

*This photo  
was doubtless  
taken about  
week of  
anniversary  
of 1916.*



# 1916

*Pictorial*

# REVIEW

AN AUTHENTIC  
PICTORIAL RECORD  
OF THE RISING

2!-

NET





**HIBERNIAN HOUSE,**  
ASTON'S QUAY,  
**Carlisle Bridge,**

**BOUGHT OF McBIRNEY, COLLIS & CO.**  
Dublin *January 22<sup>nd</sup> 1846*

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**Shades of the past!**

**IN THE "FORTIES" IT WAS 40 PACES**

Above is a reproduction of an old invoice discovered on our files. Even in the "forties" it was forty paces.

*McBirney's*

**FORTY PACES FROM "CARLISLE" BRIDGE**



**1916**

*Prisoners leaving for Internment*

*An Army Parade in Dublin*

**1946**



**POBLACHT NA H EIREANN.**  
**THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT**  
OF THE  
**IRISH REPUBLIC**  
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

**IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN:** In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,

THOMAS J. CLARKE,

SEAN Mac DIARMADA,

THOMAS MacDONAGH,

P. H. PEARSE,

EAMONN CEANNT,

JAMES CONNOLLY,

JOSEPH PLUNKETT

*A facsimile reproduction of the Republican Proclamation issued  
on Easter Monday, 1916*

*Below: The 1916  
memorial which stands in  
the General Post Office,  
Dublin, was executed by  
Oliver Sheppard and por-  
trays the Death of  
Cuchullain.*

*On the base of the  
memorial there is an  
extract from the Procla-  
mation and the names of  
its seven signatories.*



# PICTORIAL REVIEW

OF

# 1916

A COMPLETE AND HISTORICALLY  
ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE  
EVENTS WHICH OCCURRED IN  
DUBLIN IN EASTER WEEK  
FULLY ILLUSTRATED

DUBLIN

THE PARKSIDE PRESS LIMITED  
THIRTY-SEVEN GRAFTON STREET

REVIEW OF 1916

*written by*

S. P. KELLY

*Illustrated with Photographs from*

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# Prelude to Revolt

THE GRAND DISILLUSIONMENT

“Come gather the Party round, Sinn  
Feiners scorning,  
And let your speeches roll across the  
floor :  
For the Constitutional Movement now  
take warning  
Must go on and on and on for ever  
more.”



IRISH NATIONALISM in the first decade of the twentieth century might well be summed up by the ballad quoted above. The Parnell split, and the “Chief’s” death had

brought apathy on the people, while the politicians had degenerated into dissension, disillusion, and corruption. English Liberalism, in its attitude to Ireland, was overtly bland and well-intentioned, but in practice was cautious and evasive. English Conservatism was openly contemptuous and was quite evidently prepared to ignore constitutional law and to resist Home Rule to the last fence.

The Irish Party under Redmond was supported by the Liberals in the House of Commons and were welcome guests at political salons. They were witty fellows and

quite gentlemanly--so gentlemanly, in fact, that they were not inclined to embarrass the Government, which they regarded more as a host than as an oppressor of their country, by any extreme agitation for self-government. That, the Party felt, would have been at once ungrateful and ill-mannered, and would have disturbed the happy harmony of the “best club in the world.” So the Constitutional Movement went on and on and on. . . .

*John Redmond inspecting a parade of the National Volunteers.*





*A Republican prisoner being taken into custody.*

Edmund Curtis in his *History of Ireland* says of this period:

“ After Parnell there could not fail to be a dull epoch. His party was split in two and John Redmond took the place of the dead chief, but it was years before even the

seeming of unity was restored. The Imperialist wing of the Liberal Party under Lord Rosebery dropped Home Rule as too dangerous a question and it went out of practical politics till 1905. There set in the age which went on to 1914, the Irish

party still loyally keeping its pledge to hold aloof from English parties still including able and sincere men, still able to enlist popular support and money in America and these islands, and still promising to give us back 'the Old House on College Green.' But hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and in the grand disillusionment that followed Parnell the National cause took new and deeper channels than mere politics."

That "grand disillusionment" might indeed have resulted in the complete and final decay of national morale had it not been for the existence of a few young men who were regarded by the great majority of their contemporaries in the Ireland of the time as cranky eccentrics. Two years after Parnell's death one of these "cranks" had founded the Gaelic League, an organisation which was primarily cultural in its objects and which was genuinely non-political, but which was destined all unconsciously to become the kindergarten school of a large number of the new generation of revolutionaries, the young men who were to learn through the League's Irish classes of the dignity, nobility, and heroic chivalry of the old Gaelic nation, and who were to find their Prophet in a man called Pearse. Labour in Dublin was being organised for the first time in its history and had in Connolly a leader who believed that National Independence was the first step towards the workers' rights. In another field an obscure journalist called Griffith founded in 1899 a paper, *The United Irishman*, which preached the doctrine of Irish economic independence and of passive resistance to British rule. In 1906 this paper changed its name to that of Griffith's policy, *Sinn Fein*.\*

While the older and more reactionary people were content to remain passive in the party net, the younger men and women, not yet dulled by the party's *laissez faire*, slipped through the meshes of the net and under the influence of the Gaelic League, and Sinn Fein, began to seek more active methods of breaking the foreign domination and implementing a form of Home Rule rather more

\* Tone's ultra-montane republicanism was evangelised in the I.R.B.'s *Irish Freedom* edited by Sean Mac Diarmada.

## THE HOWTH GUNS



(1)

### The Story in Snapshots—

1. *Erskine Childers' yacht "Asgard" which ran 900 rifles and 29,000 rounds of ammunition from Germany to Howth in July, 1914.*
2. *Mrs. Erskine Childers and Miss Mary Spring-Rice on the "Asgard," handing over the rifles.*
3. *Erskine Childers and Gordon Sheperd, a young air-force officer who was a member of the crew.*
4. *Volunteers and members of the Fianna with the longed for arms.*
5. *The "Gladiator," which towed the "Asgard" part of the way, and then returned to land Darrel Figgis, in order that he might proceed to Ireland with the information.*
6. *Darrel Figgis watches the loading of the ammunition.*

acceptable to free men than the milk and water proposition which John Redmond was prepared to take from Westminster—if the Unionists allowed Westminster to offer it. For the position of the mother of Parliaments was a strange one. The Liberal Government, well-meaning in the main, and carrying a safe majority, passed the Home Rule Bill in 1912: the House of Lords, predominantly conservative, refused to pass the Bill: Ulster vested interests with the backing of English conservative vested interests, immediately



(2)

(Photographs by Courtesy of National Museum.)



(3)



(5)

(4)

(6)

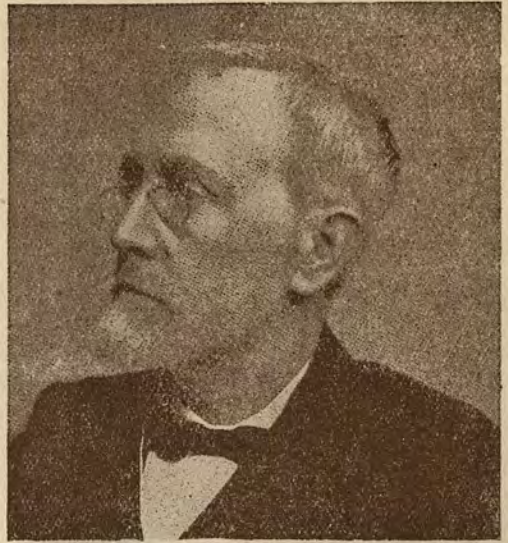




*Arthur Griffith.*

went to work on the exploitation of sectarian bigotry in the North, and the catch-cry "Home Rule is Rome Rule" soon brought the signatures of 200,000 men to the Solemn League and Covenant, pledging "Loyal Ulster" to resist in arms the enactment of a Bill by the constitutional authority to which "Ulster" was supposed to owe her much vaunted "loyalty." In December, 1912, the Ulster Volunteer Force was formed, and was permitted to arm and drill with impunity, since, as Dorothy Macardle says: "Its preparations were against the Irish nation and not against the English Crown."

So 1912 and 1913 passed, with Carson and his covenanters drilling and threatening, while the Liberal government vacillated in futility, and the Kaiser's advisers concluded that England was so preoccupied with domestic trouble that she would be quite unable to fulfil her commitments in a European war. In Dublin the Irish Republican Brotherhood, latest link in a chain of secret revolutionary organisations which stretched back to 1798, had been watching developments both North and South, and had decided that the Orangemen had set a headline which could be used to advantage in the practical exploitation of the as yet incoherent mass of revolutionary enthusiasm which existed in a renescent

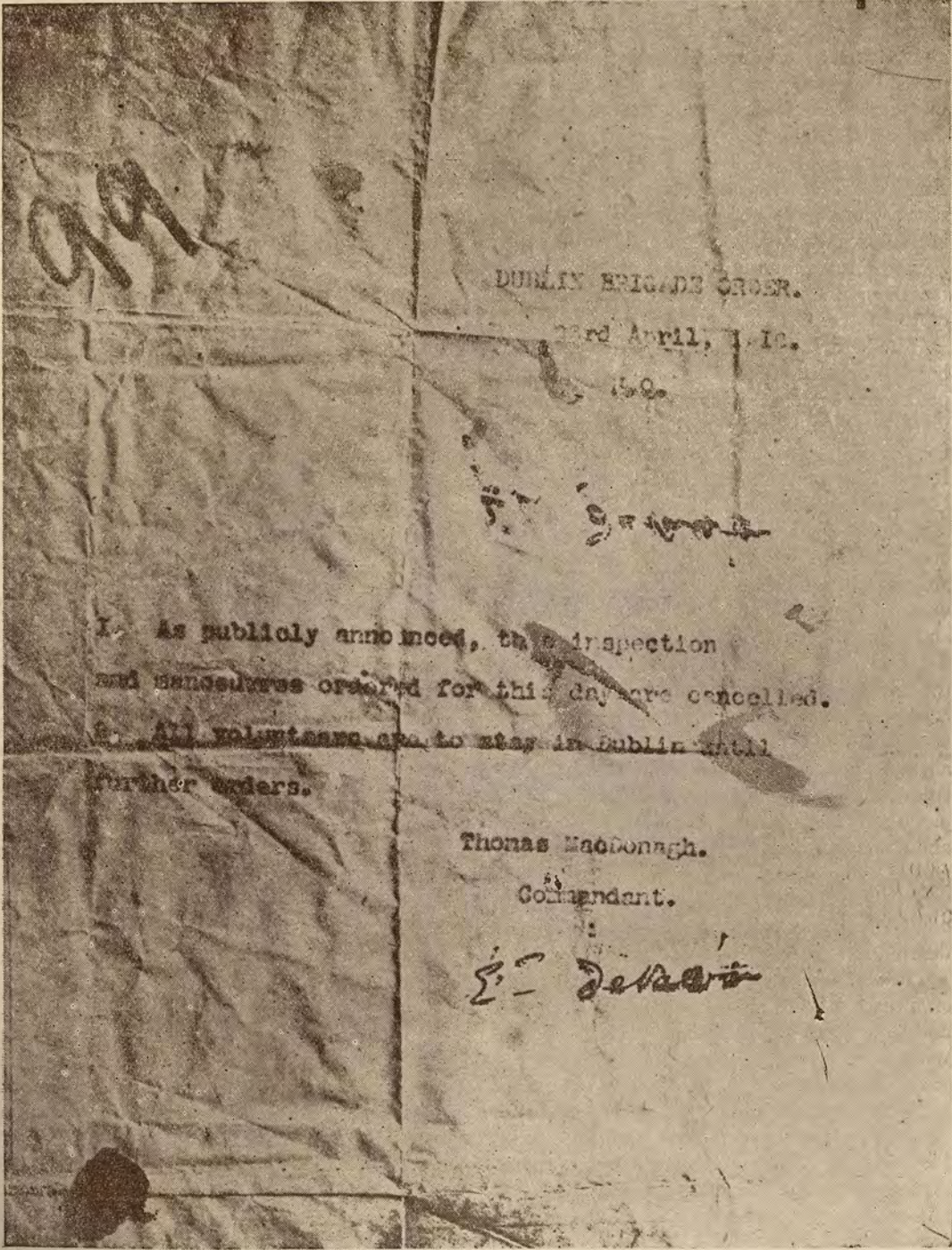


*John Dillon.*

Ireland. A basic cadre of militant revolutionaries had been formed in October, 1913, when, following the catastrophic Dublin strike, Connolly, Larkin and White founded the Irish Citizen Army for the protection of the workers from police brutality. In November Eoin MacNeill called the meeting at which was formed the Irish Volunteers.

The tempo was quickening. In April, 1914, the Carsonite Volunteers landed 35,000 German rifles and 2,500,000 rounds of German ammunition at ports in the North. There was no police interference. On July 25th, 1914, a newspaper reported that: "Fully armed and accompanied by two Colt machine guns and a Maxim machine gun, the East Belfast regiment of the Ulster Volunteer Force had a route march through the streets of the city." Again there was no police interference. On July 26th, 1914, Erskine Childers in his yacht *Asgard* ran 900 German rifles and 29,000 rounds of ammunition into Howth harbour, where they were taken over by Volunteers, who set out for Dublin with them. This time there was both police and military interference, and although the bulk of the arms and munitions were safely transferred, three civilians were killed when the Scottish Borderers fired on a crowd in Bachelor's Walk.

PRELUDE TO REVOLT



DUBLIN BRIGADE ORDER.

1st April, 1916.

I. As publicly announced, the inspection and manoeuvres ordered for this day are cancelled.  
II. All volunteers are to stay in Dublin until further orders.

Thomas MacDonagh.  
Commandant.

*E. J. Delaney*

A week later, 600 additional rifles with ammunition were landed for the Volunteers at Kilcoole. Before another month had passed England was involved in a European war and Redmond, in spite of the fact that Home Rule had been again deferred, offered the services of the Irish Volunteers to the Empire. This cleared the air in the Volunteers, who had by now as part of Party policy been packed with Redmond's followers. A split ensued, and only about 12,000 Volunteers remained loyal to the logical objective of the force.

The I.R.B., three weeks after the war began, decided that a Rising should take place in Ireland. Liaison arrangements were concluded between the Volunteers and the Citizen Army, and in September, 1914, Roger Casement set out for Berlin to enlist German political and material aid.

Casement, an idealist of idealists, who had been knighted by the British for the great ability with which he had exposed the wrongs done to oppressed peoples in South America and the Belgian Congo, was not perhaps the best man to operate for Ireland among the intrigues and chicaneries of an Imperial court at war. He was, however, partially successful, and the leaders in Ireland were advised that a German ship, laden with rifles and machine guns, would be off Fenit pier in Tralee Bay between Holy Thursday and Easter Saturday, 1916. Casement himself at the last moment took ship in a submarine with the intention of meeting the arms ship off Ireland and supervising the landing and distribution of the munitions personally.

He was too late. The German arms ship *Aud* reached its rendezvous on Holy Thursday and remained there until Good Friday without receiving the shore signals to proceed with unloading. On the Friday afternoon a British patrol vessel gave chase, and the *Aud's* adventure ended with the ship being blown up by her own crew in Cork harbour. About the same time Casement, who had landed from the submarine at Banna strand, was arrested by the R.I.C.

Meanwhile much confusion existed at the Dublin Headquarters of the Volunteers. Mobilisation for the Rising—nominally for a three-day field exercise—had been planned

for Easter Sunday. On the Thursday Bulmer Hobson and J. J. O'Connell, two G.H.Q. officers, told MacNeill, who was Chief of Staff of the Volunteers, of their suspicions that war, not manœuvres, was the purpose of the mobilisation. On confirming this suspicion MacNeill at first told the pro-Rising leaders that he would do everything in his power, short of actual betrayal, to prevent the realisation of the plans. Later he was persuaded that the arrangements were too far advanced to admit alteration without disaster, and agreed that the original plan should proceed. The plan was simple. Dublin Volunteers were to seize a number of positions dominating the city and, while these positions were occupied, the country Volunteers were to ambush, harass and resist all British reinforcements moving on Dublin, thus enabling the Dublin units to hold their garrisons long enough to show the country and the world that Ireland's belief in the rights of small nations began at home.

At the last moment MacNeill reverted to his original view that a Rising was impossible. On the evening of Easter Saturday messages were sent to some of the Volunteer commanders cancelling the mobilisation, and the *Sunday Independent* of the following day carried a notice which read:

"Owing to the very critical position, all orders given to Irish Volunteers for to-morrow, Easter Sunday, are hereby rescinded, and no parades, marches, or other movements of Irish Volunteers will take place. Each individual Volunteer will obey this order strictly in every particular.

Eoin MacNeill, *Chief of Staff.*"

The Revolutionary Council at a meeting on Sunday morning decided that if the plans were cancelled at this stage national morale would be permanently shattered. A decision was taken to move at mid-day on Monday, and, with the Volunteer Forces in bewilderment and confusion, with the sorely needed arms for the south and west lost, with Casement in the hands of the enemy, and with the certainty in the minds of the leaders that MacNeill's countermanding order had made military defeat inevitable, the first day of the Insurrection dawned.

# Analysis of the Tactical Plan

## KEY TO PLAN.

- (1) G.P.O. (2) Hotel Metropole. (3) Kelly's Gun Store. (4) Liberty Hall. (5) Four Courts. (6) Fairview. (7) Trinity College. (8) Bank of Ireland. (9) Dublin Castle. (10) City Hall. (11) Jacob's Factory. (12) Stephen's Green. (13) & (14) Northumberland Road. (15) Clanwilliam House. (16) Portobello Bridge. (17) South Dublin Union. (18) College of Surgeons. (19) Shelbourne Hotel. (20) Westland Row Station. (21) Harcourt Station. (22) Broadstone Station. (23) Custom House. (24) Magazine Fort.



**T**HE MAIN POINTS of the Volunteers' military plans have already been outlined. Let us now examine their strength and weakness.

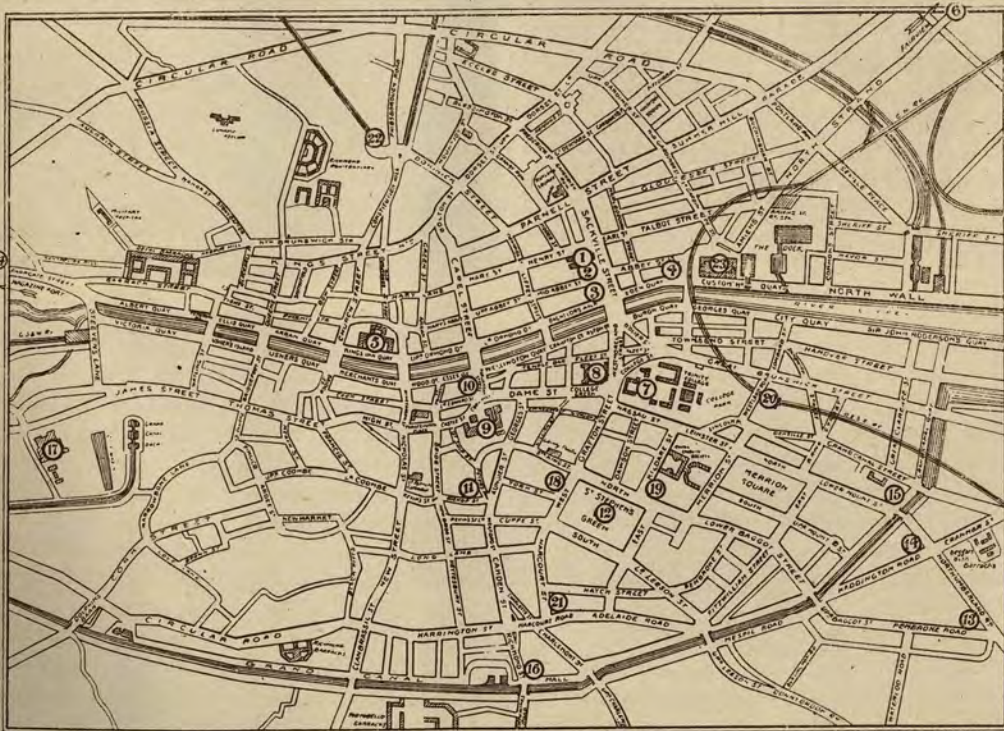
In fighting strength Dublin was expected to muster a battle order of four Volunteer battalions, with Citizen Army, Cumann na mBan and Fianna attachments, to the number of roughly 1,500 to 1,800 all ranks. In actual fact, due to conflicting orders and the consequent confusion, only a little more than 600 men mobilised on Monday, so that each battalion was at only skeleton strength when the fight began. The disposition of these units

was as follows:—

G.P.O.: Field H.Q., General James Connolly in command. Provisional Government and General H.Q.,

with General Pearse, Thomas Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, and Joseph Plunkett, who was Officer in charge of Plans, with a young man from the London contingent of Volunteers, called Michael Collins, as one of his Staff officers. Another young Staff officer at G.H.Q. was Sean T. O'Kelly.

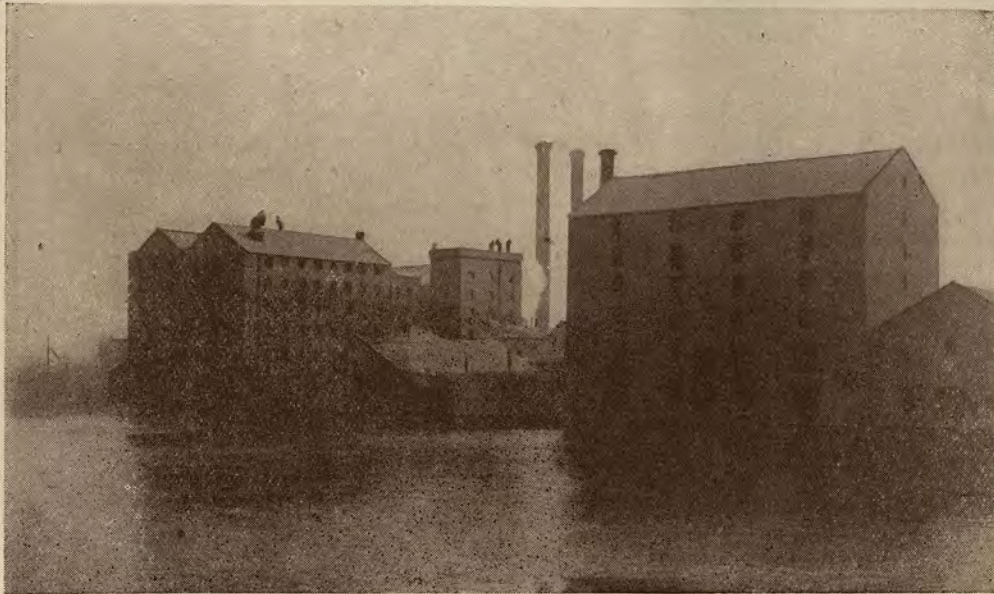
There is reason to believe that



Connolly opposed the selection of the G.P.O. as H.Q. in favour of the Bank of Ireland, but was dissuaded by Pearse, who did not wish to subject the old Parliament Houses to the danger of destruction by bombardment. Certainly, beyond its central position there was nothing to be said tactically in favour of the Post Office. Hemmed in by buildings as it was, it commanded only a poor field of fire: the honeycomb of streets around it made it easy to encircle; and Nelson's Pillar provided a ready-made ranging mark for enemy artillery. Indeed, in view of all the circumstances, it is surprising that the G.P.O. resisted as long as it did.

Four Courts: First Battalion. Commandant Edward Daly in command. Piaras Beaslaoi second in command. This command covered an extensive sector of North-west Dublin, stretching from Cabra Road to the Quays, and including in its posts the North Dublin Union and the Mendicity Institute.

Jacob's Factory: Second Battalion. Thomas MacDonagh, O/C. Dublin Brigade, in command. Thomas Hunter second in command. Major John MacBride was also stationed here, and a detachment of the Battalion, under Captain M. W. O'Reilly, held the Imperial Hotel outpost in O'Connell Street.



*The strong-points. Above, Jacobs Factory. At left, Boland's Mills, and at right: The College of Surgeons*

900!

Boland's Mill : Third Battalion. Commandant Eamon de Valera in command.

This Battalion was required to cover the South-eastern approaches to the city, including the arterial routes from Dun Laoghaire, an obvious disembarking point for enemy reinforcements. Its outposts included Ringsend Distillery, Westland Row station, and the houses around Mount Street Bridge.

South Dublin Union : Fourth Battalion. Eamonn Ceannt in command. Cathal Brugha, second in command. W. T. Cosgrave was a member of this garrison. Battalion defence area was to cover the Western approach routes to the city.

Even though these dispositions relied on a full mobilisation of Dublin units and on the fullest possible support from country Volunteer Battalions, they left a great many loopholes for enemy infiltration. The posts occupied in Dublin constituted at best an inner defence ring around the city's core, and peripheral defence, of prime importance to the Rising's success, appears to have been completely neglected. Why, for instance, when such thorough arrangements were made for the defence of the canal bridges, was nothing done about an Outpost line of Resistance in the Blackrock-Stillorgan Road sector? Why was no attempt made to post a light, harassing force at Dun Laoghaire itself, to hit up

disembarking enemy forces on the pier and to fight a delaying action back to the line of the canal? Why, when Westland Row and Harcourt Street Stations were taken, was Kingsbridge, terminus for troops from the Curragh, neglected? The Great Northern Railway lines were, it is true, torn up at Fairview, but British troops detraining as close to the city as Fairview were just as valuable as if they had been allowed to travel on to Amiens Street, and the railway bridge at the Customs House, an important link, was left untouched. Why was a relatively large garrison left almost idle in Jacobs while an absurdly small force fought for three days to contain enemy H.Q. at the Castle? Why was no effort made to neutralise Trinity College, an obvious enemy strongpoint in the heart of Dublin with a fire-field commanding O'Connell Street down to the G.P.O.? And why was Stephen's Green, vulnerable from all sides, occupied instead of the buildings overlooking it?

One could continue to ask such questions indefinitely, but the only answers appear to be that the fog of Revolution is proportionately thicker than the fog of War; that the forgivable failure of country units to rise upset many calculations; that communications between posts were poor, and that at no time had H.Q. a clearly co-ordinated picture of what was happening after fighting began. In any event, a retrospective survey only reflects all the more credit on the handful of men, inadequately disposed and sketchily



armed, who held the centre of Dublin for nearly a week against greatly superior numbers of professional troops.

*Strength and Armaments of the Irish Republican Forces*

The most authoritative figures available show that rather less than seven hundred, all ranks, took the field for the Republic on Easter Monday. By the end of the week the Irish armies numbered about thirteen hundred over all, including Cumann na mBan and Fianna. A persistent and interesting legend exists that the G.P.O. garrison was joined by two foreign seamen, a Finn and a Swede, who claimed as members of small nationalities themselves the privilege of fighting for our small nation. Throughout the Rising the portion of the Redmondite Volunteers which did not remain passive sided actively with the British elements. Twelve of these men, however, fought honourably with the Republican forces in Dublin.

The Irish Maquis were equipped with Howth Mausers from Germany, British Lee-Enfields, Martini-Enfields, and Martini-Henrys, supported by shotguns, revolvers, and automatic pistols, and by home-made "canister" bombs which proved of little use.

Their arms and equipment were appreciably poorer than those with which national resistance movements in other occupied European countries put up such creditable fights during the recent war.

It is doubtful if the complete complement of small arms and ammunition in the hands of the entire Irish force in Dublin would have served to equip even a British Infantry Battalion. It goes without saying that the Irish Army had neither artillery nor mortars—they had not even one machine-gun.

Now, let us examine the strength of their opponents. On Easter Monday the British military garrison in Dublin alone had an effective strength of two thousand. Since the beginning of the war a mobile column of troops fifteen hundred strong had been permanently standing-to at the Curragh against such an emergency as the Rising. Every military post in Ireland held garrison, training,

and reserve units; and Naval gunboats and field artillery were at the Castle's disposal almost *ad lib.* If Napoleon's dictum about God being on the side of the big battalions is true, there is no doubt that the Imperial British forces in Ireland had the Almighty on their side.

But God sometimes favours the small battalions—particularly when the element of surprise is with them—and there is no doubt that the Rising following hot on the heels of MacNeill's apparently decisive countermand did take the British completely by surprise. The Chief Secretary and the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland had both gone on leave. Many officers were at the races; and the first intimation the Under-Secretary, Nathan, had that trouble was afoot was when the first shots of Sean Connolly's Citizen Army sortie crackled at the Castle gate at noon on the Monday and re-echoed forebodingly in the Under-Secretary's office. Had there been a full strength attack on the Castle, and had it been taken there and then as it easily might, the story of the Insurrection might have had a very different end.

As it was, Nathan set the wires humming (the Republicans had failed to neutralise the Telephone Exchange) and before one o'clock the Mobile Column from the Curragh had entrained for Dublin and a Brigade from England was *en route* for Dun Laoghaire, while Field Artillery Batteries were rushing up from the Midlands, and additional military reinforcements were on the way from Belfast, where they were not needed to police the "loyal" natives.

On Monday evening the Curragh troops were given the task of attacking the "rebels" in the City Hall. One thousand two hundred rounds of machine-gun fire opened this engagement from the upper windows of Dublin Castle, but the attacking parties who followed up the barrage were pinned to the ground by heavy defensive fire from Sean Connolly's men, and by midnight the enemy forces, with heavy losses, had only penetrated to the ground floor of the City Hall, while the Irish still held the upper storeys.

# EASTER WEEK

April

1916



## THE LAST PARADE

☆

Dublin Brigade Order,  
H.Q.

24th April, 1916.

1. The four city battalions will parade for inspection and route march at 10 a.m. to-day. Commandants will arrange centres.

THOMAS MACDONAGH,  
*Commandant.*

Coy. E 3 will parade at Beresford Place at 10 a.m.

P. H. PEARSE,  
*Commandant.*



# Diary of the Rising

## MONDAY

“Some boyo whistled ‘Ninety-Eight’  
One Sunday night in College Green:  
And such a broth of love and hate  
Was stirred ere Monday morn was  
late

*As Dublin town had never seen.”*

DERMOT O'BRYNE :

*Ballad of Easter Week.*



IT WAS A GLORIOUS morning. O'Connell Street echoed to the cheerful calls of race-card vendors and of jarveys offering seats for the races or the mountains. Newsboys called the headlines about a British success at Ypres, an Italian advance in the Ledro, and the sensational seizure of a stranger who had been landed from a collapsible boat in Kerry, but the bank holiday crowds, heedless of the War and with minds intent on the Two-thirty at Fairyhouse, had eyes only for the sports pages as they made their way to the trains. Occasional motor-cars sputtered between the cabs and side-cars in the road-

way, and when at noon a column of men, variously armed and dressed, swung out of Lower Abbey Street into O'Connell Street, the only notice taken of them was by some

British officers on leave who commented with a laugh on the sloppy marching and unorthodox appearance of the amateur soldiers.

Even when, at a command from Connolly, the little column entered the G.P.O., the casual passers-by did not realise their serious purpose, and it was only when glass began to crash as windows were barricaded and when some frightened civilians were hustled out of the building that Dublin wakened to the

*The wrecked interior of the G.P.O.*





*The clock of the G.P.O. at the time it stopped in Easter Week.*

fact that the Volunteers and the Citizen Army were engaged on something more than a route-march. What that something was became evident when the Proclamation was posted on the outer walls of the Post Office and the Flag was hoisted from its roof.

"Republic!" "They've declared a Republic!" It was whispered with degrees of fear, consternation, joy, and pride, which varied with the national loyalty of the speakers. As the news came through, a man, here and

there, detached himself from the crowds and hurried off to collect his equipment and quietly join his unit.

Inside the G.P.O., now Field H.Q. of the Republican Army, preparations were soon afoot to withstand the expected attack. Connolly had long made a study of street-fighting, and under his direction doors and windows were barricaded and loopholed, arms and ammunition were checked, and sub-units were mounted and instructed in the defensive

tactics proper to their positions. No immediate action ensued, but elsewhere in the city other units were taking up positions in accord with the plans of Volunteer H.Q. Briefly these plans were that a ring of posts encircling and protecting the G.P.O. and covering the main enemy routes into Dublin, should be taken and held against the enemy's advance. Points selected included the Four Courts, Boland's Mill with subsidiary outposts, the South Dublin Union, Jacob's factory, Harcourt Street and Westland Row stations, the North Dublin Union, Stephen's Green, the Mendicity Institute and Dublin Castle.

What was probably the first action of the Rising took place at Dublin Castle, which was attacked by a very small force of Citizen Army men, commanded by Sean Connolly, which stormed and occupied the Guardroom

on the stroke of twelve, killing a policeman who resisted. Some of the party were left to hold the guardroom while the remainder manned the City Hall and some office buildings (including the *Evening Mail*) commanding the Castle entrance. Fairly brisk fighting followed and in the early afternoon the O.C. Irish forces at this point was killed on the roof of the City Hall.

Most of the other posts were occupied without serious resistance, and the little garrisons settled down to preparing their fortifications and waiting. The G.P.O. garrison had its first engagement in the afternoon, when a troop of Lancers from Marlboro' (now McKee) barracks rode down O'Connell Street towards the post—an extraordinary method of attack against a defended building. A volley from the defenders scattered the attacking formation and the Lancers retreated.

*The wreck of The O'Rahilly's car which was used as a barricade in Prince's Street*



*This was a plain Green Banner (with Gold Thread) bearing the words IRISH REPUBLIC*

THE DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, May 4, 1916. Look Out for Mr. Bottomley's Article in the "Sunday Pictorial"

A. J. C. GRUBER

THE REBELS' FLAG.



The Republican flag at the Post Office.

# Daily Mirror

BUSINESS AS USUAL AGAIN.



Going to buy stamps. People entering the ruined Post Office.

HOLE IN THE WALL.



Rebels made doorway between two houses.



Scant respect was shown to the books in the Four Courts Library.

Mystery at present surrounds the railway outrage, but it is supposed to be connected in some way with the Dublin disturbances. The lines were torn up for some distance on one side of the permanent way, and a train left the metals, but no lives were lost.

## IRISH WAR NEWS

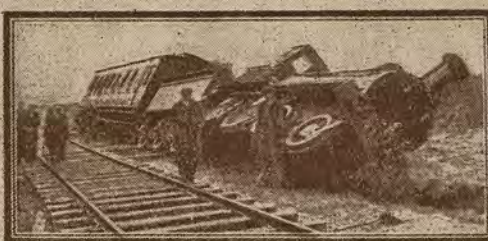
THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

No. 1, No. 1      PUBLISHED EVERY DAY      One Penny

**"IF THE GERMANS CONQUERED ENGLAND"**

Published by the Irish Republic. Price 1 penny. All orders to be sent to the Editor, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Front page of the newspaper issued by the Irish Republic.



Railway outrage which occurred early on Monday in Queen's County.

order to establish communication between the houses in which they had taken up positions the rebels made holes in the walls large enough for a man to pass through. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

Printed and Published by The Proprietor, Newsprint Co. (1916), Ltd., at The Daily Mirror Office, 25, St. Dunstons, London, E.C.—Thursday, May 4, 1916.

*The Republican flag was hoisted at the Army St. corner of the roof*

Courtesy]

[National Library

The Daily Mirror dated May 4, 1916.

*(NOT)*

- (1) The Republican Flag over the G.P.O. (2) The exterior of the ruined Post Office. (3) A readymade doorway.
- (4) Books used as sandbags in the Four Courts. (5) The Republican paper, and (6) A train which was derailed on Monday in Queen's County.

Elsewhere some desultory shooting took place between outposts of Harcourt Street station and British troops in Portobello barracks, and a supply convoy from the North Wall, under an escort of fifty Cavalry, was ambushed and contained for three days at Charles Street, but in the main, Monday passed

without any heavy enemy resistance arising, and the six hundred odd "rebels" of the Volunteers and Citizen Army held the capital of the newly proclaimed Republic relatively unmolested for the first day and night of its existence.

## TUESDAY

THE BRITISH TROOPS WHO HAD GAINED THE shelter of Dublin Castle and Trinity College on Monday afternoon were steadily reinforced under cover of darkness, as unfortunately the City Hall post commanded only one entrance to the Castle. By Tuesday morning, therefore, the British were able to resume hostilities in force, and the attack on the City Hall and the *Daily Express* offices was recommenced. Stiff fighting with rifles, machine-guns, and grenades followed; and after a war from floor to floor and room to room the British were able in the late afternoon of Tuesday to claim a "victory over a strong rebel force in the vicinity of Dublin Castle"—a force of twenty-six dead, wounded, and prisoners, including women, who had withstood the assault of trained soldiers for thirty-six hours.

Simultaneously the Citizen Army detachment under Seamus Mallin and Constance Markievicz, about fifty strong and vulnerably entrenched among the shrubberies of Stephen's Green, was submitted to machine-gun fire from the roofs of the United Services Club and the Shelbourne Hotel. That they succeeded in withdrawing to the College of Surgeons with only four casualties from such an exposed position reflects badly on the marksmanship of the enemy gunners.

On Tuesday also a body of the Royal Irish Regiment effected a temporary sally into part of the South Dublin Union, but Eamon Ceannt's men made things too hot for them, and they retreated, with losses, in the evening.

Tuesday was to be the last day of normal newspaper publication in Dublin until the end of the Rising. Two of the daily papers that morning carried accounts of what was

ambiguously called an "Outbreak"—as if revolt was borne by bacilli, and had spread like measles or influenza. The *Irish Times*, in a remarkably moderate leader for a paper which was then a Unionist organ, cited the "Rebels' failure to capture Dublin Castle as a good omen of an early end to the 'outbreak'" and consoled its readers with the editorial dictum: "The ordeal is severe, but it will be short." Elsewhere in Tuesday's editorial the *Irish Times* comments on what was surely one of the strangest features of the early days of the Insurrection: "In the very neighbourhood of the fiercest fighting," says the *Times*, "the streets were full of cheerful or indifferent spectators. . . ."

### *The Skeffington Murder.*

That not all the spectators were so indifferent had already become evident on Monday night, when looting had begun in the city centre. The Volunteers made every reasonable effort to stop the pillage, but met with no great success. On Tuesday evening Francis Sheehy Skeffington, a Pacifist, a man of great integrity and disinterested civic spirit, convened a meeting of citizens to consider ways and means of dealing with the looting problem. Nobody but himself attended, and at about six o'clock he set out for his home in Rathmines. The British military guard at Portobello Bridge arrested him for no known reason, although they possibly knew that he was guilty of the two major military crimes of being at once a Pacifist and an intellectual, and he was lodged in the guardroom at Portobello Barracks. That night a British officer bearing a name known in the south of Ireland since the Cromwellian plunderings, Captain

# THE NEW YORK HERALD.

ART II. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1916. — TWENTY PAGES. — IN THE NEW YORK HERALD COMPANY'S OFFICE, 230 NASSAU ST., N. Y. PRICE THREE CENTS.

## RISH REVOLT SPREADS TO SOUTH AND WEST; KAISER SENDS FOR AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

POSES PLOT  
TO POISON THE  
NATION'S MIND

Local Housing Accuses the  
American Embargo Commerce  
of Chicago of Mis-  
leading Propaganda.  
PREPARED TO PAY FOR  
FORM TELEGRAMS  
Prepared and Ready To  
Delivered to Tele-  
graph Offices.  
ON PRESIDENT  
Deluge Legislation Assuring  
Wholesale Locking out  
of War.



ALL IRELAND IS  
PLACED UNDER  
MARTIAL LAW

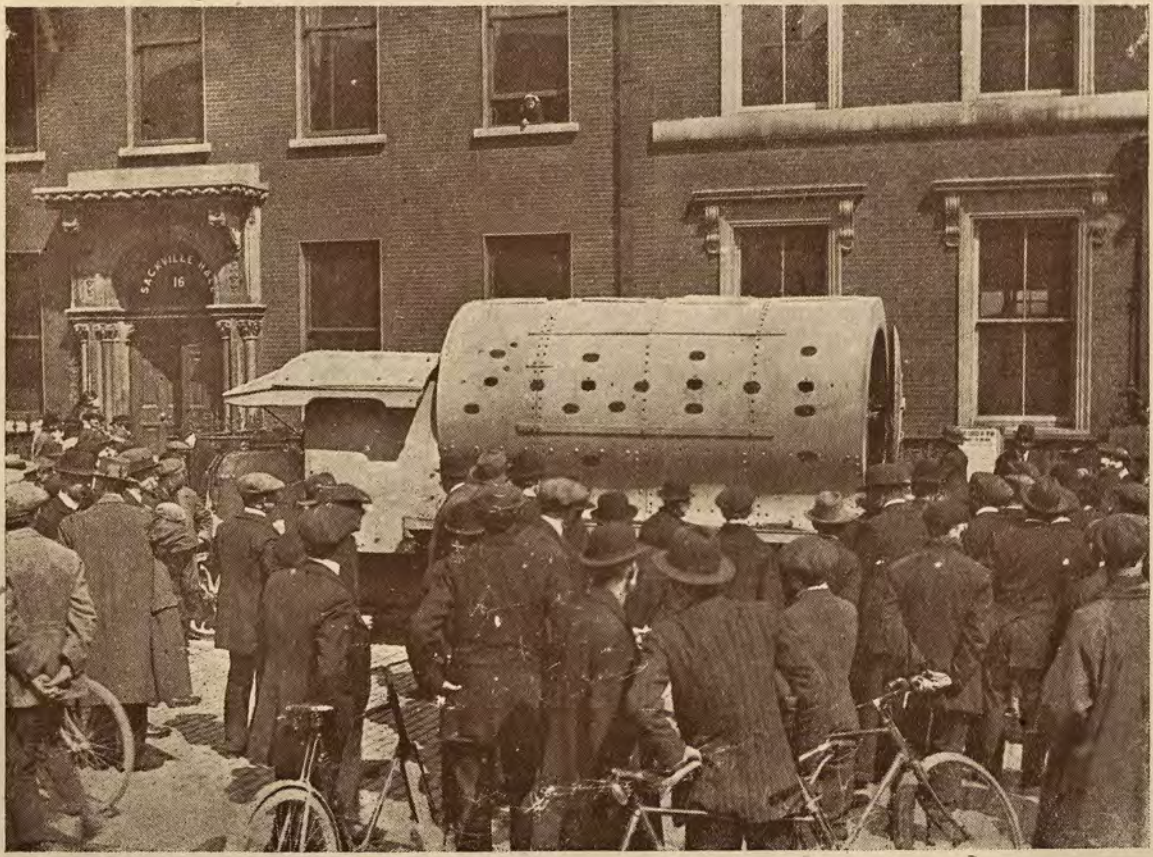
Lieutenant-General Sir John Maxwell is Sent to Take Charge of Operations to Suppress Revolt.  
MOVEMENT SPREADS TO WEST AND SOUTH  
Mr. John Redmond, Irish Nationalist Leader, Expresses Dejection and Horror at the Outbreak.  
ULSTER LEADER AGREES  
London Newspaper, While Attacking Mr. Maxwell, Upholds Government's Policy.

Courtesy]

[National Library

The New York Herald of April 28th, 1916

An improvised armoured car used by British Forces



J. C. Bowen-Colthurst, took Skeffington with him as a hostage while he led a search-party of soldiers to Kelly's, a suspect tobacconist's shop in the neighbourhood. In the course of this foray, the gallant Captain shot in cold blood a youth named Coade who was talking to some friends at a street corner. In Kelly's shop Colthurst arrested two journalists, Dickson and McIntyre, who were believed by the Volunteers to be Castle touts. The three prisoners were kept in the cells in Portobello for the night. On Wednesday morning, under Captain Bowen-Colthurst's orders, all three were summarily shot in the yard of the guardroom, without even the semblance of a trial. They were buried secretly in the barracks and all evidence of the shooting was rapidly cleared away. Later in the week Colthurst raided Skeffington's house with a party of armed troops and confiscated some German school textbooks which Mrs. Skeffington, a teacher of languages, used for tuition. It may be presumed that the murderer hoped to use the books as extenuating evidence in his defence. But when the trial demanded by outraged public opinion was held, Colthurst was found "Guilty, but insane." Within

a year he was again in command of British soldiers.

Mrs. Skeffington pressed for an inquiry, and refused the British Government's offer of ample compensation if she would let the matter drop. A formal inquiry was subsequently held without very satisfactory results. The only apology made by the General Officer Commanding His Majesty's Forces in Ireland was, to say the least, inadequate. In his report to the Secretary of State for War, Sir John Maxwell said: "Whilst fighting continued under conditions at once so confused and so trying, it is possible that some innocent citizens were shot. It must be remembered that the struggle was in many cases of a house to house character, that sniping was continuous and very persistent, and that it was often extremely difficult to distinguish between those who had been firing upon the troops and those who had chosen to remain on the scene of the fighting. . . . The number of such incidents that has been brought to my notice is very insignificant." At no point does this rather lame official alibi face up to any of the circumstances of Sheehy Skeffington's arrest and death.

## WEDNESDAY

**T**HE BRITISH BY NOW WERE FEELING a little less vulnerable. Their G.O.C., Major-General Friend, had returned hurriedly from leave and had taken over command. The reduction of the Irish forces around Dublin Castle had enabled them to establish a line through the centre of Dublin from Kingsbridge to Trinity College, dividing the "rebel" units north and south of the river. The Curragh column had arrived intact, the North Wall was strongly held, and the 176th and 178th Infantry Brigades were disembarked at Dun Laoghaire. The Volunteers, with two days of steady sniping alternating with sharp close-quarters engagements behind them were settling down. On Tuesday night Connolly withdrew a detachment of sixty-six from Fairview and posted them in the Metropole Hotel in

O'Connell Street—Lieutenant Oscar Traynor was one of their officers—and to most of the posts, now that the serious purpose of Monday's mobilisation was apparent, a steady trickle of reinforcements was filtering in.

Artillery now came into action for the first time. Liberty Hall, the Citizen Army Headquarters in Beresford Place, was a known revolutionary centre. It had, in fact, been the arsenal for the Rising. On Wednesday morning two eighteen-pounder field pieces were dragged through the side gate of Trinity College and opened short range fire on the deserted building with a wanton disregard for the lives of non-partisan civilians in the maze of tenement houses all round the Hall. Machine-guns from elevated posts reinforced the bombardment. Liberty Hall became a shell, and the

bombing parties organised and led by Captain Jeffares, of the Bombing School, Elm Park, the rebels were driven back."

All this time the attack on Clanwilliam House had been proceeding. After their initial repulse the British moved circum-spectly, taking cover behind the trees and in the gardens of the Northumberland Road houses, and charging the bridge in Platoons at half-hourly intervals under cover of machine-gun fire and grenades. Each successive assault was beaten back by Reynolds' Volunteers with heavy casualties, and despite repeated and courageous efforts to rally them by their officers and N.C.O's. the Foresters did not cross. In the lulls only three of Reynolds' men, firing from concealed positions behind the windows, held off the enemy; the remainder of his men were posted at the Mount Street and back windows in case of surprise flank or rear attack. But as the charges came the whole of the little garrison defended the front of the house, firing first with rifles,

and then, as the British neared the bridge itself, with revolvers. One participant in the engagement claims that a tailor's lay figure was used with some effect in the windows to draw enemy fire. After three hours two Volunteers were killed, reducing the strength to five men. The British by now decided that frontal attack was proving too costly, and tried a flanking movement through Percy Place, on the right bank of the canal. This, however, was ineffective, as every time a soldier showed himself above the low stone wall bounding the canal one of the sharpshooters in Clanwilliam House picked him off. Snipers on the high buildings around Third Battalion H.Q. lent support.

By 8 o'clock the defenders, now reduced to four, were still holding off the two very much demoralised enemy battalions, but now fire from a one-pounder naval gun mounted on a lorry, was brought to bear on them. Incendiary shells and grenades started fires all over the house: the water pipes had burst

*Sisters of Charity from North William Street distributing food*



and the staircase was almost severed by machine-gun fire. The position was untenable and the four survivors withdrew. As they went, the first elements of the Sherwoods to cross Mount Street Bridge that day charged with incendiary grenades, and Clanwilliam House in flames became the funeral pyre of George Reynolds and his two dead comrades.

The British "victory" was not at once consolidated, the attackers had suffered badly and were too shaken to go on. Maxwell says :

"At about 5.30 p.m. orders were received that the advance to Trinity College was to be pushed forward at all costs, and therefore at about 8 p.m., after careful arrangements, the whole column, accompanied by bombing parties, attacked the schools and houses where the chief opposition lay. The battalions charging in successive waves, carried all before them, but, I regret to day, suffered severe casualties in doing so. Four officers were killed, fourteen wounded, and of other ranks two hundred and sixteen were killed and wounded. . . . In view of the opposition met with it was not considered advisable

to push on to Trinity College that night, so at 11 p.m. the 5th South Staffordshire Regiment, from the 176th Infantry Brigade, reinforced this column, and by occupying the positions gained allowed the two battalions Sherwood Foresters to be concentrated at Ballsbridge."

The Bridge had finally fallen, and the Imperial forces passed across it unchallenged on the Thursday morning. But the stand of the nine Irishmen against the British Brigade was to be remembered, and their names were to be linked in time with the names of Custume of Athlone and Magee of Ballinamuck in that litany of heroic fighters whose high deeds have been told and retold around Irish firesides since the days of Fionn and Cuchullain.

Nine ordinary everyday Irish names—Malone, Reynolds, Grace, Ronan, two Doyles and two Walshes—but they bring the mind back to Cuchullain standing alone against the hosts of Connacht, and to the spirit which even Edmund Spenser acknowledged when he wrote of the Irish that they were "verie great scorners of death."

*Stark ruins characterised the city's main streets*



THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, May 1, 1916  
**COUNTESS AND 706 IRISH REBELS TAKEN PRISONERS**

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 3,906

Registered at the G. P. O.  
 as a Newspaper

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1916

One Halfpenny.

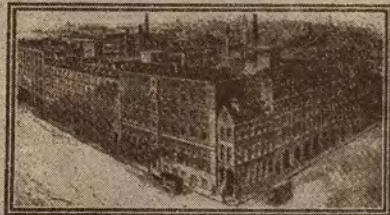
**DUBLIN REBELS SURRENDERING FREELY: "LARKINITE" COUNTESS,  
 A REBEL CHAUFFEUR, AMONG THE PRISONERS.**



Lieutenant Colonel C. Fane, D.S.O. (Sherwood Foresters), one of the wounded officers.



Countess Marciewicz leaving Liberty Hall, the building is strangely named. She is an ardent Larkinite.



Jacob's Biscuit Factory, which 1,200 rebels converted into a "big".



Countess Marciewicz. She is married to a Russian and is a well-known suffragette.



The Dublin riots. Previous stormy scenes in the Irish capital. The Dublin riots are fizzling out. An official statement issued last night states that up to the present 707 prisoners have been taken, and that among them is the Countess Marciewicz, who, it is believed drove one of the motor-cars which were stolen for

transport purposes. The rebels have lost heavily, and James Connolly, Larkinite Irish-American lieutenant, is reported to have been killed. Our official casualties number thirty-four, including five killed. They belong chiefly to the Sherwood Foresters.

*The Daily Mirror of May 1st, 1916*

- (1) Lt.-Col. Fane, of the Sherwood Foresters, wounded in action. (2) Countess Marciewicz leaving Liberty Hall. (3) Jacob's Factory. (4) Countess Marciewicz. (5) Dublin riots in 1913.

## THURSDAY

ALL UNITS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE Third Battalion and its outposts, found Wednesday a day of comparative quiet. Sniping intensified, and the stuttering bark of British machine-guns was swelling to a heavier chorus as reinforcing battalions filtered in. The British, caught on the wrong foot on Monday, were now settling down to more or less coherently planned counter-measures, the main object of which was the cordoning-off of areas held by the "rebels," followed by a gradual closing-in movement on each garrison until the defenders should be squeezed out or bombed out.

But caution was the keynote of the counter-attack. The enemy seemed to prefer to engage at a safe range rather than to risk any dashing close-assault tactics with the bayonet against the shot-guns and home-made bombs of the Irish.

By Wednesday night a couple of unimportant outposts in the Four Courts defence area had been withdrawn, but in the city centre the Volunteers continued to give as good as they got along an O'Connell Street which had changed drastically from the gay holiday boulevard of Monday morning to a bullet-lashed death-trap.

Out in the South Dublin Union, Ceannt's fifty Volunteers had spent Wednesday in stabilising their fortifications after Tuesday's hot engagement, except for an hour when the entire force stood-to while the enemy brought heavy concentrated fire to bear on the post with the apparent intention of "softening-up" before a massed assault which failed to materialise.

Thursday morning saw no immediate increase in the enemy's pressure, and the men of the Fourth Battalion were able to relax sufficiently to take time off for washing and shaving—incidentals which had been perforce neglected previously. The day was one of brilliant sunshine—"Rebellion weather" became a popular Dublin catch-phrase for years afterwards—and some of the Nurses' Home garrison were actually sun-bathing in one of the gardens when, in the early afternoon, the British again opened up

with rapid fire from all sides of the post.

This time it was no false alarm. The 5th and 6th Sherwood Foresters had arrived to support the Royal Irish Regiment which had been shaken up on Tuesday, and with a party of R.I.C. attached, were advancing in open order on the Nurses' Home, main strong-point of the Volunteers' position. The defenders held their fire until the advancing troops were close in, and then, firing coolly and carefully, shattered the attacking lines. Charge after charge wavered and broke on the very threshold of the Irish post, but no frontal attack got through. During this phase of the engagement Commandant Ceannt and a small party were isolated in the Board-room of the Union, while the main defence was conducted by Vice-Commandant Cathal Brugha. A participant officer describes what followed vividly:

"The attack continuing with unabating fury, I found my supply of ammunition running short, and when I went to replenish it I was amazed to find nobody else on the upper storeys. Proceeding cautiously downstairs I heard movements in the front hall and immediately afterwards a loud demand to surrender. The enemy had gained access to the house next door on our right and had broken through, but he had still our barricade to contend with. I rushed into the kitchen, where I found Cathal Brugha lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He asked me for a drink and told me the others had retired towards the Boardroom and instructed me to join them. This I felt reluctant to do, but when he instructed me to report to Commandant Ceannt and tell him there was still a chance of holding on and that he would cover the barricade with his Mauser automatic I hastened to obey. I found the others had fallen back on the dormitory where we had slept the previous night and where preparations were now being made for a last stand. I told Commandant Ceannt what the position was and he seemed to regard it as more or less hopeless to return.

"The little garrison waited patiently for what everybody expected to be the end,

when suddenly we heard the explosion of bombs and the bark of a Mauser from the Nurses' Home, and rising above the din we heard Cathal Brugha singing "God Save Ireland"! The effect was electric. Led by our Commandant and other officers, we all rushed back, and very soon the Nurses' Home was cleared of the enemy. Cathal Brugha alone saved the situation. Lying there on the kitchen floor badly wounded, he had prevented the enemy from crossing the barricade and his song had inspired the defenders to come back and repel the attack. It was typical of this brave man, who was absolutely fearless and who would—and ultimately did—prefer to die rather than to surrender. . . ."

The defenders had barely time to draw breath when a number of grenades burst in the hall of the Nurses' Home, followed by a renewed attack in force from front and rear. Firing from the stairs and landings the Volunteers took a heavy toll of the assault force, who withdrew after a courageous attempt to hold their ground. This was the last serious effort made by the luckless Foresters to come to close quarters, and although shooting continued into the night

the British used the hours of darkness to withdraw their forces from such parts of the Hospital buildings as they still held, and the Fourth Battalion, after a seven-hours' fight, found themselves masters of the situation for the remainder of the week.

Small wonder that the fifty men who had held off two thousand, as they saw the glow in the sky over Dublin that Thursday night, took it as an indication of another Irish success in arms. They little knew!

#### *O'Connell Street.*

The Imperial troops in the city centre had been cautiously but steadily consolidating their position. By Thursday morning they had occupied the triangular block bordered by Westmoreland Street, College Street and D'Olier Street from their base in Trinity College, and had penetrated as far as the Ballast Office on the west side of Westmoreland Street. From here they engaged the Volunteer posts on the North Quays and in O'Connell Street with machine-guns. Rifle duels continued between British snipers in the Ballast Office and McBirneys and the Irish sharpshooters in Hopkins and Hopkins and Kelly's tobacconist's shop at the corner of

*An everyday occurrence after the Rising. A pedestrian is searched on the Dublin Quays.*





*Dangerous Buildings being demolished*

Bachelor's Walk, and volleys of Irish fire were directed on any British soldiers showing themselves in the open street.

But now the fatal weak point of the Irish plan was exploited. James Connolly, most brilliant of the Republican commanders, held the unshakable belief that an Imperial Government would never permit Capitalist guns to be used to destroy Capitalist property. He had not taken into account the fact that as far as the British Cabinet was concerned Dublin buildings were the property of an inferior subject race—some of whose members had had the impertinence to rise in arms for the freedom of their own small nation against an Empire which was at that moment fighting

a war professedly for the freedom of other small nations *not* subjects of the British Empire. Connolly's belief in the sanctity of Capitalist property was wrong.

British field guns emplaced at the end of Tara Street and inside the College Street wall of Trinity facing down D'Olier Street on Thursday opened an intensive barrage with incendiary shells. The snipers' posts along the river were the first objective of the artillery. Eden Quay from Marlboro' Street up to Hopkins & Hopkins' corner was steadily pounded from Tara Street while Kelly's shop and points west in Bachelor's Walk were bombarded from Trinity. As the Irish positions immediately fronting the British were liquidated one by one, the range was lifted, and by nightfall on Thursday the whole east side of O'Connell Street from the bridge up to North Earl Street was in flames. Hopkins & Hopkins, the Imperial Hotel, the D.B.C., Reis's, Cery's, all fell to the fire, which licked round into Abbey Street, and destroyed among other buildings the Hibernian Academy, with all its paintings and sculpture. This was the glow which the Fourth Battalion in the South Dublin Union had hailed as a good omen.

On the other side of O'Connell Street the first artillery target had been the *Freeman's Journal* offices, and as this paper, an Irish Parliamentary party organ, had been consistently inimical to the Volunteers and all they stood for its bombardment evoked a certain amount of ironic amusement. Soon, the British gunners got the range more accurately and shells began to fall on the Metropole Hotel and on the G.P.O. Oscar Traynor in the Metropole withdrew his men from the top floor, leaving only a fire picket. Snipers exposed to shrapnel on the G.P.O. roof were also called in, and in anticipation of an infantry attack following the barrage, working parties were sent out to erect barricades covering the immediate approaches to Republican Headquarters. In Prince's Street Connolly, who was personally taking charge of barricade-building, was wounded slightly in the arm. Good soldier that he was, he took care to conceal his injury from his comrades, and had it dressed secretly. But when some hours later a bullet fractured his ankle, concealment was impossible, and

the men of the Citizen Army, seeing their idolised leader carried in in agony, grew sick at heart. A medical officer of the R.A.M.C. who was a prisoner in the Post Office performed an emergency operation on the shattered limb, and Connolly got his first sleep that week as the morphia injection took effect.

It had been obvious for some time now that the positions on the east side of O'Connell Street could not be held for long, and when a shell set Hoyte's oil and drug shop ablaze speedy evacuation became imperative. Any attempt to cross the machine-gun swept street to the G.P.O. would have been suicidal, so the garrisons tunnelled through the houses

to North Earl Street, from which they made their way via Cathedral Lane and Marlboro' Street to Gloucester Street (now Cathal Brugha Street). One officer in charging a British-held barricade in Gloucester Street was first shot, then bayoneted, and finally his body used as a "sand-bag" on top of the barricade.

So intense was the heat from the burning buildings opposite that woodwork and fabric in the front part of the G.P.O. began to smoulder in spite of the fact that the widest street in Europe lay between, and all through Thursday night the weary members of the garrison had to labour with water and sand against the threat of fire.

## FRIDAY

**T**HE MEN OF THE FOUR COURTS AREA HAD been kept on their toes all week. They had engaged and contained the munitions convoy from the North Wall; their outpost at Phibsboro' was the first Irish emplacement to be attacked by artillery; and the number of their prisoners was greater than that of any other post—more than forty of the British Army Pay Staff had been captured by them prior to the burning of Linen Hall Barracks on

Wednesday. The Battalion's dispositions sprawled from Church Street Bridge (where Peadar Clancy was in command) along Church Street itself and into North King Street to a point which commanded any advance from Bolton Street. The Mendicity Institute south of the river was held as a detached post.

The narrow, twisting streets of the area lent themselves ideally to defensive street fighting and the First Battalion exploited

*General Maxwell in College Park, inspecting a parade of the "G.R.'s", the 1st Batt. Associated Volunteer Training Corps.*



# The Interior of the G.P.O. 1916



Courtesy]

[National Museum

The above picture is reproduced from a painting by Paget. Although it is purely imaginative, men who served in the G.P.O. are of the opinion that in the main it gives an accurate impression of the interior of the building late in Easter Week. The Brothers Pearse, James Connolly, Joseph Mary Plunkett and Thomas Clarke stand out in the painting, but it is doubtful if any of the other figures represent men or women who formed part of this Garrison.

their possibilities to the full. Heavy barricades were built obliquely across the streets; glass was strewn around them; houses covering the barricades were occupied and fortified, most notably Moore's coach factory at North Brunswick Street corner, Clarke's Dairy almost opposite, and Reilly's public-house in North King Street, with a fire-field covering part of Church Street and the Bolton Street approaches.

From Monday to Thursday the Battalion was fully occupied in a series of minor engagements against military convoys on the quays, against the Linen Hall Barracks, and in covering the movements of any enemy troops observed in Broadstone Station. By Friday, however, the real battle of this area began, when units of the South Staffordshires and Sherwood Foresters, detailed to complete the British cordon around the G.P.O., ran almost into the muzzles of the Volunteers' guns at King Street. The most furious close-quarter fighting of the week developed rapidly, but so well had the Irish barricades been disposed and so determined was the resistance offered by the Volunteers that repeated British attacks failed to effect any penetration in depth.

On Friday evening substantial British reinforcements occupied the Bolton Street Technical Schools. Since their unsupported Infantry assaults had proved so costly the attackers now tried a modification of the primitive Panzer tactics originally used at Cambrai. Armoured cars, some of them makeshifts, assembled with the co-operation of brewing and railway companies, were brought into use. Each car, carrying about two Infantry sections, "rushed up the street, stopped suddenly at some selected spot, and under cover of fire from the machine-gun on the car the men would storm the houses on either side. Whilst advancing in the darkness the military fired into practically every house in the line of advance, and the few terrified inhabitants who had had the temerity to remain throughout the terrible night took refuge in the cellars, or, by lying flat, face downwards, sought to escape the continuous fusillade, whilst the flying bullets shattered everything around."

The King Street-Church Street section became a miniature Stalingrad of street-fighting. All through the night the British maintained their pressure, as, illuminated by the weird glow of an occasional Verey-light, the Volunteers contested their advance from house to house—even from room to room. By Saturday morning the enemy had gained a number of houses on either side of King Street and now the attack centred on Reilly's "fort" whence Trojan work had been done for more than twenty-four hours. Some hours after dawn on Saturday Reilly's was abandoned, and the British occupied it. The focal point of the fighting now moved to the King Street-Brunswick Street section of Upper Church Street. In the words of the subsequent official British report: "Very desperate fighting occurred before we could complete the cordon in this street." All day on Saturday the fighting raged along this fifty-yard strip of what is little more than a laneway, and an apparent stalemate had resulted when at 7.30 p.m., the Officer in charge of Volunteers agreed at the request of one of the Capuchin Friars from Church Street, to a temporary truce from 7.30 on Saturday to 10.00 a.m. on Sunday in order that the wounded personnel who had been housed in the Father Mathew Hall, should be removed. Some time before this local truce had been ratified, Commandant Daly had received Pearse's surrender order at his Battalion H.Q., and had obeyed it, so that the curious position arose that the subordinate unit, under Captain Holohan's command, did not surrender until after the expiration of its independently concluded truce on Sunday morning, when a Capuchin Friar produced to Captain Holohan an official copy of Pearse's order.

The strongest testimony to the fighting worth of the First Battalion, Dublin Brigade, emanated from a hostile source, and was produced in rather unsavoury circumstances. After the surrender a number of non-partisan residents in this area were found to have been killed while in British military custody—Bowen-Colthurst's tactics having been adopted on a larger scale. At the inquest on two of these civilians, whose bodies had

been found buried in a cellar, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Taylor, Officer Commanding the 26th South Staffords, failed to appear as a witness, but submitted a written statement, part of which read :

"The operations in this portion of King Street, between Linenhall Street and Church Street, were conducted under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger for the troops engaged, who were subjected to rebel fire, not only from behind rebel barricades, but also from practically every house in that portion of King Street. . . . Strong evidence of these difficulties and dangers is afforded by the fact that *it took the troops from 10 a.m. on the 28th of April until 2 p.m. on the 29th of April to force their way along King Street from Linenhall Street to Church Street, a distance of some 150 yards only*, and that the casualties sustained by the Regiment (the great majority of which occurred at this spot), numbered five officers wounded, eleven N.C.O.'s and men killed, and twenty-eight wounded. . . ."

The testimony of Captain R. K. Brereton of Athlone, a British officer who had been held as a prisoner by the First Battalion Volunteers from the Easter Monday to the

following Saturday, throws an even darker shadow on the brutality of the South Staffords. He wrote :

"What impressed me most was the international tone adopted by the Sinn Fein officers. They were not out for massacre, burning, or loot. They were out for war, observing all the rules of war and fighting clean. . . . They fought like gentlemen. . . . They treated their prisoners with the utmost courtesy and consideration, in fact, they proved by their conduct that they were men of courtesy and consideration, incapable of acts of brutality."

It was unfortunate for Sheehy-Skeffington and other Irish civilians that the rules of war were not observed so honourably by *their* military captors.

While the Volunteers in O'Connell Street spent Thursday night in fire, fighting and evacuating flame-threatened posts, the enemy forces, with the caution which characterised all their movements, continued to consolidate the ground which they had gained uncontested. By now the British cordon was quite close to the Post Office on the north, south and east, with forward positions at the Rotunda, Burgh and Aston Quays,

*Business resumed—amid the shattered smouldering ruins of O'Connell Street*



Beresford Place and Amiens Street, where they built barricades to enclose and contain any possible Irish sorties. Their approach from the west had not been so successful, as here in the North King Street sector their advancing units impinged directly on territory held by First Battalion Volunteers, who put up a fierce resistance which will be described in detail later.

Reveille was sounded in O'Connell Street by British machine-guns, followed immediately by a more intensive renewal of Thursday's artillery barrage. The heavy machine-gun and rifle fire continued through the morning, but the artillery fire dwindled to an occasional searching round, as Major Hill's F.A. Battery tried to get the range of the G.P.O. They did not succeed in their effort until mid-day. Shortly after the first shells struck the building the first party of Cumann na mBan girls, who had been working as Red Cross nurses, were ordered to evacuate and to try to reach their homes under the protection of their internationally honoured insignia. They were arrested and detained for interrogation. Later in the day another Red Cross party with the wounded succeeded in making the perilous trip to Jervis Street Hospital under continuous fire.

Despite the fact that both Connolly and Pearse sent out encouraging reports on Friday morning the situation at G.H.Q. grew rapidly worse in the course of the afternoon. I quote the account of members of the garrison :

"The first shell to cause serious damage exploded in the neighbourhood of 3 p.m. over the portico. Fire extinguishers were promptly brought to bear upon the place, but without any great effect beyond localising it somewhat for a time. Eventually the fire caught a lift shaft and despite herculean efforts the flames crept steadily and inexorably down to the cellars. It was possible to keep it from spreading over the floors and through the roofs, but no human efforts seemed capable of staying its downward course. The artillery having now got the range incendiary shells began to pour into the building and serious fires broke out in various departments. . . ."

Connolly's selfless greatness of spirit was seen at its best that day. Waking from a drugged sleep to the searing pain of a splintered bone, he insisted that his bed should be moved to the front of the building, and from here he directed operations throughout the day with a good-humoured calm which must have been tremendously stimulating to the morale of the hard-pressed garrison. On that day, too, we see a brief silhouette of Tom Clarke, shepherding British prisoners to the cellars, apologising for the poor accommodation, and explaining that it is done for the prisoners' safety—Clarke, who had survived fifteen years of calculated brutality in British prisons !

By dusk the fires were beyond control, the front part of the Post Office was on the verge of collapse, and the position had become obviously untenable. All remaining O'Connell Street units were mustered in the Sorting Office with the H.Q. garrison, and the withdrawal orders were outlined. As the Four Courts could not be reached without serious risk to prisoners and wounded, it was decided to attempt a dash to Williams and Woods factory in Parnell Street at the top of Moore Street. The O'Rahilly led the advance guard. At eight p.m., with thirty Volunteers, he rushed across Henry Street into Moore Street. British machine-guns from Parnell Street were hosing Moore Street with fire, and at the corner of Sampson's Lane the O'Rahilly fell. The main body followed soon after. Even the wounded had to be carried through the bitter cross-fire, but the hazardous sortie was accomplished with only minor losses ; Moore Lane was reached, and now began the weary business of tunnelling from house to house.

Late that night the Headquarters staff of the Irish Republican Army and most of the members of the Irish Republic's Provisional Government, in a small back room in number 16 Moore Street, faced up to the realities of defeat. Pearse had long prepared himself for the inevitable end. He had written :

In order to prevent the further slaughter of Dublin citizens, and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, the members of the Provisional Government present at Headquarters have agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the Commandants of the various districts in the City and Country will order their commands to lay down arms.

P. H. Keane

29<sup>th</sup> April 1916  
3.45 p.m.

I agree to these conditions for the men only under my own command in the Moore Street District and for the men in the Stephen's Green Command.

James Connolly  
April 29/16

On consultation with Commandant Conant and other officers I have decided to agree to an unconditional surrender also.

Thomas MacDonagh

[Courtesy]

[National Museum

THE SURRENDER ORDER

"I have turned my face  
To this road before me,  
To the deed that I see  
And the death I shall die."

Connolly knew his wound was mortal, and for Clarke, too, death had long been accepted as the inevitable end of the long revolutionary road. But MacDiarmada and

Plunkett were young, and for them the decision must have entailed many bitter renunciations. MacDiarmada announced it to the others. Just after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon he came out from the room where the staff had been conferring all night and all morning, and asked the three Cumann na mBan girls if they could make a small white flag.

## SATURDAY

**T**HE FLAG WAS MADE AND ELIZABETH O'Farrell, the chosen emissary, was called in to Pearse for orders. He issued them with the calm of complete exhaustion. Under the dubious protection of the home-made white flag and the Red Cross markings on her uniform the girl set off for the British barricade in Parnell Street. The officer in charge, with a bored "I suppose this will have to be reported," had her brought to the local British H.Q. Here she was fortunate to meet the only senior British Commander who had maintained any sense of the honourable usage of war during that week of British panic. Brigadier General Lowe treated the girl courteously, and sent her back to Moore Street with a demand for unconditional surrender.

The Volunteers still in Moore Street were reluctant to accept, but some words from Tom Clarke and the urgent necessity of preventing further killing of civilians finally swayed them to concede. At three forty-five Padraig Pearse, President of the Republic's Provisional Government and Commander-in-Chief of its Army, walked alone to the barricade at Parnell Street and surrendered his sword to General Lowe. After a short discussion in which Lowe suggested that Miss O'Farrell should carry the surrender orders to subordinate commands with Pearse's agreement, he was taken away. He was executed four days later.

At eight o'clock on Saturday night the Irish Volunteers from the central Dublin

*(Concluded on page 59.)*

*The Boland's Mills Garrison surrenders. Commdt. Eamon De Valera at X*

*Courtesy]*

*[J. G. M. Hurley.*



ÓGLAIC NA h-ÉIREANN,

Headquarters: 41 BRAID CILLE DARA,

AT CLIST.

THE  
IRISH VOLUNTEERS

HEADQUARTERS:

41 KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

11<sup>th</sup> Mar 1915

Dear Sir,  
At last night's meeting of the Executive you were formally appointed Commandant of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Batt., with Capt Fitzgibbon as Vice-Commandant and Capt Beagley as Adjutant. I have mislaid the name of the Quartermaster, but he was also approved of. Could you let me know his name and former rank by return? (to St Euda's?)

Can you attend a meeting of the four Battalion Commandants on Saturday evening next after the officers' lecture? There are several important matters that the Headquarters Staff wants to discuss with the Commandants.

Yours sincerely

O. H. Beane

Courtesy]

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A facsimile of a letter from Pdraig Pearse to Eamon de Valera informing him of his assignment to command of the 3rd Battalion.

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 of matrons' pure wool  
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 shades of brown, navy,  
 blue, and red. Price  
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**Padraig Pearse Surrenders**

*Brig. Gen. Lowe (centre) and Major de Courcy Wheeler receive the surrender.*



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# The Casement Adventure

*"Irish hope exceeds the dimensions of English power, excels its authority and renews with each generation the claims of the last. The cause that begets this indomitable persistency, the faculty of*

**R**OGER CASEMENT who had been in the United States since September, 1914, exploring the possibilities of German aid for the Rising, left for Germany at the end of October. His route lay through Norway, and in that country the British Secret Service made an attempt on his life. After much heartbreaking discouragement Casement succeeded, in December, in concluding an agreement with the German State Secretary undertaking to provide German help in three main forms. These were (1) that Casement was to be facilitated in the formation of an Irish Revolutionary Brigade from

*"Their eyes were straining for the help  
to come*

*Over the sea, as in a far-off day  
Men waited for the ships of Spain or  
France*

*Bearing on Bantry or Killala Bay ;  
And when none came, by force of evil  
chance,*

*They dreaded that the sum  
Of all their efforts would be as a wave  
Broken to foam in one mad surging  
beat,*

*Like Emmet's handful in the Castle  
street,*

*And not a thrill would stir the passing  
slave."*

—(Resurrection :

PADRAIG DE BRUN.)



*preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, this, surely, is the noblest cause men ever strove for, ever lived for, ever died for."*

—SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Irish nationals who had been captured by the Germans while serving with the British forces. On the Allied side a similar free Brigade was formed among the Czechs, and

earned honourable mention in subsequent Allied War histories.

(2) Simultaneously with the outbreak of the Rising in Ireland, the Germans were to stage a diversionary naval attack on the East coast of England.

(3) Arms were to be sent to the Republican Army in Ireland.

While this agreement looked hopeful on paper, Casement's depression was justified

## The Charge against Casement

*For that he did, between the 1st  
day of Nov., 1914, and on divers  
other occasions, between that day  
and the 21st April, 1916, un-  
lawfully, maliciously and traitor-  
ously commit high treason without*

*the realm of England, in contempt  
of our sovereign Lord the King  
and his laws to the evil example  
of others in like case, contrary to  
the duty and allegiance of the  
defendant.*

by the official German attitude that the Rising was foredoomed to failure; that at best it might strain British morale; and that they would not be justified in sending worth-while arms to aid a venture that was most unlikely to succeed. Accordingly, they arranged to send 20,000 out-of-date Russian rifles and ten German machine-guns to Ireland—equipment considerably inferior in numbers and quality to that which they had sent earlier to Carson's "loyal" Ulster Volunteers.

On the 12th of April, Casement, accompanied by Monteith and Bailey, left Heligoland in the submarine "U20." Owing to a defect in the steering-gear, they had to return after two days at sea, and it was not until the 15th that the Irish group left, in the "U19" this time, with Fenit harbour, Tralee Bay, as their destination. On the 10th of April the former English steamer *Castro*, manned by a German naval crew but sailing under the colours and with the papers of the Norwegian ship *Aud*, had left Warnemunde with the arms and munitions bound for the same rendezvous. The *Aud* hugged the Norwegian coast to a point about two hundred miles north of Bergen, and then struck north-west by west in a wide sweep which left the Faroe Islands far to her south and which was designed to evade the British blockade. In this she was not altogether successful, as on the 16th of April she crossed the course of a British auxiliary cruiser, and only escaped through the luck of an adventitious fog-bank.

At five o'clock on the evening of April 20th, the *Aud* reached her rendezvous. Now began the series of tragic ironies which was to finish in catastrophe for the blockade-runner and in death for Casement. No boat came out to tranship the *Aud's* cargo. No signal was received from the land. And of the U-boat with Casement there was no sign. Captain Spindler in command of the *Aud* was not to know that countermanding instructions, postponing the landing to the 23rd, had been sent to Berlin via America, and had been captured by the American Secret Service and passed to the British; nor was he to know that the submarine which he expected was at that moment approaching the Shannon

mouth, having been delayed by storms. Spindler sailed twice that night as near as he dared to Fenit Pier—near enough to see the British flag on the mole—but no Volunteer saw his ship, or if it was seen, nobody identified it as the bearer of the arms on which so much depended. Meanwhile the U19, having missed the *Aud* by six hours, put into Ballyheigue Bay as far as it safely could, and at 2.15 a.m. on the morning of Friday, 21st April, Casement and his companions were landed by dinghy on Banna strand, and, while the leader concealed himself in an old fort, his associates set out for Tralee to seek Austin Stack, the officer in charge of shore arrangements. The ill-luck which had dogged Tone's venture on the south-west coast, however, seemed to pursue this one also, and shortly after he landed Casement was arrested by the local R.I.C. and lodged, as yet unidentified, in Tralee gaol.

Spindler still hoped to accomplish his mission successfully, and at 1 a.m. on the Friday came again to the agreed anchorage; but by now every British naval patrol in south-west Irish waters was on the look-out, and at 5 a.m. the *Aud* was boarded by a search-party from the armed trawler *Shatter II*. So adroitly did Spindler produce the soft answer which turneth away wrath that the trawler's skipper confided in him that the *Shatter's* objective was the interception of a German arms ship. But such luck could not last, and at 7.15 p.m. on Friday, the *Aud*, after a chase by cruisers and destroyers, was surrounded and ordered to steam to Cobh naval base for examination.

Spindler, a gallant and courageous sailor, hoisted his country's naval ensign at the mouth of Cobh harbour, scuttled his ship, and with himself and his crew in German naval uniform, took to the boats and boarded the British cruiser *Bluebell* as prisoners of war.

The peculiar blight on this whole phase of the preparations had not even then ended, for in the early hours of Easter Saturday a party of Volunteers, proceeding from Killarney to Cahirciveen to receive the arms in accordance with the amended orders, took a wrong turning and drove into the sea at Ballykissane, three men being drowned.



stable door was locked after the horse had been well stolen, as the premises had not been occupied since Monday.

Down at the river-mouth Commandant de Valera, with an astuter sense of the realities of revolutionary war than some of his fellow officers, had hoisted his garrison flag on a building some distance away from the post actually occupied by his forces. The antique Naval Reserve gunboat, *Helga*, now proved his wisdom by lobbing twelve-pounder shells at the building from which the flag was flown while de Valera's men remained unharmed and amused at their posts. *Helga* then steamed up-river and contributed her gallant quota to the reduction of Liberty Hall.

But the big battalions were massing, the tempo of battle was quickening, and it looked as though Imperial force would speedily and effortlessly put an end to the impertinent gesture of the revolutionary handful of Irishmen. Early on Wednesday the 178th Infantry Brigade from Dun Laoghaire began its march on the city in two parallel columns. The left column, composed of the 5th and 6th Sherwood Foresters, advanced by Stillorgan-Donnybrook-South Circular Road to the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, and reached its objective without incident. The 7th and 8th Battalions of the Sherwood Foresters in the right column were detailed for Trinity College, and proceeded by the direct road through Blackrock. Feeling their way with some caution, they arrived in Ballsbridge about midday on Wednesday. A reception party of the Third Battalion was waiting for them.

From Monday a small number of Volunteers under Lieutenant Michael Malone had been posted around Mount Street Bridge. Apart from desultory sniping with troops from Beggar's Bush barracks they had little action. On Wednesday their Commander and one Volunteer, Seamus Grace, were in 25 Northumberland Road, a corner house which covered Haddington Road down to the front gate of Beggar's Bush and Northumberland Road up to the Pembroke Road junction. Another small party were in the schools to the east of the canal bridge, and the main body of the defenders, seven men, under Section-

Leader George Reynolds, were in Clanwilliam House west of the bridge, with a fire-field up the whole stretch of Northumberland Road. The actual dispositions and armament of the outpost force were :

25 Northumberland Road : Two Volunteers ; two rifles, one revolver.

The Schools : Three Volunteers ; three rifles.

Clanwilliam House : Seven Volunteers ; seven revolvers, six Mauser rifles, one Lee-Enfield rifle.

The occupied houses had been roughly fortified by expedients such as filling bureaus with clay and earth and placing them as window barricades. The stage was set, and at about 12.30 the Advance Guard of the British column came along Northumberland Road, with the 7th Battalion Sherwoods dangerously close behind them.

The Volunteers held their fire until the Advance Guard had almost reached Mount Street Bridge, and then, while Clanwilliam House and the Schools engaged the forward sections of the British, Malone and Grace hammered into their centre with flanking fire. The attackers went to earth, and when the original panic had subsided a little a machine-gun opened up on Clanwilliam House, while section after section of Foresters with rifle, bayonet, and grenade, charged the two-man garrison of number 25. Malone and Grace didn't waste a shot, but firing coolly and carefully they stopped wave after wave of the soldiers, until the steps of the suburban house were littered with bodies and their guns were literally red-hot. For five hours the two men held off the attack of a Battalion, but finally in the late afternoon the British stormed their way into the ground floor of the house with the aid of grenades and Malone, his pipe in his mouth, was riddled on the stairs as he advanced to meet them. Grace, although actually in the kitchen of the house when Malone fell, succeeded in escaping.

Sir John Maxwell's report on this phase of the engagement is interesting reading. "This column," he says, "was held up at the northern corner of Haddington Road and Northumberland Road, which was strongly held by rebels, but with the assistance of

THE DAILY MIRROR, Wednesday, July 19, 1916.  
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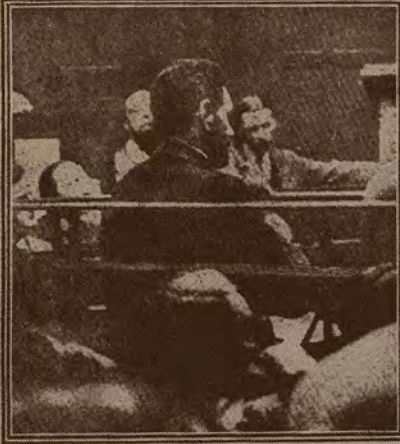
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## ROGER CASEMENT'S APPEAL FAILS: "HE WAS THE KING'S LIEGE WHEREVER HE MIGHT BE."



Casement seated in the dock during the latter court proceedings.



Serjeant Sullivan, who was complimented by the Judges on his speech.



Casement, escorted by a warder, leaving the Law Courts after his appeal had been dismissed.

The five Judges forming the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday dismissed Roger Casement's appeal against his conviction for high treason without the realm. He was the King's liege, wherever he might be, and he might violate his allegiance in a foreign country but as well as he might violate it in this country, said Mr. Justice Darling in

dealing with the main point raised by Serjeant Sullivan, Casement's counsel, who addressed the Court for about seven hours. He argued that the statute of Edward III, under which Casement was indicted, did not purport to localize for any territory that was outside the King's realm.

Courtesy]

[National Library

The "Daily Mirror," dated July 19th, 1916.

- (i) Sir Roger Casement in the Dock ; (ii) Leaving the Court after his appeal had been dismissed ; (iii) Serjeant Sullivan, Casement's counsel



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## THE CASEMENT ADVENTURE

Casement's trial began in London on 26th June. Its temper was a touchstone of the attitude of the British Conservative Party to Irish separatism. Not only did they seek Casement's life, but they brought to bear against one of the most chivalrous and honourable figures in Irish history a campaign of the foulest calumnies. I quote Dorothy Macardle :

"Desperate efforts were made by men and women of the highest reputation to save a life valued in many countries for rare services to humanity, but they were counteracted by an atrocious campaign of defamation carried out, at the instigation, it was believed, of the Government." Casement spoke his own epitaph after the inevitable death sentence had been passed. He said :

" . . . Ireland has seen her sons—aye, and her daughters, too—suffer from generation to generation always for the same cause, meeting always the same fate, and always at the hands of the same power ; and always a fresh generation has passed on to withstand the same oppression. . . . The cause that begets this indomitable persistency, the faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, this, surely, is the noblest cause men ever strove for, ever lived for, ever died for. If this be the cause I stand here to-day indicted for and convicted of sustaining, then I stand in a goodly company and a right noble succession."

He was hanged at Pentonville Prison, London, on Thursday, 3rd August, 1916.

*The Firing Party gives a Last Salute at the grave of Thomas Ashe*



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# The Rising in the Country

WHAT THE OUTCOME OF THE RISING would have been had the whole country mobilised will always be a matter of conjecture, but the countermanding order stopped effective action developing with three exceptions.

In Wexford and in Galway under Robert Brennan and Liam Mellows the Volunteers raided Police Barracks. In Galway they were shelled from the sea, and dispersed early in the week. In Wexford an armoured-train was used against them, but they held out, and did not surrender until after the general surrender when their officers were taken to Dublin for personal confirmation of Pearse's orders.

The most significant of the rural actions,

however, took place at Ashbourne—significant in that it foreshadowed the type of war which was to be used so successfully by the I.R.A. a few years later. On Thursday, April 27th, Thomas Ashe, and Richard Mulcahy with a party of about twenty-three Volunteers, ambushed a mobile force of R.I.C. near Ashbourne, and accepted their surrender after a six-hours engagement, eight of the enemy having been killed and fifteen wounded in this time.

Perhaps it was also symptomatic of things to come that press reports of this small affair credited the "rebels" with a force of more than three hundred.

*Republican Prisoners from Enniscorthy being taken to Kilmainham Gaol*



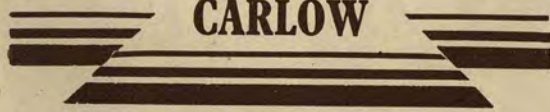


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# Sixteen Dead Men

**T**HREE NIGHTS before the surrender Asquith, the British Premier, had announced to His Majesty's Commons that Martial Law had been proclaimed over the whole of Ireland, and that General Sir John G. Maxwell had left for Dublin that day with plenary powers.

Maxwell, trained in imperialising the recalcitrant outposts of the Sudan and South Africa, set about carrying out his new mission along traditional Empire-building lines. He first ordered a large grave to be dug in the grounds of Arbour Hill Military Prison, and then set up his Courts Martial, so that

“Sixteen dead men! Shall they return?  
‘Yea, they shall come again, breath  
of our breath.

*They on their nation's hearth made old  
fires burn.*

*Guard her unconquered soul, strong  
in their death.’”*

(DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.)



military justice might be accorded to the prisoners already earmarked for that grave.

The first announcement of trials and executions—those of Pearse, MacDonagh,

and Clarke—was issued on Wednesday the 3rd of May. On each succeeding day up to the 11th of May with the exception of the intervening Sunday the papers carried further official announcements of the executions of Volunteers in ones and twos.

The prophecy of MacDara in Pearse's play, *The Singer*, came to fruition under the impact of the death-notices. People who had been apathetic and people who had been

*The Taoiseach, Eamon de Valera, laying a wreath on the graves of the executed leaders.*



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actively opposed to the Rising found themselves dismayed, then smouldering with resentment. Testimonies to the clean fight waged by the Volunteers evoked unfavourable comparisons with evidence of the undisciplined killing of civilians by the South Staffordshires, and many Irishmen who had been indifferent before began to examine the motives of the men who died, and found in them inspiration for a newer, more vigorous nationalism.

John Redmond availed of the first opportunity to deplore the Rising at Westminster, but on the night of May 11th, John Dillon moved the motion :

“That in the interests of peace and good government in Ireland, it is vitally important that the Government should make immediately a full statement of their intentions as to the continuance of executions in that country carried out as a result of secret military trials, and as to the continuance of martial law, military rule, and the searches and wholesale arrests now going on in various districts of the country.”

Speaking to his own motion, Dillon said that those who were responsible for the government of Ireland were washing out the life work of the Nationalist Party in a sea of blood. What kind of appearance, he asked, would the British Government make in the Peace Conference as the champions of small nationalities with Ireland under a military despotism? No rebellion in modern times had been put down with so much blood and savagery. The conduct of the Insurgents as fighting men was beyond reproach. . . . They fought a good clean fight.

At this stage Dillon was interrupted by Unionist members. He turned on them with a flash of pride significant of the changing temper of moderate Irishmen and said : “It would be a damned good thing for you if some of your soldiers put up as good a fight as these men put up in Dublin . . . three thousand against twenty thousand, with machine guns and artillery !”

On the following morning James Connolly and Sean MacDiarmada were shot and Maxwell's grave was finally closed.

Buried in it were Pearse, Clarke,



*The Ruins in O'Connell Street, Upper.*

MacDonagh, MacDiarmada, Plunkett, Connolly and Kent of the Executive ; with Daly, William Pearse, Colbert, Heuston, O'Hanrahan, MacBride, and Mallin of the military arm.

Thomas Kent was executed in Cork City on the 9th of May, and the hanging of Casement at Pentonville on the 3rd of August brought the number of executed Irishmen to sixteen.

While the politicians were still fumbling for formulae in which to phrase the sacrifice of the men they had so long decried, the poets had already made their assessment.

Yeats, James Stephens, Joseph Campbell, Æ, Seumas O'Sullivan, Lady Gregory, Francis Ledwidge with the British Armies in France and Joyce Kilmer with the American 69th Division, all made monuments to the dead leaders in poems of enduring beauty.

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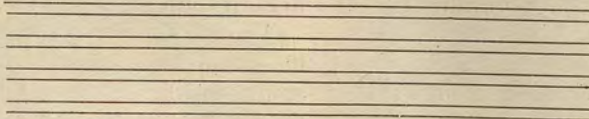
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**T**HIRTY YEARS AGO, AN APATHETIC Ireland was shaken to the core of its complacency by the sudden defiant trumpet-call of 1916. A new gay flag danced in free air for a short week and then the flames came and an apparently futile gesture perished in a "red flare of dream." The young leaders died against grey prison walls. Yeats wrote their obituary: "They dreamed and are dead," he said.

From ruined, smouldering Dublin, some hundreds of weary unsoldierlike men marched under heavy guard to the boats and foreign imprisonment. Complacency jeered and talked about "toy soldiers," but somewhere a prisoner was heard to say: "If only the people had come out with knives and forks!"

Twenty-seven years ago, the shabby unsoldierlike men again began to shock complacency

which wasn't quite so complacent this time. The message of the men who had dreamed and were dead spread over four provinces like a whin fire over a mountain. The thin, defiant trumpet call was heard again and the war-pipes skirled at a cross-roads in Cork as the "toy soldiers" of 1916 led their younger brothers in a new kind of war-technique which was yet as old as the Rapparees. That war was won and lost. The men who had fought it fell to fighting each other in bitterness, frustration and dismay. Complacency, smiling again, said: "Sure I told you so—weren't the Irish always the same?"

Time passed. A world ridden by power politics failed to learn sense and, seven years ago, the lights went out in Europe. Ireland, small and weak, determined to keep her own lamps

*Liberty Hall, wrecked by the guns of the Helga.*



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## THE MEN WHO CAME BACK

burning, as she had done before when barbarism over-ran the known world. Great Powers blustered and threatened the small nation which was so independent as to elect to make its own decisions and to stand by them.

Our state was perilous.

The young men, called to the country's defence, answered generously, and the only army of volunteers in the world began to train, coolly and without fuss, to meet whatever might come. . . .

On Sunday, the 14th of September, 1941, a ceremonial military parade was held in a Dublin barracks. Among the spectators were many of the young soldiers of the new generation taking a busman's holiday and criticising freely and humorously, as soldiers love to do, the Battalion on parade. It was an average enough Battalion to all appearances—not too shiny, not too dull, but when, with the

climax of the colour-blessing ceremony, came the order "Parade, uncover!" the young soldiers gasped; for instead of the sleek close-cropped black and fair and red heads of the 1940 troops, the men on parade were grey-haired, white-haired—some of them were even bald!

"These men are old!" exclaimed a young soldier in wonder. "Of course they're old," said an older soldier: "Them Engineers used to ambush chariots with lumps of rock, and th' Infantry battalion fought the Danes with battleaxes!" They *were* old—relatively. They were the 26th Infantry Battalion and the 5th Company, Field Engineers of the Second Line Volunteer Reserve—they were the Men Who Came Back!

In June, 1940, the 26th Battalion and the 5th Engineers were formed to give veterans of

*A big welcome being accorded the returning prisoners in 1917.*



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the older struggle a chance to serve together in the new crisis. Men who had been on active service for Ireland as far back as the Howth gun-running, men who had fought in the G.P.O. with Pearse and Connolly, men who had learned the theory of guerrilla tactics at Frongoch and had put them into practical application all over Ireland, men who had made "Irish Cheddar" in the under-cover munitions factories of the Tan war; and, most significant of all, men who had fought each other in the suicidal bitterness of Civil War, flocked to avail of the privilege of serving in the new army with their old comrades.

None of them were young. Many of them were prematurely aged by imprisonment, but all of them held firmly to the ideals of their youth and all of them were determined that the veterans would not be armchair troops if another war came to Ireland. Three times weekly for five years they willingly gave their free time to military training: in their annual summer camps at Gormanston they went through battle-courses nearly as rigorous as those designed for the younger men on permanent service with the first line; some of

them, who had fired their first rifles illegally, under the shadow of the R.I.C., must have gained an ironic pleasure from the annual range-practices in the Dublin Mountains. They were not limelight soldiers—the public saw little of them except in their annual march-past to commemorate Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy, under whom many of them had served. Rightly, they formed the Guard of Honour at the G.P.O. on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of 1916, and rightly they had a place of honour—and received especially warm applause—in the nightly march-past which preceded the 1945 Tattoo's finale.

However, one has the feeling that if in twenty years' time war should again threaten this little island, there will be a great polishing of buttons, a great creaking of rheumatically joints, a great deal of "cribbing" in out-of-date soldiers' slang, and a great pestering of Attesting Officers by septuagenarians protesting that they are still full of fight. Knowing the character of the 26th one feels that whenever Ireland needs a soldier the Men Who Came Back will come back again.

SATURDAY—(Continued from page 40.)

garrisons formed up in Moore Street. William Pearse in the front rank carried a white flag, and the party marched under sloped arms by Moore Lane, Henry Place, and Henry Street around the Pillar and up the east side of O'Connell Street. A hundred yards short of the Parnell statue they laid down their arms—the boundary to their march had been set in apparent defeat. Behind them, as the spring twilight deepened, a Tri-coloured flag still stirred above their ruined, smouldering Headquarters. One of the defeated soldiers noticed it and said with hardy defiance: "Anyway, the flag's still flying." His name was Michael Collins.

The O'Connell Street and Four Courts' prisoners spent Saturday night under heavy guard in the small grass plot in front of the Rotunda. On Sunday morning they were marched to Richmond Barracks, where police of the C.I.D. singled out the leaders for trial.

Connolly was taken to the Military Hospital in Dublin Castle.

Through most of Saturday night and part of Sunday, Elizabeth O'Farrell made a dangerous pilgrimage around the subordinate posts which were still in action. The reception of the surrender order varied in degree, but was unchanging in kind. Daly "was very much cut up, but accepted the orders as a soldier should"—MacDonagh accepted only after an interview with Lowe and a consultation with Ceannt. Constance Markievicz, who took the message for Mallin, was "very surprised," and De Valera refused to consider the orders at all until they were ratified by his Brigade O./C., MacDonagh. On Sunday afternoon, however, he led his Battalion, the last to surrender, in.

The week's fighting was over. A complete British Army Division with artillery and naval attachments had won a victory for Imperialism against six hundred Irishmen of the Dublin Brigade.



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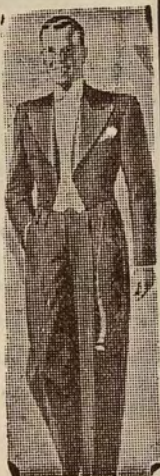
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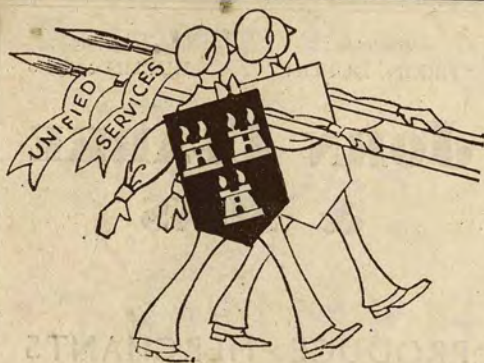
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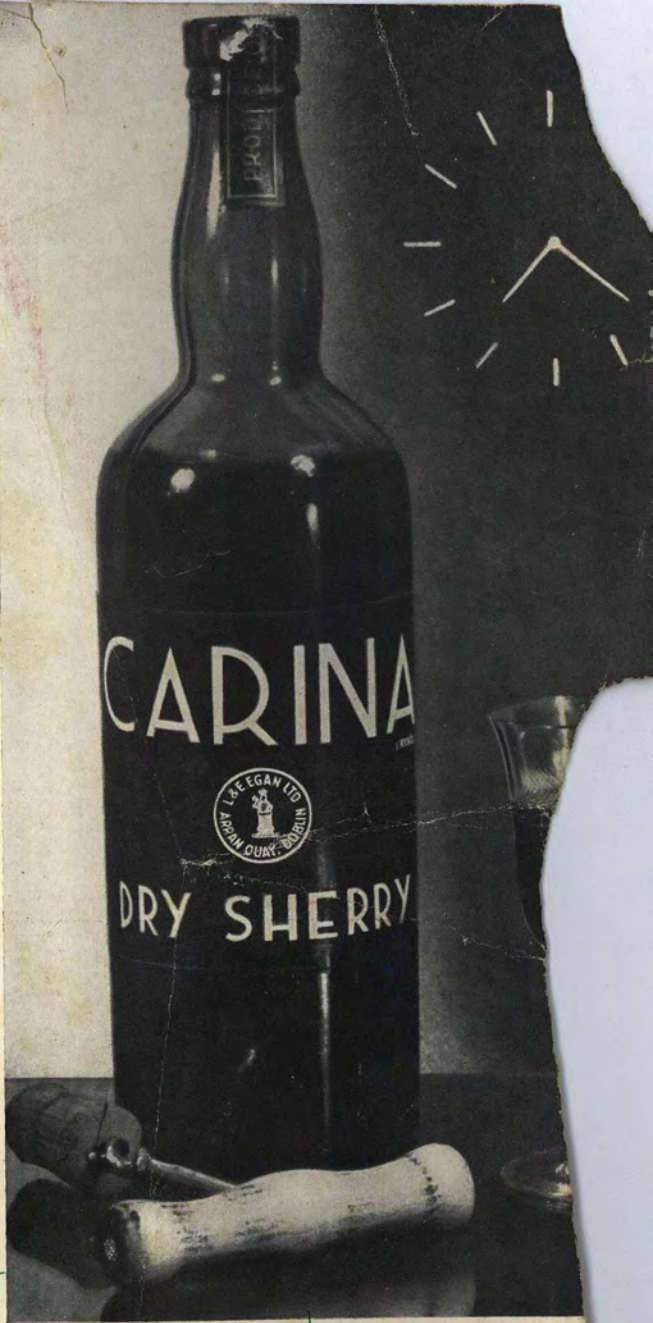
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