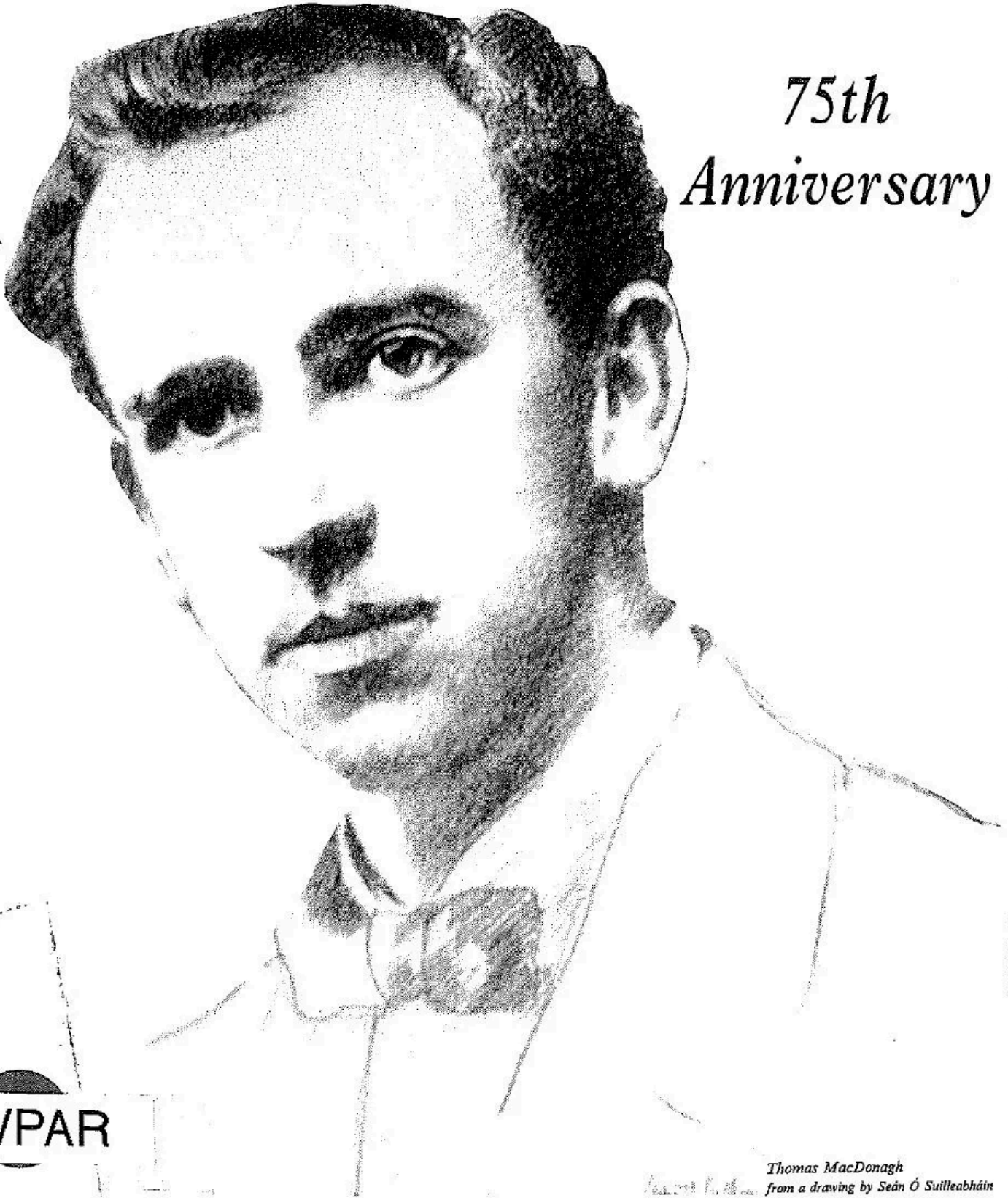


EASTER RISING 1916

75th
Anniversary



*Thomas MacDonagh
from a drawing by Seán Ó Súilleabháin*

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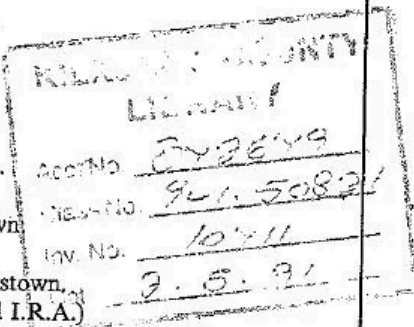
COUNTY KILKENNY COMMEMORATION BOOKLET

COUNTY KILKENNY 1916 COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE

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 Pat Coughlan, Kilkenny (S.I.P.T.U.).
 John Dalton, Kilkenny (Kilkenny & Inistioge Anglers Association).
 Sean Byrne, Kilkenny (Kilkenny City Harriers).



This suit of clothes was made for Thomas MacDonagh in April, 1903, by Mr. James Bourke and Sons, Merchant Tailors, High Street, Kilkenny (now Bourke's Boutique, 15 and 16 High Street) as the extract from Mr. Bourke's measure book for April 15, 1903 clearly shows.

Donagh's Irish Republican Army 1916
Presented by Mr. Donagh St. Kieran's
 A Coat 17. 28. 7 1/2 21 31 1/2 38. 35 1/2
 Waist 10 1/4 25

A/W of Extract from Book here



Sketch by Martin Drea of Thomas MacDonagh in St. Kieran's College, 1903.

Right Rev. Monsignor Martin Drea P.P., V.G. was later parish priest of Thomastown.

FOREWORD

By MICHAEL PARSONS

WILKINNY
COUNTY
LIBRARY

THE VETERANS have gone, and of the participants in the aftermath who brought this State into being, the majority have passed to their reward, and of those who remain, bowed down by the weight of years, their lights are beginning to dim. The Rebellion of 1916, the executions, the consequent internment of Sinn Féin activists was the springboard that led to the War of Independence and the Truce in 1921, which resulted in the State we have today and the freedom which you and I enjoy.

It behoves each of us, the second and third generations from the period, that we, the beneficiaries of their vision and sacrifice, should commemorate their efforts and pay them due tribute. Without being prisoners of history, let us leave aside the prejudices that have come with 700 years of occupation, and as free people let us celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Rising with an appreciation of the social, cultural and educational aspects of the Proclamation.

Fintan Lalor once declared: "The Land question contains, and the Legislative question does not contain, the material from which victory is manufactured". This attitude was adopted and utilised most effectively by Parnell and his Party.

While there had been six Rising in the preceding 300 years, it was the Land Question that kept agitation alive. Sir Walter Scott records in 1825: "Their poverty is not exaggerated, it is on the extreme verge of human misery. Their cottages would scarce serve as pig stys, even in Scotland". With reference to Ireland, the British Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, remarked: "I do not think the records of any country, civilised or barbarous, presented such scenes of horror". During the three-year period from 1880-1882, there were 54,834 families evicted from their holdings, a perfect seed-bed to germinate a spirit of rebellion.

By introducing Land Reforms, the Government was attempting to bring peace to the country. Parnell was dead, and the Irish Party was in disarray. Balfour proceeded to kill Home Rule with kindness. In 1896, Redmond announced that the Land Question was settled. The Ashbourne Act, and more importantly, the Wyndham Act provided for the purchase of the land by the tenants. By 1916, two-thirds of the tenants had acquired their holdings, and after 1898, the newly appointed Co. Councils were replacing the hovels with neat cottages, leaving the labourer more independent of his employer. Against this background, there was new peace and prosperity.

Arthur Griffith was ploughing a lonely furrow as a publisher of nationalist news-sheets. He launched new papers to replace their suppressed predecessors. Griffith had for years been sowing the seeds that nationalist aspirations would best be achieved by demanding our freedom as a right from an Assembly in Dublin, and that self-reliance should replace the begging-bowl and concessionist mentality which had attached itself to Irish representation in Westminster.

Sinn Féin fared badly in a by-election in Leitrim. The new fear which began to engage nationalist thinking was that the mass of the population were accepting their lot and were prepared to live their lives in the image of their British counterparts.

In the years preceding 1916, we cannot fail to be impressed by the great cultural revival which was taking

place. The poetry, prose and plays which emerged about that time were all portraying a nationalist image, developing a sense of being Irish and being proud of it.

The Volunteers were formed to defend the right to grant Home Rule, but by early 1915 Pearse and his comrades, acting as an I.R.B. cell within the Volunteers, had decided that a blood sacrifice was necessary to regain our self-respect as a nation and so the Rising became a reality and passed into history. In the following pages, we endeavour to produce material of local interest relating to the period.

There are those who say that the 1916 Rising was unnecessary, that Home Rule would eventually have delivered without loss of life. Home Rule was first introduced in the Gladstone era and after many changes and much manoeuvring it was to become law when the Great War ended. The Rising interrupted that plan and we can only wonder at what might have been. But we do know for certain that when the Treaty was signed, the concessions obtained were far in excess of what was on offer from either Home Rule or the Government of Ireland Act of 1920.

There are people who fear that the spirit of these celebrations may be misappropriated and create ultra-nationalist feelings which in some way may seem to justify the present outrages against the people in the northern part of our country. These fears are genuinely held, but to you we say - reflect and be inspired by the Proclamation. The dead are always speaking, you cannot stop their eloquence with a mouthful of clay.

We, the ordinary people, are the custodians of the spirit and ideals of the Proclamation and we must demonstrate that right and claim it as our own. We must uphold and defend those guarantees of "religious and civil liberties, equal rights and equal opportunities" and that includes the right to life. The Proclamation recognises "the difference fostered by an alien government which has divided a minority from the majority". Our Parliament elected by the "suffrages of our men and women" has got a mandate to recognise those realities and accept that coercion and murder have been rejected by the majority of our people as a means of achieving unity in this Island.

Again, let us borrow from Pearse his ideas on fosterage, rather than compulsion or indoctrination. We must foster and cultivate a climate where peace and trust will grow because we, of all the peoples of the world, must know the length of time it takes for the bitterness and distrust that emanates from fratricidal strife to disappear. Murder begets murder, and again we are asked in the Proclamation not to "dishonour our cause by any act of cowardice, inhumanity or rapine". Let the ideals of the Proclamation be our gospel.

We must be positive in our celebrations, saluting bravery and gallantry wherever we meet it. Let us go forward without the awkwardness which steps from hesitation and uncertainty, without the triumphalism and impropriety that comes from exaggeration.

"I want to live too, to use all my powers of thinking, writing and working, to drive out of civilisation this foul thing called War and put in its place understanding and comradeship. If God spares me, I shall accept it as a special mission to preach love and peace for the rest of my life".

(T. M. Kettle, died Ginchy, 1916)

The Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny in 1916

(This article was written by P.J. Hennessy and Jim Maher from notes left by Tom Treacy, Jim DeLoughry, Jim Byrne V.E.C. and Peter DeLoughry)

ON MARCH 5, 1914, the *Irish National Volunteers* were first formed in Kilkenny as a result of a meeting on the Parade, and in the City Hall, Kilkenny, at which Sir Roger Casement and Thomas McDonagh attended, and were the principal speakers.

About July, 1914, there was a strong move by the Redmondites and A.O.H. men in the *Irish National Volunteers* in Kilkenny to get full control of the organisation and oust the I.R.B. and Sinn Féin members. World War I broke out and recruiting for the British Army was openly advocated and encouraged by these Redmondites and A.O.H. men.

A crisis arose in the *Irish National Volunteers* and early in September, 1914, the matter came to a head at a full parade of all the city companies in the Market Place, Kilkenny. On that occasion about 650 men paraded, and they were addressed by Rev. Fr. Rowe, St. Mary's, James's Street, and Rev. Philip Moore, St. John's, who favoured the policy of the Redmondites and A.O.H. Their views were vigorously opposed by Peter DeLoughry of Parliament Street, supported by Pat Corcoran, Patrick Street, and Ned Comerford, Wellington Square, who put the case of Sinn Féin, and the I.R.B. to the meeting.

The parade was moving toward a riotous state when Peter DeLoughry called on all those who stood for their point of view to fall out and line up near the poultry shed in the Market Place. Twenty-eight men broke ranks, and walked to the poultry shed, while over 600 others stayed where they were and indicated that they supported the Redmondite policy. Tom Treacy took charge of the twenty-eight men at the poultry shed, and marched them out of the Market Place through a most hostile demonstration. He marched the men to what was then known as the Banba Hall (now Kyteler's Inn, St. Kieran Street) which was then occupied by Fianna Éireann. These men became the only company of Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny City. Banba Hall became known as "The Irish Volunteers Hall" and was the H.Q. of the Irish Volunteers up to 1916.

On St. Patrick's Day 1916, "A" Company paraded to Mass in St. John's Church, Kilkenny, with the Republican Flag and Lee Enfield Rifles.

SECRET AND IMPORTANT NEWS

Early in April, 1916, about a fortnight before Easter, Pat Corcoran called Tom Treacy out from the Banba Hall and told him that someone wanted to see him. Outside, Corcoran introduced him to Cathal Brugha. Tom Treacy

had not been personally acquainted with Brugha before this, but he knew him by sight as a commercial traveller coming to Kilkenny. Pat Corcoran told him that Cathal Brugha had something very secret and important to tell

him as Captain of the Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny.

Cathal Brugha started by telling him that the Rising was coming off soon and the instructions he gave were that general manoeuvres were to be arranged for Easter Sunday. Treacy's Company were to parade with whatever arms and equipment they possessed, and were to proceed by way of Borris (Co. Carlow) to the Scallop Gap, on the Wexford border, where they were to link up with the Wexford Volunteers before any operations and tasks were to be taken from him. His orders would also apply when they met their Wexford comrades at Scallop Gap.

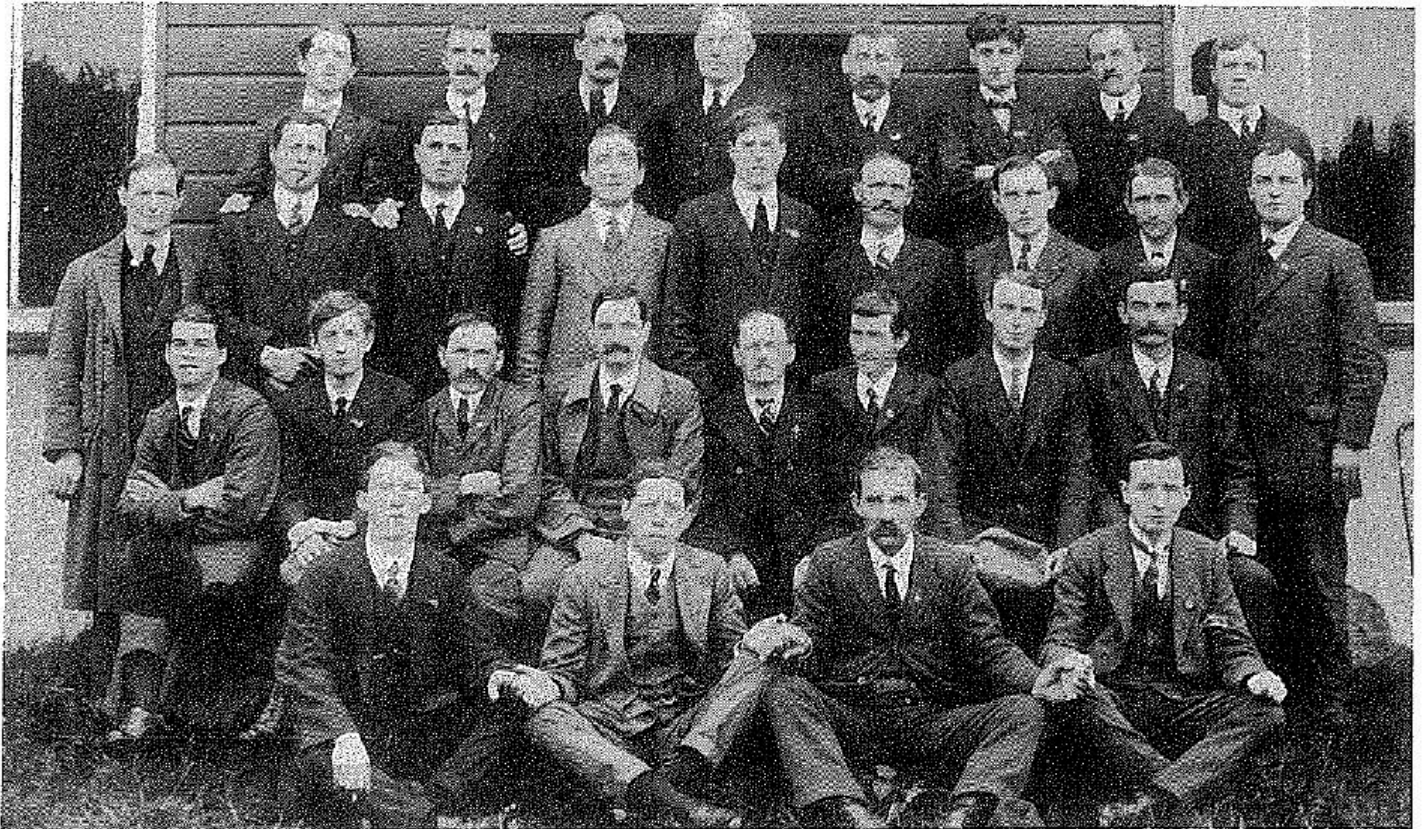
The Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny at that time numbered about 60, counting Officers, N.C.O's and men and they had only sufficient rifles, revolvers and small automatics to poorly arm 25 men. Treacy pointed out this position to Cathal Brugha, and Brugha told him that there was a quantity of arms to be picked up when they arrived and contacted Dr. Dundon in Borris on Easter Sunday. He also intimated that it was confidently expected that a further supply of arms would be available later to arm all available men. Pat Corcoran and Peter DeLoughry had been our contact with G.H.Q. in Dublin, and they had also been given these instructions by Cathal Brugha.

Tom Treacy issued the instructions to the Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny regarding the manoeuvres on Easter Sunday. He gave not the slightest indication of the main objective of marching to join the Wexfordmen. All available arms and equipment were to be carried. The arms were to be mounted on bicycles and a sufficient supply of rations was to be carted also.

On Spy Wednesday of Holy Week, 1916, Peter DeLoughry, James Lalor of Kilkenny, and Eamonn Fleming of the Swan, Leix, collected explosives at Wolfhill Coal Mines, and delivered them to Patrick Ramsbottom, Portlaoise.

About Good Friday, Pat Corcoran, Peter DeLoughry, James Lalor, and Tom Furlong went to Co. Wexford in DeLoughry's motor car and collected a quantity of explosives from a brother of Tom Furlong. Michael Nugent, a Volunteer from "A" Company (Kilkenny City) and a native of Ballykeefe, Kilmanagh, drove the car. Michael was later killed by an accidental blow of a hurley while playing with Dicksboro, in Maryborough, in August 1916.

KILKENNY VOLUNTEERS 1916



KILKENNY VOLUNTEERS 1916 — A group of men who formed part of the National Movement in Kilkenny taken after their return from serving terms of imprisonment in various Irish and British prisons. Tom Stallard, who was a prominent figure in the Movement, is not included in the group as he was in hospital at the time. Denis Barry (Monster House) died on hunger strike in Cork Jail during the War of Independence. Peter DeLoughry was later elected to An Dáil, and Mayor of Kilkenny for seven consecutive terms.

BACK ROW (l. - r.): J. Lawlor, D. Barry, P. Corcoran, J. Nolan, L. Walsh, T. Treacy, J. Harte, P. Brett. **2nd ROW (l. - r.):** P. Parsons, T. Furlong, M. Kealy, M. Higgins, B. Denn, T. Neary, J. Lawlor, P. Purcell, P. DeLoughry. **3rd ROW (l. - r.):** C. Smith, S. O'Dwyer, N. Comerford, T. Mullally, P. Bourke, J. Carrigan, L. DeLoughry, S. Gibbons. **FRONT:** M. Ryan, J. Coyne, J. Madigan, B. Stephens.

MANOEUVRES CANCELLED

The members of the Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny mobilised in Banba Hall, King Street (now St. Kieran Street), at 12 o'clock noon on Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916. The first intimation that Tom Treacy got that there was any alteration in plans was when he saw the announcement in the *Sunday Independent* at 10 o'clock on that morning that the manoeuvres were cancelled. On arrival at the Volunteer Hall a short time later, some of the officers and men who had already arrived had either seen the announcement or were told it by some of their friends who had seen it in the paper. Treacy did not dismiss the company of Volunteers until dinner time on that day as it was thought that an official message by way of a dispatch might still arrive. After dinner, the officers who were in the know, assembled again in the same place, and discussed the situation and details. Some officers from some of the outposts in the county also attended at the hall.

The whole company again mobilised at 8 o'clock that night at the hall. It was expected that Pat Corcoran, who was in Dublin that day, would be back with definite news or instructions. About 10 p.m. he arrived at the hall accompanied by Capt. J.J. O'Connell (Ginger) with official word that everything was "off". The Kilkenny Volunteers were then dismissed.

On Easter Monday morning, Pat Corcoran and Peter DeLoughry went in DeLoughry's car to bring the guns, which were under the control of Dr. Dundon in Borris, back to Kilkenny. Michael Nugent again drove the car. At about 2 p.m. on this date, Tom Treacy received a message from Lieutenant Pierce Brett that word had arrived at Kilkenny Railway Station (now called McDonagh Station) that hostilities had broken out in Dublin, but that report was confused.

All the available men of the Kilkenny company of Irish Volunteers assembled in the vicinity of Stallard's garden at Asylum Lane, Kilkenny, at 7 o'clock on that night. They met the car carrying the guns from Co. Carlow on the Thomastown Road at around 8 p.m. This party of men pushed the car over a rise of soft ground into Stallard's garden, where the guns were unloaded. The delivery consisted of about 30 single barrel breech-loading shot-guns with a quantity of ammunition to suit them. The guns were distributed amongst the members of the company. The men were instructed to hold themselves available to be called out at any time to carry out all orders which might be issued by Capt. J.J. (Ginger) O'Connell, and they were told to mobilise again at the Irish Volunteer Hall on Tuesday at 8 p.m. Mobilisations for a similar purpose were held each night of that week, except Saturday. These

mobilisations were attended by 100% of the members in Kilkenny City, and during Easter Week a number of new members joined, and a few lapsed members renewed their membership.

There were two R.I.C. Barracks in Kilkenny, one in Parliament Street and the other in John Street. These were occupied by 40 constables. There were 400 British soldiers in Kilkenny Military Barracks. The R.I.C. constables remained confined to their barracks during the week, and about 30 extra policemen were drafted in from outlying areas to reinforce those in Kilkenny City towards the end of the week. The British military were also confined to barracks.

The number of Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny City in 1916 totalled sixty-six, and those scattered throughout County Kilkenny numbered around seventy.

HOPELESS POSITION

Captain J.J. O'Connell had conferences with members of the controlling committees, company officers and representatives of the small outlying units each night during all that Easter week. Contact with Dublin broke down early in the week. Captain J.J. O'Connell decided to send James Lalor to James Leddin of Limerick on a motor cycle on Wednesday to find out how things were there, and around the south-west of Ireland. He brought back a dispatch from Mr. Leddin stating that "Limerick was not out", as the Aud had been sunk and all the expected arms had been lost. The Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny City did not begin any military operations because, being isolated as they were in the circumstances, their position was hopeless.

There was no surrender of arms in Kilkenny. A Kilkenny woman named Mary Byrne was friendly with a Mrs. Doherty of John's Quay, who was the wife of an R.I.C. Sergeant. Mrs. Doherty told Mary Byrne that many of the Irish Volunteers in other counties had been arrested, and that the British military would be coming to Kilkenny soon after that to arrest members of the Volunteers in the city.

On learning this news, Mary Byrne called to Peter DeLoughry in Parliament Street and asked him if he was aware of these facts. It was a great surprise to Peter to get this important message. He took measures to hide the guns away before the British Army arrived to make the arrests.

On May 3, Capt. J.J. O'Connell was taken into custody while staying at Peter DeLoughry's home in Parliament Street, and he was lodged in Kilkenny Gaol. On the following day Peter DeLoughry was arrested. Alderman James Nowlan of Bishop's Hill was taken into custody when he stepped off the train from Dublin on the same evening. On the following morning the town was heavily patrolled by British Infantry, accompanied by 200 R.I.C. constables. All the streets were cordoned off, and houses and shops were entered and 26 men were arrested. On the following morning four men from outlying country areas were arrested. All the prisoners were lodged in Kilkenny Gaol.

Four days later the prisoners were removed, on foot, and marched to the Railway Station. On the march, John Kealy, who had complained of illness since his arrest, had not the strength to complete the journey and he collapsed and died in Upper John Street, about 30 yards from his own home. He was at the extreme rear of the line of prisoners, and many of the prisoners did not know of his death until after in the day when they missed him. All the prisoners were put in a special train and brought to Kingsbridge, Dublin. It is ironic that Kilkenny Railway Station is now named after Thomas McDonagh, one of the executed 1916 leaders.

All was not lost when the Easter Week prisoners were released. Ireland had changed by then, and "a terrible beauty had been born". Shortly after they returned they found a "Risen" people ready to take on the might of the British Empire to secure the freedom that the Leaders of the 1916 Rising had given their lives to achieve, and these loyal Kilkenny men once again devoted themselves wholeheartedly to that same purpose.

Irish Volunteers Arrested in Kilkenny were:

Capt. J.J. O'Connell, Dublin.
 Peter DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
 James Nowlan, Bishop's Hill.
 Pat Corcoran, Patrick Street.
 Edward Comerford, Wellington Square.
 James Lalor, Friary Street.
 Tom Furlong, Michael Street.
 Pierce Brett, Blackmill Street.
 Lawrence DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
 Thomas Neary, Poulgour.
 William Stephens, c/o Bourke's, High Street.
 Denis Barry, The Monster House (died later while on hunger strike in Cork Gaol).
 Patrick Parsons, Wolfe Tone Street, and Bourke's, High Street.
 Anthony Mullally, Parnell Street.
 Patrick Burke Snr., Wolfe Tone Street.
 James Madigan, Abbey Street.
 Joseph Coyne, Bishop's Hill.
 Michael Ryan, Bishop's Hill and the Monster House.
 Charles Smyth, Maudlin Street.
 Maurice Higgins, Upper John Street.
 William Denn, Talbot's Inch.

Michael Purcell, High Street.
 Lawrence Walsh, Dunmore.
 Stephen O'Dwyer, Patrick Street.
 Michael O'Dwyer, John Street.
 Thomas Treacy, Dean Street.
 Sean Gibbons, Ballylarkin, Freshford.
 Martin Kealy, Blanchfields Park.
 John Harte, Blanchfields Park.
 James Carrigan, Clara.

Irish Volunteers from Kilkenny City and County who were deported to English Prisons and Frongoch Internment Camp:

Denis Barry, The Monster House (died later while on hunger strike in Cork Gaol).
 Patrick Burke Snr., Abbey Street.
 Edward Comerford, Wellington Square.
 Joseph Coyne, Bishop's Hill.
 Lawrence DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
 William Denn, Talbot's Inch.
 Stephen O'Dwyer, Patrick Street.
 Tom Furlong, Michael Street.
 Sean Gibbons, Ballylarkin, Freshford.
 John Harte, Blanchfields Park.

Maurice Higgins, Upper John Street.
 Martin Kealy, Blanchfields Park.
 James Lalor, Friary Street.
 James Madigan, Abbey Street.
 Thomas Neary, Poulgour.
 James Nowlan, Bishop's Hill.
 Michael O'Dwyer, John Street.
 Patrick Parsons, Wolfe Tone Street.
 Michael Purcell, High Street.
 Michael Ryan, Bishop's Hill, and the Monster House.
 Charles Smyth, Maudlin Street.
 William Stephens, c/o Bourke's, High Street.
 Lawrence Walsh, Dunmore.
 Richard J. Healy, Jenkinstown.
 John O'Shea, Knocktopher.
 Peter DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
 Tom Treacy, Dean Street.
 Anthony Mullally, Parnell Street.
 Pierce Brett, Blackmill Street.
 Thomas Stallard, Parliament Street.
 James Carrigan, Clara.
 Pat Corcoran, Patrick Street.



John Kealy



Tom Treacy



Patrick Parsons

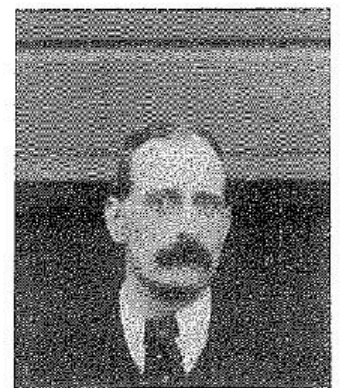
Kilkenny
Volunteers
1916



*Ald. James Nowlan,
later President of the G.A. A.*



Peter DeLoughry



Pat Corcoran

FATHER ALBERT (BIBBY)

By JIM MAHER

THOMAS FRANCIS BIBBY was born in Muine Bheag (Bagenalstown), Co. Carlow, on October 21, 1877. He was the third child of John and Julia Bibby, and the only boy in a family of six children, all born between 1874 and 1883. John Bibby, his father, was a shopkeeper in Regent St., Muine Bheag, and he was also a woollen merchant and agent for Greenvale Woollen Mills, Kilkenny.

Thomas Bibby was brought up at 8 High Street, Kilkenny, and he was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, James's Street. His name appears on the register for that school for the years 1890 and 1891. As he went through his teenage years in Kilkenny, he attended Mass regularly in the Capuchin Friary, only a stone's throw from where he lived. As he got older, the lifestyle of the brown friars appealed to him more and more. He left Kilkenny in 1894 for Rochestown, Co. Cork, where he entered the Capuchin Order on July 7 of that year.

Father Albert was ordained a priest at the Church Street Monastery, Dublin, in February, 1902, after proving

himself to be a brilliant student while in university. After his ordination he became a professor of philosophy and theology and taught these subjects to the Capuchin students for some years. One of his young scholars was Father Dominic who became Father Albert's trusted friend and co-worker during the years 1917 to 1925.

This saintly Capuchin spent many years in Church Street, Dublin, where he was worshipped by the poor, the lowly and the children. As he walked along Dublin's streets, he had a kind word for everyone – with the less fortunate always the object of his special attention. He was Provincial Secretary from 1913, and he was serenely happy and at peace with the quiet and unobtrusive life of a brown friar.

He was keenly interested in learning and speaking the Irish language. He was one of the pioneers of the Gaelic League, and a constant adviser to the Colmcille Branch in its early years. He loved to visit the Gaeltacht and hear the Irish language spoken in all its natural beauty.



Members and officials of Kilkenny Corporation at the grave of Father Albert in Rochestown, Co. Cork, following his repatriation in June 1958. Left to right – Milo Butler, Paddy Gleeson, Paddy Donnelly (Mace-bearer), Seamus Monahan, Paddy Ward (Accountant), Mich McGuinness (Mayor), John Holohan, Joseph Stapleton (Sword-bearer), William Murphy, Tomás Ó Dubhshláine. At rear: P. J. Crotty, T

But this friar's quiet and serene lifestyle was about to be shattered by events which were moving forward outside the domain of his own field of action. The 1916 Rising came on Easter Monday, the fighting lasted for a week, and the inevitable surrender was ordered by Pearse on Saturday after he had seen some innocent civilians being killed on the streets of Dublin. The courtmartial followed and many of the leaders were sentenced to death.

ATTENDED THE EXECUTIONS

Father Albert was at home in the Capuchin Friary, Church Street, on Wednesday night, May 3, 1916, when the message came to Father Aloysius, O.F.M. Cap., to say that some of the Fathers were wanted to attend the executions of Plunkett, Daly, O'Hanrahan and Willie Pearse. Fathers Albert, Augustine and probably Sebastian attended.

On Sunday night, May 7, Father Augustine and Father Albert were notified that they would be required at Kilmainham Gaol the following morning as more executions were to take place. At 1.30 a.m. a military motor car came to Church Street for them, and on their arrival at Kilmainham they were brought to the wing of the jail where the leaders were confined.

Father Augustine went to the cell of Eamonn Ceannt, and Father Albert went to visit Commandant Michael Mallin. He did not remain long with him as he was on his knees with two friends. He then saw Con Colbert and spent some time in prayer with this young Volunteer Leader and the third teacher on the staff of Pearse's all-Irish school, St. Enda's, to be executed.

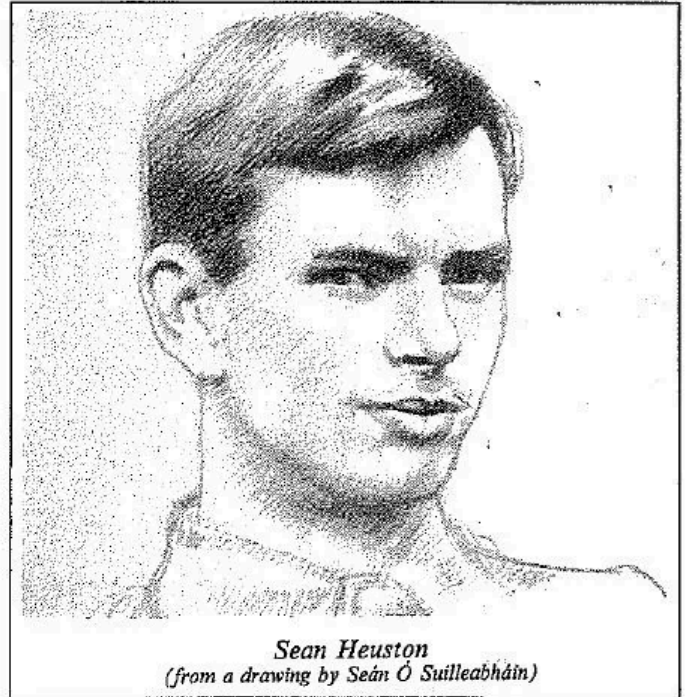
Father Albert then went to see Sean Heuston, one of the youngest of the leaders about to face death. He later wrote an account of how Sean Heuston met his death, and it was first published in the Capuchin Annual of 1942.

He wrote: "When I saw him, he was kneeling beside a small table with the Rosary beads in his hand, and on the table was a little piece of candle and some letters he had written to some near relatives and friends. He wore his overcoat as the morning was extremely cold. During his last quarter of an hour on this earth I spoke to him in complete darkness as the little piece of candle had burned out. Sean Heuston's one thought was to prepare with all fervour and earnestness to meet his Divine Saviour. He had been to Confession and had received Holy Communion early that morning, and was not afraid to die. He awaited the end with that calmness and fortitude which peace of mind brings to noble souls. We said together short Acts of Faith, Hope, Contrition and Love; we prayed together to St. Patrick, St. Brigid, St. Colmcille and all the Saints of Ireland; we said many times that very beautiful little ejaculatory prayer: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul'.

"He showed me his last letter to his sister - a Dominican nun. In it he wrote:

"If you really love me, teach the children the history of their own land".

"At about 3.45 a.m. a British soldier knocked at the door of the cell and told us time was up. We both walked out together down to the end of the large open space from which the corridor leads to the gaol yards. Here his hands were tied behind his back, a cloth tied over his eyes and a small piece of white paper about four or five inches square, pinned to his coat over his heart. We now proceeded



Sean Heuston
(from a drawing by Seán Ó Súilleabháin)

towards the yard where the execution was to take place; my left arm was linked in his right. Sean bent his head and kissed the Crucifix I had in my hand. Having reached a second yard, a soldier directed Sean and myself to a corner of the yard. Here there was a box (seemingly a soap box) and Sean was told to sit on it. He was perfectly calm and said with me for the last time, 'My Jesus Mercy'. I had scarcely moved away a few yards when the volley went off. I rushed over to anoint him. His whole face seemed transformed and lit up with a grandeur and brightness I had never before noticed".

MUCH APPRECIATED

The attention given by Father Albert, other Capuchin friars and other priests to the leaders of the 1916 Rising before the executions was much appreciated by these men themselves, and by their close relatives. Father Aloysius, O.F.M. Cap., received a message that James Connolly wanted to see him in Dublin Castle. Connolly had been away from the Sacraments for some time. "I want to see you as a priest", Connolly said to Father Aloysius. "I have seen and heard of the brave conduct of the priests and nuns during the week and I believe they are the best friends of the workers". James Connolly then made his confession to Father Aloysius and received Holy Communion on the following morning.

Father Albert did not forget the families of the dead patriots of 1916. His kindness and consideration for the bereaved relatives was manifested by the fact that he visited them often in the subsequent years, always consoling and comforting them.

There followed the War of Independence from 1919 to 1921 and Father Albert continued to minister to Republican prisoners in jail and "on the run". During the last crowded hours of Kevin Barry's life, he was visited by Father Albert, Father Augustine, O.F.M. Cap., and by other priests. Father Albert was arrested by Black and Tans in Church Street Friary, Dublin, in January 1921, and he was taken with Father Dominic, O.F.M. Cap., to

Dublin Castle where both priests were tortured.

Father Albert was a gentle, inspiring man, a mystic type. He constantly thought of the splendid ideal which the young men of 1916 had set before themselves and he was lost in the grandeur of that ideal. Father Albert was a dreamer. The smaller things of life had no place in his scheme of things. He had a steadfastness of purpose which is characteristic of all visionaries.

It was no wonder that this patriotic friar missed Ireland greatly when he was sent by his superiors to the United States in June, 1924. He was sent with another Capuchin priest and brother as pastor to Santa Inez Mission in California. At the same time, his appointment to Santa Inez appealed very much to him because from his novitiate days he had been particularly devoted to Saint Agnes whose youthful innocence and great courage charmed him. With his usual enthusiasm he set himself to his new task of caring for her mission. Everything seemed to augur a fruitful apostolate. But it was not to be. In December, 1924, a few weeks after he had assumed his charge, he became gravely ill and was taken to Saint Francis hospital, Santa Barbara. When Father Dominic, who was his trusted co-worker during the War of Independence, heard how seriously ill he was, he travelled to his bedside, from his place of domicile in America, and remained with him during his last illness.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN AGONY

God spared Father Albert from living in exile. It would have been an agony for him, because his love of homeland was a love of rare purity. Death came to him in Santa Barbara, California, on February 14, 1925. He was the first of the Irish Friars to die in Western America. He was buried in the hallowed ground of the old Mission of Santa Inez, far from the land he adored.

For years the people of Ireland requested that the body of Father Albert, together with the remains of his faithful friend, Father Dominic, be brought home to rest in the soil of the country they loved. With the blessing of the ecclesiastical authorities, and the permission of the superiors of the Order of Capuchins, their repatriation was organised and financed by Old I.R.A. veterans in the United States and in Ireland.

On June 13, 1958, a day of brilliant sunshine, a plane bearing the remains of both Father Albert and Father Dominic landed at Shannon Airport. Through the city of Limerick, on to Buttevant and Mallow, and from there to Cork City, the funeral moved through streets thronged with prayerful crowds. At the outskirts of Cork City, the Lord Mayor of Cork and the Corporation dressed in ceremonial robes, were joined by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the Mayors of Kilkenny and Limerick, accorded the remains a civic reception.

After Mass in Cork the funeral made its short journey to Rochestown. The friary of Rochestown is on the side of a steep, narrow glen. On the surrounding rise the people gathered to pay their last respects. The remains were gently lowered into the welcoming Irish soil. The people began to disperse, but they halted again. Across the sloping hill came the sombre notes of a bugle, as if from nowhere, sounding the last post across the partially covered graves. As it changed from sadness to the réveillée, a thrush in a big

sycamore burst forth in song as if to say "Fáilte romhaibh abhaille, Albert and Dominic".

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Volunteer Pakie Leahy



Volunteer Martin Kealy

Father Albert as a Capuchin priest

FR. ALBERT grew up in the city of Kilkenny which is steeped in tradition concerning the Capuchin Franciscan Order. He was a frail figure with a white, gentle face. He had brown eyes that often lit up and sparkled with fun. He loved to talk with simple folk and with children.

When he set foot in the "chapel yard" of Church Street Friary, Dublin, the young people immediately spied him. They gave chase to willing prey, closed down upon him and clustered around him. He had all their confidence and they were perfectly at home with him. The little ones always knew their friends with much less erring instinct than grown-up people did. Their mothers, too, were known to him - those women who often lit candles at the shrines so that their husbands might get work. The poor he took to, gently, even reverently. He would never direct or assist them to the door in the middle of their humble, crazy explanations. They were always heard for their reverence.

By his appearance you would know that he was very sensitive. It was true that he was a man of fine feeling, at times the very heart of him was wounded by little thoughtlessnesses or by a careless word: sometimes he would take comfort from an intimate friend, oftener still and more wisely he would go to the one who had invited all the heavenly-burdened. Prayer and faith were the two pillars that upheld his life and prevented it from tottering around him when the dark days came. The stray, broken bit of humanity that came along in sadness or perplexity or want or sin, found in him a friend who understood.

He felt as few did the piercing griefs of the young widows of Easter Week. Often he would visit them on an evening. Even if he never opened his lips his gentle presence alone would solace their anguished hearts and would people the emptiness of their homes. He was a child with children and for all his boyish figure he was a man with men, a man that men could speak to, a man that men felt they could rely on. Some of the Labour leaders took counsel with him. He was in their confidence and with those open-faced, noble-hearted young men who laid down their very lives in sacrifice during Ireland's resurgence. Many of these looked upon him as a father and a brother. He was one of the priests here and there in whom they could put trust. Fr. Albert easily came first.

A small picture of St. Agnes always hung in his cell. Towards her he was drawn all his life. Was it a spiritual kinship? If that was so, it was quite unconscious on his part, for he could not think of himself as a hero. He wanted only to be a good Irish Capuchin priest, to live prayerfully, to help his fellow humans both corporally and spiritually on their way to Eternity, and to see his country free.

Other aims, other ideals, he had none. Certainly, he admired the manliness of St. Agnes, her fortitude, her Faith, her loyalty to a love. Maybe he often imagined the red scowling faces of her torturers. Her meek, pure eyes could see the fires of savagery in their eyes, so close to hers. No, she would not deny Him in whom she believed and in

whom she loved. She became a martyr for Christ at the tender age of 12.

She must have given him some of the manliness and fortitude he admired in her, for he had his hour of menacings in Dublin Castle. And he saw faces, faces blotched with drink, evil and sinister: strange faces that eyed him suspiciously, malevolently. And there were rough hands that fingered loaded revolvers. He sat trembling, nerve-racked, during a long midnight of questionings and implications and threats. Yet neither would he deny his loyalty to another love.

But no swift death pounced upon him in sudden release. The dread messenger would come more slowly, more poignantly. On February 14, 1925, Fr. Albert departed this life in exile in California. His dying wish to be brought home to the Ireland he loved so well, fulfilled. On June 13, 1958, Fr. Albert and Fr. Dominic returned. They are now at rest in the Community cemetery at Rochestown, Co. Cork.

Father Patrick Dowling
Capuchin Friary, Kilkenny.

347679



William Oakes

THOMAS MacDONAGH

(This article is part of an essay written by Rev. Gerard Rice C.C., St. Patrick's Parish (1965) for St. Kieran's College Record.)

LIKE MANY other Irish patriots, Thomas MacDonagh was of mixed ancestry. His father, Joseph, a Roscommon man whose own father had been a physical force man, had an understandable distrust of patriots. Joseph, given Latin and some education by a priest-uncle went to Marlborough Training College to become a teacher. In 1867, now a teacher in Cloghan, Co. Offaly, he met and married the principal teacher there, Mary Parker, a convert from Unitarianism whose father had come from England to Trinity College, Dublin, as a compositor in Greek at the University Press. She was musical, interested in painting, verse and Victorian music in a rather un-Gaelic way. In time, they came to Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, where their fourth child, Thomas, was born in 1878.

Thomas was sent to Rockwell College in 1892, with the hope, if things developed in that way, of eventually joining the Holy Ghost Order. It was the custom for such boys to remain on for four years after completing the secondary school course as prefect teachers before going to France to enter the novitiate. MacDonagh remained five years teaching classics, and while there he began to read widely in English, French and Latin literature. He developed a home-given interest in the organ and began seriously to write verse.

Deciding that his was not a vocation to the religious life, he left Rockwell to come as a secondary teacher to St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, in September 1901. He taught English to the junior grades and French to the senior ones. Keats and Wordsworth seemed to be his first interest and his enthusiasm for them was so infectious that traces of it have survived in his pupils for over sixty years. They remember, too, his handling of *A Tale of Two Cities*, and the romantic blood-bath of the French Revolution.

In St. Kieran's at this time, Francis Sheehy Skeffington also taught. They lodged together in 19, High Street, at the home of Dr. White, physician to the College, and one of their pupils remembers them in contrast – the one, MacDonagh, small, stocky, neat, almost dapper, interested in rugby; the other bearded and untidy with a passion for long walks legendary among the students.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE

Dr. Douglas Hyde had given an address in Kilkenny towards the end of 1900, and from then can be dated the effective beginnings of the Gaelic League. It attracted the casual interest of a good many people, and the intense interest of a few. By December 1900, there were 103 members including the Bishop, Dr. Brownrigg, Captain Otway Cuffe, who with his sister-in-law Lady Desart was to do much for the city, some priests – the League President was a Professor of St. Kieran's College – some of the members of the Corporation and a good cross-section of the population. The primary purpose of the League was to revive the Irish language in order to bring about a renewal in Irish life.



Thomas MacDonagh from a drawing by Seán Ó Suilleabháin

Some time at the end of 1901 or early 1902, MacDonagh, with a few friends, went for a joke to a meeting of the Gaelic League, and the League made one of its most committed converts. On April 28, 1902, he was co-opted on to the League Committee, and in January, 1903, he was made Honorary Secretary. During the years 1902 and 1903 modest developments were made. Prayers in Irish were introduced in the Capuchin Church in Walkin Street, the Rosary in Irish was introduced by the President of the League, Father Dollard – to this Confraternity in St. Mary's Cathedral. But, most important of all – the organisation of the local branch was put on a sure foundation, with changes introduced in the rules governing the election and procedure of the governing committee (June 1902).

MacDonagh resigned as secretary from the Gaelic League Committee in Kilkenny in June 1903. A resolution of confidence was passed at a subsequent committee meeting leaving on record in the Minutes of the branch "our" opinion of his character and worth as a sterling Irishman, devoted heart and soul to the loftiest ideals of the Gaelic League, unselfish in his motive, kind, tactful and gentlemanly in his actions towards all, and absolutely fearless in the discharge of the duties which his position, as Secretary or Committee-man, imposed upon him, and "we assure him that he carries with him the deep respect and hearty good wishes of every member of the committee".

He remained teaching his Irish classes and before he left Kilkenny he presented to the League library his two published books of verse, *Through the Ivory Gate* (1903) and *April and May* (1903). He left behind him in Kilkenny, as he did everywhere else, people with extraordinarily vivid memories of him, pupils in St. Kieran's and in the Gaelic League, many of whom still remember him with the freshness of recent acquaintance, as a pleasant person, charming, enthusiastic, volatile and kind. In September, 1903, MacDonagh began teaching in St. Colman's College in Fermoy.

A MODEST FULFILMENT

The Gaelic League was stronger in Fermoy, and he was near the Munster Gaeltacht, and in his teaching, in his mastery of Irish at the League and at the Munster Training College in the summer, in his growing contacts with the Anglo-Irish writers in Dublin, with Colum, Stephens and Yeats, and in his writing he found, temporarily, a modest fulfilment. In 1906, a book of poems *The Golden Joy* was published. Like his earlier books it did not receive the acclaim his friends thought it deserved, though there were a few favourable notices in English and Scottish papers, and in Ireland only in *Moran's Leader*.

By the end of 1906 he was writing to his friend, Dominic Hackett from Kilkenny: "I mean to leave Fermoy next summer, if I at all can, and probably Ireland too. I can more easily get work in London, I think, than in Dublin, and there is no other place possible. This place has become a horror to me . . . I fear that if I lived another year here I should become impossible as a friend to anyone".

Of course, he did not go to London. He found a new enthusiasm. The only hope for saving Irish was the bilingual school – and in 1908 he joined Patrick Pearse, with whom he had been in contact since his Kilkenny days, on the teaching staff of St. Enda's, Rathfarnham. He threw himself with much gusto into what was to be a constantly precarious educational experiment. His success there was undoubted, as was his success as a teacher everywhere. Desmond Ryan, one of his pupils, leaves an unforgettable pen-picture of MacDonagh at St. Enda's. "Thomas MacDonagh, his hands in easy gesture, talking thirteen to the dozen, and laughing with his quick staccato laugh . . . he promises every boy the most certain and amazing progress in every subject on the programme in less than a week, having learned Italian in that time himself with the aid of a dictionary, his Latin and his days in Paris".

The Abbey Theatre produced in 1908 a play which MacDonagh had written in Fermoy *When the Dawn is Come*, on which he placed high hopes of success. In theme it fore-shadows, curiously, the Easter Rising. It was set in an Ireland of the future where an English army is faced by an Irish one commanded by seven Captains. The play centres around a Leader "a subtle, Hamlet-like character", MacDonagh calls him – "whose motives are questioned by his comrade Captains, but proves in death his loyalty to the National Cause". It was not a success, wrote MacDonagh, "being badly performed and misunderstood".

About 1910, the old pessimism, which had enveloped him in Fermoy, returned. Surely an unhappy love affair must have had something to do with it. There were possible

causes too, the lack of instant literary success, the loss of hope in the renewal of National life he had worked for since his Kilkenny days, and the lack of practical sympathy with and the occasional open opposition shown to the Irish Ireland Movement by powerful elements in the Church and in the old Irish Party. One thing is certain, MacDonagh went through a personal crisis hinted at constantly in *Songs of Myself* published in 1910.

The verse in *Songs of Myself* is gloomy, preoccupied with staleness, emptiness, loss of youth and death. Some idea of his themes is given in the last poem of the book, *Envoi*:

*I send these creatures to lay a ghost,
And not to raise up fame"
For I shrink from the way that they go almost
As I shrink from the way that they came.*

*But I whose creed is only death,
Do not prize their victory,
I know that my life is but a breath
On the glass of eternity.*

*So I send on their way with this crude rime
These creatures of bitter truth,
Not to raise up fame for a future time.
But to lay the ghost of my youth.*

It was in this book that one of his best known poems, *John-John* appears. In the summer of 1910 he went to Paris "in search of freedom", and with a vague intention of becoming a painter. "I shall go my way alone . . . the old things that were mixed up with life in Ireland for me have died, and have left neither desire nor regret. But Paris did not suit him. He found that he had little talent as a painter, and he returned to Dublin where he lived "a kind of semi-detached life at a gate lodge of Mr. David Houston's House in the Dublin hills", while still teaching at St. Enda's. Houston left him on his own, enabling him to become the "quaint recluse who delighted in company".

A TURNING POINT

It was a house where many writers congregated – Padraig Colum, James Stephens and Seamus O'Sullivan – and soon MacDonagh became a constant visitor to the literary salons in Dublin. It was at A.E.'s salon that he was introduced to three Nationalist daughters of a Dublin Unionist called Gifford with "I want you to fall in love with one of these girls". "That will be easy", said MacDonagh, "the only difficulty will be to decide which". In time MacDonagh made up his mind, and it was Muriel Gifford he married in January 1912. His marriage, a successful one, was one of the turning points of his life.

He began studies in the National University, and in 1911 he graduated with an M.A. with a recommendation to expand his thesis "*Thomas Campion and the Art of English Verse*" for a Doctorate. In 1911 he was appointed lecturer at University College, Dublin, and had begun to show unusual academic promise. At this time, too, he was an associate editor of *The Irish Review* with Houston, Stephens and Colum, and after a time, Joseph Mary Plunkett whom he had first met in 1909 as a student of

Irish. In time with Edward Martin and Plunkett, he founded his Irish Theatre in Hardwicke Street to produce plays not produced by the Abbey. He was still writing prolific verse, some of which he published in 1916. Alienated as MacDonagh seemed to be in 1910 from sympathy with the Irish people and from belief in their religion, he found in the active and hopeful involvement with the Irish Volunteers and the I.R.B. a way of returning, of becoming one again with the people. It brought him back, too, to his Catholic faith. Nationalism was clothed with the Christian garments of baptism, suffering, death and resurrection.

MacDonagh never seems to have been involved directly in any political party. From his days in Kilkenny he was in general agreement with the policies of Sinn Féin, but this never excluded the possibility of his supporting a reorganised and revitalized Irish party. "Many of us", he wrote to Hackett in May 1909, "who are out of tune with modern parliamentary ways, are attracted by the truth of much put forward by Sinn Féin, but if tomorrow, a strong Home Rule Party existed, with Parnell's tactics and strategy, Sinn Féin would die, I believe". He was constantly commenting on the pitiable state of Irish politics.

At the inaugural meeting of the Irish Volunteers, November 1913, MacDonagh was elected a member of the Provisional Committee, and given command of the Second Dublin Battalion. He attended the great volunteer parade that followed O'Donovan Rossa to the cemetery. He had found himself at last. "The Movement is spreading", he wrote to Hackett in January 1914, "we have with us our whole generation".

He threw himself into the work with great gusto, almost with glee, training his battalion, wearing "a long military cloak, swift-moving, gay and witty". "I have found a great thing to do in and with life, outside the very real and wonderful interest that a wife and two children give me", he wrote to Hackett (May 1915). "I am fifteen years younger than when you saw me last, or rather I was, a little before you saw me last, for half of it is due to my marriage. Ireland is all right. What is left to us is healthy, and full of hope and self-confidence. When I marched the Irish Volunteers down the road from Clontarf on the heels of the British soldiers, I was sure that things would come our way rapidly. I work hard every day at Volunteer work. I am a member of the General Council of the Central Executive of the Headquarters Staff. I am Commander of the Second Branch of the Dublin Brigade, and Senior Officer of the Brigade Council.

"In addition to the work done in all these capacities, I am Director-General of Training for the whole country, and have to keep a staff working to direct that department. But the work, half like that of a Cabinet Minister, and half like that of a Regular Military Officer, is wonderfully interesting and exhilarating. Our people are nowhere against us. The Redmondites give us arms and ammunition knowing that they do not want them. The young priests are with us. We have given an ideal and enthusiasm to the young boys and girls of Ireland, such as you and I did not get . . . Ireland is all right".

THE RISING

MacDonagh, already aware of the plan for an early Rising and a member of the I.R.B. since 1915, was co-opted as a member of the Military Council of the I.R.B. in April 1916. He became one of the signatories of the Easter Proclamation.

He was in command of the garrison in Jacob's Factory during Easter Week, which because of circumstances did not see much active service. He refused to surrender at first when news of Pearse's surrender was brought to him believing the end of the European War was at hand, and hoping that a prolonged rising would strengthen the Irish case at a subsequent peace conference. He eventually surrendered, with clear knowledge that his execution would result. On May 3, 1916, with Pearse and Clarke, the first of the martyrs of Easter Week, he was shot in Kilmainham Jail.

What of the personality of Thomas MacDonagh? He was certainly gifted. Frank O'Connor called him "an adventurer in letters, like a seventeenth century Irish gentleman in the French or Spanish army; the outline of a great man, without the intellectual substance". "In private", wrote James Stephens, "I have seldom known a man in whom the instinct for friendship was so true; no one who was so prepared to use himself in the service of a friend. It was his death that gave him his claim to greatness".

"They all died well", a British witness of the executions of 1916 observed, "but MacDonagh died like a prince".

Writer, dreamer, poet, teacher, aspiring politician and political martyr, MacDonagh with his "bony thumb" has put his mark on Irish history as did the other men of Easter Week, not the mark that he had hoped to put, nor the mark he foresaw he might put.

From what well sprang MacDonagh's urge to political activity and personal sacrifice? Was it the urge to ultimate power over men which can obsess the gifted academic, or the urge to a vicarious immortality through martyrdom in a great cause, or was it something more noble and difficult - the demands of duty cutting across the grain of personality? Perhaps the answer is found in his best-known poem, first written in Kilkenny on the death of Willie Rooney.

*His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long.*

*His deed was a single word
Called out alone
In the night when no echo stirred
To laughter or moan.*

*But his songs new soul shall thrill
The loud harps dumb
And his deed the echoes fill
When the dawn is come!*

Extracts from Easter Week in Ireland 1916

by B.J. HACKETT*

(Submitted by Michael O'Dwyer, Librarian, Kilkenny Archaeological Society.)

Summarised by Brian Boyd



ON EASTER Monday, April 24, Fairyhouse Race Meeting came off in Meath and, with many thousands, I went down by train. It was the usual holiday crowd; lots of horses, pretty girls, and luncheon baskets. After the second race I was talking to Gray, County Inspector for Meath; he was in very good spirits saying all his friends abused him every Easter Monday about the traffic. He was shot that day or next with nine of his constabulary at Ashbourne. He just had time to make his will, which was a sad one. About that time of the day Michael Cox, Privy Counsellor, told me there was trouble in Dublin, that the Sinn Féiners had seized the Post Office and that John O'Neill had tried to stop the trouble the evening before and had resigned. No one at Fairyhouse had any idea of the gravity of things.

Coming back in Ben Kennedy's car, with Billy Boydeil, wife and Miss Jackson, we began to hear the news. At Clonsilla a very excited lady tried to head off all motor cars from going to Dublin. She said they were being captured and made into barricades, which I believe was true. On my suggestion the car went on to the police station at Castleknock. The police there had no information so we went on gingerly to the Chief Secretary's Lodge (the last place in Ireland where information can be obtained). The policeman there was very willing to help and advised us to go on to Dalkey by Chapelizod and not go through Dublin at all. This was sound advice and I bade them good-bye and started to walk through the park to get to Mountjoy Prison, which I expected would be attacked.

I noticed, on my way down through Phoenix Park about twenty men in civilian clothes with bicycles at regular intervals but whether police or others I could not say. Down the magazine side there was a rattle of musketry cracking away without stop; still people were standing about in groups along the North Circular Road, in twos and threes, looking very much as usual.

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Leahy was recalled to duty and heard that Neilan, an officer in the Tenth Dublins, had been killed; that the North Dublin Union had been captured and that the rebels had Stephen's Green and Jacob's Biscuit Factory. Well, we had another meal, a whiskey and soda and I prevailed on them to go to bed.

I dozed down in the smoking from in my sleeping bag and Dalton and his father-in-law went upstairs. About 2 a.m. we were rung up on the telephone to say the soldiers had arrived and we were to come over. Some overstrained nerves snapped then but I went back to bed.

Next morning I found the Dublin Fusiliers lining the streets. Having found out where the Colonel, J.J. Meldon, was, I introduced myself and said I would be very glad to volunteer. As there was another Medical Officer there in

Cahill's, Dorset Street, a very good sort named King, of Castlepollard, I took a stretcher-bearer party up to Blessington Street, a fairly hot shop, and left them while I went home and got sandwiches for them. When I came back they were gone. I often wondered whether I should

have got them court-martialled, but the next pair I had were fine.

I took part of Leary's public house, at the corner of Dorset Street and North Frederick Street, as my aid post. A fellow was sniping at us from Duffy's roof, a very poor shot. While I was there I was told that they had been trying to get a wounded officer and two men from the Granville Hotel in Sackville Street since Monday. This was reported to me by a sergeant with the Canadian Women's Motor Ambulance. As things were quiet, I thought it feasible to have a try at getting them.

We ran down parallel to Rutland Square and Sackville Street till we came to Marlboro Street Church. There, next a shattered lamp post, and beside a huge pool of partially dried blood, I got out of the car. I walked towards Sackville St. intending to go into the hotel by the front door. It did not take me long to get upstairs and get down the two men; no dressing, just wrapped them up in blankets and away; the third man was dead. I ran the other two up to King George V Hospital and the only question I was asked there was, "Why didn't you bring the dead man?" I said I was too damn well frightened and I thought he'd keep. It was several days before we could get him away as a matter of fact.

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About lunch time I got word to go down to Great Strand Street, that a woman was wounded. I was annoyed as it was quite close to Amiens Street, which had medical officers, but I got my bearer squad and guide and we popped along fully a mile, having to pass six or seven cross streets, a fairly real danger because, on our way back, a woman was shot just before we got to her street. The first woman was dead, stone dead, and our journey was in vain. Her name was Jenny Costelloe. The old woman, Redmond Cahill, was in a bad way and I ran her up to the Mater. On the way back got a bullet through the ambulance; it went through the back of the seat chest high. I was sitting in the front with the driver going fifty miles an hour so it would have been a bit of bad luck if I or the driver had been hit. That bullet hit a man and he had to be taken to hospital, so it wasn't very safe to be on the streets that day.

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Down Sackville Street the rifles barked and sang and the "overs" moaned up the hill and smacked our roofs or squeaked over the prison. About midnight a beautiful rosy glow waked the southern sky. The huge eddying billows of smoke churned up and swayed across the sky. Then there were two great bodies of smoke springing from caverns of blame and the Post Office and Linenhall Barracks went up in flames; these were not the only buildings burned that night. From the Liffey to Henry Street was red ruin except for a few shops — Chancellor's, Frewens, and half Elvery's. On the other side no buildings survived from the Bridge to the Tramway Office. Clery's fine shop, the Imperial Hotel and the large D.B.C. were gone.

The cordon of troops were now very tight and, as regards the north side, very effective. The houses slept,

doors shut, windows darkened. Old people died; infants were born, poor people got hungrier and no help could be given them. Next morning I met the Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Nowlan, and he worked manfully and was able to arrange relief and supplies of milk for the poor.

On Thursday morning, another cloudless day, my visit to the police station brought me the information that things were still very grave, the rebels in great force in the Mount St. area and Sandymount. Early in the day the mob looted a house in Dorset Street but a few rounds of ammunition, fired over their heads, dispersed them. There were no casualties on the north side where we were.

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On Friday some Sherwood Foresters arrived; two companies rather green troops and their officers of a type

Death of Coon man in Dublin

By: JIM MAHER

BOB WOODCOCK died in St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, on April 28, during the 1916 Rising.

Bob was born in Coolcullen Brow, near Coon, Muckalee, in 1882 and went with his brother Sam to Dublin where he did well and eventually purchased two licensed premises. He became the owner of the White Horse Inn in Inchicore, and was also the proprietor of a second public house in Ringsend. In 1912 he purchased a farm in Newpark, on the Johnswell Road.

On Easter Sunday, 1916, he came to Kilkenny to visit his farm and stayed in the Metropole Hotel in High Street. While he was in Kilkenny he developed a bad dose of 'flu. During Easter Week he got a message that a Rising had started in Dublin, and that his licensed premises in Ringsend had been looted.

He told Tommy Murphy, the owner of the Metropole Hotel, that he was returning to Dublin to protect his Ringsend premises. Tommy remonstrated with him, reminding Bob that he had a severe 'flu and that it would be difficult for him to get through Dublin due to the fighting which was then raging in the streets.

Bob decided to make the journey back to Dublin. As he passed by St. Stephen's Green he was held up by the insurgents. He was detained overnight in that area. His 'flu worsened and turned into pneumonia. He became delirious and had to be strapped to a stretcher. The Volunteers removed him to St. Vincent's Hospital, but his condition deteriorated, and he died there before the end of the week. He was 34 years of age.

His brother, John, farmed in Coolcullen for some time afterwards, and he sheltered a wounded I.R.A. man during the subsequent War of Independence.

I had not hitherto met. The story is told — and I believe, truly — that when this Midland Division landed at Kingstown, a nice old lady, all grey curls, shawls and cameos, sent her trim maid with a tray of cakes and cocoa for the brave soldiers. A young officer rushed up before the soldiers could get any and tilted up the tray, sending the cakes and cups flying. "This is an enemy country", said he, "and we must be careful". The lower the stratum of English society, the more the want of tact is apparent. The Seventh Dublins, with whom I was, were very good for a depot battalion and stuck the hard days very well, but the English green troops were not what they should be.

*Dr. B. J. Hackett was a member of the well-known Kilkenny literary family.



Patrick Pearse from a drawing
by Seán Ó Suilleabháin

THE WAYFARER

*The beauty of the world had made me sad,
This beauty that will pass;
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great
joy.*

*To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,
Or a red lady-bird upon a stalk,
Or little rabbits in a field at evening,
Lit by a slanting sun;
Or some green hill where shadows drifted
by.*

*Some quiet hill where mountainy men hath
sown
And soon would reap near to the gate of
Heaven;*

*Or children with bare feet upon the sands
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets
Of little towns in Connacht,
Things young and happy.*

And then my heart hath told me:

These will pass,

*Will pass and change, will die and be no
more,*

*Things bright and green, things young and
happy;*

*And I have gone upon my way
Sorrowful.*

P. H. Pearse

Castlecomer man killed in Easter Insurrection

By: JIM MAHER

PADDY BAYLON, Loon, Clogh, Castlecomer, was shot in the North King Street area of Dublin on April 28, 1916.

During the Insurrection, British troops had come under severe fire from several barricades erected by the insurgents across King Street, in Church Street, and from many buildings overlooking that area. It took the troops from 10 a.m. on April 28 to 2 a.m. on the following day to force their way from Linenhall Street to Church Street, a distance of some 150 yards. The casualties sustained by the British Regiment at this spot numbered five officers wounded, and 14 non-commissioned officers and men killed.

During the tough encounter, Father Albert, the Capuchin priest brought up in Kilkenny, came up to the insurgents and shouted to them, "My poor fellows, it's all over, Pearse has surrendered". This was between five and six o'clock on Saturday evening, and was the first that the North King Street Volunteers had heard of the surrender. Instead of surrendering the Volunteers under Peadar Breslin dashed across to Monk's Bakery and took it over.

The British soldiers were so close to the bakery that it looked as if their last stand would develop into a hand to hand fight. But again the familiar figure of Father Albert was seen standing on the roadway. He turned towards the bakery and lifting his arms called to the insurgents, "For God's sake, and for the sake of the dead, dying and wounded, listen to me". He pleaded with the Irish

Volunteers to surrender. On the following morning (Sunday) the 32 occupants of the besieged bakery surrendered.

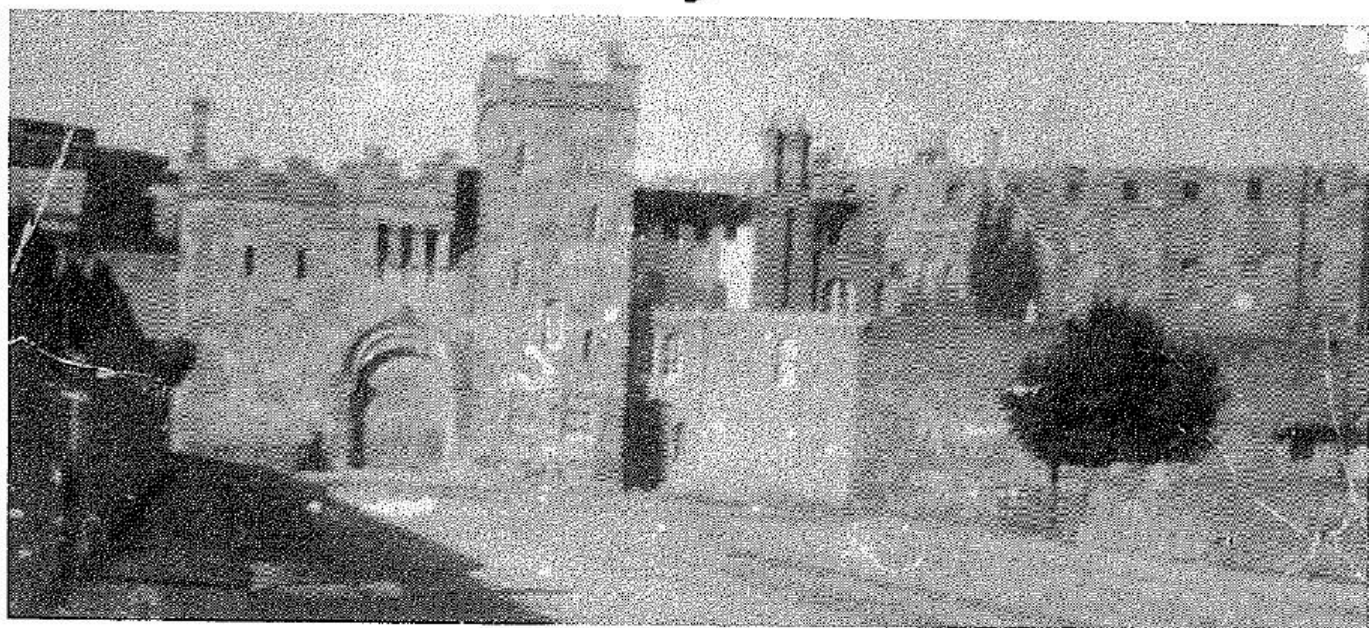
Patrick Baylon worked as a foreman in Mrs. Mary O'Rourke's licensed house, North King Street, close to where the bitter fighting took place. Patrick had acted as a dispatch carrier for the Volunteers during the bloody battle. British military entered Mrs. O'Rourke's premises just before the surrender of the insurgents. They arrested Baylon and took him downstairs to the cellar. They then told him to climb the stairs again and when he got to the foot of the steps, they shot him. Paddy Baylon was thirty years of age. His body was not discovered in the cellar until May 10, a fortnight later.

An inquest was conducted and the jury's verdict was:

"We find that the said Patrick Baylon died from shock and haemorrhage, resulting from bullet wounds inflicted by a soldier or soldiers, in whose custody he was, an unarmed and unoffending prisoner. We consider that the explanation given by the military authorities is very unsatisfactory, and we believe that if the military authorities had any inclination, they could produce the officer in charge."

Paddy Baylon was brought back to Castlecomer for burial, and his remains now lie in Castlecomer Cemetery, adjoining the Parish Church.

Kilkenny Jail



(Demolished to make way for the St. Francis Terrace housing estate)

The following is a list of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of "A" Company Irish Volunteers Kilkenny City, in 1916

"A" Company (Kilkenny City)

Captain: Thomas Treacy, Dean Street.
1st Lieut.: Pierce Brett, Blackmill Street.
2nd Lieut.: Anthony Mulally, Parnell Street.
Quarter Master: Edward Comerford, Wellington Square.

Section No. I

Section Commander: James Lalor, Friary Street.

D. Cormick, Patrick Street.
P. Brien, Patrick Street.
J. Brien, Patrick Street.
P. Brennan, Patrick Street.
Jim Brennan, Patrick Street.
John Cullen, Patrick Street.
Martin Cassidy, Patrick Street.
Edward Geoghegan, Patrick Street.
Richard Hennessy, Patrick Street.
Daniel Keenan, Friary Street, Sconce.
Thomas Keenan, Friary Street, Sconce.
Patrick Leahy, Patrick Street.
James Lalor, New Street.
J. Myles, Patrick Street.
Thomas Neary, Poulgour.
Michael Nugent, Patrick Street.
W. O'Brien, Patrick Street.
David Rhatigan, Patrick Street.
E. Tunston, Walkin Street.
William Byrne, John Street.



Martin Cassidy



Tom Neary

(Section II)

Section Commander: Laurence DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
Thomas Stallard, Parliament Street.
Peter DeLoughry, Parliament Street.
William Oakes, Waterbarrack.
Michael Oakes, Waterbarrack.
Michael O'Keefe, The Butts.
James Shortall, Parnell Street.
Richard Shortall, Parnell Street.
Denis Barry, The Monster House.
Timothy Hennessy, c/o Potter & Co.
William Stephens, c/o J. Bourke & Sons.
John Lalor, Goosehill.

James Madigan, Abbey Street.
Joseph Coyne, Bishopshill.
James Rhatigan, Green Street.
James Kavanagh, Woodworkers, Talbot's Inch.
William Young, Woodworkers, Talbot's Inch.
Peter Nixon, Woodworkers, Talbot's Inch.
James Mooney, Bonnettsrath.
William Denn, Talbot's Inch.
John Donnelly, St. Canice's Well.
James Dardis, James's Street.
Vincent Dardis, James's Street.
Michael Ryan, Bishop's Hill.
Seán Scully, The Butts.
Edward O'Mara, Woodworkers, Talbot's Inch.



James Dardis



Michael Oakes

(Section III)

Section Commander: Patrick Parsons, Wolfe Tone Street.
Thomas Furlong, Michael Street.
Martin Murphy, Michael Street.
David Dowling, Maudlin Street.
Richard Dowling, Maudlin Street.
Patrick Burke, Wolfe Tone Street.
Michael Burke, Wolfe Tone Street.
John Kealy, John Street.
Charles Smith, Maudlin Street.
Maurice Higgins, John Street.

Note: The Company was represented at G.H.Q. by Patrick Corcoran, Patrick Street and Peter DeLoughry, Parliament Street.

The following joined the Company during Easter Week 1916.

Leo Dardis, James Street.
Michael Purcell, High Street.
Stephen O'Dwyer, Patrick Street.
James Delaney, Parliament Street.
John Sparkes, Blackmill Street.

Note: The above list of the members of the three Sections of "A" Company (Kilkenny City) are those who were members at that particular period, and if, by any chance, anyone who was a

member is left out, it is regretted, but the list has been compiled carefully in consultation with those who were members of the Company at that time.



Leo Dardis

Irish Volunteers (1916)

Outposts in County Kilkenny 1916

(COUNTY KILKENNY)

Particulars of membership of Conahy Company of Irish Volunteers, in 1916. (Particulars supplied by Seán McEvoy, Shanganny, Conahy).

Captain: Nicholas Maher, Lower Conahy.
1st Lieut.: Seán McEvoy, Shanganny, Conahy.

Members:

Michael McEvoy, Shanganny, Conahy, Jenkinstown.
Edward Maher, Lower Conahy, Jenkinstown.
William Hally, Shanganny, Conahy, Jenkinstown.
James McGrath, Kilmacar.
Thomas Connery, Esker.
John Murphy, Esker.
Richard Gregg, Esker.
Michael Harding, Esker.

Particulars of membership of Dunmore Company of Irish Volunteers in 1916 (Particulars supplied by James Mooney Bonnettsrath, who lived in the area but was a member of "A" Company, Kilkenny City).

Captain: Laurence Walsh, Bawn, Durmore.

Members:

William Whelan, Radestown.
Martin Stapleton, Bawn, Dunmore.
Patrick Kealy, Lower Dunmore.
Martin Kealy, Lower Dunmore.
Michael Kealy, Lower Dunmore.
Patrick Gregg, Upper Dunmore.

(Castlecomer)

Particulars of members of Irish Volunteers in Castlecomer district on April 24, 1916 (Particulars supplied by Patrick Dunphy, Coolade, Castlecomer, who now lives at Newtown, Castlecomer.

Castlecomer Town

Patrick Mulhall, Chatsworth Street.
Jeremiah Kelly, Kilkenny Street.
Patrick Dunphy (Baker), Kilkenny Street.
Patrick Neill (Gags), Kilkenny Street.
Andrew Gleeson, Kilkenny Street.

Crutt & Chatsworth District

James Culleton, Coolade.
Patrick Dunphy, Coolade.
Pat Clancy, Coolade.
John Brennan (Mike), Crutt.
Pat Brennan (Mike), Crutt.
Tom Brennan (Mike), Crutt.
Jim Brennan (Mike), Crutt.
Michael Brennan (Mike), Crutt.
Pat Carroll, Crutt.
James Cahill, Chatsworth.
Joseph Cahill, do.
Tom Maguire, Crutt.
James Dooley, Bolleybarron, Leix.



James Carrigan

(Clara)

Particulars of membership of Clara Company of Irish Volunteers in 1916. Particulars supplied by Martin Kealy, Blanchfield's Park, now living at Freynestown Castle, Castlewarren.

Captain: Martin Kealy, Blanchfield's Park.
1st Lieut.: Patrick Foley, Clara.

Members:

Michael Fitzgerald, Freynestown.
James Carrigan, Clara.
John Harte, Clara.
Patrick Byrne, Ballasalla.
John Moore, Ossory Hill.
Richard Moore, do.
Patrick Kelly, Kilderry.
Thomas Lonergan, Kilmogar.

Michael Murphy, Kilderry.
Turlough Hoban, Johnswell.
Martin Hoban, Johnswell.
Martin Hoban, Johnswell.
John Hoban, Johnswell.
Patrick Brophy, Johnswell.
James Quinn, Johnswell.
William Carrigan, Clara.
James Harte, Clara.
James Campion, snr., Clara.
James Campion, jnr., Clara.
John Kelly, Kilderry.
Martin Kelly, Kilderry.



Sean Gibbons

**FIANNA EIREANN
(Kilkenny Members 1916)**

James DeLoughry, Blackmill Street.
Richard DeLoughry, Blackmill Street.
Stephen Lalor, Walkin Street.
C. Bateman, King Street.
Martin O'Keeffe, Butts Green.
James Lucas, Dean Street.

Note: In addition to the foregoing Companies there were small outposts in Clomantagh, Threecastles, and Tullaroan.



Jim Lalor



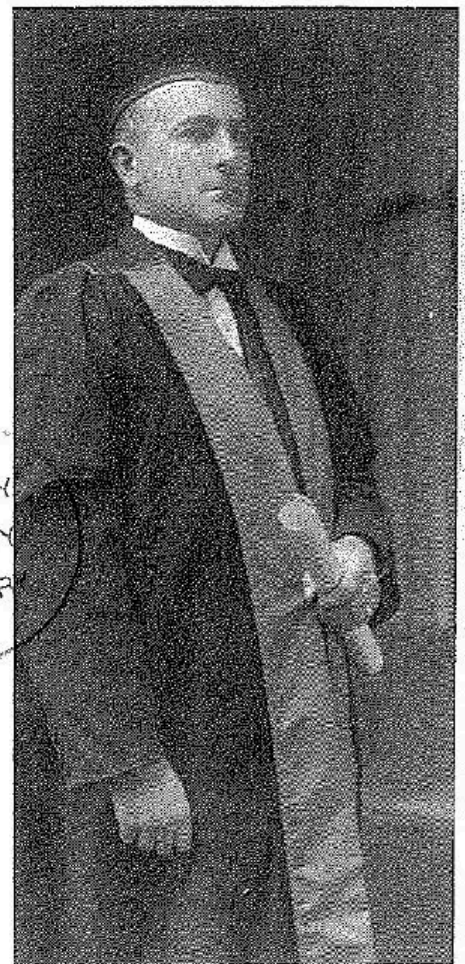
Laurence DeLoughry



Stephen O'Dwyer



Denis Barry



Lieut. Ted O'Kelly was a medical doctor and a native of Kildare. Under Captain J. J. O'Connell he trained the Irish Volunteers in Kilkenny. He took part in the Rising in Dublin. He avoided arrest by escaping to Kilkenny disguised as a priest. His wife was the former Miss Maisie Stallard of Danville, Kilkenny.

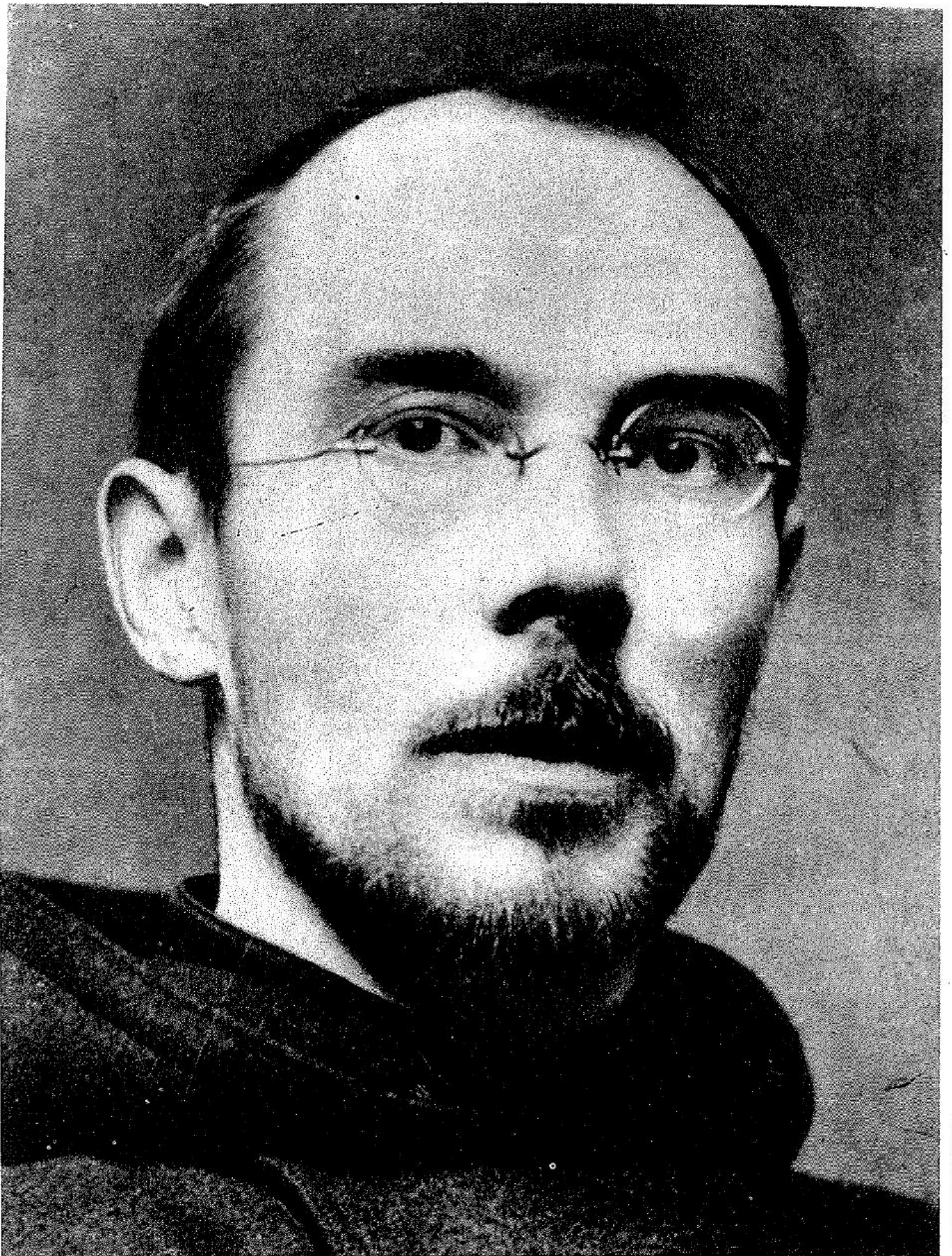
The Rose Tree

"O words are lightly spoken",
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"Maybe a breath of political words
Has withered our Rose Tree;
Or maybe but a wind that blows
Across a bitter sea".

"It needs to be but watered",
James Connolly replied,
"To make the green come out again
And spread on every side,
And shake the blossoms from the bud
To be the garden's pride".

"But where can we draw water",
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"When all the wells are parched away?
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose Tree".

W. B. Yeats



Fr. Albert Bibby – a hero of the time. The Capuchin Republican Chaplain was one of Kevin Barry's last visitors. To Fr. Albert he said: "The only message I have for anybody is 'HOLD ON AND STICK TO THE REPUBLIC'."

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