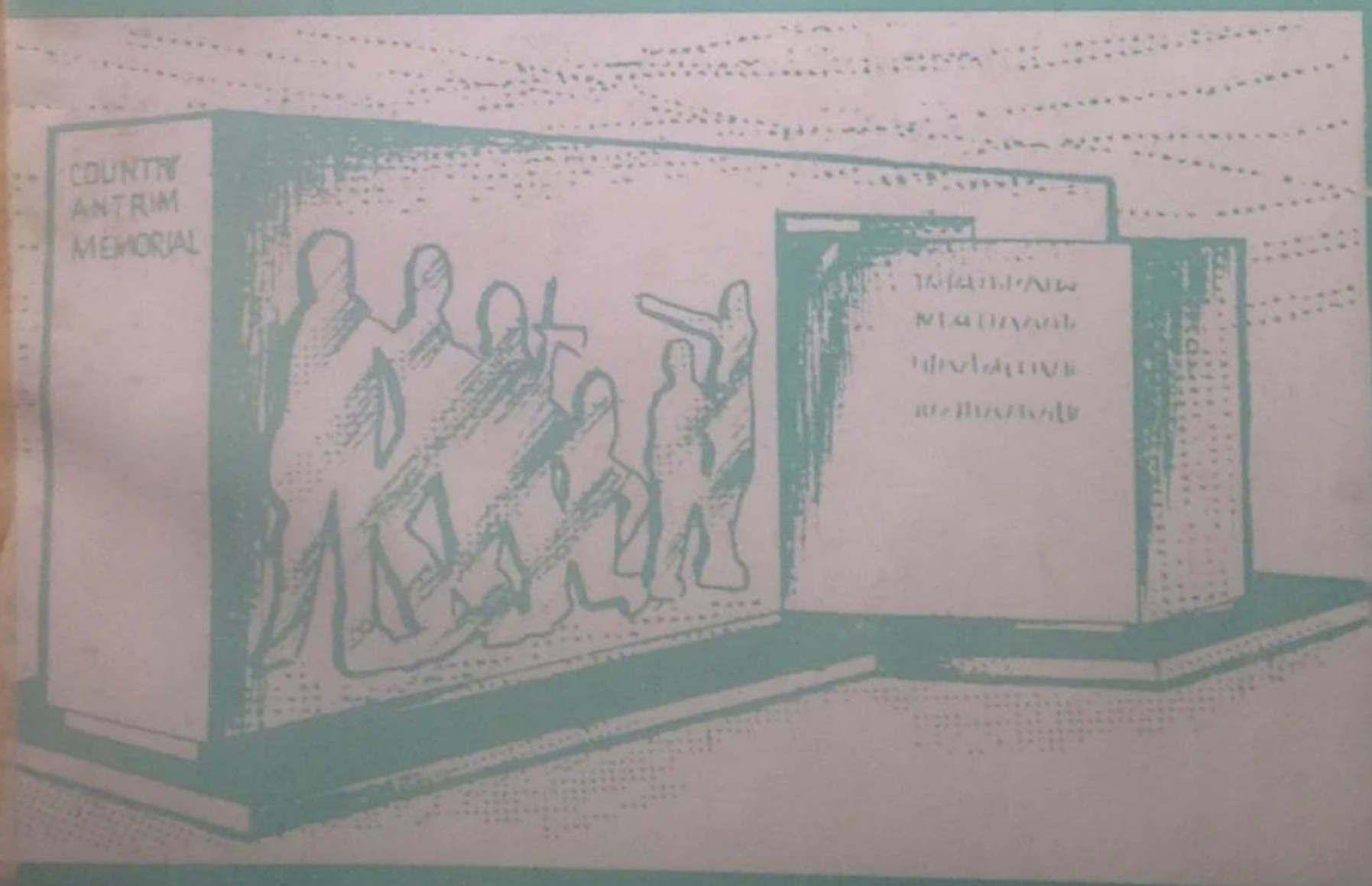


ANTRIM'S PATRIOT DEAD

1797-1953



PRICE

Three Shillings & Sixpence



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Introduction

Some few years ago we issued a booklet entitled "Belfast Patriot Graves," which dealt with the lives and martyrdom of those patriot-martyrs who lie buried in Milltown Cemetery, Belfast, and also some who met their death in Belfast but are buried outside the town.

Although this booklet has been out of print for some time now, there is still a demand for it. Hence in order to meet that demand we decided to publish this Souvenir Booklet for the unveiling of the County Memorial in Milltown Cemetery to all our martyrs from County Antrim, giving additional details about the lives of some of those already mentioned in the "Patriot Graves" book besides introducing articles and poems, etc., on some of the martyrs not mentioned in the previous book.

COUNTY ANTRIM MARTYRS

A booklet of articles, poems, illustrations, etc.,
paying tribute to the Noble Heroic Martyred Dead
of County Antrim.

Edited by SEAMUS STEELE

Entire proceeds of this book will be devoted to the erection of the
County Antrim Memorial on the Tom Williams Plot in Milltown
Cemetery, Belfast.

Issued by the National Graves Association, Belfast Branch

Foreword

To those noble patriot citizen-soldiers of the Irish Republic from the County of Antrim, who gave their service, and their lives to the cause of Ireland's Unity and Independence, we dedicate this booklet.

In the graves throughout the County; in the "Croppies Acre" Dublin, and elsewhere, our martyrs lie. Wherever possible willing and loving hands have tended and marked their last resting places, and recorded their names and sacrifices for the benefit of posterity.

In the Battle of Antrim in 1798 many died, others were shot out of hand, or butchered in their homes, or on the lonely roadside, or wherever the savage yeomen came upon them. With the passing of time, there is little hope that the names and places of burial of the majority, will ever be uncovered. They are Ireland's unnamed martyrs, lying in common and unmarked graves. Whoever they may be, or wherever they may lie, we salute them, and Honour and Revere their memory and sacrifice, because,

"The patriot's blood that reddened deep
The soil where fell they in their gore;
Their memory green and fresh shall keep
Within our bosoms' inmost core."

They are rightly regarded as part of the Free Irish Nation of 32 Counties—because they are the Heart of the Nation—that part that has refused to accept foreign rule; that has ever resisted usurpation of its legal and legitimate right as a Free Independent Nation: That has suffered Oppression, Persecution, Aggression and Despotism in its 700 years' struggle to be free.

In dedicating this book to them we also dedicate it to the Ideals which led them down the martyr's way. The ideal of **Ireland One** and **Ireland Free**. The Ireland visualised by the Father of Irish Republicanism — the Protestant Wolfe Tone — where Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter worshipping at the altars of their own free choice, will unite in fraternal effort to serve their Nation in Unity of aim, and purpose under the common name of Irishmen of one allegiance only. The Ireland to which McCracken and Fr. Murphy, Emmett and Dwyer, Mitchell and Rossa gave their allegiance; the Ireland for which Pearse and Connolly, Casement and Clarke fought and died to liberate, politically, economically and culturally. The Ireland which called George Plant, Sean McCaughey, Sean

Sabhat and Fergal O'Hanlon to aid in the restoration of her Unity and Independence.

The Ireland from where, for all time, will be eliminated the scourge of sectarian and religious bigotry, hatred, and bitterness; and where Civil and Religious liberty; equal rights and equal opportunities will be the undisputed right of every citizen in the Free Republican Nation.

It was for these splendid and noble ideals that our martyrs served, fought and died. In life they served Ireland with all the love, loyalty, patriotism and sincerity of which they were capable. In death the continuity of that service and sacrifice is maintained and they remain for us a symbol (or symbols?) of the unconquered and unconquerable Independent Irish Nation.

The Republican Plot

(MILLTOWN CEMETERY)

In the year 1867, Ulster's first Republican martyr of the Fenian period, William Harbinson, died whilst interned in Belfast Prison. Forty-five years later a plot of ground was secured in Milltown Cemetery, Belfast, and a beautiful monument in the form of a Celtic Cross was erected not only to commemorate the sacrifice of William

Harbinson, but also to the memory of ALL who served with him in the ranks of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and to those who suffered with him in Belfast Prison.

And the inscription on the stone tells us it was "Erected by their successors in the struggle for Irish Freedom."



The Original Republican Plot,
Milltown Cemetery

Included among the Seventy-two names inscribed on the monument, along with William Harbinson, are names of twenty Protestant soldiers of the Irish Republic, who were members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and also the names of Colonel Kelleher, Captain John P. Dwan, Peter Healey, Captain T. H. O'Brien,

Lieutenants Patrick Hassan and Mark O'Neill, officers in the United States Army, all of whom were in Belfast Prison with Harbinson. These Irish-Americans who had been members of Clan na Gael, had come over from America as an Expeditionary Force to take part in the struggle for Ireland's Independence.

Those who are buried in the Plot are Sect.-Commd. Sean McCartney, 1921; Lt.-Gen. Joe McKelvey, 1922; Vol. Sean Gaffney, 1940; Vol. Terence Perry, 1942, and Staff-Capt. Seamus Burns, 1944.

In the early hours of the morning of the 2nd July, 1937, the monument was blown up by the enemies of Irish Freedom and the McCartney plaque was missing.

Whilst being repaired in the sculptor's yard in Divis Street the monument was again damaged. The Belfast Branch of the National Graves Association was responsible for the erection of the present monument.

The Tom Williams Plot

(MILLTOWN CEMETERY)

Close beside the Republican Plot is a 17 foot square of ground which has become known as the Tom Williams Plot, because it was bought from money accumulated by the Tom Williams Gaelic, Athletic and Camogie Club, Belfast, which incidentally was founded in "A" Wing, Belfast Prison, in 1945 by the Republican sentenced prisoners; and mainly because a grave has been reserved in the Plot wherein it is hoped one day to re-inter the remains of Tom Williams, whenever they are released from his grave in Belfast Prison.

A memorial of Cruciform shape will be erected on the plot by the National Graves Association, Belfast, with the generous co-operation of hard-working sub-committees both in America and Dublin.

This is a County Memorial on which will be inscribed a Roll-of-Honour, on which will appear the names of all our martyred patriot dead from County Antrim who have made the supreme sacrifice in the Cause of Ireland's Unity and Independence from 1797 to the present day.

In the following pages is an article by the Architect explaining the meaning of the memorial in its Cruciform shape along with the various symbols included on it.

Antrim Memorial

By SEAN MacGOILL

The ideals and principles of Tone found fertile ground in County Antrim and a long line of martyrs from Orr until Williams and Sean McCaughey in our own generation paid the supreme sacrifice in battle or on the scaffold or in prison for this ideal of freedom. From '98 the Gospel of Tone nourished the burning desire for freedom and peace among all classes and creeds in the souls of the men of Antrim. Many of those in past generations who expressed their faith in this Republican Gospel with their deaths have been forgotten, others have monuments to their memory scattered here and there throughout the country. This County memorial will be built as a common monument to their memory, a testimony of faith in their ideals, an expression of gratitude, the deposit of Republican principles which still inspire men with the determination to carry on until the freedom which they sought and for which they died is attained.

The monument will be in Irish limestone, built in a cruciform shape rising from a black base in the form of a cross, indicating the beauty and righteousness of the cause for which they died, the continuity of effort which has been maintained for many generations and the sure and lasting success that will crown their effort. A roll of honour, listing the names of Antrim's martyrs, will be inscribed on the smaller arm of the cross and the dominant element will be enriched with bronze sculpture on either side, the artistic work of the Rising young Dublin sculptor, Richard Enda King, whose bronze figures portray a wealth of beauty and historical meaning and a patriotic message for the Irish race. On one face we have the figure of Roisin Dubh exhorting the men of Antrim to rise, and strike for their freedom, men of all generations tied together with a common chain of bondage and a common desire to be free. Let their example inspire us of to-day to carry on with this task until the freedom is won which is symbolised on the reverse side with the figure of Roisin Dubh rising from bondage; a figure of resurrection leaving behind the bonds of oppression and slavery breaking the bars of imprisonment and rising to freedom.

The symbol of the cross and resurrection is used throughout the design of the monument, the erection of which is in the very capable hands of Mr. Wm. Currie & Sons, Monumental Sculptors, Belfast. An ebony black cross as a base symbolises their death with the polished white limestone superstructure rising from it indicative of the simplicity and purity of their ideal, built in a stark

the effort. Sufficient enrichment is given to the monument by the names of the illustrious dead, further enrichment would be superfluous. The added metal sculpture tells the story of their continuing effort and symbolically states the faith we have in its success.

Practical consideration was given to design the monument in such a way that it gave a point of interest to the maximum number of people during a gathering or commemoration service and to allow for a number of burial places on either side of the main arm of the cross. The main arm stretches out towards the public pathway and with its sculptured motif should arrest the attention of the public. Surely they will stop and think, pray for the martyrs and their cause and leave the precincts with some thought for our divided and unhappy country.

Editor's Note

The Author of the above article, Sean MacGoill (Mr. Sean Mackel) has been solely responsible for the design of the County Memorial. The Belfast Committee of the National Graves Association wish to record publicly their sincere appreciation and gratitude to him for the unstinted help and expert advice which he gave to the planning of all the details, etc., in connection with its design and erection.



William Orr

The first soldier of the Irish Republic marked out for martyrdom was a County Antrim Presbyterian named William Orr, whose home was situated at Farranshane, between Randals-town and Antrim town.

He was a prosperous farmer and married with a family of six. The family worshipped at the Presbyterian meeting house in Antrim.

After the formation of the United Irishmen, William Orr and his two brothers, James and Samuel, became members. William, in particular, worked very hard in the organisation, to unite all creeds and classes, in their demand for the political, economic and cultural freedom of the Irish Nation.

Orr was first informed upon by a notorious Newry informer named Samuel Turner and he was arrested in September, 1796, and confined in Carrickfergus Jail, where he remained for 12 months, untried. In September, 1797, he was charged with administering the Oath of the United Irishmen to Hugh Wheatley and John Lindsay, two members of the Fifehire Fencibles.

It was stated by Jimmy Hope and all those who attended the swearing-in ceremony, that Orr **DID NOT** administer the Oath to them; that it was a William McIvor, who swore them in, and Wheatley afterwards confessed publicly that every word of his evidence was false.

The jury which tried him failed to agree, and, on being sent back to reconsider their verdict, they came back with a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy. In a reference to the jury which tried him, Francis Joseph Bigger says, "The foreman of the jury, Archibald Thompson of Cushendall, was against the verdict, and held out from the forenoon till six in the morning of the day following: He was beaten and threatened with being wrecked and not left a sixpence in the world on his refusing to bring in a verdict of guilty. Neither would they allow him food or drink which had been sent into the jury: Two others also held out against the verdict, but were overcome with threats."

On the 14th October, 1797, William Orr was hanged at the Gallow Green just outside Carrickfergus town. In his dying declaration he stated:—

"If to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress; —If these be Felonies, I am a Felon but not otherwise . . ."

His last words spoken on the scaffold were:—

"I am no traitor. I die a persecuted man for a persecuted country. Great Jehovah, receive my soul. I die in the true faith of a Presbyterian."

His body was taken, followed by thousands of people to Ballynure, where it was waked at the old meeting house in Ballynure. Large crowds remained watching, and guarding the body all night. From thence it was taken to the family burying ground at Templepatrick with tremendous gatherings of people meeting it all along

the way. So large was the crowd that the military did not dare to interfere. Thus was he laid to rest in his own family grave.

"Remember Orr" became the rallying slogan of the people and eight months later as the United Irishmen marched on Antrim Town to strike for Liberty, the cry on every man's tongue was, "Remember Orr."

On that June morning in 1798, the widow of William Orr watched, and heard with joyous heart the men of the neighbouring townlands march with their pikes and guns with that same cry ringing from their lips. But alas as evening wore on she sensed defeat as she saw them retreating.

She gathered her little family together and made for the whins and briars to hide, for she knew what to expect from the British Red Coats. When they did come along they looted and plundered everything that she prized and cherished most dear in her home and then they set it alight to leave her homeless.

She and her little family were compelled to live in terror in the open for many days, until kindly neighbours, at great risk to themselves, came to her aid. They restored her to an older house adjoining her burnt-out home and it was here she died.

Henry Joy McCracken

A gallows tree stands stark, and sombre looking, at the junction of High Street and Cornmarket in Belfast City. High Street and all the approaches to it are manned by the red-coated soldiers of George, the King of England. Horse soldiers with their sabres and lances stand war-like and threatening, watching closely the huge crowds of Belfast Republicans who had come to witness the death, by hanging, of their loved, brave, and fearless leader. This young Presbyterian who had dedicated his life to service of his Country—to free her from English Rule and domination.

From his prison cell he had made a last farewell to his two comrades, the Rev. Sinclair Kelburn, and Dr. William Steel Dickson, from whom he had received spiritual comfort.

To the gallows tree he comes now with his red-coat escort. He stops to kiss his sister a last good-bye and to give her a last message for his dear friend and comrade Thomas Russell. "Inform him of my death and tell him I have done my duty."

He mounts the scaffold and tries to speak to the people, but the noise of the stamping horses and the shouts of the soldiers make it impossible for the people to hear him. At last the death apparatus is placed upon him and in a few minutes Henry Joy McCracken has gone to join his martyred comrades in the cause of Ireland . . .

Henry Joy McCracken was born in High Street, Belfast, in August, 1767. He was one of a family of four boys and two girls. His mother, Ann Joy, was a daughter of Francis Joy, who founded the "Belfast News-Letter" in 1737. He was a very devout Presbyterian. Apprenticed to the linen trade, he later became a cotton manufacturer.

At an early age he began to take a keen interest in the reform movement and in Catholic Emancipation. In March, 1792, he became a member of the United Irishmen. Very soon he realised the futility of constitutional action and he was one of those who agitated for physical force action.

In the month of June, 1795, along with Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Russell, Samuel Neilson, and others, he was present at the birth of the infant Irish Republic when on McArt's Fort, Cave Hill, a solemn oath was taken by all present,

"Never to desist from their efforts until the Independence of the Irish Nation had been achieved and the connection with England completely severed."

He was arrested on October, 1796, and interned in Newgate and Kilmainham Jails. He was said to have been the first political prisoner interned in Kilmainham Jail. After eleven months his health broke down completely and he was released.

Restored to health again he visited Dublin in February, 1798, and urged the necessity of an immediate insurrection without French aid. From this onwards he was practically "on the run." In May, 1798, he suggested that the entire British officer garrison in Belfast should be taken whilst they were attending a musical entertainment, and held as hostages. His proposal was defeated.

The Adjutant-General for County Antrim, Robert Simms, resigned his post, because he did not approve of any immediate rising. On June 1st, 1798, just six days before the Rising was to have taken place McCracken was appointed in his place with the additional rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Province of Ulster.

Despite the very short period left to make effective plans, and despite the desertion, weakness and excuses of those who should have been leading the struggle, and whom the late Brian O'Higgins described :

"Liked the limelight while there was no sign of actual bloody warfare, but when the time came to fight had a score of reasons why they should stay at home."

McCracken was determined that the North would play its part in the restoration of the Independence of the Irish Nation or he would die in the attempt.

On June 6th, 1798, McCracken issued his general order :

"Army of Ulster, tomorrow we march on Antrim ; drive the garrison of Randalstown before you and haste to form a junction with your Commander-in-Chief.

First Year of Liberty, 6th June, 1798."

On the 7th June, McCracken and his gallant band converged on Antrim town and, displaying terrific courage and fighting qualities, they had actually forced some of the enemy garrison to retreat towards Randalstown. At this point the United Irishmen marching in from Randalstown met the fleeing enemy and mistook them for attacking victorious enemy reinforcements. Panic crept into their ranks and they began to retreat. This caused confusion among McCracken's own troops and they too began to retreat. McCracken tried desperately to rally them but his efforts failed.

With those who remained with him, McCracken was forced to retreat to Donegore Hill. After dispersing his men he, along with some others, went "on the run," and for three weeks he stayed with a poor family named Bodle near Cave Hill.

He and two companions were on their way to board a foreign-bound vessel when he was recognised by a yeoman in Carrickfergus. He was immediately arrested on the 7th July, 1798, tried in Belfast on the 17th July and hanged the same evening at 5 p.m. at the corner of High Street and Cornmarket at the age of 31.

He was buried in St. Georges' Graveyard, High Street, Belfast, but some years after this, the graves were levelled and walls knocked down for building purposes and his remains were re-interred in Clifton Street Graveyard, Belfast.

I Followed Henry Joy

An Ulsterman I am proud to be,
From Antrim's Glens I come.
And though I labour by the sea
I have followed fife and drum ;
I have heard the martial tramp of men,
I have seen them fight and die,
Ah lads, I well remember when
I followed Henry Joy.

I pulled my boat in from the sea,
I hid my sails away,
I hung my nets upon a tree
And I scanned the moonlit bay.
The boys were out, the red-coats too,
I kissed my wife good-bye,
And through the glade, 'neath the greenwood shade
I followed Henry Joy.

In Antrim town our tyrant stood,
He tore our ranks with ball,
But with a cheer and pike to clear
We swept them o'er the wall,
Our pikes and sabres flashed that day,
We won, but lost, ah why ?
No matter, lads, I fought away
And shielded Henry Joy

Alas for Ireland's cause they fought,
For home and sire they bled,
Though our swords were few still our hearts beat true,
And five to one lay dead.
And many a lassie missed her lad
And mother mourned her boy,
For youth was strong in the dashing throng
That followed Henry Joy.

In Belfast town they built a tree
And the red-coats mustered there,
I watched him come as the beat of drum
Rolled out from the barrack square.
He kissed his sister, went aloft,
Then waved a last good-bye,
O God, he died, I turned and cried
They have murdered Henry Joy.

Willie Nelson

The month of June, 1798, and the Battle of Antrim has been fought, and lost, by the brave United Irishmen under the leadership of Henry Joy McCracken. The dead and wounded alike have been collected, and removed in carts from the streets of the town to be shovelled into sand beds near the lake—some of them buried alive by the yeomen . . .

Some distance away in the townland of Ballycarry a young boy of 15 years—a prisoner of the Scottish yeomen from Carrickfergus—stands underneath a huge sycamore tree opposite his widowed mother's door. The hangman's noose in place around the boy's neck, whilst the other end of the rope is thrown over one of the tall branches of the tree and with a tug of the rope the boy is left dangling in the air, until his lifeless body no longer moves. He had faced this martyrdom courageously, and fearlessly, and he had refused to allow his eyes to be covered. The boy's name was Willie Nelson.

That widowed mother who pitifully witnessed her fair-haired boy's lifeless body dangling from the tree was a Belfast woman named Heffernan—born Winecellar Entry between High Street and Rosemary Street. She was a near neighbour of Henry Joy McCracken. She became a school teacher and taught at a place called Red Hall, near Ballycarry, Co. Antrim. Her husband, named Nelson, died and left her with a large family.

On the morning of June 7th, 1798, the word crept through to young Willie Nelson that the United men were marching on Antrim town. Immediately the boy mounted a horse and rode around the countryside relaying the good news and urging the men to rally to McCracken's side. After this he went off with a column of men to Antrim town. He came through the battle unscathed and he returned home again.

Soon he was informed upon and arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged.

After his death, two other brothers were arrested and transported. One of them died on the transport ship and the other escaped to America, where he became a famous architect.

Willie Nelson's mother was turned out of her home and she found refuge with a relative, but the ordeal and agony of losing her three sons proved too much for her and her mind became deranged. She lived to an old age, but to the day of her death she always had the fear that the yeomen were coming to arrest her also.

Rody McCorly

In a small farm house at Duneane, near Toomebridge, Rody McCorly was born and reared. Little is known of his early life except the few details which are recorded in the splendid stirring poem composed by Eithne Carbery, and also in a ballad written about him. In it we are told of this young hero, tall, straight, and manly, with links of golden ringlets that hung wavering o'er his broad shoulders. And how with "shining pike in hand" he led his men to battle for the cause of his country's liberty in Antrim Town and how "Through furious fight and heavy odds he bore a true man's part."

It is recorded that he was "one of the first to join the United Irishmen at Toome." In May, 1798, he attended a conference of United Irishmen at Castledawson to make final arrangements for the Rising.

The Toome contingent had captured Randalstown,, but on their way into Antrim, they were confronted with large numbers of enemy forces fleeing from Antrim town, which they mistook for re-inforcements, coming from Antrim. It was wrongly presumed that they had been victorious against McCracken and his men. The enemy, taking advantage of their hesitancy to attack them, soon regrouped into an attacking force and caused the United Irishmen to retreat.

McCorly was "on the run" for a long time after that, and was reported to have hidden in a safe farm house among Presbyterian friends in the parish of Drummaul, overlooking the main Randalstown-Ahoghill road, about three miles from Randalstown. There are two different reports as to the whereabouts of his arrest :

- (1) That he was arrested near Ahoghill by a detachment of Rasharkin Yeoman Infantry under the command of George Bristow.
- (2) That he was arrested in the following spring at Ballyscullion on the shores of Lough Beg, by Samuel Finneston, a local yeoman. In the ballad he is referred to as "Cruel Sam" who proved the overthrow of young Rody.

Tradition has it also that he was betrayed by two Catholics named McErlain and Duffin. Heavily loaded with chains, he was court-martialled at Ballymena and sentenced to death. From Ballymena he was marched to the Bridge of Toome, so that his relatives

and friends could witness his torture and death agonies. He was lodged in the barracks which was later to become the post office.

Francis Joseph Bigger in his book "Who fears to speak of '98?" describes the place of execution thus :—

"The scaffold was rudely constructed ; a large platform at the base of which the masked hangman stood to fix the rope. Beside the bridge parapet a stout post was sunk in the ground, and from it at the top was a bar at right angles, over which the rope was thrown. This post was so set in the ground that it could be swung round over the water with the hanging, struggling body as an added insult and indignity."

When he mounted the scaffold, Rody spoke a few words to the friends and neighbours who had gathered around in sympathy, words that were, "Proud, deep and defiant." His spiritual welfare was looked after by Father Hugh Devlin, who ministered to him to the last. Later his body was said to be disembowelled.

Whilst F. G. Bigger gives the date of his death as Good Friday, 1799, and this day is also mentioned in the ballad,

"Since it's upon Good Friday he'll executed be

Convenient to the Bridge of Toome upon a gallow tree"—yet, a letter which appeared in the "Belfast News-Letter" dated, Tuesday, March 4th, 1800, stated that "Rody McCorly was hanged on Friday last (February 28th or 29th) at Toomebridge, his body being dissected and buried beneath the gallows."

For over 50 years the body of Rody McCorly lay beneath the gallows tree. In 1852, it was decided that a new bridge would be erected in the place of the old one. The foreman in charge of the work happened to be a nephew of Rody McCorly, named Hugh McCorly, from Portglenone. Knowing where the body of his martyred uncle lay he carefully and religiously laid his plans to recover them, and on the 29th June his uncle's remains were unearthed intact, placed in a coffin, and with a funeral that was the greatest and largest seen around that area, his remains were re-interred in Duneane graveyard.

In 1909 F. J. Bigger was responsible for the erection of a tombstone over the grave with the following words cut on it:—

"Rody McCorly, who died on the Bridge of Toome, Good Friday, 1799."

On the 1st November, 1954—155 years after his death, a 15-foot Limestone Celtic cross on the spot where Rody McCorly was

hanged was unveiled to his memory.

It is also recorded that Rody McCorly's father was murdered by the yeomen before Rody's death, whilst his mother, having been deprived of her home and lands, wandered about the country depending on the charity and kindness of neighbours.

Rody McCorly

Ho, see the fleet-foot hosts of men who speed with faces wan,
From farmstead and from fisher's cot upon the banks of Bann.
They come with vengeance in their eyes—too late, too late are they,
For Rody McCorly goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh Ireland, Mother Ireland, you love them still the best,
The fearless brave who fighting fall upon your hapless breast;
But never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate on the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling and proud and young;
About the hemp-rope on his neck the golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in the blue, blue eyes, both glad and bright
are they—
As Rody MacCorly goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Ah, when he last stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart, earnest band,
"For Antrim town, for Antrim town," he led them to the fray—
And Rody MacCorly goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh, how his pike flashed in the sun, then found a foeman's heart,
Through furious fight and heavy odds, he bore a true man's part,
And many a red-coat hit the dust before his keen pike-play—
But Rody MacCorly goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Because he loved the Motherland, because he loved the Green,
He goes to meet the martyr's fate with proud and joyous mien.
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward way—
Young Rody MacCorly goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to-day.

EITHNE CARBERY.

Sam McAllister

Sam McAllister from County Antrim was one of Michael Dwyer's most trusted comrades. For a number of years after 1798 Michael Dwyer had harassed the British garrison from his native Wicklow hills. On one occasion in the late winter of 1798, Dwyer along with McAllister and two other comrades named John Savage and Pat Costello were tracked to Glen Imaal, Co. Wicklow, and surrounded in the cottage in which they were staying by a large force of soldiers.

They called upon Dwyer to surrender, but he asked them to allow the inhabitants of the cottage to leave, as they did not know he was going to stay there. The soldiers agreed, and afterwards a terrific battle took place, and the first of Dwyer's little band to fall wounded, was Sam McAllister.

The battle went on, and soon the roof was set ablaze—and with their ammunition almost spent, McAllister proposed that they place a musket in his hands, and that they lie upon the floor whilst he would open the door and stand before it. The soldiers would then pour their volleys into him and in the lull which followed they could dash out and escape. Very reluctantly, Dwyer agreed to the proposal. As the brave McAllister appeared before the open doorway the volleys poured into him and in the few seconds lull, Dwyer and his comrades made to escape but only Dwyer managed to burst through their ranks.

His three brave comrades fell riddled with bullets but for the next five years, Dwyer took a heavy toll of the British and avenged the heroic sacrifice of McAllister and his two comrades.

It is said that Dwyer loved McAllister best of all and that after his death he used to appear to him in dreams to warn him when danger was near.

Bartholomew Teeling

Between the North Quays in Dublin City and Collins Military Barracks, situated inside an iron railing, is a field with goal posts erected on it. And there beneath that brown earth lies the remains or dust of the brave United Irishmen who were slain in battle or murdered by merciless foes in 1798. This is known as "Croppies Acre" or "Croppies Hole," where cartloads of mutilated bodies

unknown and unrecognisable were dumped into the huge pit daily without prayer or ritual.

It is in this unconsecrated spot that the bodies of Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone are believed to have been buried.

Bartholomew Teeling was a native of Lisburn and was a member of the United Irishmen. Both he and Matthew Tone sailed from France with General Humbert's Expeditionary Force and on the 22nd August, 1798, they reached Killala which they soon occupied. Marching on to Castlebar they met and defeated a very strong force of English troops under General Lake, a battle of which William Rooney wrote in his "Men of the West" :—

"Killala was ours ere the midnight,
And high over Ballina Town
Our banners in triumph were waving
Before the next sun had gone down.
And we gathered to speed the good works, boys,
The true men anear and afar;
And history can tell how we routed
The Red-Coats through old Castlebar."

Both Teeling and Tone distinguished themselves in these battles. Eventually Humbert was soon surrounded by twenty times his numbers at Ballinamuck and he was forced to surrender. Teeling was Humbert's aide-de-camp.

General Humbert and his French Forces were treated as prisoners-of-war and exchanged. The Irish troops were massacred on the spot where Teeling and Matthew Tone were tried by court-martial in the Royal Barracks (now Collins Barracks), Dublin, on 20th September, 1798, and sentenced to be hanged. Teeling in the course of a written statement which was suppressed at that time, but which was preserved at the English State Paper Office, wrote :—

"Fellow citizens I have been compelled by a Military Tribunal to suffer what they call an ignominious death, but what appears from the number of its illustrious victims, to be glorious in the highest degree . . . If to have given my Country a place among the nations of the Earth was treason, then I am guilty indeed . . . Fellow citizens, I leave you with the heartfelt satisfaction of having kept my oath as an United Irishman, and also with the glorious prospect of the success of the Cause in which we have been engaged Persevere, my beloved countrymen, your cause is cause of Truth. It must and will ultimately triumph."

Both Teeling and Tone were hanged at Arbour Hill on 24th September, 1798.

North Antrim Men Who Died in 1798

(Seamus Clarke)

WILLIAM DUNLOP.

William Dunlop was taken to Coleraine, where he was tried and hanged on the big tree at Coleraine Church, having been deeply implicated in the movement of the United Irishmen. His friends obtained the body, and had it removed to the family burying ground in Derrykeighan, eight miles distant. Priestland lies between Coleraine and Bushmills. The headstone raised over him, which at one time was painted green, bears the Dunlop coat-of-arms and the inscription thereon reads—

MEMENTO MORI.

*To the memory of
William Dunlop
late of Priestland, who
departed this life the 11th of
June, 1798, aged 40 years.*

McILROY.

The visit of a man named McIlroy to Ballycastle so excited the suspicions of the military stationed there that they made him their prisoner. He was at once put upon trial, and condemned to be shot. The spot selected for the execution was near the church, and the time when the clock struck a certain hour. Strange to say, the clock did not strike at the hour appointed for carrying out the sentence, and was never known until a few years ago to strike again. McIlroy, however, was executed.

ALEXANDER GAMBLE.

Alexander Gamble, a soap-boiler by trade, resided in Church Street, Ballymoney. He had been to Ballymena on the occasion of the rising there. He was arrested when returning home. After being imprisoned for about a fortnight, he was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. He was informed that his case would be favourably considered—probably his sentence commuted—if he would consent to give evidence against other residents in the town and locality, some of whom occupied good social positions. The offer was a tempting one, but Gamble refused to be tempted. He had a wife and seven children. Some day he would have to die, he knew not how soon, but it would never be cast in the face of his children that their father betrayed others to save himself. He met his fate on the gallows erected near to the old town hall within sight of his own home. He was buried near the spot where he was martyred on June 25th, 1798.

In September 1883, during the making of excavations in connection with the near water supply of the town, the workmen came upon a coffin in a fair state of preservation, containing the remains of the executed United Irishman. The event excited great interest locally and great crowds gathered to witness the discovery. In a few hours a new coffin was procured by the patriot's three grandsons and the remains were conveyed to the old burying ground and there reinterred in the presence of a large concourse of people.

JAMES GRIFFEN.

James Griffen was present when the soldiers carried out a sentence of flogging on an old man named Esler, of Clough, near Ballymena. Esler was to receive fifty lashes. When he received thirty lashes he fainted. Griffen immediately threw off his coat and begged to be allowed to receive the remaining twenty lashes instead of the old man. He was at once arrested, conveyed to Ballymena, tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged.

In order to render the sentence as harrowing as possible he was compelled to follow his own coffin to Cullybackey—to which place he belonged—a distance of four miles, and there on the branch of a tree that stood near the Reformed Presbyterian meeting-house, and near to his own home, he was executed. His mother, his sweetheart and other relatives were witnesses of this harrowing event.

THOMAS ARCHER.

Thomas Archer was born in Castle Street, Ballymena, and in due time was apprenticed to the trade of a shoemaker. After serving his time he enlisted in the Antrim Militia, thus acquiring a training which served his purpose when he became an Insurgent leader. Archer was somewhat short in stature, strongly built and of a dark complexion. Archer took a leading part in the events that marked '98 in Ballymena.

The authorities had long kept a watchful eye on the man, but the difficulty was the getting of reliable information as to where he might be surprised. The information the authorities wanted came at last. It was supplied by the very man in whom Archer placed an absolute trust. Not only had O'Brien, in whose house he sheltered and in whose home he believed himself safe, supplied information, but he even rendered Archer's pistol ineffective by putting a nail in the touch-hole of it, thus preventing him, when overtaken by his pursuers, from selling his life, as he had determined, as dearly as possible. He surrendered when resistance was impossible, because of O'Brien's action, and was conveyed to Ballymena, tried by court-martial, found guilty of seditious practices and condemned to be hanged.

He met his fate with an unsubdued spirit and attempted to address the multitude. His body, after hanging for a sufficient length of time, was taken down and brought to a building in the

Castle demense and there disembowelled and hung in chains on the moat. The body was afterwards removed and buried surreptitiously, having been placed in a coffin, in the parish churchyard.

JOHN STOREY.

John Storey was a leader at the battle of Antrim, where he escaped death only to meet with a sadder fate at the hands of the authorities. After remaining in hiding for some time he was apprehended in a quarry at New Park, not far from Island Bawn, tried in Belfast on the 31st July by court-martial, condemned, and immediately afterwards executed at the market-house. His head was severed from his body and set up on the building along with those of Dickey of Crumlin, Byres, and afterwards that of Henry Joy McCracken. The Storeys belonged to Muckamore, where their burial ground is situated. It is not known if John Storey was buried there, but the monument over the family grave records that John "died for his country, 1798." This is not to lead one to infer that he does not rest with his kindred.

OTHERS HANGED.

Among those who suffered the punishment of death were Robert MacAfee, of Currysiskan, and William Kerr. These underwent the dread sentence in Coleraine. Two others named Bonniton (or Ballantyne) and Adams were hanged at Dungorbery Hill, Kilraughts, for their part in the insurrectionary movement.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

On the morning of the 7th June, 1798, as Henry Joy McCracken, on his march to Antrim Town, moved through Templepatrick, Dunadry and Muckamore, he was joined by various contingents from the neighbouring townlands.

From Killead came a party under the leadership of *Big William Campbell*. Campbell, after showing remarkable leadership and courage, was eventually killed in action in the Battle of Antrim.

GEORGE DICKSON.

From Crumlin too came a contingent under the leadership of George Dickson, who also took over the leadership of the men from Grange, Connor, Drummaul, and Duneane. He, too, displayed extraordinary soldierly qualities, fine leadership and remarkable courage. He was captured after the battle and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was immediately carried out.

THOMAS AND JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Approaching Ballymena Town from Broughshane, a party of United Irishmen, led by Thomas and James Montgomery, were met by a squad of Yeomen, escorting the Rev. William

McCleverty, a magistrate. His horse, however, took fright and unseated him. He was injured and captured. Later on, after the defeat at Antrim, Thomas and James Montgomery were arrested, courtmartialled and sentenced to death. Both were hanged on the 1st July, 1798.

JAMES DICKEY.

After the retreat from Antrim, James Dickey of Crumlin made his way to Ballymena in the hope of taking part in the fight there, but already the military and yeomen were pouring into the town, most of the insurgents had dispersed. James Dickey managed to escape arrest until 25th June, 1798. He was sentenced to death and hanged on that day.

Another to suffer the death penalty was JAMES TIMMONS, of Glenarm. He was charged with Insurgent activities at Bellair Hill on the other side of Glenarm. He was sentenced to death and hanged.

FRANK McKINLEY.

Near the crossroads on the road from Ballymoney to Derrock in the townland of Connagher, was situated a farm owned by a respectable Presbyterian family named McKinley.

In 1798 the house was burned down and the tenant, Frank McKinley, was hanged. He was a member of the United Irishmen and was alleged to have been informed upon by an intimate friend named Smith. He was taken to Coleraine, tried by court-martial and hanged. His wife obtained possession of the body and had it buried in the family burying ground at Derrykeighan.

He was married to Anna Hill, of Aternan, near Ballycastle, and at the time of his death had a family of two sons and five daughters.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States of America, was related to this great patriot martyr of '98 fame. There are two versions as to the actual relationship:—

(a) That the President was the grandson of Frank McKinley, but this is disproved by the fact that Frank McKinley's two sons were named John and Francis, whereas the President's father was named William. John McKinley, Frank's eldest son, did go to America after his father's death.

(b) The other version is: that Frank McKinley had an uncle who left Connagher for America from whom the President is descended.

Whichever version is the correct one, the fact remains that William McKinley, President of the United States, was related to the Presbyterian United Irishman who died for his country's cause of Independence.

William Harbinson

Many a soldier of the Irish Republic left his home for the prison cell, unsuspecting that it was to be his final rendezvous with death, and that in the silent, dismal, atmosphere of the Felon's cell, separated from home, and those who were nearest and dearest to him, death would keep its appointment with him.

And thus it was to be for William Harbinson, who became the first martyr of the Fenian movement in Ulster to sacrifice his life in the prison cell because of his love for, and service to the Cause of his Country.

William Harbinson, like many another young Irishman, was forced, due to economic stress and unemployment to join the Antrim Militia. His military efficiency and leadership qualities soon came to be recognised by his superiors, earned him promotion, and he reached the rank of Colour-Sergeant. He was stationed at the old infantry barracks in North Queen Street, known as Victoria Barracks, which have since been levelled to make way for the erection of flats.

Deep down in Harbinson's heart, however, the spark of patriotism and loyalty to the cause of his own land continued to simmer, and eventually he became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or the "Fenians," as they are commonly known, after the great Fiance of Fionn, which had existed as Ireland's standing army in Free Ireland. Usually in the North of Ireland the word "Fenian" is used by bigots to denote a particular religious denomination. This is both misleading and untrue—it has no connection whatever with any religious sect.

The British Army in Ireland was at this period honeycombed with members of the Fenian Brotherhood—many of whose members were sent into the Army for the purpose of recruiting for the movement. With the knowledge of weapons, etc., which he possessed, Harbinson became training instructor to the various Fenian circles, instructing them in the use of arms and military tactics.

The armoury at Victoria Barracks was the storehouse for over 1,000 rifles and a very large quantity of ammunition. Harbinson and his Fenian comrades had these at their command as soon as they were required for an Insurrection.

The hesitant tactics and refusal to give the word for action to thousands of men like Harbinson and his comrades was one of the mysteries connected with the leadership of the movement at that time, and left them open to harsh and prolonged criticism.

It is since recorded that a member of the movement—an Irish-American—is alleged to have passed on information to the British Government of the activities and personnel of the movement and, in a subsequent lightning round-up around Antrim and Down, Harbinson and many of his comrades were arrested and interned in Belfast Prison.

Whilst interned there, Harbinson, on the 9th September, 1867, at the early age of 44 years, died suddenly from a heart attack. He was buried in the ancient monastic grounds at Portmore, Ballinderry, Co. Antrim.

Thus William Harbinson—this fine patriot-soldier of Ireland—became Antrim's and Ulster's first martyr of the Fenian movement and as the epitaph on the monument erected on the Republican Plot, Milltown Cemetery, to his memory by his comrades, states :—

“The people loved him because he was true to Ireland.”

Daniel Darragh

“The cruel, plundering landlords
Laid waste the people's homes
While the surging, wild Atlantic
Was a grave for good men's bones.

—“Benmore”

Following the English manufactured famine years in the eighties of the last century, the “Crowbar Brigade” held sway throughout Ireland and many a peasant's home was laid waste at the behest of greedy, cruel landlords, with the armed protection of England's occupation forces in Ireland, and among those levelled cottages was the home of Daniel Darragh of Ballycastle.

On a day when the snow carpeted the green fields around Dan Darragh's little holding the “Crowbar Brigade” had completed their fell work ; and as this stout-hearted patriot stood amidst the wreckage of his levelled cottage he resolved that from henceforth

his entire service and life if necessary would be given to free his land and his people from these agents of British rule and occupation in Ireland.

When the call of Fenianism came, Dan Darragh became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Very soon, as that great North Antrim poet, John Clark ("Benmore"), tells us in his very fine poem, "Dan Darragh,"

" Led the patriot boys from Glenshesk to the sea.
A fearless man, a teacher, too,
He roamed the country o'er
Making ready for the gathering fight
And the deafening cannon's roar,
By Margie's moonlit, Sedgy banks
A thousand men were seen
There Darragh led that Patriot Band
And raised the Rebel Green."

After the failure of the Fenians to strike effectively, Dan Darragh became a much wanted and hunted man and many a tale has been told in the homes of the Glens of Antrim of the glorious deeds and fame of the hunted patriot.

Finally he was arrested in England and charged with treason. He was found guilty and given a life sentence. But the rigours and hardships he encountered during the years he spent "on the roa" had taken heavy toll of his health and sending him to spend years of his life in the gloomy, barbaric and sadistic atmosphere of prison environment was tantamount to passing the sentence of death upon him.

After a few years spent in prison, Dan Darragh died in Millbank Jail in June, 1870. The men of Ballycastle brought his body home for burial in Ballycastle Graveyard, where a Celtic Cross was erected to his memory, and as "Benmore" writes :—

" Down through the years Dan Darragh's name
Has passed from glen to glen,
While true men guard the honour
Of the fearless Fenian men.
A Celtic Cross stands o'er the grave
Of him who truly trod
The martyr's rough and rugged way
That leads to freedom and to God.

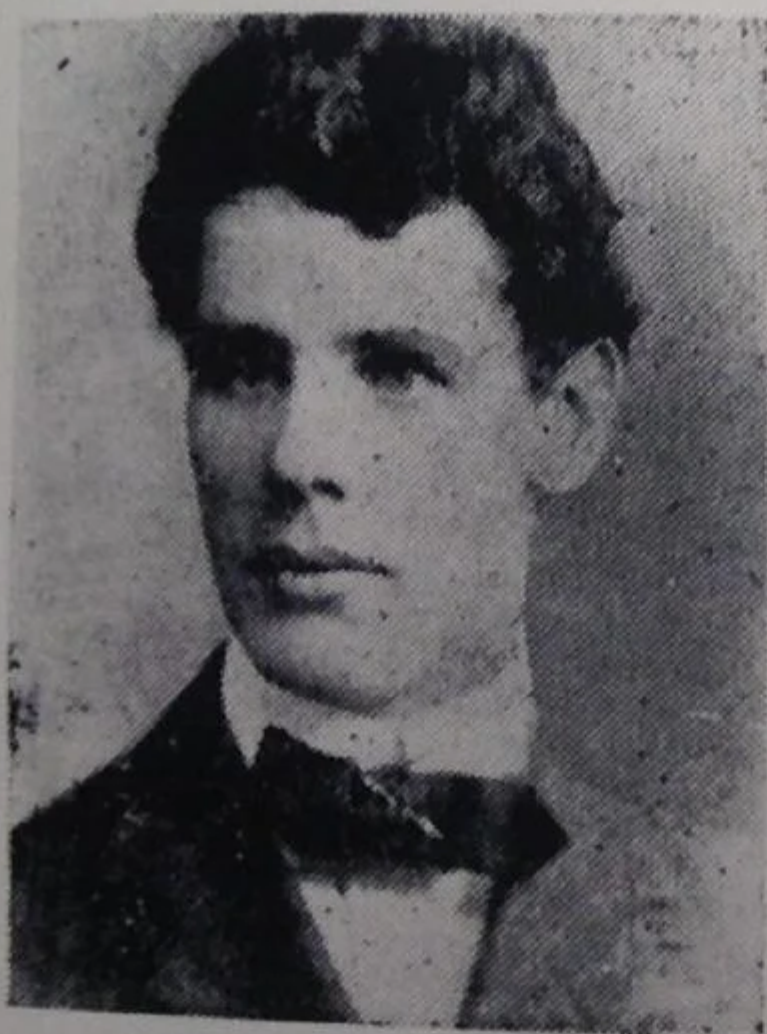
Belfast's first Martyr in 1916

Volunteer

Charlie Monaghan

On the night of Good Friday, 1916, three volunteers lost their lives on active service in Ireland's cause. They were the first of the new cycle of resurgents—the men of 1916, and one of them, Charlie Monaghan, was a Belfastman.

Charlie was born in Belfast's Ballymacarrett area, I believe, and was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Oxford Street.



Charlie Monaghan

When he reached the age of 20 years he went to Dublin and was employed as a wood-cutting machinist. He joined the G.A.A. and the Gaelic League and became an active worker in both organisations.

A fellow Volunteer spoke of him as follows: "He was then a splendid type of young man, genial and good-humoured, quick and athletic. How deeply he was interested in the Gaelic movement may be gauged from the fact that all our spare moments were devoted to the study of Fr. O'Growney's grammar, at which he had induced me to join him."

It was probably on account of his knowledge of mechanics and wireless that Charlie was selected to take part in the mission to Kerry. With him were Con Keating of Kerry, who was an expert on wireless installation; Donal Sheehan, West Limerick, and Tom McInerney, all of whom were in the one car driven by McInerney. There was also another car containing Denis Daly and Colm O'Lochlainn, Dublin.

Their object was to seize the wireless station on Valentia Island—in fact it was to be handed over to them—and from there they

were to signal an attack on the Scottish Coast by the Germans, thus diverting attention to clear the way for the landing of the German boat "The Aud" with a cargo of 2,000 rifles, ammunition and 10 machine-guns.

Donal Sheehan had worked at the War Office and knew the Admiralty Code. It was a daring coup, well-planned, and the men knew their jobs. Yet from the first they were dogged by misfortune.

The car which McInerney was driving was to keep the rear light of the first car in view as they did not know the way. They had a breakdown on the way and later a policeman held them up and became so inquisitive that Keating had to draw his revolver and order him off.

By this time they had lost the lights of the first car. They asked a little girl for the direction to Cahirciveen. She told them to take the first turn on the right—she meant the first road on the right. Not knowing the road the driver mistook the turn on the wide quay for the turn on the road and only realised his mistake when the two front wheels of the car went over the unprotected edge into the River Laune.

He yelled at the others and jumped out of the car but it is thought that while scrambling to get out the car overbalanced and all fell into the water. Probably Con Keating and Donal Sheehan were killed in falling, as their bodies were found in the car. Charlie Monaghan got out of the car and was most likely drowned. His body was found six months later, minus his head. The driver of the car was the only survivor.

Roger Casement

Although Roger Casement was born in Dublin, yet Antrim rightly claim him as her own, because it was around the Antrim Glens that he spent his boyhood years, and during his years abroad on Consular Service, it was to Antrim that he always came back at holiday periods; and Antrim people will never forget his last and dearest wish as he lay in the condemned cell in Pentonville Jail—a wish that sobbed from the heart of this Patriot Gael:—

"When they have done with me, do not leave my body in this dreadful place. Take me back to Murlough and let my bones lie there."

Murlough, in Ballycastle, where he spent many happy years in that lovely quiet spot he wishes to be and there a grave awaits him, and it is there he must be brought one day. It was this last

appealing wish of Casement's that led the late John Irvine to write these beautiful lines :—

Here in majestic Murlough let him lie
Beneath the Antrim earth, the Irish sky,
Among his kindred lay his ashes deep
That he may rest again, that he may sleep
Far from the high grim walls where he was slain
The cold and alien earth where he hath lain,
And gently lay him where he longed to be
In his own green hills, by his own grey sea.

Roger David Casement was born in Sandycove, Dublin, on the 1st September, 1864, of a Protestant father and a Catholic mother. Whilst a baby he was baptised in a Protestant Church in the Isle of Man, but four years later his mother took him to a Catholic Church in Rhyl, Wales, and had him baptised. Soon after this his mother died and he came to live with an uncle in Magherintemple, Co. Antrim, where he was educated and brought up a Protestant.

He entered the British Consular Service in 1887 and for twenty-two years most of his service was spent among the African natives in the Congo. His disclosures of the ill-treatment of the natives became worldwide news during those years. As Consul in Panama and Rio de Janeiro he shocked the world with reports of the barbarities, persecutions and sadistic ill-treatment of the natives. England, realising how the world had acclaimed his noble work, claimed his fame as her own and honoured him with a Knighthood.

Retiring from the Consular Service he came back to Ireland, weak and ill from his labours for the downtrodden black race. Very soon he realised almost the same problem existed on his own doorstep. He saw the ancient Irish nation, with all its rich culture, being slowly exterminated. He saw the working-class slaving and toiling for a mere pittance and with their families living in hovels worse than the mud huts of the Congo. He saw those same workers being batoned to death in the streets by the same tyrants at the behest of unscrupulous employers and slave drivers because they had dared to relieve themselves from such slave working conditions and by asserting their rights to organise in trade unions.

He realised that the only remedy for it all was complete separation from England as asserted by Wolfe Tone, viz. : "To break the connection with England, the never failing source of all our evils." Hence he joined the Irish Volunteers in 1913 and became a member of the Provisional Committee. He drafted their first manifesto in which he pointed out that :—

"No country ever got freedom as a gift from a robber : they

took it as a right with their manhood; nor did freedom ever come to a people who shrink from shedding their blood for it. It is only by dying that Ireland can live."

On February 1st, 1915, he returned to the English Government the Knighthood which she had conferred on him in 1911. He was one of those who made the arrangements for the buying and landing of the arms at Howth in July, 1914. Afterwards he went to America to raise funds for the Volunteers and when World War I broke out he went to Germany, and in November, 1914, he secured a declaration of Amity to Ireland from the German Government, and in December, 1914, he also negotiated an agreement with the German Government for German help to liberate Ireland and for the raising of an Irish Brigade among the Irish prisoners of war in Germany.

On April 9th, 1916, the help which Germany promised Casement in the liberation of the Irish nation left Germany in the form of an arms ship with a cargo of 20,000 rifles, 10 machine-guns, ammunition and explosives. The ship was named the "Aud" and it was to land at Fenit, Tralee, Co. Kerry, between the 20th and 23rd April, 1916.

After the ship had left word came from the Military Council in Dublin to Germany that the arms must not be landed **before** Easter Sunday night, 23rd April, 1916. But as the "Aud" carried no wireless it was impossible to notify her of the change.

Despite the fact that Casement had been requested by the Military Council in Dublin to remain in Germany in a representative capacity, he left Berlin on Good Friday, 21st April. He, along with two comrades, Monteith and Bailey, came ashore at Banna Strand, North of Fenit.

He came because he believed that the Rising planned for Easter Sunday would fail because of the meagre help both in manpower and war material given by Germany and he was intent on advising the leaders to postpone the Rising **but he was prepared to go the whole way with them** if they turned down his suggestion.

Due to the conflicting times given for the arrival of the arms ship there was no one there to meet it and, of course, no one there to meet Casement either.

He was arrested before he reached Banna Strand but not recognised. Later, however, Bailey was arrested at Ballymaguinn and he gave whatever information he had to the police.

Casement was taken to Dublin under a heavy escort on his way to the Tower of London. On June 26th—29th he was tried on a charge of high treason and sentenced to death, and on the 3rd

August, 1916, he was hanged in Pentonville Jail.

During his trial they persisted in branding him as a traitor and an Englishman and his reply to them was :

"I am neither an Englishman nor a traitor. I am an Irishman—captured in a fair attempt to achieve the Independence of my Country. I am not trying to shirk the British scaffold : it is the altar on which Irish Saints have been cononised for centuries."

England, not content with the murder of Casement, tried also to dishonour and besmirch him with their Saxon filth ; they forged his diaries and accused him of immorality, with a view to appeasing Irish-American protests against the death sentence, which was already jeopardising American entry into the Great War as Britain's ally. But the world—the free unprejudiced world—knew and still believes that Casement's life and character **were** stainless, honourable and beyond reproach.

Forty-five years after his death, one of those who played a prominent part on behalf of the British Government in the defamation and slandering of Casement, viz., Mr. Alfred Noyes, who was also one of England's most unscrupulous propagandists in the United States, wrote a book and a play retracting all that he had propagated about Casement. He mentioned how those dirty forged documents had been given to him to disseminate in his propaganda work and how he had believed them to be genuine, only to find out later that they were disgraceful libels.

On February 23rd, 1965, Roger Casement's remains were returned to Ireland and re-interred in Glasnevin Cemetery.

The late Dr. Herbert Mackey, who played such a prominent part in the campaign for the return of both Casement's remains and the diaries to Ireland, revealed to the newspapers of the 10th May, 1966, that in March, 1965, after the return to Ireland of Casement's remains, pressure was brought upon him by Mr. De Valera and Mr. Frank Aiken to discourage him from probing any further into the background of the forged diaries.

After a luncheon with Mr. De Valera they both called him aside and told him that the Twenty-six County Government would give him no support and that if he got into any trouble over the diaries he would have to get himself out of it.

It seems very evident now that there were conditions attached to the handing over by the British Government of Casement's remains—viz.:

1. That they must not be re-interred at Murlough or any part of the Six Counties.

2. That the campaign for the return of the diaries must cease.
However, the Irish people must demand not only the return of Casement's diaries to Ireland and a full investigation into them, but also the fulfilment of Casement's last wish—

"Take me back to Murlough and let my bones lie there."

Before his death Casement was received into the Catholic Church and after his death one of the prison chaplains said of him—

"He was a Saint. We should be praying to him rather than for him."

Whilst the priest who accompanied him to the scaffold wrote:—

"He marched to the scaffold with the dignity of a prince and towered straight as an arrow over all of us there. He feared not death and prayed with me to the last. I have no doubt he has gone to heaven."

Roger D. Casement

(A Soul's Longing)

Where Moyle's blue sea is breaking
In white and snowy foam,
There's a voice keeps sadly calling
"Mother Eire, bring me home."

Off he sat in pensive wonder
Near a grave in lone Cross Scrin,
Looking there at the wild waves rolling
And the Valley verdant green.

Ah ! his love for thee was boundless—
How his bosom oft was thrilled
When he pondered o'er the doings
Of the hero heart now stilled.

'Tis many a mile to Dublin town
From Castle Canach's plain,
And the sacred mound, Glenmona,
Where O'Neill was foully slain.

In the graves around Glenmona
Where the songbirds piped a lay,
Wrapt in silent, lonely reverie
He brooded o'er that day.

Day of deathless woe and sorrow
'Mong the children of the Gael,
Mighty grief and anguish bitter
From Glenmona to the Pale.

And the glories of Blackwater
Benburb and the Yellow Ford
Stirred within him golden memories
For the soldiers of the sword.

"Oh the loneliness of Pentonville
When my thoughts speed far away
To the hills and glens of Antrim
And thy beauties, Murlough Bay.

"Bring me back to homely Eire,
Lay me gently on her breast,
Where the wild waves break and murmur
Round the 'Island of the Blest.'

"There to sleep beside the waters
O'er which sailed O'Donnell Roe
And the gallant sons of Shane the Proud
In the chivalrous long ago.

"Bring me back agraadh, Alanna,
To where Sean an Diomas lies,
Let our dust together mingle
'Neath old Ireland's kindly skies."

"Benmore," 1923.

Eamonn (Ned) Trodden

Eamonn (Ned) Trodden was born in the Old Lodge Road area of Belfast in the year 1897. He was educated at the Irish Christian Brothers School, Belfast. He took up the trade of Hair-dressing and opened his own shop at 68 Falls Road, where his son Michael still lives.

He was interested in Amateur Theatricals and he played "Robert Emmet" in the drama of the name. He was also a founda-

tion member of the Peter O'Neill Crowley G.A.C., and many were the papers which he read to the members of this club on Ireland, and her historical struggle for independence.

He joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood early in life, and at the inception of the Irish volunteers in 1913 he at once became a member. When the split in the volunteers came as a result of Redmond's British Army recruiting speech, he remained loyal to Tom Clark and Sean McDermott. In 1919 when the Volunteers officially became the Army of the Irish Republic, he was still an active member. For years the I.R.B. used to meet at his home, 68 Falls Road, on Tuesday nights.

He also played a very prominent part in the 1918 election, when De Valera, standing then as an ABSTENTIONIST, was defeated by Joe Devlin, who preferred to attend Westminster and take an oath of allegiance to England's king, rather than to give his allegiance to Dail Eireann, the first Government of the Irish Republic. "Big Ned," as he was affectionately known by all his friends, was also Secretary of Cumann Sean Mac Diarmada, of Sinn Fein, one of the biggest in Belfast.

Curfew had been imposed in Belfast during the months of August and early September, 1920, but was lifted again in early September. On Saturday, 18th September, 1920, a squad of volunteers kept watch at Ned Trodden's house as it was feared that something was about to happen. However, everything passed off quietly.

Early on the night of Saturday, 25th September, 1920, two policemen were shot dead at Broadway. "Big Ned" and his son, Eddie, Junior, were working in the shop up to eleven o'clock. After finishing his last customer he sat on the window-sill outside enjoying a smoke. At 11.45 p.m. he decided to retire to bed, but young Eddie passed these prophetic remarks to him, "What is the use of us going in, to be murdered in our beds."

At 2.30 a.m. the Trodden household, consisting of the father, his sister, and his three sons, Eddie, Charlie and Michael, were awakened by heavy knocking on the door. The father, from an upstairs window, asked who was there, and received the reply, "Military to raid." Young Eddie ran down the stairs to open the door, and when he opened it, he saw four men with blackened faces, carrying rifles. They said to him, "Are you Trodden?" His reply was to try and close the door, but one of them jammed his rifle in the door. Eddie ran back to the kitchen and thence up the stairs.

Two of the four fired at him, one through the window, the bullet breaking a mirror at the back of the shop, the other going through the shop door, kitchen door, and window into the yard.

They came into the house and tried to follow Eddie upstairs, but he lifted a chair and threw it down on them. He was on the point of throwing a jug and basin on top of them when stopped by his aunt, who told him that this was only a raid ; but Eddie was under no illusion as to their real intentions.

The raiders cut the clothes lines on which there was clothes and poured petrol over them and all over the kitchen. They shouted "Come down Trodden or we'll burn you out!" After a period of such wrecking and threats they ventured up the stairs. The aunt tried to block the way into the front room, but was roughly thrown into the back room.

Michael, the baby of the family, then saw three of the raiders come out of the front room, his father between them with his arms screwed up around his back. Afterwards it was found out that his arms were each broken in two places. He was taken downstairs and shots rang out. After waiting for a few moments, the Aunt and Charlie went down into the kitchen. They found the father lying in the yard brutally murdered.

His body was taken to the Mater Hospital and his remains were brought home on Monday. His funeral on Tuesday to Milltown Cemetery was one of the largest seen in Belfast. A monument was erected over his grave by the National Graves Association.

On the same night two other men, viz., Sean McFadden and Vol. Sean Gaynor were also murdered in their homes, at Springfield Road, Belfast.

Vol. Sean Gaynor, I.R.A.

In the early hours of Saturday morning, 26th September, 1920, Sean Gaynor's father and mother got out of bed to admit, as they thought, a raiding party of armed police, seeking their other son,

Liam, a very active volunteer officer since before 1916. Both

parents were forced into the cold kitchen, where they remained seated in their night attire with a police guard. Liam had that day gone to Dublin on Army business.

As Sean, a younger brother, was coming down the top flight of stairs, the police were ascending the bottom flight in the dark. As they met the figure in white on the first landing they opened fire and Sean fell badly wounded, shot through the stomach. Sean in his agony called for a drink of water, and the reply of his murderers was to place a gun to his head and fire again. The bullet, passing through his head, went through the floor into the kitchen and out through the window.

When the murderers left, Sean's mother rushed upstairs to see what had happened. She found him lying dead. Filled with intense emotion and fury at the murder of her son, she dressed and walked alone to Springfield Road Barracks, where she accused them of murdering her son. When she died thirteen years later, it was found that she had secretly treasured, stitched in oil cloth, a tiny piece of her son's smashed skull. Both Sean and his mother are buried in Milltown Cemetery, where a memorial over the grave has been erected by the National Graves' Association.

Thousands of people were present at the funeral, and the Belfast Brigade of the I.R.A. under Sean O'Neill and Joe McKelvey marched behind the hearse. Armoured cars accompanied the funeral and the British officer in charge of the leading car threateningly turned his machine-gun on Sean's father and two brothers and said he would fire if the Tricolour was not removed from the coffin. Liam Gaynor answered that it would not be removed, and so it remained on the coffin.

Sean Gaynor was 24 years of age when he was murdered. He was the youngest of a family of four born in Newtownards, Co. Down, who came to live at 236 Springfield Road, Belfast. Sean was 6ft. 2in. in height, was of a jolly disposition and very witty. He was a plumber by trade and also worked as a cinema operator for a period. He joined "B" Company 1st Batt. Belfast Brigade in 1918 and was an active member up to the night of his death.

He was also an excellent hurler, and was a member of O'Connell's G.A.C., who presented him with a cup they had won outright. Some time ago this cup was handed over by his brother, Liam, to the National Graves Association, who on his behalf presented it to the Belfast Schools League for competition in the Hurling Section in commemoration of his martyred brother. Sean was also identified with all other Irish-Ireland activities.

Sean O'Carroll

Sean O'Carroll was a native of Celbride, Co. Kildare. At a very early age he came to live in Gibson Street, Belfast. After leaving school he worked as a machinist in Coome Barbour's. He played a very prominent part in organising the Volunteers in Belfast and he became O/C "D" Company, Belfast Battalion. He was also a

fluent Gaelic speaker and he went to Ardee, Co. Louth, to teach Gaelic.

On the night of 30th November, 1920, he was taken from the house where he was residing in Castle Street, Ardee, by Black and Tans. They told his landlady, a Mrs. Lynch, to bring down tea to him later at the Barracks. Sometime later shots were heard and O'Carroll's body was found riddled in a laneway which leads down to the station.



Sean O'Carroll.

Another Volunteer named Patsy Tierney, from Ardee, was murdered on the same night.

Sean O'Carroll was 25 years old at the time of his death. His Belfast comrades brought his body home to Belfast for burial in Milltown Cemetery, where a monument was erected over his grave by the National Graves Association.

The laneway where he was found murdered was renamed Sean O'Carroll Street, and at the place of his death a plaque was erected which reads:—

*Pray for the soul of
Captain Sean O Cearbhaill, I.R.A.
Murdered by British Forces, 30th November, 1920
Go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam*

The Duffin Brothers

The year 1921 saw Belfast a raging inferno, where sectarian strife was at its worst, and men hated and killed each other because they happened to worship at different altars. At the same time war between the Army of the Irish Republic and England's occupation forces in Ireland was at its fiercest, and every day brought news of ambushes, raids, arrests, burnings, torture and executions. The soldiers of Ireland were maintaining and defending the infant Irish Republic, which had been ratified by the votes of 80 per cent. of the people of All-Ireland, and shedding their blood nobly in the old cause of the Gael.

On the evening of Saturday, 23rd April, 1921, two members of the British forces in Ireland, known as Auxiliaries, were shot dead in the centre of Belfast by an active service unit of the I.R.A. Such happenings were always followed by reprisals, and as curfew had been in force at the time, such reprisals generally were effected during curfew hours. The only people allowed to be abroad during those hours were armed police, Specials, military, and a few civilians with special permits. During the silence and darkness of curfew hours the homes of Republicans were visited by the murder-gangs.

On the particular night of 23rd April, 1921, the home of 64 Clonard Gardens, Belfast, was chosen. This house had been raided on several occasions but



Daniel Duffin

under military or semi-military supervision. In this home lived the Duffin family, father and five sons. At 11.45 p.m. the door was knocked and ordered to be opened. Four of the family had gone to bed and the remaining two, Dan and Pat, were attending to some housework in the kitchen.

John, who was not asleep at the time, told the two brothers below, in answer to a question from them, that he thought this was a police raid, and that they might safely open the door.

In the meantime John

himself dressed hastily and came towards the stairway. When half-way down he heard talk in the kitchen and paused to hear what was being said. Instantly he heard shots of a muffled sort (seemingly silencers had been used) followed by a rush of the intruders through the front door.

On reaching the kitchen, John found his brothers lying on the floor bleeding copiously from bullet wounds. He was naturally horrified. He knelt beside his dying brothers and prayed in a wild way until they died. He laid them side by side on the floor and closed their eyes. He then wakened his father and two younger brothers, none of whom had heard anything.

Next morning, Sunday, a D.I. from Springfield Road Barracks, arrived with a force of police. He ordered the police to remove the bodies of the murdered brothers. In the kitchen at the time was James McKee, R.I.P., a member of Dan's Company. John Duffin knew by James McKee's mood what would happen if the police touched the dead, so he told Ferris there would probably be other dead bodies on the floor if the police touched those already

there. Ferris forgot his order, but he took away with him a little dog that had been left behind by the murderers. This dog was in the kitchen from the time of the murders until the next morning and was in a wild state of terror.

Dan and Pat were both buried in Glenravel where, thanks to the late Pat McCormack of Glendun R.I.P., a memorial stone was erected by the National Graves Association.

What type of young men were the Duffin brothers? Let us answer in the words of the late Cardinal MacRory, who was at

that time Bishop of Down and Connor. On looking at the two brothers lying side by side in martyrdom he said to the father: "You should be a proud man to have reared such splendid specimens of Irish manhood."

Both spiritually and nationally they were the real prototype of sincere Irish manhood.



Patrick Duffin

Dan in his early twenties was a very active and energetic member of "B" Company of the 3rd Northern Division of the I.R.A., holding the rank of 1st Lieutenant. He was a personal friend and comrade-in-arms of Joe McKelvey. He was an excellent playing member of the O'Donovan Rossa G.A.C. and was prominent in all Irish-Ireland activities.

Pat was a school teacher and although not a member of the I.R.A.—yet he was heart and soul with them in the struggle. He used to say how he would have loved to have been a member, but he had an inward fear that he might fail his comrades in some great operation. He took an active part in all other Irish-Ireland activities and possessing a beautiful tenor voice he was always in great demand at Ceilidhte.

On the night before his death, he was at a Ceilidhe in Lurgan, and coming home on the first train in the morning he had persistently refused food during the night as he wished to partake of Holy Communion in the morning—which he did in St. Peter's Chapel at 10 o'clock Mass.

Such was the type of man who loved and served Ireland and died for her, with lives that were beautiful, sincere, honest, humble and patriotic, lives upon which the youth of today should model their own.

Sect.-Comm.

Sean McCartney, I.R.A.

In the early part of the month of May, 1921, a flying column, comprising about 12 Volunteers, from the 1st Belfast Battalion I.R.A. was formed and sent to Co. Cavan on active service operations in that area. All were armed with rifles of various types, with an average of 40 rounds of ammunition per man.

On arrival, the men set up their headquarters in an old disused house on the Lappinduff Mountain. They had only been there two nights when, on the 8th May, 1921, they were surprised by a mixed party of between 300 and 400 British military and Auxiliaries. The column immediately took up position outside, and engaged the on-



Sean McCartney

coming military, but the odds were overwhelmingly against them, both in men and material, and after fighting to their last round of ammunition, they were compelled to surrender.

Seven of the column were captured, and sentenced to death by British courtmartial, but were saved later by the Truce which came into operation on the 11th July, 1921. Four others managed to escape through the military cordon, making their way into Leitrim, where they continued their activities. The twelfth man, Sean McCartney, was killed during the engagement.

Sean McCartney was born in Norfolk Street, Belfast, and as a young man of 17 or 18 he joined the British Army on the British propaganda advice of John Redmond and Joe Devlin to fight for the "Freedom of small nations" during the first World War, 1914-1918.

In that war he was wounded in the hand, and he suffered a disability with his hand ever afterwards.

After his discharge from the British Army, he realised where his true allegiance lay and he became a member of "D" Coy. 1st Belfast Battalion, I.R.A. It is said that on admission into the I.R.A. he burned his British Army pension papers.

Soon his prowess and courage as a soldier were recognised, and he was accepted for active service with the flying column. His comrades all describe him as a fine outstanding type of Volunteer, and though possessing a devil-may-care attitude, yet he was easily amenable to discipline. That same dauntless spirit and courage remained with him to the last, until at the age of 21 years an enemy bullet sent him to meet his comrades-in-arms in the struggle for Ireland's independence and to number him among that noble band of Ireland's martyred patriots.

A monument was erected to him on the spot where he was killed on the Lappinduff Mountain, Co. Cavan. His remains were buried in the Republican Plot, Milltown Cemetery, Belfast, where a plaque also rests which was erected to his memory by his old comrades.

An Bearna Bhaoghail

Le Seosamh Mac Oirc.

Leis na bliantai anuas, is iomdha leabhar, dan, agus amhran, a scriobhadh agus a canadh fa stair na h-Eireann, agus adhbhar bhroin agus bhroid an leaghthoireacht. Ta cuid de'n stair seo, nac bhfuil le leigheadh i leabhar. Is e an cuid ata i gcuimhne na sean-daoine, agus 'Se an cuid is suimeamhla.

Thainig se dobhta o glun go glun. 'Siad na scealtai a h-innseadh do'n Aois Og agus iad 'na suidhe le cois teinidh, oidhche gheimhridh agus an ghaoth ag seideadh thart fa'n tigh. Scealtai beo, brioghmhar iad, agus tchitear duinn anois go rabh na h-eachtraí sin 'gha ndeanamh agus le feicheail comh soileir intinne againn go rabhamar fein rannphairt each ionnta.

Thiochfadh fearg ar Glor an tsean-duine, agus e ag innse fa'n ampla, agus an saoghal marphtach, suarach, a d'fulaing siad faoi smacht ag na nGall.

Thiochfadh brod air nuair a smaoineachadh se ar na h-iodhbairti a rinne na h-Eireannaigh idir Fir agus Mna, a chuaidh 'un Phairc an Chata.

Thug siad a rabh le tabhairt aca, le reim na n'Gall a briseadh, annsin thiochfadh tocht 'na ghlór aige agus e ag innse fa na daoine a chuireadh 'un bhais ar Phairc an Air no ar an chroich.

Ta na scealtai sin le chluinsint i ngach aon chonndae i nEirinn. Aindeoin nar scriobhadh moran fa'n Conndae Aondroma, ta cuspoiri Saoirse na Tire i gcroidhthibh na ndaoine ann, comh maith le conndae ar bith eile agus badh mhaith an rud e, da gcuireadh leabhar i n-eagar, so doigh go mbeadh an t-aois og eolach ar na h-iodhbairti a rinne a gcuid maithreach agus aithreach, le cuspoiri naisiuntach na h-Eireann a cosnadh. Bheadh siad eolach ar comh cruaidh agus bhi an saoghal na blaintai o shoin, nuair a leighfeadh siad fa na rudai uathbhasacha a tharla ann—na dunmharbhadh a rinneadh ag na Peas—na dubhcronnaigh—na Peas Speisealta, na forsai uilig do cuid na Sasana.

An t-am a chuireadh an ruaigh ortha as na muilte agus na monarchain—nuair a chuireadh na tighe 'sna cul-sraideannaí le teinidh, agus dibreadh amach as a gcuid tigh-comhnuidhe iad. Seo mar bhi se nuair a rinne Sasan a seacht dithcheall de deireadh a chur leis na daoine agus an Naisiuntacht.

Beidh fios ag na Aois Og comh cruaidh agus bhi na daoine ann, 'sna leabhar beag seo, agus is maith an rud e gur chuireadh i n-eagar e. Leighfidh siad fa na fir agus na mna calma de cuid an chonndae agus Beilleirsde a chuaidh 'un catha leis na forsai seo.

Fuair cuid aca bas ar Phaire an Air. Rinneadh dunmharbhadh ar cuid eile aca I gceart lae na h-oidhche 'na dtighthe fein, nuair nac rabh se ceadmhach ag duine a bheith ar na sraideannai, agus d'eag cuid eile aca i bprisun faoi glas ag sasan.

Go deimhin, Rinne siad a sciar fein de'n obair agus sheas siad go calma sa Bhearna Bhaoghaill.

Alex McBride

In the quiet suburban district at 28 Cardigan Drive, Cliftonville, Belfast, lived 32-year-old Alex McBride with his wife and four-months-old baby. McBride, who was a native of Carey, had also a public-house at Church Street, off North Street. At about one o'clock on Sunday morning, 12th June, 1921, he was awakened by a knock at his door. Opening his bedroom window he asked who was there. The reply was: "Police, open the door."

Coming down in his night attire he was told to dress. Pulling on trousers and boots, he was roughly seized by the raiders and told to come with them. He asked to be allowed to kiss the baby, and at the same time he made to approach the bed where it was lying, but the raiders dragged him away. His wife rushed between them but she was thrown back and he was taken out and placed in the lorry.

Some hours later, his mangled, maltreated, bullet-riddled body was found on an estate near the Ligoniel end of Ballysillan Road. He had four bullets in the head and three in the chest.

On the same morning two other Belfast men, Malachy Halfpenny, a postman and ex-British soldier, 22 years old, of 21 Herbert Street, Ardoyne, and Willie Kerr, a 26-year-old hairdresser, 47 Old Lodge Road, were taken from their beds and their bullet-riddled bodies, bearing the marks of abuse and torture, were found. Halfpenny's near where McBride's remains were found, and Kerr's at the top of Dan O'Neill's Loanin, off the Springfield Road.

Later that night after curfew, lorries of Specials descended on the Dock Street area of Belfast, where heavy fighting had taken place during the day, and breaking into the homes of Patrick Milligan, Patrick Mallon and Joseph Millar, all of whom lived in Dock Lane, they murdered all three.

Of the six men murdered, only one, Alex McBride, was a member of the Republican Movement, being a member of Sinn Fein. He is buried in Culfeightrim Graveyard, where a Celtic Cross has been erected to his memory by the National Graves Association and on which it states that he was murdered by Crown forces. It also bears the inscription :—

“Greater love than this no man hath, that he should lay down his life for his friends.”

Pat McCarry

BALLYCASTLE

In the early hours of Sunday morning, 17th July, 1921, Pat McCarry, a well-known and an extensive farmer, who was also a Sinn Fein member of Ballycastle Rural District Council, was brought to the police barracks by an R.I.C. man named Barry, who was not in uniform at the time.

When they reached the barracks, the door was locked and the policeman tapped at the window. The door was opened by a Special Constable who was on guard duty at the time. According to the statement made by this Special later, he stated that he failed to recognise the two men and, thinking it was a trap, he fired at them. McCarry was seriously wounded through the lung. He was removed to a house next door, where a doctor and priest attended to him. He died later that night.

Pat McCarry was over 40 years old at the time and he was to have been married in a few weeks time. He was at one time a Justice of the Peace, but he resigned this position, and at the general election in 1918 he unsuccessfully contested North Antrim in the interests of Sinn Fein.

He is buried in Culfeightrim Cemetery close beside his cousin, Alex. McBride, who was murdered in Belfast a month previously on the 12th June, 1921.

Dalriada mourns a people's loss,
A man to Ireland true.
A pillar strong in her dearest hour,
When hope rose fresh anew.
And we draped his bier in Eire's flag
And marched in the funeral throng,
While the hills re-echoed the marching tread
To the notes of the wild bird's song.

“BENMORE.”

Vol. Seamus Ledlie

On Saturday, 9th July, 1921, representatives of the Irish Republican Army and representatives of the British Occupation Forces in Ireland met in the Mansion House, Dublin, to put their signatures to a joint document agreeing to a Truce in hostilities between the two forces, pending the outcome of a suggested conference between Governments of both countries on Ireland's legitimate right to Unity and Freedom. The truce was to take effect from noon on Monday, 11th July, 1921.

The people were naturally jubilant, with peace and victory in sight, and the return to their homes of menfolk who had been "on the run" or in the prisons for years, and around blazing bonfires they gave vent to their feeling of happiness as they danced and sang their national songs.

But as the Black and Tan terror eased and finally ceased at noon on Monday in the Southern part of the country, the entire murder and terror machine seemed to concentrate in the North, and especially in Belfast. From Saturday evening to Monday, the Truce in Belfast was celebrated by a reign of terror in the Nationalist-populated areas, in which ten people were shot dead, hundreds wounded, whole streets of houses burned to the ground. As one newspaper wrote at the time :

"As the people of Ireland stood beside their blazing tar-barrels in joy, the minority in the Six Counties stood beside their blazing back street homes in terror."

In the Norfolk Street-Cupar Street area of Belfast, the shooting and burnings had continued from Saturday to Monday and I.R.A. units had the difficult task of preventing provocative action from the Nationalist areas, and at the same time defending them from the attacks of the Orange mobs and the partisan force of Specials.

Early that Monday morning Seamus Ledlie of Plevna Street, Belfast, a volunteer attached to C Coy, 1st Battalion, was on out-post duty around the top of Norfolk Street. Word came to a Volunteer officer that a man was lying wounded in one of the burnt-out houses at the top of the street. This officer, making his way up to the house, found a man lying on his back with his feet protruding from the scullery. He was holding a crucifix in his hands.

They pulled him out and, according to the blood on the floor, he had bled very profusely. They carried him down the street, but had great difficulty in doing so. They then took a door from one of the wrecked houses and, placing him on it, they carried him away from the danger zone.

It was only then that they recognised him as Volunteer Seamus

Ledlie, 18 years old. He had apparently bled to death, having lain there for some hours before he was finally discovered.

He is buried in Milltown Cemetery, where no stone as yet marks his last resting place.

Vol. Fred Fox

Fred (Freddie) Fox was born in Lisburn, and came to reside at 92 Durham Street, Belfast, where he became a member of B Coy, 1st Battalion, I.R.A. On August 6th, 1921, along with a comrade named Frank Crummey, of Raglan Street, he was sent out to shadow a police official, who was suspected of being a member of the "murder gang" which operated during curfew hours.

A policeman came on them unexpectedly, and in the course of some shooting, Fox was seriously wounded and the policeman was wounded in the leg. Crummey managed to escape but was arrested later.

Under a heavy police guard, Fox was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where he died nine days later on the 15th August, 1921.

He was buried in Milltown Cemetery, Belfast. Freddie Fox was a playing member of the O'Donovan Rossa G.A.C. and had great qualities as a hurler and footballer, besides being an all-round athlete and an ardent Gael.

Vol. M. McAstocker

Died September, 1921.

The years 1920-22 saw the Belfast Pogrom at its worst. Playing England's game of divide and conquer, political leaders and quislings kept fanning the flames of religious hatred and sectarianism among their eager followers. Blood flowed freely as a result, and men, women and children were shot down in cold blood because they had chosen to worship at different altars.

The Irish Republican Army strove to heal this wound of bigotry and to point out to all sects whom the common enemy was—strove as Wolfe Tone did to unite all sects under the common name of Irishmen in the struggle against that common enemy—the invader of their land—but such bigotry could not be uprooted so easily and often they would find themselves drawn into this senseless and unwanted conflict mainly in defence of the area in which their units existed.



Scene at Graveside of Murtagh McAstocker.

In doing so, such volunteers became the target of the pogromists' bullets. It was thus, that one young volunteer in the Ballymacarrett area met his death.

Volunteer Murtagh McAstocker was a quiet unassuming young man of 21 years who had been a member of "B" Company, 2nd Battalion, shortly after it had been formed in Ballymacarrett in 1920, and he had taken an active part in the defence of his area against the Orange pogromists.

On Saturday evening, 24th September, 1921, he was sent along with his Section-Leader to investigate some family quarrel about Young's Row. After completing their investigation they went towards Newtownards Road. At the corner of Clonallon Street—a loyalist area—they noticed a group of men standing. Suddenly a shot was fired by one of the group and the bullet passed right through McAstocker's body. After receiving the last rites of the Church he was rushed off to hospital, but he died just as the ambulance was passing the City Hall.

From his home in Moira Street on Tuesday, 27th September, 1921, his funeral took place to Milltown Cemetery, Belfast. It was one of the largest funerals to come out of that district during those troubled years. Volunteers from his own Company and from "C" Company, from the Market area, marched behind the hearse and also a vast throng of people from other areas. The British Military with armoured cars zig-zagged to and fro through the ranks trying to break up the formation of the Volunteers, but the men always re-formed and kept marching on until the armoured cars desisted in their efforts.

When passing through the centre of the city and before it reached the Cemetery there were two Battalions marching.

In the cemetery, buglers sounded the "Last Post" and three volleys were fired over the coffin, which was a very impressive scene on such a vast throng of people who were present that day.

Vol. Seamus McAllister

GLENARIFF.

On the 22nd June, 1922, a group of boys and girls were gathered at the Bridge in Cushendall, as was customary for them to do. Three lorries of police drove into the village and stopped near them. In the third lorry they noticed Seamus McAllister sitting, a prisoner.

Jumping down from the first two lorries the police shouted, "Clear the street," and began firing. Two or three people were wounded. Both John Hill, 26 years old, a motor mechanic of Ballycastle, and John Gore, a 22-year-old farmer from Cushendall, rushed into a shop nearby. Gore hid behind the counter and Hill went on into the kitchen.

The police then came shouting, "Is there anybody here?" John Gore put up his hands, and he was immediately shot dead. John Hill was discovered in the kitchen. He was asked if he was a Sinn Feiner. He protested that he was not. He was beaten and dragged out into the entry where he was shot dead.

Young McAllister's body was also found near Hill's body. He had been cruelly tortured and abused, so much so that Dr. O'Rawe at the inquest stated that he was so badly disfigured that he could not recognise him at the time. He was shot through the mouth.

He was only 18 years old and a native of Glenariff. He was also a Volunteer. When arrested he was on a bicycle going down to the shop for the paper for his mother. He lies buried in Red Bay Cemetery, where a plaque was erected to his memory, whilst his name also appears on the Celtic Cross monument erected in the same cemetery.

Lieut. Charles McAllister and

Vol. Pat McVeigh, Glenariff

In the late spring of 1922 an agreement for an all out military attack on the Six Counties had been reached between Mick Collins and Dick Mulcahy, representing those who favoured the Treaty, and Rory O'Connor and Liam Mellows, representing the Republican side.

This agreement was later broken and the attack cancelled. In the meantime some of the units in the North had been informed that such attacks would commence on the 19th June, 1922, and as no word had reached 3rd Battalion Area of the 3rd Northern Divi-

sion re the cancellation, the units in this area attacked and raided Cushendall and Ballycastle Barracks.

On the 24th June, Ardclinis Bridge was blown up; however lorry loads of police came and bypassed the bridge and began to raid houses in the Bay. One of the Volunteers fired upon them at Drumnacur School and the police replied to the fire.

Two of the Volunteers made up towards the rocks pursued by the police and a fierce battle ensued for about three hours.

In the meantime Charlie McAllister, hearing the shooting, made up towards the rocks to the rescue of his two trapped comrades,



Patrick McVeigh



Charles McAllister

although he was strongly advised not to attempt it. The police called upon them time and again to surrender, but McVeigh's voice could be heard shouting "Never, Never."

The three Volunteers continued to resist until their last round was fired. Pat Graham managed to escape, but his two comrades, McAllister and McVeigh, were later found dead, riddled with bullets.

In the quiet graveyard at Red Bay, with the rugged mountain rocks rising up behind them and the sea with its sandy beach in front of them, lie the remains of Lieutenant Charlie McAllister and Volunteer Pat McVeigh in separate graves with a plaque on each grave commemorating their noble and glorious sacrifice in the cause of Ireland's freedom. Whilst in the front of the graveyard, at the entrance gate overlooking the road, stands a beautiful Celtic cross monument erected to their memory by the National Graves Association.



A group of Belfastmen belonging to the 3rd Northern Division, I.R.A., were sent up to the Carragh Camps for special and intensified military training in 1922 for active service in the North. The attack on the Four Courts, and the war which followed between the Republican troops and the Free State Army Forces upon this plan and most of those in this picture returned home to Belfast.

Lieut-General Joseph McKelvey

A cold November day in the year 1924, and thousands of people have gathered at the G.N.R. Station in Belfast. Present, too, is an enormous force of R.U.C. and armed Specials. As the incoming Dublin train comes to a halt, a group of young men, all dressed alike in dark trench-coats and black soft hats descend from the train. They are the bearer-party and guard of honour from the Belfast Brigade, who had gone to Mountjoy Jail, Dublin, to bring back the remains of their martyred comrade and leader, Lieut-General Joe McKelvey, from his prison grave for re-interment in the Republican Plot at Milltown Cemetery, Belfast.

Brigade and Battalion officers are assembled on the platform to meet the train as it arrives. The coffin, covered with the national flag, is placed on the shoulders of the bearer-party, but an officer of the R.U.C. approaches and objects to the flag and warns them

that he will not permit the carrying of the coffin with the flag through the streets. No notice whatever is taken of his protest. The bearer-party proceeds from the station to Glengall Street, and there the coffin is placed in the hearse. The first stage of the funeral commences.

Craobh Ruadh Pipe Band, many of whose members are Volunteers, precede the cortege. The wailing notes of the pipes as they play the ancient Gaelic laments, must surely stir the spirit of Nationality in every heart present. Patriotic clergy walk behind the band whilst representatives of Oglagh na hEireann, Sinn Fein and other Republican bodies, along with the general public, march in orderly and decorous manner behind the hearse.

Along the various streets the procession wends its stately way



to St. Mary's Church, Chapel Lane, where the remains are received by the Administrator. The coffin is now placed on a catafalque before the High Altar, and the bearer-party immediately mount a guard of honour. The guard is relieved at half-hourly intervals. Thousands of people file past the coffin during the lying-in-state.

On the opening of the church the next morning, guards are again mounted and remain on duty throughout until the time of the funeral. The last Mass is a Solemn Requiem, and the church is packed to capacity.

At last comes the time for the removal of the body to its last resting-place. Again the huge crowds, with representatives from all Republican and Irish Ireland bodies are there in force. And then happens a most unseemly incident as the Tricolour-draped coffin is being carried from the church. No request this time for the removal of the flag, but a peremptory command from a large party of R.U.C. and Specials, who rush the bearer-party and backed by guns and batons try to remove the flag. Although hampered by the heavy coffin, the bearer-party grasp the folds of the flag and hold on, retreating backwards into the church. Eventually the flag is removed on the order of the O/C so that no further desecration would be offered to the sacred remains.

The coffin is placed in the hearse. Along Chapel Lane unto the Falls Road, whose people he had lived amongst, loved, fought, and died for, wends the cortege of Joe McKelvey. The sidewalks are lined with men and women whom he knew and who had known him, who whispered his name in reverend voice, and children who had heard of his glory and who were to live, learn and accept his name, his fame and his glorious death as another inspiring lesson on the Road to Freedom.

In the vast cortege is one sad and mournful carriage: it is that which holds his mother. Sad and lonely indeed she is as she follows the remains of her only son to their last resting-place; a sorrowing mother, yet a proud mother, for her only son has given his young life in the cause of Irish freedom.

The cemetery gates of Milltown are reached. The coffin once more upon the shoulders of the bearer-party, and on to the Republican Plot, with its Celtic memorial cross to the Fenians and comrades of McKelvey, who had fought and laboured and died in other years for the National Cause. The solemn walk to the graveside, the chanting of the priests as they sing, "In Paradisuim." The lowering of the coffin into the grave . . . The silence . . . the vast silence which in our hearts we accept as the silence of hope; the prayers of committall, the blessing, and the final prayers for the soul of the deceased . . .

And then the Oration—who will forget those brave and inspir-

ing words, that brought us back to the quest of Pearse, the dream of Connolly, the ideal of Tom Clark, that awakened again in our minds the magnificent fight which Ireland's sons had waged against complacency and treachery. The speech seemed to ring true and deeply impress those who heard it, but alas treachery was to rear its ugly head again. Republican soldiers were to die again and at the hands of a Government of which the orator was a Cabinet Minister. **To him and to some of those who listened, the lesson of a brave oration was not learned.** The orator at the graveside on that day was Sean Lemass.

Lieut.-General Joe McKelvey was buried among those he loved and thus Republican. Belfast paid farewell to this brave, loved and true soldier of the Irish Republic.

Joe McKelvey was born in Stewartstown, Co. Tyrone, about the year 1900. He and his mother came to reside in Cyprus Street, Belfast, when his father, who was a member of the R.I.C., was transferred to Springfield Road Barracks, Belfast. Joe was in his early teens then.

After his father's death, he played a prominent part in organising Na Fianna Eireann, and he later became very prominent in the ranks of the Irish Republican Army—rising to the rank of O/C 3rd Northern Division. He was also a foundation member of O'Donovan Rossa G.A.C., Belfast.

Sometime after the signing of the Treaty in December, 1922, Joe was appointed assistant Chief of Staff, I.R.A., to Liam Lynch, and for a period in June, 1922, he was Acting Chief-of-Staff. He was a member of the Four Courts garrison when it was attacked by Free State forces in June, 1922, and he was arrested with the other members of the Garrison when they were compelled to surrender.

Five months later, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception (8th December, 1922) in the early hours of the morn, he was taken from his cell, along with three other leaders, viz., Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and Richard Barrett, and there in the prison yard of Mountjoy, those four soldiers of the Republic were shot to death without charge or trial of any kind. Their bodies were to lie 'neath that prison soil for almost two years before they were handed over to their relatives.

An extract from his last letter to his mother reads:—

"I feel very much the fact that it is my own countrymen who have sentenced me to death, but, I pray God that by the **deaths** of those of us who are to be executed by these men, it may open their eyes to the dreadful crime and wrong against their better nature; against everything we hold dear, and at the bidding of our old enemy, England; waging war against the Republic which once they would have died to uphold."

THE MAN FROM THE NORTHERN LAND.

Dedicated to Lieut.-General Joseph McKelvey, who with three comrades, Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and Richard Barrett, were shot to death in Mountjoy Prison, 8th December, 1922.

Who is that man, now passing me by, as I stand at my prison-door?
Dark brown eyes, jet black hair, manly form, debonair, crossing
the prison floor.
And lo! he speaks with a Northern voice, so quiet but yet with
command,
And with all the blas of a Shane O'Neill from our cast-out Northern
land.
That night in my dreams four men I saw, passing out to the prison
yard,
Whilst green-coated soldiers "relieved" them from the "care" of
their prison guard,
And as dawn broke over those bleak, grim walls, they murdered
that noble band,
Whilst among the four, I recognised sore, my friend from the
Northern land.
Next morn I awoke—it was Mary's morn—as the prison bell rang
aloud:
Prepare for her Feast! it seemed to tone . . . I dressed, then
marched off with the crowd.
As we silently waited for Mass to start, my eyes searched among
that throng
For he who had fascinated me with his bearing, so noble and strong.
But in vain I searched for my hero true, then that dream flashed
through my mind . . .
My God! Surely not! I couldn't believe our jailers were of that
kind,
Who'd murder noble, helpless men, for the sake of an Empire's
greed,
Because they had dared to believe and defend their beloved Eire's
creed.
Suddenly the priest rushes up the aisle, his face looking tired and
wan;
Reaching the Altar, he genuflects, then leans over, his head 'tween
his hands.
With surprise we watch his attitude, then he makes an effort to
move,
But covers his face again with his hands, as if his feelings to soothe.
Turning then, his faltering voice exhorts us to "offer up this Mass
For four of your friends!"—he stops to allow his pent-up emotion
pass—

“Who have met with death in the prison yard just a little while ago,”
Then concludes with their names in broken voice—“Rory, Liam, Dick and Joe.”
That night in the drab prison tiers we prayed for our murdered comrades dear
Who had nobly sacrificed their lives for Mother Ireland without fear ;
And I vowed to my God, whilst kneeling there as the beads slipped through my hands,
I’d continue the work of he who had died from our cast-out Northern land.

Vol. Sean Martin

In the struggle for Independence throughout the ages our National Roll of Honour has inscribed on it the names of many of our soldiers who died heroic deaths.

Some in the field of action; some on the scaffold; some by the execution squad in the prison yards ; some have trod the long torturous path of hunger and thirst strike, whilst others have met cruel, savage deaths at the hands of midnight murderers.

To Vol. Sean Martin, however, death came in a different way—it was a hard choice which he had to make with only a few seconds to decide, but in that few seconds emerged courage and self-sacrifice unparalleled in our struggle for freedom. Sean Martin chose death for himself that his comrades might live, and that death came to him as a result of his intense love of his country, and his desire to serve in her liberation from the invader.

On an April evening in the year 1940 in a little kitchen house in Anderson Street, Belfast, in the working-class Nationalist district of Ballymacarrett, a group of men were assembled listening to one of their number lecturing on arms and a Mills hand-grenade. The men were all volunteers belonging to the Auxiliary group of Oglai na hEireann. Their instructor was Sean Martin—a married man aged about 30 with a family of two, who had been reared in this street.

In the course of the lecture Sean had dismantled the grenade, and was putting it together again. The detonator which he was using was thought to have been a dud one. In demonstrating how to throw the grenade, he pulled out the pin and released the lever. Hearing the hissing sound of the fuse he realised that the detonator was alive and that the grenade was about to explode.

He rushed to the window with the intention of throwing it out into the street, but some children were playing outside. In the few seconds left to him, Sean had to make that terrible choice, shouting to his comrades to get out of the house—he pulled the grenade into himself with his two hands and leaned over the kitchen table with the grenade covered by his whole body. The grenade exploded and blew him right across the kitchen, killing him instantly. All the others escaped injury.

In this way Sean Martin was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for his country. The manner of his death and the choice which he made left no doubt as to the courage and nobleness which he possessed.

In Milltown Cemetery he rests with a monument in the form of a Celtic Cross erected to his memory by the National Graves Association. The epitaph in Gaelic on that monument reads:—

“Gradh nios fearr ni rabh ag duine na a bheo a thabhairt ar son a chomradaidhe”

which translated means

“Greater love than this hath no man, than that he lay down his life for his friends . . .”

Sean Gaffney

Sean Gaffney, born in Co. Cavan, came to live and work in Belfast in the early part of the century. Soon he became identified with the Irish Republican movement. He was a member of the old Dungannon Club and later became a member of the Irish Republican Army. He served a sentence of two years' imprisonment during the 'Tan War.

He was very prominent in G.A.A. activities, being a playing member of Kevin Barry G.A.C., a team organised by “C” Coy. I.R.A. In 1923 he joined the Patrick Moran G.A.C. and later, in 1926, he was transferred to Joseph McKelvey G.A.C.—another I.R.A. team—with whom he remained until they were compelled to go out of existence through arrest and internments of its members in 1939.

He also did invaluable work in an administrative capacity and for a long period he did excellent work in organising and building up the minor section in the County and also in the erection of the present Corrigan Park.

Sean was again arrested in the round-up in Belfast in September, 1939, and was subsequently interned in Crumlin Road

and Derry Jails. He took part in the mutiny in Derry Prison on Christmas morning, 1939, when the internees, in protest at their imprisonment without charge, took possession of part of the prison and held it for a period.

In the autumn of 1940 the internees were transferred to the prison ship Al-Rawdah in Strangford Lough and it was here that Sean died suddenly on the 18th November, 1940. His remains were taken to St. John's Chapel, Falls Road, where they remained overnight. A guard of honour was mounted beside the coffin and thousands filed by it that evening. The late Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, Bishop of Down and Connor, walked behind his remains when his tricoloured covered coffin was borne from the Chapel to Milltown Cemetery. He was buried in the Republican Plot.

In a little ceremony on the prison ship itself as his remains were being interred in Milltown Cemetery, Neill Gillespie, Derry City, who was then O/C of the Republican prisoners on the Al Rawdah, gave a short oration in which he said :—

One of our number has been released, released with honour, released unconditionally unto the hands of God, who made him. We mourn his passing with that natural sorrow which comes to anyone, when someone who is dear to him, someone with whom he has been closely associated, is suddenly called away—but we are proud too of Jack Gaffney.

“He was faithful and true to the end. He died for the Cause for which he worked and struggled, planned and fought throughout his life, just as truly as if he had fallen on the hillside.

“At the moment his remains are being lowered to their last resting place in a Belfast graveyard. We gather in spirit with those around that grave, and salute the passing of our comrade as that of a true Soldier of Ireland, and in all humility we pray that God in His mercy may have mercy on his soul.”

“A PATRIOT”

The glamour of the battle calls to boyhood :
The martial music thrills the youthful heart,
And lads go out and give their all for freedom,
Content to know that they have done their part.
But when the first proud wave of glory passes
And nought is left but duty stark and clear,
When no pipes skirl, and drums have ceased their beating
And the way to freedom stretches dark and drear
'Tis then we know the Patriot from the soldier
The Patriot keeps marching, marching on
The soldier lags disheartened and bewildered
By clouds that hide the ever certain dawn.

Then let me write a hero's epitaph
A hero ever 'mongst the faithful few
One line alone that speaks his glory grand,
JACK GAFFNEY WAS A PATRIOT. HE WAS TRUE.

—Henry O'KANE, Ballinscreen.

Editor's Note :

The composer of this little poem was interned from 1940 to 1946. His health suffered greatly during that period and he was compelled to use crutches. He died shortly after his release from internment.

Vol. Joseph Malone, Belfast

Joe Malone was born in the Cullingtree Road, Belfast, about the year 1918. Leaving school he started to work in Belfast G.P.O., where he became a sorter. About this time he began to take an interest in his native language and soon he was attending weekly classes in the Ard Scoil, Belfast. He also spent his holiday in the Donegal Gaeltacht.

But a deeper love for Ireland than the mere participation in Gaelic League activities burned in the heart of this noble Gael—a love that desired to see his country freed from the political and economic shackles which still tied her to the usurper, England. Like Pearse, he believed and began to work for an Ireland not merely Gaelic but free as well—hence to this end he dedicated his young life.

He became an active member of the Belfast Battalion of the I.R.A. and in February, 1939, he crossed to England, where he found work in the G.P.O. But his main reason for going to England was to take part in the struggle that was being waged there by the expeditionary force.

He was arrested in May, 1939, and sentenced to 10 years P.S. for possession of explosives.

He was sent to Pentonville Prison—the same prison where Roger Casement was hanged and from there he was transferred to Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight, but the rigours of prison life and the ill-treatment meted out by his gaolers soon weakened his non-too-robust frame, and on January 21st, 1942—after two years and eight months' imprisonment he died in the prison hospital in Parkhurst despite the prison doctor's recommendation that he be released.

His remains were brought home to Belfast for burial in Milltown Cemetery, where a Celtic Cross was erected over his grave by the National Graves Association, Belfast.

Vol. Terence Perry

Terence Perry was born in Ton Street, Falls Road, in the year 1922 and had just reached the youthful age of 20 years when Ireland called upon him to tread her road to martyrdom.

Nurtured in the principles of freedom and Republicanism, it was no surprise to find him in the ranks of Na Fianna Eireann at the early age of 10 years, and at the age of 16 years he became a member of "D" Coy., I.R.A.

In February, 1939, he volunteered for active service in England, and he was only five weeks there when he was arrested, and charged with possession of explosives. For this he received a sentence of six years P.S.

He was sent first to Winston Green Prison—where Peter Barnes and James McCormack were hanged in 1940—and thence to Camp Hill Prison. He took part in the mutiny staged there by the Republican prisoners for which they were subject to much cruel ill-treatment.

He was transferred to Parkhurst Prison, and he became ill in July, 1941. He was removed to the prison hospital in January, 1942, where his comrade, Joe Malone, lay on his deathbed.

After much suffering and despite the prison doctor's report that he would not get better, the British Government refused to release him.

On July 7th, 1942, this youthful soldier of the Irish Republic met death in the Felon's Cell for the Cause he held dear.

His remains were brought home to Belfast and interred in the Republican Plot on July 13th, 1942.

TERENCE PERRY

They took him from our side one day
This youthful Gael both brave and gay
They clothed him in the Felon's dress
He loved his country none the less.
With pride he served his native land
And fought with her intrepid band.
To free her from the Saxon foe
He fanned the flames of Freedom's Glow.
The torturous road that he had trod
To serve his country and his God
We shall remember, and with pride
How, in the prison he had died.

SEAMUS STEELE

Staff-Captain Gerard O'Callaghan

The actual details concerning the death of Gerry O'Callaghan have been very difficult to gather because of the hidden circumstances and manner of his death.

On Monday, 31st August, 1942, he went to examine and assemble a large dump of arms in a barn at a farmhouse in Budore, Hannahstown, Co. Antrim. During the course of his work he was suddenly surprised by a raiding party of R.U.C. and C.I.D. Shots were heard and later the bullet-riddled body of Gerry O'Callaghan

lay on the back of a motor lorry where it had been callously thrown by the members of the raiding party. On the dead boy's face there was also quite a lot of unexplained bruises.



GERARD O'CALLAGHAN

Dr. H. Baird, Coroner for South Antrim, was prohibited by Stormont's Minister of Home Affairs from holding an inquest. It was the first time in twenty years that an inquest was prohibited. What was there to hide? What was there to fear???

The police report stated that when they entered through the barn door O'Callaghan attempted to fire from a Thompson machine-gun, but the weapon jammed and they fired and shot him through the heart.

Gerry O'Callaghan was born in Belfast in 1923. He first became interested in the language, and became a member of the Gaelic League. At the age of 17 he joined the Republican movement and very soon his abilities and leadership were recognised, and he was sent on an organising and training mission all over the North.

On one occasion both he and a comrade were arrested in Coal-island and as they were about to enter the barracks, Gerry drew his revolver and opened fire. The police withdrew into the barracks and Gerry and his comrade escaped despite the fact that an armed British soldier tried to intercept them.

At the time of his death he had been assembling and preparing supplies of munitions for dispatch to various areas in the North. It was thus he died on active service.

He neither smoked nor drank, and he took part in all Irish-Ireland activities and to one of his very closest comrades he confided his desire to enter a religious order when he had completed his period of service to Ireland.

On the morning of his death, Monday, 31st August, 1942—the day of his martyrdom—he had attended Mass in St. Paul's Church, Belfast. Thus to the very end he was

To God and Ireland True.

GERARD O'CALLAGHAN

The August eve moves quietly towards its bed;
The weary sun is nodding overhead,
Where lofty Divis, standing sentinel,
Looks down on pastures sweet and woodland dell.

And there amidst that peaceful rustic scene
As mountain shadows creep 'mong fields of green
The harsh staccato sound of shot is heard
And Death, its fatal sting with youth is shared.

But e'en as Death speeds on its unseen way
The youth prepares to sweep its fangs away
Ah noble son ! How brave that Val'rous deed
Too late you saw that foe of treacherous breed.

Thus, youthful courage challenges so brave,
This sudden onslaught from the tyrant knave.
A Queenly figure suff'ring 'neath her cross,
Now gathers to her breast that human loss.

And o'er the winds of Erin, whispering low,
There comes that tale of Valour, grief and woe.
O'Callaghan is Dead ! . . . our comrade gone,
To join our martyred host in manhood's dawn.

To-day we speak his name with reverent pride,
And list him with the Brave and sanctified.
He manned the Bearna Baoghail when friends were few,
And Ireland's Road to Freedom did pursue.

SEAMUS STEELE.

Capt. Tom Williams

The month of August, 1942, was one of great anxiety and sorrow for the Republican prisoners in Belfast Prison. Six of their comrades lay under sentence of death . . .

On Easter Sunday these six Vols. had taken part in an operation, after which they were surrounded in a house, and in the subsequent exchange of shots a policeman was shot dead and one of the Vols, Tom Williams, was wounded twice in the left leg and once in the right leg. The police entered the house by pushing the

tenant of the house in front of them with their guns at his back—hence the men were forced to surrender.

Tom, whilst in hospital and believing he was dying, accepted responsibility for the policeman's death.

Five of the men were later reprieved, but 19-year-old Tom Williams alone was to die on the scaffold on the 2nd September, 1942. Tom, brave, noble and light-hearted was to win that glorious crown of martyrdom for Ireland. "I am not afraid to die" he told the Judge who sentenced him to death.



TOM WILLIAMS

When told that his comrades had been reprieved, he was delighted, because that had been his continual prayer, and as they gathered round him in sorrow he told them, "Don't worry about me, I am fully prepared for death."

Tom Williams was born in Belfast in the pogrom year of 1922. Sectarian bitterness was at its height, and the inhabitants were maimed, murdered and forced to flee from burning homes because they had chosen to worship at different altars. Tom's family were the victims of such bigotry, and they had to flee from their burning home in the Shore Road district of Belfast. His mother died shortly after Tom's birth, which took place in Amcomri Street, and her death was attributed to the reign of terror which she underwent before she was forced to flee from her burning home. After his mother's death, his father left Belfast to join the Free State Army and Tom was left in the care of his grandmother, "Granny Fay."

who instilled into him a great love and devotion to Ireland and her cause. As soon as he was of age he joined Na Fianna Eireann (the Republican Boy Scouts) and when 17 years old he joined the I.R.A., and two years later he had risen to the rank of acting O/C of "C" Coy. in the Clonard Street area.

Monday, 1st September arrived, and the Republican prisoners lived in a frenzy of hope and expectation that some unexpected miracle would happen that would send Tom over to them at the eleventh hour—but such was not to be. That evening, in a farewell visit, to his Granny Fay, his uncle Charlie Fay, and his brother Richard, who was a member of the Twenty-Six County Air Force, Tom was quite at ease, and spoke with a strong voice. He warmly embraced them all, though there were tears in his eyes when he came to embrace Richard. His father, who was a Sergeant-Major in the Twenty-Six County Army, sent him a telegram in which he said: "**Be brave to the end, my son. Good-bye ; God bless you.**" At eleven o'clock that night Tom sang for the last time to his warder audience the two songs which his granny had taught him in his youth, viz., "Lay him away on the Hillside" and "God Save Ireland."

Tuesday morning with a dark sullen sky overhead ; the silence of the prison seemed frightful—everything completely hushed as if the spectre of death, hovering around waiting to make its final swoop, had silenced and awed all who had known of and feared its presence.

Outside the grim walls of the prison, in the streets adjacent to it, as the execution hour draws near, thousands of people kneel in prayer, whilst on the other side of the kneeling crowd, the sound of jeering and singing is heard as the loyalist mob sing their Orange songs and Anthem to England's King.

As eight o'clock rings out, nurses watching from the windows of the nearby Mater Hospital noticed a white dove circling the prison before lighting for a moment on the prison roof. A few minutes after 8 o'clock a faint ringing of a bell is heard in the prison, followed by the noise of keys, and the opening of doors. The meaning was quite clear . . . another soldier of Ireland had been canonised on the Altar of Irish Freedom.

That morning, black flags flew from houses and telegraph poles, and a thousand dockers—members of the Irish Transport Workers Union, stopped work as a protest against the execution, whilst workers from the linen mills knelt in the streets before going to work to pray for the soul of Tom Williams. All over the country a day of mourning was observed. In Dublin, cinemas remained closed until 6 p.m. and thousands attended Requiem Masses. In Cork, Newry, Derry and other parts of the country the same scenes were witnessed.

That day for the Republican prisoners was one of self-imposed silence and fasting . . .

At 12.15 his funeral procession took place from the condemned cell to his prison grave beside the prison hospital. His remains were carried in a rough coffin by four prison warders, followed by prison officials and the prison chaplain, and witnessed by some of the prisoners from the windows of their locked cells . . . But of course it was only Tom Williams' body they were burying in the prison clay. His spirit—noble and indomitable, was already in the keeping of Free Republican Ireland and in the hearts of his comrades who serve the same cause for which he died.

The priest who was with him to the end said of him :

"He was marvellous, a proper saint . . . I'll never forget him marching to death so proudly—praying all along that road to the scaffold."

Tom Williams, like Roger Casement, does not desire his remains to lie buried in prison clay. In the new plot at Milltown Cemetery a grave has been reserved, wherein it is hoped one day he will be re-interred.

Words from his last letter keep echoing down the years, reminding us of a duty and of an aim unachieved.

"Carry on, no matter what odds are against you : no matter what the enemy call you : no matter what torments are inflicted on you : The Road to Freedom is paved with suffering, hardships and torture : Carry on, my gallant comrades, until that certain day."

THE BALLAD OF TOM WILLIAMS.

(Air: The Patriot Grave).

One bright Easter Sunday e'er noontime had passed
On the Kashmir Road in the town of Belfast,
Six young Irish rebels set out to proclaim
That the Spirit of Freedom still burned like a flame.
A gun battle followed, a constable died,
The young men were captured, imprisoned and tried,
They faced their accusers with heads proudly high,
For the killing of one man the six were to die.
When the world cried in protest, a plan was conceived,
The leader must die, but the rest were reprieved,
For the Crown sought revenge and the news became known,
Tom Williams must walk to the scaffold alone.
Tom Williams, the leader, just barely eighteen,
A martyr for Ireland, White, Orange, and Green,
When the men who condemned him are vanished and gone,
The name of Tom Williams will ever live on.

My name is Tom Williams, from Clonard I hail,
And tomorrow they hang me in Crumlin Road Jail,
Tho' my life may be ended tomorrow at dawn,
The Cause that I die for, forever lives on.

So remember Tom Williams, remember with pride
And cherish the cause that he fought for and died,
Let freedom for Ireland be ever your goal,
Yes, remember Tom Williams and pray for his soul.

T. McCormick.

Commandant Seamus Burns, I.R.A.

In the year 1921 Commandant Seamus Burns was born in Belfast. It was a year which saw Republican Ireland on the very crest of National-Revolutionary resurgence; a year in which the national spirit of the Irish people surged to outstanding courageous heights when men gave battle to the invader and found death lurking for them in the darkness and silence of the night, in the prison yards or in the glow of battle; when mothers torn with anguish at the parting, proudly gave their sons to the Cause of Freedom. A year which men thanked God they had lived to see.

It was a year, too, alas, at whose close, they saw victory turned into defeat; when men grew tired in the struggle, and sought to follow an easier path—as they believed—on the Road to Freedom—a decision which was to divide comrades in the struggle.

Into the earlier resurgent atmosphere Seamus Burns was born, and he must surely have been imbued with that noble spirit. Very early he was on the march with Ireland's youthful soldiers on the Road to Freedom, and at the age of ten years he became a member of Na Fianna Eireann. Next we find him embracing as every true Irish youth should, the language and games of his country, when he became associated with the Gaelic League Branch of Naomh Joseph and the Sean MacDermott G.A.C.

In April 1938, at the age of 17 years, he received a sentence of six months imprisonment for the possession of "seditious" documents. Released in September, 1938, and joining Oglagh na hEireann about this time, he was re-arrested in the round-up of September, 1939, and interned in Belfast Prison. Many are the tales told of his boyish pranks played on his old friend Sean Gaffney, who too was soon to enter through the portals of Death in Ireland's Cause.

He took part in the mutiny in Derry Jail on Christmas Day, 1939. In the successful escape by internees from Derry Prison on

March 20th, 1943, this youthful soldier again tasted Freedom, but not for very long, because the agents of the De Valera Government soon had him interned in Curragh Camp with other escapees. In the later part of 1943 he arrived back in his native Belfast.

He became a badly-wanted man, and in the beginning of 1944 the hunt for him was increased with great intensity and his photograph was issued to all policemen.

On the evening of the 11th February, 1944, along with a companion, he entered the Continental Cafe, Castle Street, for something to eat. Coming out by Chapel Lane end, they were accosted by two detectives who asked for their identity cards. Although these were in order some other information had apparently been in possession of the police, and they were asked to accompany the detectives to Queen Street Barracks.

Seamus walked between the two detectives, whilst a uniformed policeman who had arrived in the meantime took charge of his companion. When they reached the corner of Castle Street and Queen Street Seamus jumped from between his captors and drew his gun. One of the detectives fired at him and he returned the fire. The uniformed policeman who had lost his prisoner opened fire on Seamus from behind and shot him. The outcome of this uneven battle was that Seamus received four serious wounds in the stomach and chest whilst one of the detectives was wounded. He was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where he lay unconscious under a heavy police guard, and on the following day, 12th February, this noble youthful soldier of the Republic, at the age of 23 years, who was so full of life and fun, went to meet his comrade martyr, Sean Gaffney, with whom he lies buried in the Republican Plot, Belfast.

SEAMUS BURNS

Died of wounds received in action, 11th February, 1944

(Air : The West's Awake)

Dear Ireland take him to thy breast,
This soldier son who for thee died ;
Within thy bosom let him rest,
Among the martyred sanctified.
He walked your hard and blood-stained way
To succour you from alien sway,
Nor deemed your price too great to pay
To work and die for Freedom's Day.
His youthful years for thee he spent
Within the prisons of the foe,
Until their prison bars he rent
To serve you still in weal and woe ;
They tracked him with their might and power,

These human blood-hounds crossed his way
Dear Ireland this was but the hour
You asked of him death's price to pay.

With gun in hand he faced their might,
Brave dauntless soldier of the Gael,
A Soldier's death, his last great fight
Before their guns he did not quail,
How eagerly he heard your call,
How bravely for thee he died ;
None greater in thy Cause to fall,
None nobler 'mong thy glorified.

Dear Ireland let the hallowed name
Of Seamus Burns forever be
Remembered in your Song of Fame
Of those who died to set thee free,
Such sacrifices thou e'er will need,
Such royal blood must flow for thee,
Until the Fruit of Freedom's Seed
Shall blossom forth to Victory.

Seamus Steele.

Sean Doyle

Sean Doyle was 16 years old on the 10th April, 1944, on the day that he met his death. He was a member of Na Fianna Eireann and along with a few other comrades in his Sluagh, he was being lectured on arms. In the course of the lecture the gun accidentally discharged and the bullet entered Sean's head, killing him immediately.

His father, since deceased, had been interned during the war years, whilst his older brother, Liam, who was only 18 years old, was serving a ten years' sentence for Na Fianna Eireann activities at the time of Sean's death.

He was buried in Milltown Cemetery, where a memorial was erected to his memory by some of his comrades.

Lieut.-General Sean McCaughey

To many of our patriot-martyred soldiers of the Irish Republic death came quickly and without much suffering, whether in the heat of battle or in the execution yards, or even at the hands of the murder gangs. But to some of them death, stretching into weeks and months, lingered by their prison beds as the gnawing pains of hunger brought torture and unbearable suffering in its trail.

Among the select list of those who choose to die this hardest death of all we remember with pride the names of Tom Ashe, Terence McSwiney, Young Murphy, Sean McNeela and Tony D'Arcy. . . and to the list of those heroic martyred soldiers of the Republic, let us proudly add the name of Sean McCaughey, who perhaps suffered the most torturous and agonising death of all, because not only did he choose the weapon of hunger strike but for the last seven days of his agony he had also refused to take any water.

In that memorable year of Ireland's struggle for freedom in 1916 when that "terrible beauty was born" and men went willingly and daringly to their death in defence of the infant Republic, Sean was born in Aughnacloy, Co. Tyrone.

After his patriot father's early death, the family came to the Ardoyne district of Belfast to reside. Sean was only five years old then.

Educated at Holy Cross Boys' School, Ardoyne, he became interested in the language and the Gaelic League and soon he had reached Fainne fluency. The history of his country and particularly her struggle for freedom began to have a new meaning for him and soon he realised with Pearse that Ireland must not be merely Gaelic but Free as well, and he knew that such freedom could not be achieved merely through the activities of the Gaelic League.

Hence at the age of 17 he joined the I.R.A. The same interest, effort and concentration which he had given to the study of the language was given to his Volunteer activities and ideals and very soon promotion came to him until eventually in 1940 he was appointed O/C of the Northern Command of the I.R.A. which embraced seven Northern Counties.

From 1938 he was "on the run." In 1941 he became attached to G.H.Q. staff in Dublin. After his appointment he began to detect a serious leakage of information which involved information being given on the leadership, personnel and activities of the movement. Investigating it with all the thoroughness for which he was noted, he had the then Chief-of-Staff, Stephen Hayes, arrested for interrogation.

During the course of his detention, *Hayes, without any prior suggestion, voluntarily agreed* to write a statement in which

he confessed to being the person responsible for this leakage of information. Subsequently Hayes managed to escape from his guards and contact the nearest Garda Barracks.

On the 2nd September, 1941, Sean McCaughey was arrested by the C.I.D. and later charged with "Unlawfully detaining and assaulting Stephen Hayes," this self-confessed informer.

Sean refused to recognise the military court, consisting of three Free State Army officers, and after *Hayes had given evidence against him*, he was, on this evidence alone, found guilty and for such an alleged trivial offence, he was sentenced to death. After a country-wide protest against this savage sentence, which included the voice of the late Cardinal MacRory, the sentence was later commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

He spent the next five years in Portlaoighise Prison, under the most barbarous, inhuman and brutal conditions, refusing to accept criminal status, he refused to wear the prison clothes. He was clad only in a blanket and kept in solitary confinement. He was also refused all visits and communication with his relatives and was not allowed to go to Mass.

On the 19th April, 1946, Sean entered upon a hunger-strike for unconditional release and after being on it for 16 days he also went on thirst strike. Slowly and agonisingly his once robust and manly frame wasted away, and on the 11th May, 1946, the twenty-third day of his Gethsemani, Sean McCaughey joined the noble company of his martyred comrades, McSwiney, Ashe, McNeela, and D'Arcy, who died for the very same ideals, the very same principles, the very same cause.

On that Saturday evening the remains of our martyred comrade started on the first part of the journey home. From Inchicore to Dublin, contingents of comrades from the Republican movement met the remains and escorted them on its way and thousands of people lined the entire route. As they neared the Franciscan Church where the body would lie all night, a black mass of people had gathered to pay homage to this Northern Patriot.

On the following morning the funeral procession left the Franciscan Church on its last journey to Belfast. Sixty Republican soldiers, every one of whom had spent years in Free State jails, formed the advance guard. Others formed the guard of honour on each side of the hearse, which was followed by the chief mourners. A piper's band was there also. From all over Ireland they came, veterans of 1916-23 period, old comrades, young comrades, a mighty throng of people—all anxious to pay their last tribute to the latest martyr to die for the cause of the Irish Republic.

At Drumcondra Bridge, the funeral halted—the advance guard formed single ranks on either side of the road. The hearse, with its tricolour-covered coffin passed slowly through. Suddenly the hushed atmosphere was broken by the sound of shots as a

volley of revolver shots was fired over the coffin. It was a parting last tribute to this fearless, noble soldier by his comrades-in-arms.



The Funeral Procession of Sean McCaughey

In every town and hamlet on its way to Belfast, the people had also gathered to pay homage to the martyred soldier and many knelt on the streets in prayer. At the border police with rifles removed the tricolour from the coffin.

Reaching Belfast, the remains were taken to Ardoyne Church, where they remained overnight. His funeral the following day was another manifestation of the high esteem in which Sean was held by all sections of the people as thousands lined the route on the way to Milltown Cemetery, whilst his Republican comrades were also there in force.

He was buried in the family grave over which a beautiful Celtic cross was erected by the National Graves Association, whilst a plaque was also placed on the grave in 1963 by his old comrades of the Northern Command.

Brendan O'Boyle

BELFAST

Brendan O'Boyle was born in Chapel Lane, Belfast. In the late thirties he became interested in the Republican movement, and in June, 1940, whilst a student at Queen's University, Belfast, he joined the I.R.A. A few months later he was appointed to

the Intelligence Department of the Northern Command Staff.

Arrested in 1941, he was interned in Belfast Prison, and later transferred to Derry Prison. In March, 1943, along with twenty other internees, he escaped by means of a tunnel from one of the cells to a yard in one of the houses on the other side of the prison wall.

A large covered-in furniture van from Belfast was waiting to take the escaped men across the Border into Donegal. That night, however, the armed military forces and C.I.D. of the Fianna Fail Government rounded up most of the escaped men and interned them—Brendan amongst them.

On his release from internment he had some difference of opinion with the leadership of the Republican movement, and he severed his connection with it.

Later on he began to plan and carry out unofficial operations in the North, especially in and around Belfast, from his Dublin home, where he was living at the time.

In one of these operations he was accidentally killed by a bomb or mine in Belfast, 2nd July, 1955.

He was buried in Milltown Cemetery.

URGENT APPEAL

When the idea of erecting a memorial on the Tom Williams Plot was first mooted, the estimated cost was deemed to be around the £2,000 mark. Despite the fact that our first expenditure for the erection of the surround cost £280, we still believed that we could finish the work for the amount stated.

From the estimates which we did receive, we choose the highest, because we believed that only the very best was good enough as a memorial for our glorious martyred dead.

We now find that the estimated cost will be close on £2,500 and if we were to add Gaelic lettering the cost would be around £2,750.

Although we have hard-working committees operating in Belfast, Dublin and America, we still are a good deal short of the required amount. There are many many people throughout County Antrim whose sympathy and outlook are Republican but who have yet to contribute to the cost of this memorial.

Can we so easily forget the splendid and noble sacrifices made by our Republican Dead from County Antrim to make this land of ours the Free United Nation that it once was.

To Those Who Served

In the foregoing articles we have given you a pen picture of the lives and deaths of the martyred soldiers and citizens of the Irish Republic, who in each generation dedicated their service and lives to the cause of our country's unity and Independence. In doing so we confined our record only to those who made the blood sacrifice in that service.

At the same time we are not unmindful of the splendid and unselfish service and sacrifices made by others in each generation in their country's rightful quest for liberation from foreign rule. However, to do justice to their record of service and to mention all who would come under that category is of course beyond us, and there would not be sufficient space in this little book to include all those whom we would like to mention.

In selecting a few from each generation we do so in the hope that they will be looked upon as representative of that vast number of loyal, unselfish and enthusiastic workers and soldiers in the cause of Irish Freedom.

In the '98 period two outstanding patriots from Co. Antrim among many were Rev. Wm. Steele Dickson and Jimmy Hope.

REV. WM. STEELE DICKSON, D.D., was born at Ballycraigy, Carnmoney, 1744. His mother's name was Steele. He was appointed minister of Presbyterian Church in Ballyhalbert and later Portaferry. Became a member of the United Irishmen, 1791. Was appointed Adjutant-General of the United Forces in Co. Down but was arrested, June 5th, 1798, at the age of 53. Spent the next four years on prison ships in Belfast Lough and at Fort George Prison, Scotland. All his stock and property were seized. On his release he came back to persecution and poverty. His health broke down, and he died in 1824 and was buried in a pauper's grave in Clifton Street Cemetery, Belfast. In 1909 a simple slab was placed upon his grave which reads:

*William Steele Dickson,
Patriot, Preacher, Historian,
Born at Carnmoney, 1744
Died at Belfast, 27th December, 1824*

DO CHUM ONORA NA h-EIREANN

Steele Dickson Avenue in Portaferry is named after him.

JIMMY HOPE—Born near Templepatrick, 1764. Self-educated and weaver by trade. Joined the United Irishmen.

1795. Was close confidant of McCracken and afterwards, Russell, Emmett and Michael Dwyer. Was entrusted by them all with the most confidential and dangerous missions. Fought with McCracken at Antrim, where he excelled himself in leadership and courage. Escaped after the surrender and was "on the run" for years. He came back with Russell to the North, hoping to rouse the men of Antrim and Down for Emmett's Rising, but had to return to Dublin disappointed. Was a pioneer in Trade Unionism and laboured hard for social and economic freedom and prosperity. Died in Belfast, 1847, and was buried in Mallusk, where a stone was erected to his memory.

During the Fenian period from 1860 right up to 1916 we had great Patriot leaders, Robert Johnston from Crebilly—father of the gifted poetess Ethna Carberry (Anne Johnston), whilst his son, a solicitor, died after being released from internment in 1916. Also Neil John O'Boyle, Staffordstown, and Henry Dobbyn.

The years preceding 1916 brought its meed of patriot men and women who spent themselves in the cause of freedom, viz., Winnie Carney, Bridie Farrell, Bernard Mackin, Pat McCormick, Glendun, Sean Cusack, Peter Burns, Herbert Pim, etc.

After 1916 the resurgence among the Irish people brought forth many who showed fine qualities of patriotism, leadership and service to the Republic, and names which come to mind at present are—Paddy and George Nash, Gus Orange, Harry Thornton, Sean O'Neill, Sean Murray from the Glens, Leo O'Neill, Hugh and Mary Donnelly, Jim Johnston, Sean Carmichael, Billy McCurry, Patsy Hicks, Margaret McVeigh, Frank Doherty, Anthony Lavery, Davy and Hughie Matthews, Tommy O'Malley, Paul Cullen, Hugh McGahey, Liam McAllister, Kathleen Martin, Lily Trainor, Willie John McConnell, Dan O'Toole, Hugh Russell, Kevin Holland, Hugh McCullough, Con Fox, Paddy O'Neill, Francis "Franco" Duffy, Mickey Malone, Billy Murray, Jannie Lavery, Jim Stranny, Dan O'Boyle, Johnnie Tomelty and many hundreds of others, men and women, who close to making a blood sacrifice for their country, spent themselves in its cause.

We salute them and remember them solely for the splendid service they gave to the Cause of Ireland—to the Cause of her Liberty.

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Go raibh mile maith agaibh agus beannacht De oraibh uilig.